Paranoia Incarnated

by SupercorpSmutFluffandAngst

Summary

Post season 2 finale. Lena Luthor blames herself for everything that had happened in National City. The Daxamite army was able to envade National City simply because she built the machine that brought them to Earth. She buries herself in work and decides to simply rely on herself and never trust anyone ever again. She decides to avoid everything and everyone, especially Kara Danvers, who she is in love with, as well as the Girl of Steel. However that proves to be easier said than done. Especially when Supergirl reaches out to her for help when she is affected by something lethal. Eventually the relationship between her and Supergirl grows and Lena finds herself falling in love with both blondes present in her life.
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Lena Luthor sat at her desk in her office staring at the spreadsheet in front of her. She had been staring at it for the past hour and a half. It was useless. Her mind refused to focus on the numbers she merely needed to double check in order to send them to her financial department. She sighed and ran her hand through her hair, undoing the tight bun and letting her hair cascade down her shoulders. She finally got up and walked to pour herself a glass of scotch. As if that would help you focus! Ridding herself of her black heels, she went out to the balcony resting her arms on the rails, and pondered over the beautiful, but destroyed, sight of National City. She scanned the buildings around her, noticing the destroyed floors of several and the large craters left on the streets of the city. The fires have been put out and the dangerous sectors of the city have been closed off by the police, but the city still looked somehow...dead. And defeated. As though it had lost the fight against the Daxamite army rather than won.

It has been two days since Rhea was defeated and her army of Daxamites had fled from Earth due to the lead poisoning that Lena had helped unleash on the planet. Two days since Supergirl fought the Daxamite queen. Two days since Lena had seen the Girl of Steel. Her heart ached, knowing the Girl of Steel was close to death once again. Because of me. She looked at the scotch in her hand, twirling the ice cubes a little before taking a sip and closing her eyes as the strong liquid seeped through her hoping it would dull some of her demons. Opening her eyes and meeting the cold stare of National City once more, she gulped down her guilt. This was all my fault. Everything that had happened. Every building, every house, every street. It was all because of me! Oh God every person killed! How could I be so stupid?! She felt the back of her eyes burn from her unshed tears. She had been foolish enough to trust Rhea and help her make the matter transformation and reconfiguration device, thinking that she was doing something good in this world. Something to end famine and solve climate change. Something to finally prove to the world that she was worthy of their trust. Something that would erase the wrong doings of her family and paint over the chaos they had unleashed. Something that would make them accept me. But Rhea somehow deceived her. Rhea probably sniffed the mommy issues off of her from a mile away! All she had to do was throw a meager amount of attention her way and Lena was so easily hooked like a cat following a string.

I was so desperate for any sort or form of attention that I didn’t even see....God! How could I have been so naive?!

She sauntered back to the bottle of scotch and poured herself another, gulping it down fully before pouring herself a third. She stood there and stared at the third cup. She knew her alcohol tolerance very well. After this cup, she would start to become hazy enough for her self hatred to seep through and her anxiety to bubble up. A fourth cup and her paranoia would take over and she would be too scared to leave her office. A fifth cup and she would finally be too drunk to walk a straight line. She ignored all her warnings and took her cup to the couch to dwell on it. Resting her forehead on the armrest, Lena recalled all the stupid remarks she had said to Rhea. The pout she remembered on her face when she failed to impress Rhea. The despondent need for her approval and affection. The scotch was making her mind go even further down memory lane to when she trusted Jack and almost got Supergirl killed. Yes, it might’ve been Beth controlling him, but Lena should have been smarter. She should have done her homework immediately on how the nano technology worked. She should have been suspicious enough to investigate. What happened to me? When did I become this needy desperate for attention person that was solely dependent on people’s approval? This had to stop.

Lena knew her self-isolation nature was quite unhealthy. Growing up, she always struggled with keeping friends for longer than a few years due to her habit of isolating herself from everyone else whenever she felt herself beginning to draw closer to someone or open up to them. To be
dependent on them. But as unhealthy as it was, she can’t argue that it had not kept her safe from heartbreak and betrayal from others. And that is how she was going to fix this mayhem she had created of her life. I’ll simply drown myself in work. Yes. That should do it. I’ll focus all my energy on work and nothing else. I won’t see anyone or answer any calls. She let out a disgusted laugh at herself. Who am I kidding? I make it sound like there’s anyone out there willing to see or call me to begin with. She was very much aware that she had but one friend in all of National City: Kara ‘sunny’ Danvers. Well, her and the very confusing friendship she had with Supergirl of course. Other than those two, she wouldn’t be surprised if her funeral hosted a bunch of empty chairs. She smirked at the tragic excuse that was her life and swallowed down the rest of her scotch.

Kara hadn’t visited her during those two days. She had texted Lena a couple of times, asking if she was alright, but Lena never responded. She couldn’t stand her kindness, her affection. She’s just another person that will eventually deceive you into whatever ulterior motive they have to befriend you! No! Kara is different! That’s what you said about Rhea! And Jack. And...him. Deep down she knew Kara was different. But the alcohol was slowly painting a new picture in her mind. The last shred of evidence in her mind that told her Kara was different, screamed that even if Kara had no ulterior motive, the truth of the matter was: Lena did not, and will never, deserve her friendship, let alone a relationship. It was no secret to herself that Lena was in love with the reporter. She had made peace with it a long time ago, never intending to act upon her feelings simply for the fact that... She did not deserve Kara Danvers. Hell, she even tried kissing Jack and praying to whatever God was listening that he would somehow eradicate her feelings of the blue-eyed girl that had somehow captured her heart. But it was useless.

Lost in her own dark thoughts, she didn’t hear the sound of a fluttering cape coming from her balcony, as a certain blonde superhero landed. Instead, she saw the shadow of the woman on her office floor from the night’s moonlight. Maybe it was the many attempts at her life, or the alcohol level in her blood, or maybe it was both; but she was startled enough from the shadow to accidentally drop her glass harshly on the floor, the expensive cup shattering and the even more expensive alcohol spilling everywhere. Within her startled state, her mind sobered enough to push her body off the couch to grab the taser in her purse, but hadn’t sobered enough to warn her of the glass on the floor. She immediately winced as a shard of glass dug its way through her foot and was about to fall back on the couch when she was scooped up by strong arms.

“Ms. Luthor, are you okay?” Supergirl’s expression seemed worried, and for a split second, Lena let that expression spread warmth within her. She’s worried about me. But it was only a split second before she remembered her earlier decision.

“Supergirl. Uh, Yes. I’m quite alright,” She looked at the superhero’s worried expression with a firm nonchalant one of her own, hoping the superhero would eventually put her down. But the hero seemed somehow transfixed in her spot and simply stood there holding her close. “Supergirl, if you may be so kind as to put me down on the couch please,” her voice was raspy, as if she had just woken up, but nonetheless firm.

“Oh, uh yeah.” Supergirl did as she was told, slowly and carefully placing Lena back on the other side of the couch away from the glass. She sat down on the coffee table, and was about to reach for Lena’s foot when she looked at her instead, gesturing with her hand towards her foot, “May I have a look?”

For the life of her, Lena wanted to say no. Wanted to respectfully decline the oh-so-everlasting kindness that the Girl of Steel often showed her. She wanted to put up the walls that she had promised to put up once and for all, not allowing herself to be sucked back into yet another person’s good graces. But she knew she wasn’t sober enough to pluck out a glass shard from her foot. So, she simply nodded, not trusting her voice. Supergirl picked up Lena’s left foot and laid it gently on her own knee, examining the back of it for the shard. Creasing her brows together in concentration, she looked and felt around the foot. Lena found herself looking at the beautiful features of the superhero’s concentrated face. She traced, with her eyes, the set jaw, the long
lashes, the lips pressed in a firm line. A small crinkle formed between the hero’s eyebrows as she tried with her thumb and fore finger to pluck the shard from her foot. Lena suddenly felt herself wanting to smooth down the crinkle of concentration and trace her fingers along the other woman’s face.

“There” Supergirl said, smiling and pulling Lena from her dangerous thoughts. Supergirl reached out and grabbed a tissue to wipe off any blood and press it to the small wound. “You probably shouldn’t walk on it, though. It needs a...” Supergirl looked around as if searching for something. “Do you have a band aid?” She asked Lena.

“Uh no, I don’t believe I do. But it’s fine I don’t nee...” She barely had a chance to finish saying when suddenly the woman in front of her had completely disappeared and her foot somehow rested on a pillow on top of the coffee table.

Not two seconds later, Supergirl flies back in with a box of band aids and a couple of one-dollar bills in the other hand, “Oh Rao, he gave me twenty dollars worth of change all in one-dollar bills!” She whispered mainly to herself as she tried catching all the bills falling from her and consequently almost stumbling on her own cape.

Lena found herself smile at the clumsy superhero. It felt odd to see the hero other than her confident and heroic self. Sometimes, Lena forgot that Supergirl is actually a person, with a life and maybe even a family and friends. Lena started to wonder if Supergirl’s alter ego might be clumsy and blunderous and that sometimes seeped through her Supergirl persona as well.

Supergirl came back and placed one knee down on the floor as she leaned beside Lena’s foot on the coffee table. She opened the box and took out a band aid slowly as if putting her concentration on this one small item. The crinkle came back as Supergirl slowly, again with her thumb and fore finger, pulled it close to her face examining it as if it was some new species she had just discovered. Lena found it comical as Supergirl flipped it to the other side and finally gasped as if suddenly finding the plastic paper she was supposed to peel off.

“Ummm Supergirl? Is this your first time using a band aid...?” Lena’s eyebrow shot up, thinking it couldn’t possibly be Supergirl’s first time.

Supergirl’s eyes widened as if caught red handed. “Me? No! I’ve used plenty of band aids before! I use them practically every other day! Well... not uhh on myself obviously. But on...people! Yes, on people!” Supergirl then turned her focus back on the small item she was still holding between her thumb and fore finger, speaking slowly as if forgetting Lena was even there, “I know very well how to use this...this thing of course”. With her other hand, she began to peel off the plastic papers there. Then, as she held on to both sides of the band aid to place on Lena’s foot, Lena watched as Supergirl accidentally rips the band aid in half as she had pulled slightly a bit more than she should have.

“Oh Rao!”

Lena found herself silently chuckle at the whole situation. If anybody had told her that her night would have ended with Supergirl trying to figure out how to put a band aid on her foot, she would’ve told them to go and try to sell their silly story to CatCo magazine. But somehow Supergirl was there, on her third band aid, slowly plucking away the white paper and bit by bit easing it towards the small wound on Lena’s foot.

“There! I did it! That wasn’t so hard!” Supergirl exclaimed trying to convince herself.

“Not at all it seems,” Lena smirked, raising her eyebrow even higher.

Supergirl blushed slightly and unconsciously began playing with her hands, “Ok maybe that was the first time I had to use a band aid...”
Lena feigned a sarcastic gasp, “Really? I would never have guessed!”, making Supergirl giggle. *What are you doing? You’re supposed to be putting a distance!* Lena’s smile immediately disappeared as she remembers the demons she had been fighting prior to Supergirl’s arrival. She clears her throat before saying, “I'm sorry you had to see me like this. Normally I don’t find myself drinking on weekdays as much, but it seems today I had much to think about.” She managed to sound nonchalant and keep her voice calm. *No emotions. That’s better.* She got up from the couch to pour herself a glass of water, partly to sober herself up in front of the Girl of Steel and partly as an excuse to give the woman her back so as to not see her face, “As you can see I'm in no shape to help you at the moment with whatever it is you came here for. Was there something in particular you needed from me?”

Lena can hear Supergirl standing up turning to face her, and the sound of her boots coming closer, but Lena had her back to her, busying herself with the water pitcher, wanting to school her emotions before facing her again. “Uhh no, I didn’t come here to ask for something. Quite the opposite actually.” She sees Lena drinking the glass of water before facing her again, her face expressionless. “I saw your light was still on and thought I’d check up on you, see how you’ve been since...everything”

“You mean since I almost single-handedly destroyed this whole city,” Lena states, simply. As if reading the weather forecast.

Supergirl frowns, gestures with her hand towards the city, “Ms. Luthor, that was not your fault. And don’t forget you saved everyone from the whole mess”

“A mess I created!” Lena was aggravated now. The alcohol in her system was making her despise the kindness the hero extended her. She walked back to her desk, stacking papers on top of each other and stuffing them in her briefcase in a hurry.

“Ms. Luthor, you can’t possibly blame yourself for...”

“But I can!” Her voice was beginning to sound louder, harsher even. “And I do! And frankly so should you. And so should everyone in National City. They have a right to know who built the damn matter reconfiguration machine that brought the Daxamites to the city!”

“You wouldn’t have known Rhea was going to use the machine for that purpose. She tricked you! You were only...”

“Don’t you get it Supergirl?! I should have known! I foolishly trusted her without doing my homework first. Without asking about her! Without setting up safeguards on the machine. I was so blinded by her atten...” She stopped herself before spilling her desperate insecurities to the Girl of Steel. She sighed and closing her eyes she pinched the bridge of her nose. She waved her hand dismissively “Nevermind. I apologize Supergirl, but as you can see I'm not the best company at the moment. So if that’ll be all, I would like to head home if you don’t mind”

Supergirl frowned again, as if having much more to say on the matter. She opened her mouth, but said nothing. Pressing her lips together, she nodded, “Of course. As you wish, Ms. Luthor. Would you...uhh... like me to fly you home?”

“Oh that won’t be necessary at all. My driver is downstairs. And besides, I don’t believe alcohol and flying are the best combination to be honest.”

Supergirl shrugged, “I wouldn’t know”

“Well, that must be convenient.”

They stood there in awkward silence. Lena clutching at her briefcase waiting for Supergirl to go
and Supergirl just nervously staring at her foot, digging her right boot in the carpet. Lena finally sighed, and went to the coat rack to grab her red coat. She turned around to excuse herself and say goodnight to the superhero, but found herself alone in her office.
Kara sat at the edge of the L-Corp building, dangling her legs over the ledge and staring at the city. She was listening in for anything that might have needed her, but she was also listening to the heartbeat she knew so well. She watched Lena exit from the front door of her building and climb into a sleek black Lexus and driven off. Kara let herself fall off the ledge and flew over the car to make sure Lena got home alright. She was worried about her. She had never seen Lena like this. Kara knew Lena was struggling after the whole Daxamite incident, but she had no idea Lena blamed herself like this. She seemed as though she had given up on... everything. She wanted to reassure Lena and defend her; convince her that all of this was not her fault! Surely she must know that if it wasn’t for her, National City would probably be under a Daxamite regime by now! Kara wanted to discuss the issue further, but Lena was clearly drunk, or at least not sober enough for a discussion like this. And she didn’t want to have this conversation with Lena as Supergirl. She should have it with her as Kara Danvers, her friend.

The car came to a stop in front of Lena’s apartment, and Kara watched as the door man came towards the car and open the door for Lena. She watched her step out of the car and smile at the doorman, nodding towards him.

“G’evening Sebastian” Kara heard her say to the doorman.

“Good evening Ms. Luthor” The silver haired doorman gave Lena a warm smile.

“How many times do I need to remind you I'm very much capable of handling a door on my own?”

“As many times as I will always reply that I'm happy to do so”

“You’re far too kind to me. Please let Cynthia know that she’s a very lucky woman”

“Oh she knows Ms. Luthor, trust me. I remind her of it everyday” He winked at Lena as he made his way to open the door of the building for her as well. “She just doesn’t know that I'm even luckier than her”

Lena smiled and bid him farewell as she marched towards the elevator. Kara was fascinated at how composed she seemed. For someone who had been drinking away their sorrows for the past... How long had she been drinking before I got to her? Nonetheless, for someone who had been drinking, period, she seemed as composed and self-assured as she would walking into one of her many meetings. No trace of the agitated and furious woman that Supergirl had faced merely moments ago. Kara used her x-ray vision and watched Lena press the Penthouse button on the elevator and lean back on the wall, bringing her left hand up to ease her forehead and resting her elbow on her other hand across her torso.

“Stupid. So Stupid” Kara heard her mumble to no one but herself in the elevator.

The doors opened and Lena sauntered through and into her apartment, dropping her purse and her coat on the floor carelessly and kicking off her heels. Kara looked away, feeling as though she was invading Lena’s privacy by watching her. Lena was alright. She was safe in her home. Kara should just leave and go back to her own apartment, sleep while she still can. But she couldn’t, not until she made sure Lena was truly ok. She checked again on Lena, and found her in the kitchen, standing beside the counter, with a glass of water in her hand, and just...staring at the counter. Her eyes were devoid of any emotion. She stared at the kitchen counter as if her life depended on it, and Kara found her chest ache at the sight of her. Suddenly, as if broken from her haze, Lena reached across the counter and grabbed her phone and seemed to be scrolling through it. Slowing
down her scrolling, Lena finally pressed something on the screen and the penthouse was filled with a song through, what Kara had guessed, speakers built around the whole place. The song was slow and deep, the singer’s voice filled with sadness and emotion and Kara knew she had heard the song before. She concentrated on the lyrics, and finally recognized the voice of a band that Alex had once recommended to her, Kaleo, and surprisingly even though Kara was not very fond of the mournful melody, she somehow managed to also recognize the song as the one called “Way Down We Go”. Kara returned her focus to Lena and found that she had slowly dragged her back against the counter and slipped down to the floor, glass still in her hand, and her other hand dug in her hair, elbow resting on her knee.

And that’s when Kara heard it. A sob. Lena was silently crying. Kara felt as though someone had reached within her chest and squeezed her heart with a grip made of thorns. Her eyes burned and blurred as her own tears joined Lena’s. Lena sobbed and leaned her head against the back of the counter as her sobs became more vocal. Her knees, as if too weak to hold themselves up, slowly dropped to the floor. Kara found herself flying closer to the balcony unconsciously, wanting to comfort her. Hold her. Tell her everything would be alright. But she stopped herself, knowing Lena would not want her to see her like this.

And so, Kara left. Giving Lena the space she needed. Vowing to visit her tomorrow as Kara Danvers and making sure Lena Luthor knew fully well that she is not to blame for anything and that the whole of National City owe her their lives.

“Kara! Open up!”

“Mmmmmmm” Kara grumbles sleepily and sinks her face deeper in her pillow

Saying it had been a long week for Kara would have been an understatement. With the whole Daxamite army and Lillian before that, Kara barely had time to breathe. After the Daxamite army had left the city, Kara spent the next two days putting out fires and helping people get to safety from collapsing buildings. She helped take those whose homes were destroyed to shelters in the meantime until all can be fixed. Kal and J’onn, with the help of DEO agents, were in charge of apprehending any DEO prisoners who had escaped during the overtaking of the facility. Kara assisted the fire department with weakened buildings, broken railways and unsteady streets. She hadn’t slept more than five hours in the past two days. And last night, even as tired as she was, she still couldn’t sleep as much. Not after seeing...

“Kara!”

*Doesn’t anyone understand the precious and holy notion of a peaceful sleep!*  
*“Kara! Come on! Don’t make me pick your door lock. You know I can.”*  
*If you’re so keen on boasting, then you should just pick the lock and save me the trouble of getting up from this beautiful, comfy, fluffy, sof...  
*Klink*  
*“Yup! I still got it! If this DEO agent thing ever falls through, I might have a future career in lock picking!”*

Kara heard Alex’s footsteps make their way into the apartment. She heard the sound of paper bags and something being put down somewhere. And then she smelled it. Her nose crinkled, sniffing the air, once, twice, making sure what she smelled was truly there, and as though being pulled from the pillow, it took in the smell of cinnamon and fresh pastries. She rubbed her sleepy eyes
and her legs made their way into the kitchen as though on auto pilot.

“So you’re happy to see the pastries. Your sister, not so much?”

Kara stuffed her mouth with half of the donut before marching off to her sister and giving her a weak hug, half sleeping on her sister’s shoulder.

Alex grabbed her face with both hands and raised an eyebrow, “Ok, what’s wrong? You’re usually ecstatic when there’s anything resembling food. But you’re not even remotely close to happy.”

Kara grumbled and stumbled back onto the kitchen stool, finishing off the other half of her donut, “I didn’t get much sleep last night”

“I thought J’onn was covering for you the rest of the night. That’s what you told me” Alex made her way to the kitchen island, gave her sister her coffee and took a sip from her own.

“No he was. He did” Kara exclaimed, pouting.

“Then?”

“Well, after I texted you, I was flying on my way home from the other side of the city and happened to pass by L-Corp. And I saw Lena’s light was on. So I thought I would check up on her since I hadn’t seen her ever since Kal and I asked her to make the device that would get rid of the Daxamites.” two donuts and two cinnamon rolls devoured.

“Ok. And?”

“And she was a wreck Alex! She was drunk, her hair was all messed up, her heels were off. She blames herself for everything. She blames herself for the Daxamites because she built the machine. And I tried telling her that she wouldn’t have known what Rhea was planning, but she wouldn’t listen to me. She was so angry at herself, I think she even hated herself!” Sadness clouded Kara’s features as she remembered the way Lena threw her words at Supergirl.

Alex rubbed her sister’s back, “Kara, Lena went through a lot. With Lilian, and Lex trying to kill her, and Jack, and now Rhea. I think it’s perfectly normal for her to feel that way. Maybe she just needs space.”

“That’s just it Alex. She doesn’t have anyone but me. If I give her space, then she’ll be completely alone. And she’ll end up blaming herself even more and...Rao knows what else!” She threw her hands in the air, exaggerating her words. Kara decided to exclude the part about Lena crying alone in her penthouse. She felt as though that was an invasion of her privacy to begin with, and telling Alex would just be doing it further.

“So then go talk to her. As Kara. Show her that you’re there for her. Maybe even cheer her up with lunch,” Alex smirked and mumbled under her breath, “God knows she lights up just by seeing your face!”

“Alex!” Kara exclaimed, punching her shoulder lightly.

“Ow! You didn’t have to do that! But it’s true! Come on, even you can’t be that oblivious! That woman has no sense of a genuine smile unless it’s directed at you.”

“That’s because we’re friends!”

“I don’t exactly bite my lips like that around my friends that’s for sure,” Alex once again mumbled.
“Alex!” another very light punch to the shoulder.

“Ow! Ok ok enough with the punching!”

“So why are you here anyway? I thought you took time off work to spend time with Maggie? It’s still hardly been a few days.”

At the mere mention of Maggie, Alex immediately blushed and suddenly seemed extremely interested with her short nails.

“You’re blushing!”

“Am not!”

“Are too! Did something happen? Oh Rao! Did Maggie ask you to move in with her?!!” Kara’s face beamed with excitement as she sucked in a breath impatiently waiting. She got off her stool to stand next to her sister clasping her hands together from excitement.

“No, no she didn’t.” Alex pressed her lips in from her own excitement. Taking a deep breath she blew out air from her mouth to gather up her confidence to tell her sister.

“Alex! Tell me! I’m dying here!”

“I kinda sorta might’ve asked her to marry me!” Alex said in one fast breath.

Kara’s eyes widened comically. Her mouth gaped open and her arms opened up in question. “What? When? How? Alex, I swear to Rao if this is some sort of pran..”

“No, No. I’m serious. I asked her the day the Daxamites left, right after you flew off.”

Kara was clearly still in shock. She opened up her mouth, but no words came out. Her mouth, still O-shaped, finally closed shut and she emitted a squeal, that Alex would have rolled her eyes to if she herself hadn’t been as excited! Kara suddenly picked up Alex in the tightest hug, “Oh Rao! I'm gonna be an aunt!”

“What?! No Kara! I'm not pregnant!! Put me down Kara!!” Kara was beyond listening to the words coming out of her sister’s mouth. She was swirling with excitement, her mind already filled with countless plans for her future niece or nephew.

“KARA PUT ME DOWN NOW!”

“I'm gonna be the best aunt on the whole entire planet!!” Another breath sucked in. “No! In the whole galaxy!!”

“KARA I AM NOT PREGNANT! PUT ME DOWN!”

Kara finally put her down gently, still jumping from joy. “Not yet. You’re not pregnant yet!”

“I think you’re missing the point here...”

“Oh yes yes! I almost forgot! You asked her to marry you! Alex, that’s amazing! Wait...she said yes right?!” Her eyes suddenly widened with fear, “Oh Rao! Please tell me she said yes!”

Alex shook her head smiling at the ridiculousness that is her sister. “Yes Kara, she said yes.”

“Oh Rao! That’s...That’s so wonderful, Alex!” Then Kara frowned, as if remembering something. “Wait...You proposed two days ago? Alex, I was just with you yesterday out on the streets. And the day before that!! Why didn’t you tell me earlier?!!” Another punch to the shoulder.
“Ow! I'm sorry. But I didn’t want to tell you in the middle of... everything! The past two days have been crazy! With fires and buildings and escapees and people losing their homes. I didn’t find the right time to tell you! Everytime I tried to tell you, something would come up.”

“I'm sorry, Alex”

“No, no Kara it’s not your fault. I wanted to tell you like this. With breakfast and in your place and just us two.”

“I’m really happy for you, Alex”

“Thanks.” Alex nodded and smiled, remembering the abrupt way she proposed to Maggie. “So we decided on going away for a few days to celebrate. One of the detectives that works with Maggie offered to lend us his cabin in the woods. And we thought it might be kinda romantic, you know.” Alex couldn’t possibly blush more than she already was. “I never thought of myself as the kind of person that would be into the whole sitting in front of the fireplace in the middle of the woods drinking a glass of wine with soft music and the person I love. But...I don’t know. I'm kinda really looking forward to it.”

“You should! Alex, that’s a great idea! You definitely need a few days away with that girl! Rao knows you need a few days off babysitting me all the time.” Kara hugged her again, “Go! Have fun celebrating with your girlfr...” Kara closed her mouth bringing her clenched fists over it in excitement, “With your... Fiance!”

Alex giggled biting on her thumb nail and whispering as if not wanting to break the moment, “I guess I have a Fiance. Oh my god!”

Both sisters continued giggling until they wear interrupted by Alex’s phone. She took it out of her back pocket, “Oh I have to go. I need to finalize the schematics for a prototype I'm working on down in the labs at the DEO before heading out with Maggie.” She grabbed her coffee and a donut on her way to the door, before turning back to her sister who immediately engulfed her in a tight hug.

“Have fun, Alex! I'm really happy for you.”

“Thanks, Kara. Love you.”

“Love you too”
Emotional Predicaments

Lena woke up shivering. She winced before opening her eyes to complete darkness, and thankfully found herself in her bed.

At least, my drunken self was decent enough to make it to bed and not sleep on the floor.

She noticed she had no pants on and was only wearing a very loose tank top, though she didn’t remember discarding her clothes at all. The covers were thrown off the bed and the window was letting in a soft cold breeze, making her shiver once more. She got up and regretted it immediately as she was hit by a headache so strong she thought it might knock her out. She pinched her temple and closed her eyes as she took in a deep breath, waiting for the dizzy spell to subside, if only enough for her to make it to the window. She finally managed to drag herself out of bed and lock the window only to fall back slowly sitting on the edge of the bed.

Sighing, she looked at the bedside clock and saw it was 5:00 a.m. which meant she still had more than an hour before needing to head to the office. She should go back to sleep, her body screamed for her to lie back down from exhaustion. But her mind was restless. Playing back everything that had happened the night before, battering her with unwanted memories of an embarrassing confrontation with the Girl of Steel.

She craned her aching neck, stretching it to one side and then the other and bringing her hand to massage the back of it. She concentrated on trying to remember what had happened after coming back home. The last thing she remembered was lying down on her kitchen floor, dozing off. She finally got up and grabbed her glasses that had been carelessly dropped, deciding to investigate her whereabouts the night before by going to the scene of the crime. As soon as she walked into her open space living room, she stopped in her tracks. Papers and books were on every surface of her living room, as well as the kitchen counter.

And then she remembered!

She had dozed off on the kitchen floor but was met with restless sleep filled with nightmares of the past few days. She remembered dreaming of the Daxamite army killing people, torturing those that would not follow the atrocious regime. She had woken up breathless, her hand pressed under her head on the floor created sketches on her reddened cheek. She remembered feeling determined to fix her mistake and right her wrongs, and as much as she was horrified of the nightmare, it had given her an idea of how to make things better. She had decided to build the matter reconfiguration machine, once more, but with a few new tweaks of her own.

Lena looked at the spot where she had been lying down the night before, and as if watching a video being played back, she remembered slowly rising from the floor and getting to work. Putting her hair in a messy bun, she quickly unbuttoned her blouse, taken off her bra and threw on a Linkin Park tank top with some gray sweatpants. She had vanished into the bathroom, washing her face and taking off her contacts to put on her wide black rimmed glasses.

Then she remembered going to her living room library, pulling out different books on quantum entanglement, two folders of printed research papers she had kept, and several journals discussing theories about poly atomic anions. Her mind still putting the pieces back together of last night’s events, Lena walked over to her desk, where her laptop was still opened and turned on the screen to find the schematics of the machine she had built for Rhea. On her desk, there were countless papers with scribbled down notes and sketches of new schematics and adjustments for the machine. She touched the half filled glass of red wine on the desk, recalling she had been frustrated with cracking a certain formula and had decided that a glass of wine might help her clear her mind. And as the alcohol began to make her drowsy, she remembered giving in to her
exhaustion and making her way to the bed as she discarded her sweatpants and plummeted on the bed, dozing off almost instantly.

It finally hit her. This is exactly what she needed. A project to bury herself in and avoid all and any emotional predicaments. She was going to rebuild the machine, making it much smaller in size, and having the restriction of only allowing non-living things to pass through. She wanted the machine to only be used for one thing at a time. For now, she wanted it to be able to send medicine and food to countries that gravely needed it. Then, she would work on making the machine to possess the ability to send heavier supplies, even with its smaller size that would most probably limit its capabilities.

However, from the notes that she was now reading, Lena recalled being frustrated that L-Corp’s resources would not be enough to fund such a project. The board would never approve of such a drastic budget that would be required to finance the research, let alone the production of the device. She found a sticky-note attached to the paper containing a list of potential investors and research facilities that might be able to support the project. One in particular was underlined. It was once a rival company to L-Corp, back when it was Luthor Corp. Lena remembers reading on the company’s CEO, learning that she possessed a similar story to Lena’s. Her company was once managed by her father, who was not known for his ethical business decisions. After his death, his daughter had taken over and had vowed to make the company a force for good, focusing mainly on research funding rather than funding of weaponry.

Lena looked at the time on her laptop. 6:10 a.m. She walked towards her kitchen and turned on her espresso machine, her mind calculating different angles and formulas all at once. She found her phone abandoned on the kitchen counter and scrolled through her notifications as she waited for her espresso to be ready. Taking the beverage with her to the balcony, she sat down on the chair, and began typing emails to prepare for her day.

Lena walked out of the elevator, her heels announcing her arrival and her sunglasses balanced on her head. She was reading through the proposal she had typed up in the car on her way to L-Corp on her phone, thinking about adding another paragraph to the third page of the background information on the device. Stopping in front of Jess’s desk, she didn’t dare look up from her phone until she finished editing the last paragraph, appreciating that Jess didn’t say a word until she raised her head from her phone and smiled at her.

“Good morning, Ms. Luthor”

“Good morning, Jess. What do we have on the agenda for today?”

Handing her a tablet of her schedule, Jess began to narrate, “You have a budget meeting with some of the board members at 9, a meeting with a representative from Lord Industries after lunch at 1, and a meeting with your lawyer at 3.”

Lena was back to reading her proposal on her phone while listening to Jess recite her schedule and not bothering to look at the tablet Jess handed her. “I need you to cancel everything. And call my lawyer. Tell him to come to my office at 10, and bring the patent papers I emailed him about this morning.” She then looked up to a confused Jess and exclaimed, “And under no circumstances am I to be disturbed today. If anyone happens to need me, tell them I’m in meetings all day and am currently unavailable. No exceptions whatsoever, Jess”

Before Lena could head on into her office, Jess intercepted her by raising a hand and claiming,
“Uhh Ms. Luthor, how about your interview with Ms. Danvers? She was scheduled to come after your board meeting.”

At the mention of the name, Lena immediately flinched and felt her chest tighten with yearning to see the beautiful smile of the blonde reporter. No emotional predicaments, remember? But just like that, she kept her feelings at bay, and pushed them deep down where they wouldn’t come up. “I said no exceptions, Jess. Now please, get to work.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.” She heard Jess exclaim as she walked off into her office, locking the door.

Somewhere around noon, Kara walked into the elevator of L-Corp and struggled with pressing the top floor button while refraining from dropping the paper bags she carried in her arms. She had been disappointed when Jess told her that her interview with Lena had been canceled, but she knew Lena wouldn’t mind taking a break to have lunch with her instead. She even texted Lena, telling her that she would be passing by to have lunch with her instead of the interview, but Lena never replied. She didn’t even see the message it seemed. Kara had flown all the way to the other side of the city to pick up the pink peppercorn salad that Lena really loved and the greenish iced matcha mint drink that she made Kara try last time, claiming it to be one of life’s wonderful pleasantries, though Kara had immensely refuted. As the elevator doors opened after the ding, she carefully made her way towards Lena’s office.

“Ms. Danvers, I...I thought I had emailed you already that the interview had been canceled. I’m sor...” Jess seemed shocked to see Kara, which surprised Kara since it wasn’t the first time she had walked into Lena’s office unannounced.

Kara gave her her brightest sunny smile, “Yes, I did get your email, Jess, don’t worry. But I thought she could use a break and something to eat. I’m very certain she hadn’t eaten anything other than... the doses of caffeine she barely survives on!”

Jess seemed embarrassed, and gave her a faked smile, “I’m sorry, Ms. Danvers, but she specifically told me that she doesn’t want to be disturbed today at all. Not by anyone.” Jess leaned in, whispering, “In all honesty, I expected her to say that she doesn’t want to be disturbed by anyone but you of course. But she seemed stressed. I even asked if that included you, and she simply said ’no exceptions’. She had been in her office all day.”

Kara’s forehead creased as she registered Jess’s words. This was the first time Lena had restricted her access to her office. Normally, Lena was welcoming Kara with open arms even on her busiest days. “She hasn’t left her office all morning?”

“Not even once. Her lawyer came in for a meeting a few hours ago. He was the only one who had seen her all day today.” Jess looked worried about her boss, and Kara certainly noticed. If this behavior was new to Jess, then something was definitely wrong.

“Can I at least go inside just to give her the food? I’m sure she hasn’t eaten anything all day, nor will she remember to eat for the rest of the day.”

“I mean...I guess I can ask her. It wouldn’t hurt to try.” Jess sat back down on her chair, grabbing the phone from her desk and pressing her boss’s extension.

“Yes, Jess?” Kara heard Lena’s voice from her office. It was filled with frustration and...she sounded tired.

“Ms. Luthor, I'm very sorry to disturb you, but Ms. Danvers is here to see if you would be willing
to take a small lunch break with her. She said she’ll make sure not to take too much of your time”

Kara heard Lena’s heartbeat pick up and the ruffling of her fingers through her hair followed by a sigh.

“Please apologize to Ms. Danvers on my behalf and tell her that I have a conference call on hold. Her consideration is appreciated but I'm quite busy today. And thank her for me, Jess”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.” Jess looked at Kara, giving her a guilty smile and shaking her head, and was immediately pulled back to her work when her office phone rang.

Kara turned away from her looking at Lena’s door, slightly lowering her glasses to see what Lena was doing. She saw Lena drinking from a small espresso cup and reading a paper. She then got up heading towards her couch, paper still clutched in her hand, as she stared at the ground, her legs crossed in front of her. Why won’t you see me, Lena? She saw her shut her eyes tight before opening them again, guilt flooding her features. And then suddenly just like that, her face transformed into an expressionless one and she went back to reading the paper clutched in her hand. She doesn’t have a conference call.
Sad Smiles and Lingering Hugs

Chapter Notes

Here's a long one for ya today! Forgot to mention that I don't Beta my work. I just write and post. So if you find anything, let me know in the comments. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It has been three days since Supergirl had seen Lena, and almost a full week since Kara had seen her. The day Kara came to have lunch with Lena, but was sadly brushed off, she had decided to fly over as Supergirl later during the evening to simply... see her. Kara had been subconsciously denying the fact that seeing Lena had become as much of a necessity to her as many things she held dear. And so, later in the evening, she flew to her balcony in hopes of seeing the CEO, but was met with something she had never thought she’d ever get to witness: Curtains?! The curtains of the CEO’s top floor office had been drawn and the hero found herself stunned and wide-eyed at the notion. Since when did Lena put up curtains?! Was it because of me? Maybe she just stopped liking the sun all of a sudden. Yeah. That must be it. But who doesn’t like the sun?!! Supergirl was tempted to use her x-ray vision to see her...to check up on her. She was simply checking up on her. Making sure she was alright. It had nothing to do with her wanting to see Lena. But at the last minute, she decided not to, wishing to preserve the woman’s privacy. She then thought of landing on the balcony and knocking on the glass door, but immediately changed her mind, finally accepting the fact that maybe Lena just needed space. And she would give it to her.

But saying she'd give Lena space and actually doing it were not the same thing. The giving space part was not as simple as Kara thought. She woke up everyday with Lena being the first thought on her mind, hoping this would be the day she would see her. She went to bed every night filled with disappointment. She found herself missing the woman intensely, even more than she had missed Alex, which was saying a lot!

The Catco building was still filled with construction crews fixing every nook and cranny of the place, and Kara heard that Miss Grant even took the opportunity to remodel a bit. And therefore, Kara was, temporarily, out of a day job and her night job had been somewhat quiet after the invasion, aside from the usual aid she gave towards helping rebuild the city. Kara discovered that she did not do very well alone. There was a reason why she surrounded herself with countless people. As much as she was the Girl of Steel, she depended on them. Being alone was Kara’s worst nightmare after her whole planet was destroyed. And she felt that loneliness dreadfully without being able to talk to Lena. She found herself forming a long lasting relationship with her couch, whom she did everything with: eat, sleep, read, watch TV, call Lena, sulk around when Lena doesn't answer, eat some more, text Lena, wait endlessly for a reply, eat her feelings away, and conquer her Netflix watch list.

And here she was once again, laying her head on the armrest of her best friend at the moment, beside four boxes of pizza stacked on the coffee table, which she was thinking of letting in on her best friend circle, watching Cosima’s eyes finally find Delphine’s and not believing that Delphine was in fact alive after all. Kara found herself thinking of her own significant other. Friend! Kara hated not talking to Lena. She hated not seeing her emerald eyes. She hated not being the one person Lena can genuinely let go of the CEO persona in front of and just be... Lena. She missed her smile and her dark auburn hair. She missed her red lipstick lips. Oh Rao she had been thinking of Lena’s lips way too much the past couple of days. Out of habit, Kara grabbed her phone from
the coffee table, still lying down, and pressed the name that is repeated on her call log. She put her phone on speaker, and placed it back on the coffee table, her hand grabbing a slice of pizza on its way back. The dulling sound of the ringing phone on the other side has been Kara’s lullaby, and she let the melody drag on in her mind as it usually did. She even...

“Kara?”

Kara stumbled to get up all of a sudden, hearing a familiar voice that had not been so familiar to her the past couple of days. She saw the pizza being flung over as she tried getting up from the cocoon she had formed on the couch to grab the phone and answer Lena. Not putting into account the distance, she accidentally fell headfirst off the couch into the carpet, her glasses going crooked on her face.

“Ow! Oh Rao!”

“Kara? Are you alright?”

She finally - *Finally* - grabbed her phone and upon clutching it from an awkward angle, she pressed the end call button by mistake.

“No! What? Lena! Oh Rao! Are you kidding me right now?!!” she asked the empty room, then started shouting holding her hands up in exaggeration, “Really?! Really?!”

Kara calls Lena back using superspeed, still not entirely sure if she had imagined the voice or not.

“Kara? Hello?”

“Lena!”

“Kara, are you alright? I heard something or someone falling down”

“Uhh falling? No no, it must've been from the TV I guess.”

“Oh. OK then”

An awkward silence fell between them as Kara tried to find something - *Anything!* - to say. *Say something!*

“Uhh so...”

“Kara, can I just please apologize first. For... for not being able to take your calls. I know I haven't been there at all recently. It's just been crazy around here at L-Corp. I do hope you’d forgive me.”

“Oh umm no, no Lena you don't need to apologize. I totally get it. I've just... I've just missed you I guess.” Kara could've sworn she heard Lena’s heart pick up pace.

“I have too.” Another awkward silence.

“Can I see you?” Kara fully understood the expression of a stopping heart at that moment. She didn't think she'd survive another rejection from Lena, nor did she think she'd survive not seeing her another day.

“I ummm.” Kara heard her gulp. “I actually have a flight tonight at 9. But I think I'm free until then except for some paperwork I need to prepare. Would you like to meet me here? I know it's short not...”

“Yes! Yes I meet... I mean - Yes I would! I would love to meet you at L-Corp.”
“Lovely. How’s in half an hour sound?”

“Perfect! Have you eaten yet?”

“Uhh Yeah I grabbed a salad a while back. But if you’d like to eat, we can reschedule to an...”

“No! No! Please no. I mean... I’ve already eaten. I was just asking for you. I'll see you in half an hour then?”

“Absolutely.” Kara felt as if Lena had more to say. “Bye, Kara”

“Bye, Lena”

Kara sat on the edge of her couch, wide eyed, still not believing what had just happened. Her eyes widened even more when she realized she had half an hour to get ready. Rao! I need a shower! Using her superspeed, she tidied up the room, disposing of the pizza boxes and putting the leftovers in the fridge. She took a quick shower, dried her hair, and fumbled in her closet trying to decide what to wear. She settled on a white knee length dress with a red belt adjusted on its hips and a maroon cardigan on top. She tied her hair back in a ponytail, looked at the clock and saw she had fifteen minutes to get to L-Corp. She grabbed her purse and her keys and ignored the feeling of forgetting something as she walked out her apartment.

Three seconds later, she came back in and found her glasses on the ground in the living room. She put them on, and headed out.

Lena sat at her desk, staring blankly at her phone, unknowingly pinching her lip with her thumb and forefinger. I shouldn’t have invited her over. Lena had been trying to convince herself that it wasn’t a slip up. That she purposely answered Kara’s call. She didn’t need to hear her voice. Kara had been calling and texting nonstop, and it had ate away at Lena bit by bit every time she didn’t answer or text back. She wanted to. God help her she desperately wanted to. But she convinced herself that Kara was better off. She need not drag another person into the mess that is her life. But when Kara had called for the fourth time today, she realized that abruptly cutting Kara off might have been a terrible idea. For both their sakes. For one thing, Kara would be immediately suspicious if one day Lena gave her all access to her office and then the next day she locks her doors, puts up curtains for her other friend, and stops taking her calls. It wreaked of suspicion! On the other hand, Kara was Lena’s own addiction. She couldn’t cut her off abruptly like that. She most probably wouldn’t survive the withdrawal. She needed to ease out of Kara’s life. Make sure Kara had support from her friends and family when she wouldn’t be there. Who am I kidding? This is Kara ‘Sunny’ Danvers, for goodness sakes! She has a whole army of friends and family supporting her. And why would I expect her to need any kind of support after me? She’s just your friend, Lena. She doesn’t hold you over a pedestal. Not like the way you do with her. Normal platonic relationships are no...

Lena had been so preoccupied with her thoughts that she was immediately startled by the blonde reporter that consumed them, and she relished in the irony that her composed and unfazed personality has been startled by not one but two blondes in the past week. Kara Danvers walked into her office wearing a white dress that hugged every curve Lena fantasized about touching.

“Lena!”

Lena found herself suddenly speechless. She hadn’t mentally prepared for this. She didn’t expect herself to be so faltered by being exposed to that smile. God, that smile! Her heart somersaulted a few times as she managed to find the strength to stand upright to greet her friend. Oh God, I have to hug her! Don’t linger. Don’t linger too much into the hug. It’s a hug between two friends, you need to end it after approximately five to six seconds. That’s how long normal platonic hugs last.
She steadied herself by placing her hand on the desk as she made her way to Kara.

“Kara. You look radiant as always” Voice seems calm. Good. Don’t forget, don’t put too much emotion into this. You need to slowly ease your way out of her life. It wouldn’t help things if you drool over every word she says.

After setting two cups of coffee and a paper bag on Lena’s coffee table, Kara wrapped her arms around her shoulder blades and lower back. One second. It was Kara Danvers’ signature move for a warm and affectionate hug. Lena guessed it made anyone on the receiving end melt into a pool of helpless emotions. It might even have the power to wipe out any traces of a foul mood. It probably gave hope to orphans and the homeless! It must definitely reminded people of the feeling of home, even those from different planets!

Two seconds.

Lena found herself transfixed by the smell of a fruity shampoo of mangoes and citrus. Smiling as she thought that only Kara Danvers would pick such a unique and sunshine resembling scent. Three seconds . Four seconds. Lena was completely unaware of her tightening the hug even more, shifting her head slightly to the left as she buried her nose in the side of the pulled up hair. Five seconds. She hated not seeing her friend, hated being the instigator of terminating the one relationship she had that had put a smile on her face. Six seconds. But she was just as certain that this was necessary to keep Kara safe. From her. From the chaos of her family and her fortune. What if another attempt at my life were to happen and Kara was there? Oh God, I would never forgive myself! She brushed off the fact that she was internally convincing herself just as much as hating herself for doing this to Kara. Seven seconds. And just like that, she put a smile on her face that didn’t reach her eyes, the smile she used in board meetings and conferences, and broke the hug to face Kara Danvers, her only friend in National City. Eight seconds. An eight second hug. Was that too long?

“It’s so good to see you, Kara”

“You too. I’ve missed you so much!” And there it was again. She missed me. No! She’s your friend, of course she missed you. There’s nothing more there. “I know you said you’ve already eaten, but I figured you would never say no to some coffee and sugary treats!” She beamed with pride. Oh God, did she figure out I lied about the salad? Lena felt her stomach churn at the idea of food. She hasn’t eaten all day, she had had a banana in the morning before heading out fully knowing she won’t have time for any food. Other than that, nothing.

“Thank you, Kara, somehow you’re always looking after me” she smirked and walked ahead of Kara to the couch, emphasizing her words, making sure with the corner of her eye that Kara was, in fact, watching her walk away. What are you doing? Stop flirting! She scolded herself as she sat down on the couch and gestured beside her for Kara to join her. Kara hurried and sat beside Lena, a bit further for Lena’s liking. Lena handed her a cup, while Kara opened up the bag revealing an Eclair for Lena and a donut for herself.

“So, Kara, what have you been up to lately?” She picked at her Eclair, pinching up small pieces to put in her mouth. Lillian would be so proud seeing me fidget with my food.

“Oh not much! I’ve been spending a lot of time at home. Alex is off on a getaway with Maggie. You know Maggie, right? Oh R-God, I’m sorry. Of course you do. She's the detective that came in here and ummm uhh arrested you. I probably shouldn't have brought that up. Anyway, my sister is out of town with her girlfriend. And James and Winn have been busy doing God knows what. So I’ve been spending time at home. Doing lots of cleaning! Oh boy, you should see my closet. I’ve been reading on this thing called minimalism.” Lena smiled as she let the adorable rants of the blonde reporter tune out all other voices in her head. She dwelled in the over exaggerated hand gestures that the blonde did to emphasize the topics she was rambling on about. “It's
basically, you hold every item in your house and ask yourself ‘do I really need this?’ or ‘when was the last time I used this?’ and you end up giving away half the things in your home, that you realize you hardly ever use. It's really hard! Uuhf I had a really hard time picking which cardigans I don't wear. There's too many of them. And I wear them all!!”

“I would think so! That seems like a really difficult task!”

“Riiiiight?! Imagine if...if you had tooooo give away...mmm...half your shoe collection!!”

Lena brought a hand up to her heart gasping, amplifying her horror, “Kara. You shouldn’t speak of such things.” A memory of speaking to another blonde in the same way nagged at her brain, but she pushed it away.

Kara giggled at the reaction, knowing Lena had a special place in her heart for her shoe collection.

“So how come you’ve been spending most of your time at home? You should go out, have some fun while you still can. Meet new people. I’m sure once Catco reopens, you won’t have time for any of that on regular days. I assure you Cat Grant would not let her company close for more than another week if she has anything to say about it.”

“Well, Catco actually took a nasty hit even before the uhhhh... with... you know... what happened with the whole.” Kara made a gesture with her hand, flying it like an alien ship over a city, “invasion thing. So, it might be a while before I have a job again. And I don’t really like going out alone. I wouldn’t know where to go and what to do to be honest.” Kara blushed and Lena found it endearing.

Suddenly, Kara seemed much more nervous and flustered than usual. That crinkle came back as if she was summoning up the courage to say something.

“Lena, umm I spoke with uhh Supergirl. And she told me that you were dealing with a few things.” As soon as Lena reacted, her face registering a small hint of shock, but her emotions still intact, Kara brought a hand over hers to reassure her, “She didn’t umm say anything specific! She wouldn’t do that! She just said that you were having a hard time, and that I should be there for you if you needed me.” She squeezed Lena’s hand, and Lena felt her heart being squeezed in her chest as well. “Lena...” She came a bit closer. Kara please don’t come any closer. I won’t be able to handle it. “Lena, you know you can tell me anything. You can talk to me. I'm here for you. For all of it. The good and the bad. You don’t have to go through this alone.”

Lena felt her heart bang against her chest, as she looked at their adjoined hands on her lap. This is starting to look impossible to pull off! God, why does she have to be so perfect?! She swallowed down roughly and cleared her throat before speaking. She faked a laugh to break the tension, “Kara, I think Supergirl might have overestimated the situation. When she came to see me, I had just finished speaking with my vile mother whom was trying to plant every dark seed in me. And normally after a conversation with Lillian, alcohol is the only measure of coping. I was a tad bit drunk and simply repeating Lillian’s words when Supergirl happened to stop by. You shouldn’t worry at all. I'm perfectly fine, Kara. Really.” She fabricated her best looking smile. Please believe me, Kara. Please just believe the story and move on. For both our sakes.

Kara gave her a sad smile. As if knowing something, but not wanting to push the issue further. She squeezed her hand once again. “But you’d come to me if you weren’t fine, right?”

“Of course. It’s not like I have a line-up of people claiming to be my friends.” Lena gave her own version of a sad smile, hoping her remark would be taken lightly. “Kara, you have nothing to worry about. I'm fine. More than fine actually. I'm currently working on a very special project here at L-Corp.”

“Really?!” Kara went back to her beaming self. “I know I'm not currently a reporter, but any
chance I could get a scoop on what it is?”

Lena winced, remembering having this exact conversation with Kara several weeks ago on the Catco balcony.

“It’s nothing that would entice any more alien invasions don’t worry”

“Oh, Lena I didn’t mean…”

“Relax Kara I was only joking” Mostly. Taking another sip of her coffee, she looked over at her watch, surprised at how time went by so fast. “Oh would you look at the time. I should be heading home to grab my things if I want to make it to the airport on time. I'm so sorry Kara for cutting this short…” She said getting up as she started to make her way to her desk to grab her bag.

“Oh. No, no of course. I understand. You never said where you were going?” Kara followed her, to Lena’s relief.

Lena abruptly turned around and faced Kara excitedly touching the other woman’s arm.“I'm actually flying to Vancouver for a conference on quantum physics. It’s such a well organized conference of speakers from all around the world giving their theories and ideas on the matter. It’s all groundbreaking stuff! I'm hoping I can snatch one of the speakers to help fund this pet project I'm working on here at L-Corp. Oh, the possibilities are endless from what I’ve read from some of the abstracts of the speakers that are going to be present tomorrow!” Lena suddenly trailed off as she noticed Kara looking at her lips, as if captivated by their movement. Lena’s heart picked up, and as though right on cue, Kara suddenly looked up back to Lena’s eyes, wide-eyed as she was caught staring.

“Oh. That..umm.. It sounds wonderful! I'm really happy for you, Lena. How long will you be gone?”

“Oh, not for long, only a few days. I don’t think I can stay away from L-Corp for longer than a week.” Or from you, if I'm being honest.

“Still. Few days. I don’t know what I’m going to do without you around” Kara sounded sad from her smile.

“I'm sure you’ll find plenty to do without me keeping you all to myself.” Lena smirked to lighten the mood.

Kara blushed at the comment, Lena already missing being the one who can make her blush like that. “I don’t really know about that. I kinda enjoy our time together to be honest.” She giggled as though she wanted to make her last comment seem lighter than what she had meant. “Well, I don’t want to keep you. Text me when you land?”

“Of course.”

Kara pulled Lena into a tight hug, resting her chin over Lena’s shoulder, and Lena closed her eyes and sighed at the fondness she felt towards her friend. She opened her eyes slowly, pressing her lips together to keep her tears from falling as she felt the dread of when she wouldn’t be able to feel such affection from anyone else ever again.

Kara was flying towards her apartment when she heard her comm coming online.

“Supergirl?”
“I’m here, Winn. Everything ok?”

“Uhh no not really. We have a situation down at an intersection by the docks. There’s some kinda...” Kara can hear the sound of typing, “umm is that...? Ok I guess it is. Apparently, a very tall and attractive blonde woman is wreaking havoc down there. Aaaaaaaaand she’s carrying cars. Super-strength is definitely a factor here.”

“On my way!”

Supergirl touched down across from a woman about to throw a bus at a group of horrified bystanders. Kara rushed towards them and caught the bus at the last possible moment, surprised at it pushing her a few centimeters back, and finally managed to put it down gently. She turned towards the civilians, her blonde hair coming down on one side of her face.

“You need to get out of here, now!”

Supergirl sped towards the woman now standing in the middle of a huge intersection and landed a few feet away from her, taking her in. Long red high-heeled boots covered the woman’s slender legs up to her knees. Her blonde hair was tied in a tight ponytail but still managed to reach all the way to her lower back. A long buttoned-down red blouse barely covered her thighs and revealed more than enough cleavage barely hidden under an opened black trench coat on top. The woman walked slowly towards the superhero, hands in the pockets of her coat, her heels giving her pace some sort of seductive sway. Kara noticed an oval shaped pendant attached to a choker necklace on the woman’s throat. The smile she gave from dark tainted lips held absolutely no warmth in it, but instead a cold knowing.

“Well, well, well. If it isn’t this city’s very own superhero.” She spoke relentlessly slow, as if tasting each letter in her mouth before letting it out. “I was beginning to wonder when I’d get your attention. Which one were you again?” She tilted her head slightly to the right, observing Supergirl. “One of the supers? Must be, from all the repulsive bright colors you supers like to wear. I must say, one thing I miss about Gotham is the bat’s choice of black. This...” She gestured with all five fingers opened and made a circular motion with her hand towards the super’s attire, “This...is just truly obnoxious.”

Kara felt her nostrils flare. “Who are you?” she demanded.

The woman went back to that side smirk of hers. “Who am I?” She sang more than said. “You see, I’m many things. But let’s not get into details shall we. I was given a large sum of money to keep this city’s resident superhero...mmmm quite busy” She circled Kara, walking around her as if sizing her up, and Kara could hear every step, every stretch of fabric from her movement.

Kara was on guard, ready to pounce on the woman at any sign of an irregular stride or sudden movement, but deciding to hear her out and gather as much information as she can about who she is and where she had come from. She knew the other woman wasn’t Kryptonian, but had no idea what species she was.

“I won’t ask you again! Who are you and what are you doing in my city?!?” Kara’s voice was calm, but firm and filled with rage and a hint of intimidation.

The woman came up from behind Kara, closing in on the hero, reaching up a hand to feel the fabric of the red heroic cape. “Aren’t you a feisty one! Oh, how I wish I could stay and get to know you better, but you see...” Kara didn’t move. She turned her head to the right, looking at the woman from the side, as she reached up a manicured hand to the hero’s face and ran a finger on that perfect jaw, “I got places to be.” She whispered in her ear.

And just as slowly, the mysterious woman pursed her lips together and blew out a breath into
Supergirl’s face. Supergirl found herself getting dizzy all of a sudden, her vision began to become hazy and she had trouble focusing on staying upright. She couldn’t lose her concentration, she needed to take the woman in, she needed to... *What did I need to do again?* She turned around, but the woman was gone. She swiped her hand across her forehead feeling sweat gathering up there, she was feeling extremely warm. Her ragged breaths were uneven and she squeezed her eyes shut and reopened them trying to steady her focus. *I need to...*

“Supergirl, is everything ok?”

Kara took a step forward convincing herself she was completely fine, but clearly didn’t realize how severe her dizzy spell was. She fell to her knees and finally gave in to the blackness behind her eyes as she layed there on the concrete, breathless. Her last thoughts filled with fright.

Chapter End Notes

*Any thought on who the new villain might be?*
Kara gradually began regaining consciousness to the sounds of a heated argument and the smell of antibacterial detergent. She felt her head resting on a cold hard metal. *Must be one of those back breaking steel tables at the DEO medical bay. Always hated them.* She didn’t open her eyes, still trying to comprehend what had happened for her to end up in the Medical Bay. *I was at the docks. There was a woman. She was...*

“I assure you Agent Danvers, Supergirl’s tests all came back negative. Everything seems to be in normal range.”

“I understand. But can you explain to me why my sister, who hasn’t ever suffered from even a cold, happened to just faint in the middle of the field, with no Green Kryptonite in sight?”

*Oh, Alex is here. She seems mad.*

“There are no indications that Supergirl is suffering from anything abnormal. There seems to be higher levels of Cortisol and a few other neurotransmitters, but that is expected after being out on the field.”

Kara heard her sister sigh, shuffling papers that were probably clenched too tightly in her hand.

“OK. Thank you, Dr. Hamilton.”

Footsteps trailed off further away from the medical bay, as Kara finally opened her eyes to the light of the sun lamps. She let the radiation replenish her, feeling its heat drain out her tiredness. She took a deep breath in. *Time to face the scary worried big sister.* She dragged her feet off the table, dangling them to the side as she got up, sitting at the edge of the table.

“Kara, hey” She felt her sister’s arms around her neck immediately. Her own hand came to rest on her sister’s back to reassure her.

“Alex, I'm fine. What time is it? ” Her voice was raspy.

Alex broke the hug, placing her hands on Kara’s shoulders instead.

“It’s around 6 in the morning.” *6 in the morning? I slept for that long? I was on my way home just...*
after 3 when Winn had called. So that means... “You need to rest under the sun lamps, Kara. We still don't know what's wrong with you.”

“Alex. Really. I feel fine. I don't feel any different.”

“Kara you fainted. That is different.”

“It could have been any number of things. But I really feel totally normal. Just like everyday. You didn't need to come all the way.”

“Of course I did! You collapsed Kara. Winn said you just fell. You stopped responding. They had to transport you in one of the DEO SUVs to get you under the sun lamps. That is not how a normal day for Supergirl usually goes.”

“It could have just been exhaustion. I haven't been eating much lately.”

“What? Why on Earth would you not be...” Alex’s phone began to ring suddenly. She grabbed it from her back pocket and answered the call, “Hey babe. Yeah, I'm sorry I didn't text. Please don’t get mad,” Alex raised her eyebrow when she saw Kara flinch at her words, “No, I'm with Kara right now. I'll come back as soon as I can. Yeah. OK. Love you too, babe.”

Kara felt her heart drumming at the notion of her sister leaving Maggie behind. She suddenly felt scared and agitated, as though she was a child about to be scolded. As soon as Alex hung up, Kara brought her eyebrows together pressing her lips. “Alex, please go back to Maggie. What if she gets mad that you interrupted your getaway? Or... Or.. Oh Rao! What if she thinks I'm... I'm doing this on purpose just to have you all to myself? I wouldn't do that, Alex, you know that right?! Please, please, just go to her. I don't want her hating me. I promise you, there's nothing wrong with me. I'm perfectly fine. I don't want you breaking up about this. Oh Rao! You just got -”

“Kara”

“- engaged. And she's probably second guessing everything right now. Probably thinking that she's gonna always come second place. I don't want that, Alex. Please. Just go to her. I will let you know if anything happens. I just need -”

“Kara!” Alex held onto her shoulders to grasp the attention of her younger sister. “Hey, hey. Where is all of this coming from?”

“It's not com..” Kara sighed, dropping her head down and looking at her dangling feet. “I'm just scared. That she would slip away from you. She's really good to you, Alex. And you deserve someone like that!”

“And that's exactly why I wouldn't just let her slip away. Are you sure you're OK? You’re acting weirder than usual. And that's saying something!” Alex chuckled, lowering her head slightly to look into her sister’s eyes.

“I'm fine. Really. I just want you to go back. Please. For me.”

“OK. I promise I'll head out as soon as we talk to J’onn and Winn about your evil blonde twin.”

Kara gave her a face jumping off the table and walking with her towards the screens where J’onn was standing behind a very intimidated Winn who was superspeed typing on a keyboard.

“Supergirl.” J’onn turned around, his arms crossed, muscles flexing under his black DEO shirt. Kara suddenly saw herself weak in compared to such a strong posture, which was surprising since she knew she could take him on. Could I though? What if all this time J’onn was only pretending
that I'm stronger than him? So when the time is right, he could just... “How are you feeling?”

Kara shook her head, clearing her thoughts. “I'm fine. What do we have on this woman?”

Winn slowed down his typing, squinting at the screen, “Sooooo our facial recognition software is still trying to find a match. Whoever she is, she's been hiding under a rock for a very long time, it seems. But I'm also running another software that’ll help us retrace her steps, even if we still haven’t gotten an ID on her, and tell us where else she’s been in National City.” Winn goes back to typing on his keyboard, “Now, she mentioned Gotham. And I figured that maybe she’d be on some list of wanted convicts or at the very least have some sort of record. But nada! It’s like she doesn’t exist! I'm still trying to hack in surveillance from Gotham’s PD, but surprisingly, they’ve stepped up their game since I last hacked them out of boredom. So it might take a while.”

Kara’s eyes expressed her shock, “You’re hacking them? But-” She lowered her voice, as if the GPD might be able to hear them, “What if they find out? What if they come after us, thinking we’re the bad guys, when really we’re not! We’re the good guys, Winn, you’re leading them to think we’re the bad guys and then.... BOOM!” She made the equivalent of a sound and hand gesture of an explosion, while lowering her voice even more, “Bad things are gonna happen to good people. Us, Winn. The good guys”

Winn joined in Aex and J’onn with a raised brow of his own. Alex was tilting her head slightly, scrutinizing her sister as if trying to read her mind, when J’onn was probably thinking he wished he could at that moment. Winn rubbed the back of his neck giving Kara a sheepish smile, “Ummm, I hate to break it to you Kara, but that's kinda my whole job description....”

Kara looked horrified, but didn’t say another word. She instead seemed very busy with the edge of her cape, her expression showing her thinking deeply about something.

Alex chose to ignore her sister's behavior, being the one who is mostly used to it. “Ok. So I guess there's nothing left to do but wait then. Winn, you'll let us know if something comes up right?”

“Yupsies” he said as he twirled his chair back around to his monitor.

“Kara, how about you go rest up a bit. And maybe eat a meal or two... Or five.” Alex rolled her eyes as she commented on her sister’s eating habits. She nodded to J'onn who was getting a call on his comms and was walking away. “I’m gonna head back to Maggie. I don't feel too good about leaving her during our impromptu engagement honeymoon getaway thing.”

As if just remembering Maggie, Kara looked away from her captivating cape, her eyes still terrified, “Yes! Maggie! Oh my God! Please! You have to go! Now, Alex! Do you want me to fly you there? It'll be faster.”

“OK, OK, I'm going. Jeez. What's with you today?! And no I don't want you flying me, I have my bike.”

Kara did her own version of a Danvers eye roll and hugged her sister as tight as she was allowed to. “OK, now go!” she said as she practically pushed her sister out the door.

After allowing herself a few relaxing hours under the sunlamps, Kara flew over the city wanting to clear her mind. The morning breeze helped calm her nerves. Why am I even nervous? There was a reason. I just can't remember. She contemplated texting Alex to make sure she and Maggie are alright, but found herself too anxious of the answer, that she decided to stay in the unknown. Her body was on fire. It was as though she can feel every air particle colliding with her limbs creating an inferno of sensation around her. As if her senses were heightened, but not in a good
way. She was jumpy and her mind was cluttered. She flinched when she heard someone shout in anger, at first thinking it was directed towards her, then realizing it was towards someone else, someone far away, which somehow caused her to flinch even more for that person. She contemplated flying towards the source of the sound. She should help whoever was being shouted at. As Kara hovered in the air, fighting an inner battle with herself of standing up to someone or simply staying out of it. She finally decided to go have a look. She flew down and narrowed her listening, until she pinpointed where it had come from. In an alleyway, behind some unknown bar, she spotted a man, his face filled with rage, facing a woman who seemed to be the receiving end of his shouts.

“... already you’re not getting any money from me!”

“But...but I worked all my shifts! I did everything you...”

“Not everything,” he smirked hatefully. “I told you. I’ll give you your money once you take care of that little thing for me. You know, the one we talked about.”

The woman fell silent, pressing her lips and her brows together in disgust, knowing fully what he was referring to. Kara could see the struggle on her face from where she was hovering, a mixture of fear, anger, and worry all etched together. Moments later, it seems that anger won over. “Then you can keep the money! I quit! I’m never doing that if it’s the last thing I do!”

She turned to leave, finally letting her tears fall through, when Kara saw the man clutch her elbow turning her around. His hand raised high above his head as he brought it down forcefully to strike the woman. Kara managed to simmer down her own inner battle and finally flew down with a flash of red and blue as she caught the man’s wrist midway. The man stared in horror as he saw Supergirl before him. Kara felt her heart pick up, fear and paranoia bubbling inside of her. What if he has kryptonite on him? He could probably kill me in a second! She tried not to show any of her worry on her face, and hardened her grip on the man’s wrist.

“Supergirl!”

Kara was so preoccupied with the man being able to see past her facade of confidence, she didn’t realize her grip tightening even further until he began to tremble and fall to his knees. She let go immediately and watched him bring his wrist to his chest, whimpering in pain.

She blew out a breath to calm her heart, thinking the faster she gets this over with the faster she can leave, “Ok. Soo, as you can see, this woman would like to kindly ask you to give her her salary.” Supergirl gestured to the woman beside her and seemed to be talking more to herself than to anyone in particular. “Ummm, no she is not going to do any additional work for you, like taking extra shifts or cleaning the floors or doing the dishes. I really think you would have to pay her overtime if that’s the case.” Supergirl tilted her head looking up as if thinking. She could sense the other woman was raising her eyebrow at her from her peripheral vision, but she chose to ignore it. “Though, she didn’t seem too interested in picking up extra shifts, as she mentioned ‘if it was the last thing she did’. Which, in my personal opinion, might have been somewhat of an exaggeration, one that you definitely shouldn’t be too angry about. I’m sure she didn’t mean anything by it. Sometimes emotions just take their course and we say things we don’t mean. Please don’t be mad. Or angry. Or violent.” She finally looked back at the man laying on his knees, his wrist still clutched to his chest, but his face no longer in pain but rather held complete and utter confusion.

Kara knew the drill. She put her fists on her hips, demonstrating her confident hero pose with a stern look, and waited for the man to be affected.

“Uhhh. Yeah. I...I guess if she doesn’t want any... any extra shifts then... Yeah I’ll just go and grab her salary then. Umm, very sorry Miss for the misunderstanding, I wasn’t aware... Uhh... that
you didn’t want any extra shifts.” He hurried inside the bar through the backdoor, practically stumbling on his own feet.

Kara let out a relieved sigh, thinking she had done well. Thank Rao he didn’t have any Kryptonite on him! That would’ve taken a completely different turn. Unless... What if he was going inside to get it?! Oh Rao! No wonder he was in such a hurry. I should probably...

“Uhhh thank you Supergirl. I don’t know what I would’ve done if you hadn't shown up. Though, umm I don't think he was...”

“Umm no problem at all. Happy to help. Stay safe.” Kara spoke as quickly as she could and bolted in the sky before the woman could even fathom a response.

Flying through her window, Kara walked into her living room while unclasping her cape. She looked up and suddenly felt the blood freeze in her veins. There was something wrong. Something’s not right. She could feel it. The same way a person can feel someone’s gaze lingering on them in a crowded room. Or the echoing footsteps of someone following them. Or the knowing feeling of forgetting something just before walking out the door. It was an unexplainable feeling. But nonetheless, it was there. Kara listened closely, making sure she was alone in her apartment. But she could only hear the distant heartbeats and murmurs of people living in the building. No one near close range of her door even. She then scanned the room with her x-ray vision, still frozen in her place in front of the window. Again, she found nothing. Everything was just how she had left it. No! Everything seemed like how she had left it. She eyed her couch, trying to calculate the distance it usually sat opposing her television. It's further than it should be. At least by a few centimeters. The armchair on the left looked as though it was tilted a bit more than it usually was. Kara’s eyes moved from one furniture item to the next. Second guessing the order in which the books were stacked on the lower shelf of her coffee table. She moved to the small table beside the armchair, crouching down and staring at the candles sitting on top. She touched the waxy texture, bringing her fingers together to feel the warm wax on them. It's warm. As though the candle had been lit not long ago. Kara turned around to the kitchen area. Glaring at the mug placed on the counter as if willing it to move. Did I leave that there? What did I drink in it? Kara sighed in frustration coming to a conclusion so inconceivable that even she herself had a hard time believing it. Someone had obviously broken into my apartment, changed all the furniture, and put it all back to where it had first been. But why? Maybe to mess with me. Maybe someone that wasn't fond of Kara Danvers. Because no one knew Supergirl lived here, so it had to be a Kara Danvers thing. Kara’s mind right away began to mentally prepare a list of suspects. She needed to be prepared for the next time they showed up.

Just as she was going through her list, her stomach began to growl. She remembered the leftover slices of Pizza she had stashed away in the fridge last night. She dismissed the idea of heating the pizza and ate it cold, only after she went picking in the cheese to make sure no green kryptonite was hidden underneath. Later, she showered and changed into some shorts and a navy hoodie. She was still jumpy, and decided that maybe sleep was the only solution for her body and mind’s strange behavior. And so, closing the blinds against the bright noon sun and jumping under the covers, she closed her eyes, trying to will her mind to quiet down.

Three hours.

She had been laying in bed staring at the ceiling for three hours now. Normally, she would have given up on sleep a long time ago, choosing instead to be productive or at the very least resort to
some Netflix. But her mind was not able to will her body to move. She gazed up towards the
celling, as though waiting for it to change. She still did not comprehend why she hadn’t moved
from her place, why was she glued to her bed, doing nothing. In the first hour of her attempting to
sleep, she spent most of it trying her best to tune out the voices around her. Her super hearing
abilities felt as though they were amplified somehow. She could hear shouts from aggressive
drivers to chirps of a bird nesting on a tree down at the park. She could hear the ticks of every
clock and every watch that existed in the vicinity of her building and the next. It was mind-
wrecking. The ticks almost drove her insane. Her breathing was ragged and came out as shallow
small breaths. In the second hour, the paranoia had gotten worse. It created a wave of fright that
made her too scared to get out of bed at all. The floor. Someone might have hidden kryptonite
under the floorboards. I'm positive of it. There's no way to know for sure. But I'd rather not push
my luck. And now, during the third hour, she was dedicating all of her willpower and focus into
not blowing a gaping hole in the ceiling from her heat vision. A Kryptonian having a sensory
overload was never a good thing. It was dangerous, and her heat vision was aching to come out
for release. I should call Alex. Or Winn. Something’s wrong with me. She forced her eyes closed
for the third time, tightening them and pressing her teeth together in focus, but it was no use. There
were too many sounds, too much paranoia, and she was slowly losing energy to keep her powers
in check.

I need it to stop. I just need it all to stop. And so she chose to do the one thing she contemplated
might help. Super speeding into her suit - but still not touching the floors - she flew out the
window, boosting towards the sky so fast as to make the sound barrier itself jealous. She kept
going up, passing on her way little cumulus clouds that evaporated against her speed. She felt the
wind colliding with her face, pushing against it as if to stop her. She went further into the clouds,
ultimately breaking the obstruction of the cirrostratus clouds that prided themselves on being the
farthest away from Earth’s surface. Once she felt the sounds dying out and the air thickening
around her, she halted to a stop in the air. Hovering. Listening. Completely submerged in the
silence around her. She finally relaxed. She took a long breath in, keeping it inside for a few
seconds, then letting it out slowly through her mouth. She can finally breathe. There were no
sounds anymore. She can hear herself think. The sensory overload had subsided, and even the
paranoia was at bay.

She opted to stay there for a while, just until she can fully regain control over herself. However,
(flying took extensive effort on her muscles, as though undergoing strenuous exercise. She
managed to hold herself up for the first two hours, flying around tricking her muscles into
believing she was out on patrol. But slowly, her flight was starting to become drowsy and a bit
uneven. Her vision was hazy and her limbs felt like heavy blocks of lead. She had already tried
going down, but her nerves took the best of her while decending that even before she was in the
range of hearing the distant sounds of Earth’s surface, she felt the jumpy nature of her body and
the cluttering of her mind return immediately. She returned to her initial spot up above the clouds,
hovering there, her head falling back as she stared upwards towards the very close proximity of outer
space. She was so close. For a fleeting moment, her limbs reacted to lift her up, bring her closer to
her home. But she then remembered her home had been destroyed and all of her loved ones with
it. Every nerve ending in her body was screaming in pain and exhaustion. She was so immensely
tired, she felt her brain refraining from any thought completely. Except for one. One thought
bounced off on the walls of her hollowed out mind. And she was desperate. Rao help her she was
terribly desperate. I could just go up there. The pain would stop. And it would just...

And then she remembered.

There was one thing she knew for sure that would calm her down. Knew deep within her heart
that listening to it would help her focus on controlling herself. Would simply ground her. She
knew because it was the one thing that had helped her overcome her nightmares after Alex’s
kidnapping. It had even helped her in small everyday panic attacks. She would be sitting at work,
flustered and dishevelled, her mind going from one task to another, her stress overwhelming her,
her sleep deprivation catching up to her, and her snarky unappreciative boss growling at her. And she would take a moment, focus her hearing, and simply drown herself in the sound of that one heartbeat. That one distinct heartbeat miles away from her. And it would always instantly calm her down.

And so, she flew North.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooooo.....This whole chapter should have somewhat hinted as to who the mysterious blonde woman was. At least I hope it did. I am really curious if someone figured out who she is yet. Like I said, she isn't too known in the DC universe, so don't get your hopes up on some big shot blonde villain like Harley Quin or anything! And also her abilities are enhanced in this fic, you'll find out how and why later on.

Fluff coming your way next chapter!
I am a very visual person. It really frustrates me when I can’t visualize a certain room or place that a writer is mentioning. So, just to help you guys out, for anyone out there who is as crazy as me, here’s a link to the suite that I was trying to reference when describing Lena’s hotel suite. It’s called the Orchid Suite in Vancouver. Video doesn’t seem to come up if you’re using a phone for some reason. But, nonetheless, here you go:

So, without further ado, enjoy!

Lena arrived to her hotel suite just before midnight. Ultimately drained by the long day at L-Corp, her nerve wrecking coffee date... Date? Wishful thinking much? Her nerve wrecking sit down with Kara Danvers, and the three hour flight she had to endure, she sighed her relief at the doorway of her suite. Flying has never been something she was fond of. She wasn’t entirely afraid of it. Not at all actually. But she never felt safe enough in airplanes. Not the type of steel you’d like to fly with, is it? She rolled her eyes at the thought. Sometimes she felt as though her mind was both her own worst enemy and yet her greatest asset. At times it would be nothing but ruthless and tended to bully her. On other occasions she found its capricious capabilities and aptitude one of the most efficient aspects of her life. It undeniably lead her to the CEO chair of a multimillion dollar company.

She kicked off her ankle boots and parked her luggage beside the door as she stepped inside. The hotel suite was luxurious, as she was normally accustomed to. A large living room, that included a small kitchen area as well as a dining area with a rounded table, stood at the center of the suite. A set of white couches with maroon throw pillows arranged in a square sat opposing a black fireplace and a TV mounted above. Two massive pots that held long green leaves of plants were aligned at the corners of the room. She noticed a small, but practical, mahogany desk on the furthest side of the room, equipped with a desk lamp, a comfortable chair and a view of the city. She found herself deeply appreciating the desk for the many hours of work she had to cover over the next few days. The coffee table in the center had a bottle of Merlot and a box of what Lena guessed was chocolate.

She looked over to the wall length windows that were very similar to the ones at her L-Corp office. She simply refused to acknowledge the fact that she purposely paid extra for a balcony. It was ridiculous, she knew. But somehow having a balcony made her feel... Safe. Gave her some sense of familiarity. That it was possible for the Girl of Steel to drop by. Lena shook her head from the thought, she scoffed at how pathetic she seemed at the moment, gazing towards that balcony and daydreaming of irrational things. Thousands of kilometers away and you still can’t seem to...

Lena was skilled at denying hard evidenced facts to people who had faced her, even when fully knowing she was wrong. She made sure time and again that people believed what she wanted them to believe. Her nonchalant and unfazed mask was her greatest achievement beside her fierce attitude. However, the truth of the matter was, when it came to denying it to herself; she crumpled and became a complete and utter mess. She tried denying the fact that she needed her friend Kara Danvers. Tried denying that she was in love with her. That she can just break it off. Just like I
tried denying.... She sighed, wondering why her thoughts were taking her to such stupendous places. Just like I tried denying the fact that I'm hopelessly attracted to Supergirl. There! I said it! She screamed internally at her own mind. It's not such a crucial detail! It's just sexual frustration, is all! She considered striding towards the Merlot and showing her mind who among the two of them had the upper hand. But just as the ridiculous thought crossed her mind, she brushed it off. The feelings would just come back another day, with the addition of a terrible hangover which she didn't need at the moment. She was mature enough to admit to herself that not only did she love her only friend in National City, she was also attracted to the only person who believed in her. What she felt for the hero was somewhat the complete opposite to what she felt for her friend. It was attraction versus affection. Sparks versus warmth. Wanting to touch versus wanting to embrace. Wanting to fuck versus wanting to making love.

Pinching the bridge of her nose from her chaotic thoughts, the third sigh that left her mouth was filled with exasperation and annoyance. She walked further into her suite, occupying her mind by pretending to admire the modern touch of paintings on the wall and the coal black rug on the floor under the coffee table. She took off her long black coat as she strode in the living room, and placed it on the back of the couch. She made her way over to the balcony, opening the door and shivering at the ice cold breeze of the North. I can get used to this. The cold. It suits me. She stepped outside, flinching when she noticed the floor was as cold as the breeze, if not colder. But nonetheless she continued walking outside in nothing but her her blue button down blouse and her tight skinny black jeans. She looked down at her casual outfit and smirked. Mother would be so proud. Looking back up, she let the beauty of the view sink in. Even at night, Vancouver was breathtaking. The Vancouver Bay was pitch dark, a body filled with more secrets than water. She took a deep breath in, enjoying the altitude. She looked upon the buildings around her, appreciating their perfection. No damaged floors. No craters on the street. The air around her lacked the smell of blame that it usually held in National City. No regret. Just peace and quiet. Her eyes hovered towards the sky. But no Supergirl either. Or... Or Kara. She pushed the thought away as she felt herself shiver. Whether from the cold or her loneliness, she'll never be sure, nor will she ever want to as she shoved the nostalgia to the back of her mind, and went back inside.

After unpacking her things, she took a long overdo shower that, in her opinion, felt absolutely divine. She scolded the shower for being much more bestowing than her own expensive one at home. Grabbing her Surface tablet and pouring herself a glass of wine, she retreated to the lounge chair overlooking the stunning view of the Vancouver night. Once she had gone through the conference abstracts again, reading and highlighting the speakers she was most interested, jotting down possible questions she wished to ask them, and making sure she had all the necessary transportation prepared, she decided to write up a few emails regarding L-Corp’s smaller - more discreet - projects.

Ever since the Daxamite attack and before Lena’s guilt ridden encounter with Supergirl, she set to use the fluctuant amount of money at her disposal for good. She set to supply the necessary funds needed for the reconstruction of five particular public buildings. Whether she were to solely pay for the repairs or find suitable investors for the matter, she did not care. As long as the buildings were properly fixed and rebuilt within due time. If she was being honest with herself, part of the reason why the board members refused to fund her project of the matter reconfiguration device was due to the already huge amounts of funds that they have already agreed upon for the reconstruction of some of National City’s biggest buildings. The only reason they had even considered funding reconstruction of such buildings was because Lena had put together one hell of a statistical presentation that clearly depicted the marketing boost that it would give L-Corp. Moreover, she presented them with a 5-year financial plan of future projects that would guarantee larger amounts of monetary income after the funding and good press. And Lena was more desperate to ensure the completion of those projects rather than her own. She pulled up her list that she had written not long ago and looking at her progress.
The list also included three major group homes for foster kids in National City that she was going to discreetly fund herself for more personal reasons. The Museum and the research facility were the easier of targets to find investors and people willing to help with. Mainly because they were on an international level of familiarity as opposed to the other buildings. The reconstruction has already been scheduled to commence in two or three weeks. The Children’s Hospital was her next target. She typed up a quick email to Jess to double check that everything was in order for the second Children's Hospital fundraiser gala that is to be held next week. *That building never seems to stay out of trouble for some reason!* She then went out to type up a detailed email to her marketing team to start coming up with a plan in order to raise money for not only the repairs to the public library but also come up with the money to purchase a wider collection of books, including countless copies of authentic classical literature. Lena sat for another half an hour replying to emails from her financial department and some of her board members, and reviewing two or three grant proposals that were sent to her. When she looked at the time, she found that it was just after three in the morning. Cursing her workaholic self, she calculated she could get three to four hours of sleep before she needs to head to the conference tomorrow. Surrendering herself to a yawn, she finally put her Surface away and retreated to bed.

Impressing Lena Luthor is a notion that was once compared to a chimera, something that is hoped to be achieved but in fact is almost impossible. Very few have ever impressed Lena over the years. It was one of the reasons she was so remarkably taken to Kara Danvers; her quixotic ability to not only impress Lena but also maintain and occupy her attention. It was no secret that Lena bored easily; but somehow, Kara managed to continue to surprise her every time, even if it was with merely clumsy actions and fidgeting behaviors. And so, once again, Lena Luthor found herself impressed by someone. Mesmerized even. She sat in the front row of the large auditorium, listening to the woman that had been impressing her for the past fifteen minutes.

Helena Bertinelli was no ordinary woman, that’s for sure. She dominated the stage with a staggering presentation on the development of a cure for a particular disease found on the outskirts of Uganda.

“156 men and women came together to find the cure for such an underhanded disease that was gradually making its way through Africa.” Her British dialect accentuated every word she said, “However, it wasn’t so much the cure for this disease that challenged my team.” Helena paused for emphasis, and smirked, “It was the spreading of it. The spreading of the disease was to be done through human contact. More specifically as I like to put it: through hugs!” Everyone in the audience laughed as she went into details, explaining the specifics of the research.

Her presentation held compassion towards the topic, enticing the attention of everyone in the audience, including Lena herself. The blue eyed brunette wore a burgundy fit dress leading up to her knees with black high heels that immediately caught Lena’s attention. *Woman after my own heart.* The research that Helena and her team had conducted has already surpassed the trial stage.
and is now commencing towards being fully operational and sent to areas in dire need of it. She spoke with a passion so sincere to contribute to the greater good, that Lena found herself watching her every move. Completely captivated by the woman’s mind. She smiled, knowing she was right to choose Helena as a candidate for her own project.

As Helena finally smiled and ended her presentation, she graciously bowed down to the standing ovation she was given by the audience for her exceptional performance. Lena herself stood up clapping for the woman in front of her, amazed at what she had accomplished at such a young age. With one more look at the woman who was now leaving the stage, Lena got up and made her way to the break room.

Good afternoon Ms. Luthor,

Attached are the updates for the upcoming gala of the Children’s Hospital building. I put all the details regarding the venue and guest list of the gala, as well as the media coverage in the file. However, you mentioned for me to remind you of expanding security this time. And so I put together for you a list of the top security firms present in National City with a description of their previous jobs and affiliations. You’ll find everything you need in the second file. Let me know which one you choose.

Regarding the National City Public Library, I’ve been in contact with several foundations that have contributed to literary donations. I’ve received replies from a few who were happy to oblige! Kevin also informed me that they’ve been working on an impressive marketing plan that they say you would definitely like. They’ve booked a meeting with you to present it on the 7th. If that suits you, I’ll make sure to add it to your calendar.

I’ve already had the gift baskets prepared for the VIPs of the gala. I’m just waiting for your consent to send them out. I also did not forget the personalized one that I’m to send to Ms. Danvers.

I hope you are enjoying your time in Vancouver, Ms Luthor. God knows you deserve it!

Best regards,

Jess

“The work of a CEO never quite stops, does it?”

Lena looked up from the email she was reading and towards the approaching voice. Helena Bertinelli stood in front of her, smiling widely with a perfectly raised left brow. Dark purple eye shadow and black eyeliner shaped her eyes, complimenting her burgundy dress.

“Ms. Bertinelli. It's a pleasure to finally meet you. Lena Lu…”

“Oh, Ms. Luthor, there is no need for introductions. I know exactly who you are. I would be surprised if someone here didn’t know who you were!”

“I’m flattered.” Giving the other woman a courteous smile. “I must say, your presentation was absolutely outstanding. I was very impressed with your work.”
“Well. Impressing the distinguished Lena Luthor. I guess I could scratch that off my bucket list.”

Lena blushed at the compliment, “You're too kind.” She set down her champagne glass, clasping her hands together, “If I may be so inclined to ask, you said that you had used hugs to spread the cure. I'm just curious as to how you came up with the idea. It's quite remarkable actually. I was astonished at how such a simple concept could make such a substantial difference.”

“Oh, Ms. Luthor, the tru...”

“Please, call me Lena.”

A smile from dark painted lips, “Lena. The truth of the matter is that that particular simple concept was not my idea per se. Believe it or not it was the idea of a 10-year old boy.”

“I beg your pardon.” Lena’s grin was one showing disbelief but also intrigue.

She chuckled, “Yes. His name is Liam. He was watching me work on how to spread the cure as fast and efficient as possible. I remember being so utterly frustrated for not being able to crack it. And suddenly he rounded the table, coming towards me and...” Lena watched as the brunette looked at her cup, but seemingly not looking at the cup at all. “He hugged me and said 'You should try doing it with a hug. Everyone loves hugs'. And I remember laughing at how absurd the idea had been, thinking he probably meant something else. But later that night, with the help of a glass of wine and a few late hours, I realized maybe it wasn't so absurd at all. And here we are now.”

“Wow” Lena noticed the details the woman had intentionally left out of the conversation regarding the boy. It was something Lena herself did on occasion. Maybe he's her son. Odd, there were no mentions of a son anywhere.

She reached over to her ear, hesitantly playing at the lobe “it's beautiful.”

“I thought so too. But, “a laughing sigh, “my board of directors were breathing down my neck for months on end claiming I was crazy for such an idea.”

“Oh believe me, I know a thing or two about demanding yet ungrateful board of directors.”

“Sometimes I think they all have some sort of cult that is solely dedicated to torturing their CEOs” The brunette whispered, placing a light touch on Lena’s own hand.

“And they scheme together at different ways to make our lives more miserable!” Lena narrowed her eyes, liking this game they're playing.

“Yes!” They both laughed, reveling in the sense of knowing.

Lena clasped her hands once more, something she sensed she's been doing much of lately, “I was actually hoping to convince you to meet with me for a business proposal”

“Intriguing.” She gave Lena a lazy smile, as if amused. “I would love to. As long as it's over dinner of course.”

Lena was no amateur when it came to flirting. She knew very well the woman in front of her was interested. Hell, she might have been interested if it weren’t for the bothersome yet enduring type she recently had developed for blondes.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Excellent” her look told Lena she was more interested in the pleasure of the dinner than she was in the business aspect of it, but Lena didn't mind. She hasn't gone out in quite some time, and she
Lena was sitting on the couch of her hotel suite, wearing her Tegan and Sara black tank top over gray shorts, her hair in a messy bun and her feet bare. A delightful plate of sushi sat on the coffee table beside her laptop and a bundle of papers covered the couch, the coffee table, and even the floor next to her feet. She had soft music playing in the background - the deep melodic voice of Echos - while she read over the revised schematics for her device. Pushing her glasses to the top of her nose, she sighed as she noticed the jumbled up formula in front her. The math was correct, but something didn't quite add up. The lights were dimmed just as she liked them, and she had long closed the blinds of the windows that stretched across the wall since the alluring view of Vancouver was profoundly distracting. She was a willing victim of distraction when it came to exquisite views from high buildings, and she promised herself that as soon as she finished this, she would go out to the balcony and enjoy the view for a little while.

Just as she was about to give up on this particular page and move on, she suddenly heard the stomp of something landing on her balcony and felt the ground shake beneath her. Her heart instantly began to flutter, as her mind raced from one thought to another as to what - or who? - would cause such a noise. Could it really be one of Lex’s men? Could they have followed me all the way to Vancouver? Is Lex so desperate to kill me he’d follow me to the ends of the Earth to do so? She was on the twenty-fifth floor of the building, there was no way someone was trying to break in through the balcony. Still happy you paid extra for that stupid stupid balcony?! She cursed herself for closing the curtains for she could have found out what was happening on the balcony if she hadn’t. Lena slowly stood up, not daring to make a move that would cause any commotion. She listened, trying to decipher her cluttered thoughts on the matter at hand. She turned her head around her suite, looking for anything she might use as a weapon and found that the knives on the kitchen counter were neatly stacked on a wooden board. They’re too far! Then she remembered the knife that came with her food. You didn’t need a knife with sushi, but room service provided her with all three spoon, fork, and knife as per the usual. She looked back at the coffee table and sighed in relief as she laid eyes on it. She grabbed it slowly, as quietly as she could, and began tiptoeing towards the balcony. What am I doing?! I should just call security and they’ll take care of it! What if it was nothing though? What if I had just imagined the sound, too caught up in my work. Maybe it was the wind. Maybe... Her mind did a whirlwind of countless scenarios trying to explain the reasoning behind the sound. It’s probably nothing! I’m obviously overreacting! She stood opposite the opened balcony window, her heart banging against her chest, her mind screaming for her to take the flight response rather than the other, and she finally peeked her head outside.

What she saw stopped her dead in her tracks. She was so shocked, she truly believed her mind had been playing tricks on her. That what she saw was not actually there. Her lips parted open, her eyes widened in shock, her throat felt dry, and her fingers trembled against the knife. “Supergirl...?” she whispered, her voice gruff against the shock still stuck in her throat.

Supergirl crouched on the corner of the balcony, her knees drawn to her chest, her back to the glass railing and her left side against the glass window. She had brought her cape around to cover herself below the neck but it seemed as though her arms were circled around her knees underneath the cape. Her chin rested at the top of her knees and her eyes were closed. She was breathing heavily, and even in the darkness of the night, Lena can see the outright exhaustion seeping from her.

“Supergirl?” She muttered again, slowly. What else could she say? She still somewhat doubted what her eyes were showing her.
The superhero opened her eyes as if just noticing Lena’s presence, but she made no move to acknowledge it. The cerulean eyes that Lena was so accustomed to see kindness and confidence within them, now held a terror and a sense of fatigue. She stared at the floor, as if lost within her own thoughts, not giving Lena any sort of regard.

*What is Supergirl...* Lena couldn't even begin to understand what National City’s superhero was doing in Vancouver, let alone on her balcony floor! She finally took a step in the hero’s direction, still moving as slowly and as quietly as possible, and Supergirl’s eyes looked at her as if startled to see her there.

“I...I'm very sorry. I didn't know where else to go.” she whispered, mainly to herself. Lena could barely hear her if it wasn't for refusing to move any muscle at the moment. “I t-t-ried to control it. But I couldn’t.” Supergirl was speaking as though a child was caught stealing and was so guilt ridden that she truly deserved to be punished. “I'm so sorry.” Her eyes went back to the floor, as tears began to make their way down her cheek and onto her knees where she rested her chin. “I'm sorry” she whispered again, as if it were the only sentence that made sense to her.

Lena was still perplexed, frozen in her spot, not knowing where to start and what to ask. She had never seen the hero in this state before. It was the equivalent of seeing the clouds touch upon the ground. It was so out of place. She took another step towards the woman, her shadow looming over her. Supergirl looked at her hand and winced, hunched deeper into the corner as if waiting to be struck. Lena, breaking her gaze from the hero, looked at what had startled her and found the knife still there, seeming ready to attack.

“Wha..? No! I wasn’t...” She dropped the knife behind her, hoping Supergirl would calm down. “I'm sorry,” Her eyes still closed, her head now rests on the glass window. As she opened her eyes and looked at Lena, she seemed less startled, but still scared. “I’m sorry. I just...I just needed to hear your heartbeat. It...It ca...It calms me down. And I was just so scared, I d...didn’t know what to do” She was crying now, but her hand came up to wipe away her tears. “I'm sorry, I shouldn’t have disturbed you. I...I’ll just leave you alone. I can sit on the roof a...a...and listen from there. I'm sorry,” She apologized twice more as she got up, seeming a bit drowsy to even walk, that Lena had a hard time believing she was about to fly. Supergirl wiped again at her cheeks, her head bowed down, as if in defeat, and was about to fly off, when Lena caught her wrist.

“Wait.” When Lena saw Supergirl’s body twitch at the slight touch, she let go of her wrist immediately. *Is she afraid of me?* ‘I’m just...” She sighed and brought her palm to rub at her forehead. “I’m just a bit shaken. I didn’t expect...” She didn’t know what she expected, she had run over twelve different scenarios in her head before stepping out on the balcony, none of them prepared her for this.

Supergirl gulped down as she took in a breath, as if even talking seemed to require her to build up confidence. “No, I...I understand. I shouldn’t have just barged in like that. I promise you I had no intention of bothering you, Ms. Luthor. It’s...It’s just...” she choked on her words. “I just needed to hear your heartbeat, that’s all.” She avoided her eyes, clearly uncomfortable with the whole situation, “Like I said. I can sit on the roof top until I gather myself, and then I can head back to National City.” She nodded as though trying to convince herself, and Lena found her own pulse quicken at the mention of the hero leaving. “Good night, Ms. Luthor”

“Wait, no, please don’t leave.” Lena heard the words out of her mouth before she could stop them. “I don’t think... I don’t think you’re in any shape to fly. Just...Just come inside.” She tilted her head, “Please. Just come inside, and we’ll figure out whatever it is that’s bothering you. You look exhausted.” Lena extended her hand for Supergirl to take. The super seemed to look at the hand for ages, studying it as if it were a threat but also a lifeline. Her face showed struggle, her jaw clenched, and Lena could have sworn she heard the sound of teeth gritting and scraping. But then,
she saw the super take her hand, engulfing it with her own. As Lena began to walk back into the suite, she felt as though Supergirl’s hand was loosening, and as she looked back, she saw how light-headed and drowsy the super appeared as she started to fall forward.

“Woah, woah. I got you. I got you” Lena caught the falling super, wrapping her arm around the blonde’s back and the other across her stomach to keep her up. Goodness, she's heavy! And warm! Supergirl’s face was buried in the crook of her neck, her eyes closed, giving in to the strenuous effort of keeping them opened. “Are you hurt? Are you alright” Lena had forgotten to check for any injuries. That should have been the first thing to check for, dammit!

“Yeah. I'm OK. Just...” her voice was rough, too rough for someone who was ok, “Just tired”

“Alright. How about we get you to bed then, ” She said as she began walking - dragging - the super inside. They entered the bedroom and Lena, with the hand that wasn’t holding Supergirl from the back, pulled down the covers as she finally eased the woman down on the bed, after unclasping the cape and discarding it. She made sure Supergirl was resting on the pillows and pulled the covers on top of her. Does she even need covers? She's so warm. But it's like 5 degrees outside. What if she gets cold. Does she get cold? She started to walk away, when her wrist was caught in a vice grip. Lena looked back at the blonde but her eyes hadn’t opened. She unclasped the grip slowly and placed Supergirl’s hand on her stomach. Once again, as she was turning to leave, her wrist was caught. This time Supergirl's eyes were opened, the same terror-stricken expression on her face.

“Hey. Don’t worry I'm just gonna sleep on the couch outside. I'm not...” As soon as the words left her mouth, Supergirl sat up, fearfully shaking her head as though Lena was about to abandon her. Lena’s heart broke into a million pieces, seeing such an absurd emotion on a face that always held confidence. “Ok. It’s ok. I’ll just go close the balcony door and come back and lie down here beside you. Ok? I'll be right...” As she was saying the words, she suddenly felt before she saw a gush of wind in front of her where Supergirl had just been and turned to see her standing behind her. “Did you just...?” The super nodded. I guess I don't need to close the balcony door then . She climbed into bed slowly, making sure to give Supergirl as much space as she needed on the right side of the bed. Supergirl, still standing, pressed her lips together in thought. She then gently laid down facing Lena, staring intently at her as if she was scared to blink and Lena would suddenly disappear.

Lena noticed her breathing uneven, her chest rising up too fast to come down, the scared look etched onto her face. “Supergirl.” She whispered. Something was wrong. “Tell me what to do. Supergirl you’re scaring me. Tell me what to do to make it alright.”

Her whispers were met with an intake of breath and the swallowing of the horrified emotion down a throat. Supergirl held her breath, her eyes never breaking their hold on Lena’s emerald ones, before whispering, “Can you hold me?”

Lena froze for no more than two seconds before rushing closer to the super, cursing herself for deciding to be so far away from someone who clearly was terrified at the moment of being alone. “Come here.” A hint of an Irish dialect making its way into her heartbroken voice. “Come here” She said again as she brought her arms around the hero. Supergirl, once again, buried her face in the crook of Lena’s neck, her hand fisting up the shirt across her stomach. Lena’s own arm circled the hero’s shoulder and came to rest on her hip, while her other one gently caressed the blonde locks. “Shshsh. It’s alright” She whispered as she felt tears on her neck. “You're ok. You’re ok.”
Heartbeats Are Like Songs

Chapter Notes

Hello again beautiful awesome people! Here's another short, but sweet, one. I know we all love the angst, but we do need small breaks from it every now and then! This chapter honestly flowed so easily, I managed to write the whole thing in under an hour. It's not edited at all. It's waaaay too late in the night for me to be editing anything. So I'll be doing the editing tomorrow, and if you happen to stumble upon any mistakes lemme know, I'd appreciate it. Sorry about that. I think it's safe to say this chapter might be my favorite so far :) As always, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena laid in bed wrapped around the Girl of Steel, gently threading her fingers through the blonde locks of hair, trying as much as she can to soothe her. The superhero had longed calmed down, seemed to have finally surrendered herself to exhaustion. But Lena was more than awake. Worried. Confused. Supergirl, who had the ability to lift buildings and stop airplanes; she was bulletproof and faster than bullets; she had fought aliens twice her size and battled monsters twice her strength; She had saved Lena’s life countless times and saved the lives of the people in National City everyday. But for the life of her, Lena couldn’t figure out what would - or even could - frighten Supergirl to the extent that Lena had seen her. The superhero was not simply scared; she seemed mortified. Too terrified to even speak properly.

But from what? Could it be Lex? Could he have done something to her?

The thought wasn’t too far fetched. In fact, she set to hire someone tomorrow to investigate what her brother has been up to lately. She had done it before. She knew her brother well. Maybe more than he would ever like to admit. Lex was not one to simply stay idle in a cell for the rest of his life. Nor was he one to consider ending his life. He was awfully filled with perpetual pride. So, Lena fully knew that it had been too quiet - yes even with dominating alien invasions - lately, and quiet was never a good sign when it came to the Luthors.

Lena breathed in Supergirl’s scent, a mixture of rain, sunlight, and musty smoke. Her hair was soft. Softer than Lena ever thought it would be. Lena took the chance to study the hero. She couldn’t see much from her face as it was tightly tucked under her chin buried in the crook of her neck, but nonetheless she couldn’t resist taking advantage of being this close to the hero. It’s possible no one’s ever been this close, Lena thought.

Who am I kidding? Surely there were people in Supergirl’s life that knew her. That knew the real her.

But Lena had her doubts. As small as they might be, her doubts were there. She knew what it felt like to hold such power that latched on everyone’s attention. True, the roles that she and Supergirl were looked upon quite differently, if not opposites, but she knew how it felt to be in the public eye.

It’s lonely. It doesn’t give much chance for loved ones.

With the corner of her eye, she looked at the hero’s chin. Her jaw, clenched even while asleep. She lingered on the muscles in her neck. The broad shoulders covered in blue. Shutting her eyes
tight, Lena cursed karma for its doings.

*Life has a cruel sense of humor, that's for sure.* Lena thought, as she stared at the ceiling. *I decide to isolate myself from everything and everyone and Supergirl flies thousands of kilometers to come...hear my heartbeat? What did that even mean?*

She definitely knew what she *wanted* it to mean, but didn’t dare get her hopes up. She didn’t want to dwell on it. So, she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

When she came to again, she heard the voice of Supergirl beside her. She half expected to feel the hero next to her on the bed, but was disappointed when her hands brushed an empty spot on the mattress. Her head titled to the left shifting on the pillow, looking at the figure of the woman, her back to Lena, sitting on the edge of the bed. Supergirl’s head seemed to be bowed down resting on her hand from what Lena had guessed.

“*Yes I'm fine.*” a sigh. “*No, no, you don't need to come get me. Mmm. Yeah.*”

Lena began sitting up against the headboard rubbing her eyes from sleep. She glanced at the bedside clock and saw it was 4:32 am. The movement caught Supergirl’s attention as she gave Lena a slight glimpse, before returning in the direction of the window.

“*Yes, I'm sure. I'll explain later, I promise. Just... For the time being, I'm somewhere safe. You don't need to worry*”

*Someone was worried about her.* The CEO couldn't help the hint of jealousy creeping up in the pit of her stomach. She silently scoffed at the notion and forcefully thrusted it away.

“*Any updates on the blonde woman?*”

*Blonde? What blonde?*

“*hmm. OK. Let me know if anything changes*”

And with that, Supergirl ended the call, but remained still. Lena rummaged her brain for something to say. The air became thick with questions unanswered and the loaded silence between them was screaming for release.

“I'm sorry.” The hero whispered, yet again. Though her voice was weak, it held a hint of the confidence that Lena was used to.

“Don't be. There's nothing to apologize for.”

Lena had the urge to reach out. To touch her. To hold her again. To shake her. Shout at her.

*Tell me what happened??*

But she stayed in her place, gathering her knees towards her chest as she patiently waited. She heard the superhero gulp down, take a deep breath, and finally stand up. She avoided Lena’s eyes completely while grabbing her cape.

“I should go” She said, still not meeting Lena’s eyes. “I'm sorry for...” *Stop apologizing and just look at me, Dammit!* “for the inconvenience, Ms. Luthor”

“You don't have to.” She found herself replying quickly. *Desperately.* “Go I mean. You don’t have to go.” *Why am I stumbling on my words?* “Whatever it is that happened, it clearly took a
toll on you. And... And you can stay.” Blue eyes finally looked at her, the darkness seeming to
give them a darker twilight shade and Lena felt her heart skip. “Let's just sleep. And in the
morning, you can leave if you want to. But I promise you're not an inconvenience.” She grinned
as she said, “God knows it's the least I could offer you after you've saved my life countless times.
And... After uhh what happened the last time we saw each other.”

Supergirl stood her ground. Fists tightening at her sides, as if trying to control herself. But then
gradually letting go, “We all have bad days. You were simply going through a lot. I would never
hold it against you.”

“Thank you. I do appreciate it. But I'm still very sorry you had to witness that” She said, looking
down at her knees as she brushed a nervous hand through her hair.

“What now? She didn't agree to sleep with... She didn't agree to sleep. Nor is she seeming to want
to leave. She looks as though she's afraid of me. Could it be? Could she be afraid of me. I hardly
doubt it. Goodness I'm confused! Should I offer her coffee? Does she drink coffee? Does caffeine
even affect her at all? Should I...

With her peripheral vision, Lena saw a hint of a smile forming on the hero's lips. She found her
mouth automatically forming a confused smile on its own accord.

“Your uhh...” Supergirl pointed at her chest, still smiling. “Your heartbeat has this specific rhythm
when you're nervous. It's very faint, but it's uhh it's there.”

“You can tell when I'm nervous by the sound of my heartbeat?” Lena slowly asked, her eyes
widening in disbelief.

“Well, it's not the same with everyone. Actually I could only really tell with heartbeats that I know
very well.” She explained, as she sat at the edge of the bed, folding her left leg towards her right
thigh and facing Lena. “A heartbeat is somewhat like... Mmm... Think of it like a song. When you
hear it the first couple of times, you'll start remembering the beat and the words. But the more you
hear it, the more you start to notice small details. When a certain chord changes. The faint sound
of an instrument you didn't notice was there. The switching of a specific note. You can even close
your eyes and hear each instrument alone. Heartbeats are more or less the same. The more I listen
to them, the more I learn about their nature. Eventually, I learn the different rhythms for different
emotions of different people” Lena listened in awe, captivated by the beauty of the concept.

“So...you could tell... What I'm feeling just by listening to my heartbeat?” Lena asked.

The hero nodded.

“But you said...” Lena cleared her throat, suddenly realizing what she's about to ask, “You said it's
only with heartbeats that you knew well...”

Supergirl frowned, giving a guilty smile to Lena, “Uhh yeah. Only with heartbeats that I'm used to
hearing.”

So, then why mine?! Why do you know my heartbeat so well?! Why are you used to hearing it,
when we hardly know each other?! Why did you need to listen to my heartbeat to calm down?!
Why not go to whoever it was on the phone?! Why me?! Why...

“Now, anger” Superhero’s eyes were closed, as if listening closely on Lena’s heartbeat. And Lena
suddenly gasped at how easy it was for her to differentiate her feelings even before she herself
could.

“Ok, that's hardly fair!” She exclaimed, embarrassed at her slip. “It’s as if you're reading my
mind.” She saw Supergirl chuckle, the first time the laughter reaching her eyes ever since Lena
found her.

Wait! If she can tell emotions just by listening in on my heartbeat...

"What... What sort of other emotions can you pick up from my...uhh I mean from someone’s heartbeat?"

Supergirl looked thoughtful for a second, “Well, there are the basic ones; happiness, sadness, anger. Then there are deeper ones; anxiety, nervousness, fear, love, hate. But like I said, the more I listen to the heartbeat, the more I get accustomed to its rhythm. It all depends on the person.”

Oh God! If she had been listening to my heartbeat for quite some time, then...Then she probably picked up on that one time I... Good God!

Her horrified thoughts had probably shadowed upon her facial expression, as she saw Supergirl smile again. Does she know that I’m thinking about that particular day?

But then with a more serious tone the super asked, “So, do you want to tell me why you were angry just then? I don’t want to... I mean you don't have to. It's just...”

“No, no. I truly don't mind. Uhh I was...” Come on just ask her. “I guess I was simply wondering...” just say it!

“Why I knew your heartbeat so well?”

Lena was relieved she didn’t have to say the words out loud, “Yes”

Supergirl looked embarrassed.

I've embarrassed Supergirl! Maybe this is how my evil Luthor genes play out. By embarrassing a Super rather than world domination.

The blonde looked at her hands for a few seconds before looking back at Lena. She let out a breath as if having held it for so long, and then returned to Lena’s eyes, “I guess I sort of owe you the truth, then, after uhh after having barged in on you”

You mean after we held each other and slept beside one another?

Lena pressed her lips tightly to avoid speaking her thoughts and listened intently.

“The truth is...I admire you. You’re strong, successful, beautiful, accomplished,” Wait! Did she just...Did Supergirl just call me beautiful? “You strive to do good. You influence people. You’re modest enough to befriend people who aren’t in your circles,” Does she mean Kara? Well who else? “But most of all, you don’t let people’s opinions of you falter your behavior. Time and time again people have misjudged you, despised you, and thrown outrageous accusations at you.”

Supergirl’s hand gestures were wild, “But somehow, you still manage to want to do good over and over again!” Supergirl frowned, as if annoyed at Lena’s actions rather than appreciative. At this point Lena felt a single tear running down her cheek, reaching the corner of her mouth. She had no idea Supergirl held such... feelings towards her “I know that the only reason the Cancer facility is being rebuilt so quickly is because of the donations you collected.”

“I didn’t...” Her voice broke, she choked on the words she wanted to say.

“I know you did. You always seem to undermine the things that you do. And you shouldn’t!” Supergirl held her chin up, as if wanting her words to reach Lena to the core. “I once saved the general manager of the place from a car accident, and he was jubilant when I happened to meet him the other day, talking about how L-Corp was funding the reconstruction. That’s what I mean.
He was surprised! He was among one of those people that honestly hated you and your family. And you... You’re now the reason why he doesn’t have to stay unemployed for much longer!

Lena sniffed having learned this new information. It wouldn’t have made a difference to her whether or not the manager was fond of her or her family when she had decided to fund the reconstruction. But just knowing the information made her chest ache.

“You...” Supergirl choked on her own words, “Anyone else would have probably said ‘Screw it, if they think I'm horrible and evil, I might just as well be’ But not you! And I admire that. Because honestly I don’t think I would be able to do what you do if the roles were reversed.” Supergirl looked at her hands, stretching her fingers as if testing her strength, “When I first became Supergirl, people weren’t so...encouraging of my coming out”

Lena laughed and sniffed simultaneously while rubbing at her tears. “Most people aren’t normally encouraging of someone's coming out. It's nothing personal towards you Supergirl” she joked.

Supergirl herself chuckled at the double meaning, “You know what I mean! Anyway, they weren’t happy. They didn’t even want me. And for a while, I had my doubts about becoming Supergirl. I was about to give up. I was about to listen to them. All because they misjudged me, maybe despised me, and thrown outrageous accusations at me.” Supergirl repeated the words she used for Lena.

“But you didn’t” She whispered.

“Well that was more because I had a good friend who believed in me.” Supergirl smiled, the smile slowly transforming into a giggle, “Actually I think you’d really like him. He’s somewhat of a computer nerd. And he’s a huge fan of yours.”

“Are you by any chance calling me a nerd, Supergirl?”

“What? Uhh no I...I didn’t mean...” Supergirl stopped when she saw the smirk on Lena’s face, “You were joking.” She stated, relief on her face.

“I was”

Supergirl’s face returned to being serious, but had a sort of gentleness to it. “So to answer your question, the reason I'm so accustomed to your heartbeat, Ms. Luthor, is because whenever I tend to face a difficult situation, I listen to it and remember that you are fighting a much harder battle than I'm.” Her smile was genuine. “And I guess over time, it just sort of became a habit in a way.” Suddenly Supergirl seemed as though she were embarrassed, or coming to a realization of some sort, “I mean uhhhh I know it might be weird or uncomfortable for you. Seeing as you and I don’t...Well honestly now that I think of it, it kinda sounds sort of stalkerish even! I shouldn’t have...I mean...Obviously I’ll stop from now on. I have other people I can... But like...” She froze when Lena laid a hand over hers. The hero looked up from her ramblings and saw the brunette smiling towards her. She breathed a sigh of relief.

“It’s not... It’s not weird. Or...” Lena found herself giggle at the choice of word, “Or stalkerish. If I'm being honest, I...I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything. I just thought you should know”

“Thank you, Supergirl.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes before Supergirl cleared her throat to speak, “So does uhh the offer still stand? I mean I could go sleep on the couch of course, I don’t...”

“No, no. I mean yes! It does still stand. And no you’re not sleeping on the couch. I think we might
“Uhh yeah I'm sorry about that too” Supergirl bowed her head down as if in defeat, and Lena cursed herself.

Lena shook her head at Supergirl’s apology, “We need to work on your endless apologies. Come on. Let’s get some sleep. Sun’s coming up soon.” Lena said as she began lowering herself onto the pillow, facing her left side towards the other woman. Supergirl layed back down, putting a distance between the two of them, much to Lena’s dismay. She laid on her back, staring at the ceiling, her hands intertwined on her stomach, slowly closing her eyes. Lena watched her face closely, not seeing too much detail due to the dark, but still appreciating the beauty behind it. The super seemed at peace finally, which caused her to suddenly remember what started all of this, “Supergirl?”

“You didn’t tell me...what happened? Why you were so scared last night.”

Supergirl’s jaw clenched once again, she sighed, opening her eyes before speaking, “Can I tell you in the morning?” She faced Lena, looking at her, “Whatever it is that was wrong with me is still there. But it’s just much quieter now since I can focus on your heartbeat.” At the mention of her heartbeat, Lena’s pulse quickened, and to her embarrassment she saw a knowing smile forming on Supergirl’s face.

“Oh God you’re relentless! I can’t control it!” She exclaimed, playfully pushing at Supergirl’s head.

“Neither can I!”

Both women laughed at their odd but somehow pleasant situation. They held each other’s gaze for a few seconds before Lena broke the silence, “Goodnight, Supergirl”

“Goodnight, Ms. Luthor”

She closed her eyes to surrender to sleep but remembered to say, “I think if you’re sleeping beside me and listening to my heartbeat all night, the least you could do is call me Lena”

She heard a chuckle, then “Goodnight, Lena”

She liked the way her name rolled off of the super’s tongue. It was familiar. Gentle. Reminded her of... Sleep was slowly tugging at her consciousness and robbing her of any thoughts left about what or who the superhero reminded her of. And she happily surrendered to it.

Chapter End Notes

If you follow me on Tumblr, you'd probably know that I might've sorta somewhat had a meltdown trying to write the speech Kara gave about admiring Lena. Actual tears were present! And I am not a cryer! Like at all! It's safe to say, I am denying that it ever happened!! We shall never speak of it!
Exposed and Unwanted

Chapter Notes

Let’s take a peek at what Kara had been going through...

6 hours earlier...

Horror.

There is Kryptonite in the clouds! Can’t you see them glowing green?!

All she felt was sheer and utter horror.

Alex is starting to grow tired of me, I probably ruined any chance she has with Maggie!

At times, it switched to fear mixed with a bucket-full of paranoia and more than a few drops of panic.

There’s someone following me. I can feel it! Wait! If whoever is following me can fly, then maybe they’re Kryptonian. What if it was Kal? What if he was affected by Silver Kryptonite again and he’s coming to kill me?

But then it would grievously retire back to utter horror.

My suit feels tighter than usual. Could someone have done something to it?

It was as though the dread was pulsing through her veins. The terror that she felt was emphasized by voices that tormented her mind with thoughts of dismay and overly suspicious opinions.

Focus!

She hovered across the sky of Vancouver, Canada, as she listened, fixating her hearing towards one particular sound.


Kara closed her eyes and breathed out a long overdue breath. The sound was faint, but existent. And its mere existence created peace within her mind.

Thump. Thump.

Her body floated towards the sound as if stripped of will or choice in the matter. She flew towards a building among the highest in the skyline, then flew towards the upper floors, noticing the high glass windows they possessed, and finally stopping where the sound was nearest.

Thump. Thump.

Her limbs still felt as if she was lifting concrete instead of skin, muscle, and bones. She barely had the energy to fly over the railing of the balcony until she dropped rather than landed on its floor.
And as though no longer able to hold their weight, her legs gave out as she crouched in the corner of the balcony, shivering.

*Why am I shivering? Am I cold?*

*Yes. Cold. You’re very cold.*

*But the cold shouldn’t affect me.*

Nonetheless, Kara brought her cape to wrap around her and hugged her knees to her chest, resting her chin on them. The voices in her head continued to multiply and rally against her, pestering her with countless paranoid and panic-filled thoughts.

*How long do you think until this balcony gives out from under us? And when it does, do you honestly think you have the energy to keep yourself afloat?*

*No! Focus on the heartbeat!*

*ThumpThumpThumpThumpThumpThumpThump*

The pulse had quickened, which had the opposite effect of what it usually did. The heartbeat was rapid, conveying that something was wrong, or that Lena was scared. And as a result, it tended to worry Kara even more and fill her with panic to the brim.

*It’s Ok. Just focus on the heartbeat.*

*ThumpThumpThumpThumpThumpThumpThump*

*Footsteps! Someone’s coming! It’s probably that blonde woman. Or Kal! Yes. It’s definitely Kal El. He came to finish the job. I don’t have the strength to fight him. I’m just so tired.*

She closed her eyes, dwelling on the thought that if these were here last moments, then she was happy dying listening to Lena’s heartbeat. Knowing that her heart beats. Knowing that she was alive.

“Supergirl?”

Knowing that her last thoughts were of Lena’s voice in her head.


Her heartbeat was louder, stronger, and Kara drowned herself in the beauty of its beat. She had always liked its rhythm. Filled with confidence and strength. But what she liked most about it was its contradicting implications to Lena’s facial expressions. Lena could give the most fearless and self-assured mask upon her face, but her heart would always give away her doubt or anxiety. And Kara took pleasure in knowing she was the only one who was able to hear that. That it was a part of Lena that only she knew.

“Supergirl...?”

*That’s odd. The voice is much louder this time.*

Kara opened her eyes, looking aimlessly at the ground. Her ears can pick up the slight pressure on the rocks, the movement of pebbles seeping through holes in the floor of the balcony.

*The balcony is going to give out! You’re going to fall. And this time, it’s not just you!*

What?
Someone else will fall to their death because of your weakness!

A step was taken forward. Kara finally looked up, realizing Lena was standing right in front of her.

What is she...? Don’t come any closer. Please don’t come any closer.

“I...I’m very sorry. I didn’t know where else to go.” You need to push her off! She’s coming to finish what her brother started! No! Focus on her heartbeat. Just focus on her heartbeat. Thump. Thump. “I t-tried to control it. But I couldn’t. I’m so sorry.” Look at the ground. Her eyes drifted to the floor underneath Lena’s feet. It’s cracking. And this time you won’t be able to save her. She’ll finally get what she deserves! Lena deserves good! She’s done nothing but save everyone! And I...I never thanked her. I’ll probably never get the chance to either. She deserves better. “I’m sorry” She’s coming to kill you! You don’t believe me? Look at her hand. She has a knife laced with liquid kryptonite. Kara was ready to scoff it off to another hallucination, but then she found herself immediately flinch and retreat further into her corner when she glimpsed the moonlight’s reflection on the steel of the knife in Lena’s hand.

“Wha...? No! I wasn’t...” Lena dropped the knife, the sound vibrated within Kara’s mind bringing with it a pain directed towards her temple, causing her to clench her eyes shut.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I just...I just needed to hear your heartbeat. It...It ca...It calms me down. And I was just so scared, I d...didn’t know what to do,” Thump. Thump. Thump. She probably hates you for bothering her with your needy favors and your hopeless veneer “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have disturbed you. I...I’ll just leave you alone. I can sit on the roof a...a...and listen from there. I’m sorry”.

It was as though Kara had no control over her body. She felt herself dragging her limbs off the balcony floor and stand, ready to take flight. You expect to fly? A cruel laugh sounded in her mind. You can’t even hold your own head up! As she was determined to prove the voice in her head wrong, she felt fingers circling around her wrist, and she flinched at the sudden heat that they brought on. See?! Her hands can burn you. She will destroy you with a single touch.

“Wait. I’m just... I’m just a bit shaken. I didn’t expect...” She will destroy you...Thump. Thump. Thump.

“No, I...I understand. I shouldn’t have just barged in like that. I promise you I had no intention of bothering you, Ms. Luthor. It’s...It’s just...” She will hate you. She already hates you. You’ll never begin to... Focus! Thump. Thump. Thump. “I just needed to hear your heartbeat, that’s all.” She avoided Lena’s eyes, not wanting to see the possible hate that could be lurking in them “Like I said. I can sit on the roof top until I gather myself, and then I can head back to National City.” Kara nodded convincing herself, and she heard Lena’s pulse quicken. Is she afraid of me? “Goodnight, Ms. Luthor”

“Wait, no, please don’t leave. I don’t think... I don’t think you’re in any shape to fly. Just...Just come inside.” She tilted her head, an action Kara had always been so fond of. It was so simple, but Lena tended to only do it with Kara. Not Supergirl. “Please. Just come inside, and we’ll figure out whatever it is that’s bothering you. You look exhausted.” She said as she extended her hand. Don’t take it! It’ll burn you! It won’t! She stared at it for what could have been long lingering minutes. Thump. Thump. The heartbeat was calmer now, and it calmed Kara down. Don’t ta...Thump. Thump. She finally took the hand, feeling as though it grounded her, let her touch something she was sure was real. Was it though? Is any of this real? Lena is! Her hand is! And as hard as she tried to hold on to that, her body was losing all of its energy fighting every voice in her head, while also trying to keep her upright after having flown for over five continuous hours. And so, with no control left, she swayed slightly, giving in to the abyss that awaited her at the bottom. Her only regret is letting go of the softness that was Lena’s hand.
“Woah, woah. I got you. I got you” She felt arms around her, her head rested on...she wasn’t sure what. She smelled a delightful scent of lavender and what Kara guessed where lilacs. Thump. Thump. Lilacs both look and smell beautiful. Just like Lena. She’s always so beautiful. “Are you hurt? Are you alright” Why don’t I ever tell her that she’s beautiful.

“Yeah. I'm OK. Just...” You’re beautiful “Just tired”

“Alright. How about we get you to bed then”

Rao, even her voice is beautiful. Everything about her is beautiful.

Kara woke up to the buzzing in her boot. Wake up. It's a bomb! Her eyes darted open from shock, surprised to see someone beside her. Brown locks of hair flowed down the back of the woman lying on the bed, facing the other side. Who...? Lena! Her heartbeat immediately shoving away any appalling thoughts. She looked down at her hand, splayed across Lena’s hip, her other hand under the pillow. Listening in to the heartbeat, she felt the slow lazy rhythm conveying that Lena was asleep.

She had only heard her sleeping heartbeat twice. It was the most that was able to calm her down. It was a rhythm that was devoid of any unease whatsoever, which was a rarity for Lena. When she had last heard it, she was having yet another nightmare about not finding Alex on time. In the dream, Alex had drowned and her lungs had filled with water. She woke up breathless, not enough air going into her own lungs. She remembered clutching at the bedsheets, the threads ripping at her fingertips. And as if by mere habit, her ears began honing in on Lena’s heartbeat, scouring National City until it found it. The heartbeat was calm and the heart rate was low, a state that carried peace and complete serenity for its owner. Kara was able to breathe normally again, her chest slowing down its movements, and her hands loosening against the bedsheets. The first time she had heard Lena’s sleeping heartbeat was after finding out about her parents’ role in the Medusa virus. That night she couldn’t sleep, she couldn’t eat, she couldn’t do anything but replay every memory she had of them. Every smile they portrayed, every law they laid down. She felt as if it had all been tainted. All of the good that her parents had done was contaminated by their inexplicable decision of creating the virus. She remembered she had felt both angry and sad, frustrated and devastated. And then, she remembered the person who had saved everyone from the disastrous mistakes of her parents. Her ears had found the heartbeat within a few seconds. The heart rate was not one conveying deep sleep, which meant Lena herself had also been restless that night. But it was still calming. And Kara allowed the sound of it to drown every other sound and thought.

she got up, sitting at the side of the bed and pulling out her phone from her boot. When did I grab my phone? I don't even remember having it. She scrolled through her notifications. 13 Missed calls. 27 Messages. Uh-oh. Alex. Calling her sister’s number, the other end was picked up before the first ring had even finished.

“K...Supergirl?!”

“Hey Alex. It’s me don't worry.” Her voice was rougher than she had presumed. “Listen, I can't talk for long. I'm ok. I'm fine.”

“Where are you?! Are you hurt?” Alex’s voice was out for blood. She hadn't slept. And then the voices came crawling, because of you, they whispered, Always because of you. Her whole life is nothing but dedicated to your. No wonder she's all alone. Kara let out a low growl, exasperated at the voice in her head, shutting it out with Lena’s heartbeat.
“I'm fine Alex. But something is wrong with me. I'm always scared and paranoid. There are these voices in my head.”

“That's why I've been trying to contact you for the past day. Dr. Hamilton mentioned that you're Cortisol levels were elevated and that that was normal after being out on the field. But I had one of my agents pull up your medical records for the past couple of months. She was right, you normally show higher levels of Cortisol and a few other notable neurotransmitters after a fight, but Kara not like this. They have never been this high. It's as if your brain is only acknowledging fear receptors and multiplying their effect. You need to get back to the DEO so we can work on figuring out how to fix this.”

“I can't.”

“What do you mean you can’t? Why?”

Kara was reluctant to tell Alex about her calming techniques. It wasn't because she thought Alex would disapprove of the Luthor, it was more that she didn't want to admit to Alex that it was Lena’s heartbeat that calmed her down. She was partly embarrassed. And partly guilty she didn't find Alex’s heartbeat as soothing, not that it wasn't. It just didn't have the same effect that's all.

“Alex, you need to trust me. I just need a day to calm down. I feel as though my head’s about to explode from the constant paranoia.”

“Where are you, Kara?”

*Thump. Thump.*

*Lena was waking up.*

“I can’t. Not here. All you need to know is that I'm better here. It’s much quieter.”

“And you're sure you’re fine?”

“Yes, I'm fine”

“Do you atleast want me to come get you? We can...”

“No, no, you don't need to come get me”

“Is there someone there with you?”

“Mmm”

“And you trust them?”

“Yeah”

“Kara, are you sure? You know you can’t take a risk like that. Especially in your condition right now”

Kara looked back at the now awake brunette, her back was against the headboard, and her sleepy demeanor was just... *Beautiful. Why don’t I ever tell her she’s beautiful.* She knew she trusted her.

“Yes, I'm sure. I'll explain later, I promise. Just... For the time being, I'm somewhere safe. You don't need to worry”

“Alright, I trust you know what you’re doing.”
“Any updates on the blonde?”

“No, nothing concrete yet. Winn has been at it all day. Wherever she is, she’s laying low, and she
seems to be really good at it too.”

“Hmm”

“And don’t worry about the city, James and J’onn have it covered from here.”

“Ok. Let me know if anything changes”

And with that, she ended the call with Alex, deciding to remain quiet.

What do you say to your friend who you’ve slept beside all night when she doesn’t really know
you’re her friend because she thinks you’re someone else, with her comforting you and soothing
you until you fall asleep in her arms, not as her friend, but as someone who has asked her for
countless favors and never once thanked her properly?

“I’m sorry” For never thanking you. For never being there. For never asking how you were. For
always selfishly using your heartbeat to calm myself down. For coming here. For asking more
from you. For wanting more. For taking advantage of your friendship, of your willingness to
always do good. For...For never telling you the truth.

“Don’t be. There’s nothing to apologize for.” she simply said.

If only you knew.

Kara began to stir as she felt the sun’s heat on her body. It’ll burn you! You need to hide! She
tightened her eyes shut, letting out a frustrated growl, and preparing to clear her mind once Lena’s
heartbeat fills it. But as she listened, she noticed its absence. Her eyes flung themselves open,
looking beside her for the brunette, but she was alone in bed. Her body raised itself from the
mattress, looking around her. Chest rising heavily and breaths becoming ragged, she scanned the
whole suite with her hearing, but nothing. She left you! She will always leave you! No...No, she
wouldn’t. She...She’s not here! Can’t you see? You’ve driven her away! Yesterday was all just a
fictitious act to get you to trust her. She’s gone to...Quiet!! I just need to... Once again closing her
eyes, she listened. Tried to pinpoint that specific rhythm, until she found it. It was near, but not in
the same building. During her panic, she hadn’t noticed the note that was sprawled on the pillow
that once occupied Lena’s head. She picked it up, admiring the neat and cursive black ink that was
Lena’s handwriting.

I thought about waking you up, but it seemed you desperately needed the sleep.

I'm very sorry, but I had to leave to attend the conference I came here for. I do hope you can
still listen in on my heartbeat while I’m there. In case for some reason you cannot, I will write
down the address of where I’m and my phone number. Although, I doubt you’d be needing the
address at all. I wish I didn’t have to leave so we could have that conversation but duty calls.
You among everyone would know that.

I will try to get back as soon as I can, hopefully no later than early evening.

Make yourself at home.
She shouldn't feel disappointed that Lena had left.

Kara found an address and a phone number written at the bottom of the note. She didn’t need to go there. But she felt herself needing to see Lena. She felt much better than yesterday. Though the voices were still there, they were much quieter than last night. Maybe, it's wearing off. Whatever this is. As she went for her phone, she saw that it was close to noon and that Alex had called again. Kara decided not to call Alex back, but rather head back to National City. Sending her a quick text telling her so, she put her phone in her boot and flew off.

She couldn't resist not seeing Lena, so she decided to pass by the conference. It's only to listen to her heartbeat. She told herself, drawing up an unconvincing argument. I'm just going to make sure she's alright, listen to her heartbeat, calm myself down a bit, and then head home. Yeah! No big deal. She felt proud of her questionable reasoning and flew towards as she landed on the roof of the building. Just as Lena had predicted, Kara didn’t need the address that Lena had written down, she had simply followed her heartbeat there. Somehow, the voices in her head had quieted down for some reason. The effects of whatever she had could be wearing off, or she had simply gotten used to filling her mind with a specific heartbeat.

It felt weird being out in the open of a city that wasn't hers. She felt exposed. Unwanted. Did Vancouver even have aliens? I bet it's dull anyway without us! The roof was rather large, and the building didn't have many floors. In fact, it seemed as though it only had one floor, divided up into many sections. Several spacious auditoriums scattered the ground floor, each containing innumerable amounts of people. The main hall in the middle of the building seemed to be filled with food and... Food! Her stomach spoke out as soon as she laid eyes on numerous trays of all that life has to offer of countless cuisines. Fish! Lasagna! Oh Rao, they have shrimps! Is that orange chicken?! They don't have potstickers, she smirked. They have yet to be introduced to one of life’s miracles. As she forced her attention away from the food to look for Lena, she found her sitting in the auditorium, seeming to be listening to the lecture being given on stage. She's such a nerd! She laughed as she looked at how focused Lena was. But Lena’s focus was eventually taken away by some brunette sitting beside her. The brunette was leaning forward - what is she...? - and whispering into Lena’s ear which eventually made Lena laugh at something she had said.

And just like that the voices were back! Ambushing her with paranoia and fear. Look how happy she looks without you! Have you ever seen her laugh like that in your presence? Kara watched as the brunette brushed her hand on Lena’s that was resting on the armrest between them. Lena's heartbeat was rapid. She likes it! She likes being touched by her. By someone worthy of her. By someone human. Kara told herself she shouldn't feel jealous at all, that it wasn't her place to feel jealous. She knew for a fact that the only reason she was jealous was because of the loud voices in her head. But her heart ached nonetheless, knowing she can never give Lena something as simple as that. Because if you ever held her hand you'd probably accidentally crush it! The women returned to listening to the lecture when Lena took out her phone and began typing out something. Kara turned away, listening in one last time at Lena’s heartbeat, memorizing it. She flew off towards National City without giving much thought to the vibration in her boot.
She didn't want to leave. Lena laid there beside the superhero, looking at a heap of curly blonde hair. Supergirl was sleeping on her stomach, facing the other way, her face buried in the pillow. Lena smiled as nothing was showing but a mountain of blonde hair and a hint of blue from under the covers. From this angle, it looked as though any regular blonde was sleeping beside her. Not a specific blonde superhero that was bulletproof and could fly. At this very moment, Supergirl looked like any regular human, enjoying the comfort of a hotel bed. And at this very moment, Lena was in awe at how beautiful she was.

No one had ever depended on Lena Luthor. Sure she had countless people at L-Corp depend on her as CEO, but it was different. No one ever needed her like this. No one depended on her being there for them. It was always the other way around. She first depended on Lionel, only to find out that he had a striking hand and never really loved her. Then she thought she was safe when she depended on Lex. Lex was... she sighed... Lex is the only person who Lena had truly depended on. As kids, he was kind to her, a common depiction of a loving older brother. And common was no ordinary words used with the Luthors. He sometimes fought back for her. Arguing with Lillian when she would shout at Lena, and lashing out at Lionel when he was too drunk too care about the consequences of his abuse. Lena had depended on Lex in the deepest of ways.

But then Lex became obsessed with his vendetta against the Man of Steel. The stress of filling in Lionel’s spot in the family company and the anti-alien projects he was occupied with took a toll on his sanity. Eventually, Lena stopped seeing him. He stopped coming home. He stopped calling back. He just cut all ties with Lena. And to Lena, it was as though he had cut a piece of her away. A piece of string that had been wrapped around her heart in memory of his kindness, he just simply and casually cut it out. For weeks, maybe even months, Lena refused to accept it. She fed her mind denial filled lies of ‘maybe he’s just busy’, ‘maybe today he’ll come around and come see me’, or ‘he probably hasn’t checked his phone yet’. But she was a genius with a high IQ. Eventually, she managed to figure it out as simply as a physics equation. Lex didn’t want her.

Ultimately, Lex went on his downhill spiral with his obsession, and when he was arrested, Lena felt guilty. For having accepted it the way it was. Maybe if I didn’t let him go, if I had pushed more for our relationship, maybe just maybe...he might have went back to the loving brother she remembered. She doubted it. If she looked back, all of the self-blame that she seemed to recently do had begun with blaming herself for Lex’s demise. But still she continued to blame herself for a very long time. Until she stopped focusing on blame but rather focused on taking the family company after he was arrested. When things were looking rather defective in regards to Luthor Corp during Lex’s final few months as a free man, Lena put all her energy into business. She learned everything from corporate finances to marketing plans to product development. She went to board meetings even before becoming CEO. She attended conferences and client approaches. She studied each and every employee present in the family company, memorizing their name and knowing where their loyalties lie. And subsequently, when she took over and Luthor Corp became L-Corp, she knew exactly who to keep and who to fire.
She never really depended on anyone else as much as Lex. If she was being honest, she never held any affectionate feelings towards Lillian. Lillian was merely a presence to Lena. She was Lex’s mother and Lionel’s wife. She wasn’t Lena’s anything. She maybe had depended on a few friends in boarding school. Surprisingly, she even once depended on Veronica, or as she is now calling herself, Roulette. *Thank God that never lasted.* At one point of her life, she might have depended on Jack. But she told herself that Jack was one of her young and stupid love affairs. Her ‘maybe one day’. It was nothing compared to how she depended on Lex. Then came Rhea. And her dependence on her came close to Lex’s. Not as much. But dangerously close. And the fact that the only two people whom she depended on ended up to be sociopathic, power hungry, selfish people with a superiority complex and wanting world domination, probably says something about her. And lastly, even if she hated to admit it, she depended on Kara. She brushed away that last thought before her mind went on a trip of Kara-filled passageways.

But no one had ever came to her for comfort as Supergirl did last night. No one said what she had said about Lena. About needing to hear her heartbeat to calm herself down. About admiring Lena. About respecting her decisions. No one had ever needed her like this. *No one had depended on her like this before.* And she didn’t know what to do with this new notion. She felt responsible somehow for this blonde woman. Not the bulletproof superhero. But the helpless woman underneath. She suddenly realized that Supergirl is depended upon by everyone in National City everyday. *Goodness, how does she handle it?* Lena promised herself she would do everything in her limited power to keep the hero safe and calm. Even by doing nothing but lie next to her. And so, she did. She skipped the few morning presentations of her conference just to simply lie next to the superhero and sleep.

She woke up just before noon, the sun’s warm rays seeping through the cracks of the curtains. Supergirl’s hand laid across Lena’s stomach protectively, and Lena smiled at the peacefulness of the moment. The hero’s face was still turned away to the other side, and Lena was left staring at a heap of golden locks on the pillow next to her. For once she wanted to forget everything else and just savor this moment right here. She turned her gaze away from the woman sleeping in her bed - *If only that sentence was in any other context...* - and grabbed her phone, checking her notifications while making her way to the bathroom. After showering and getting dressed for the day, she thought about waking Supergirl up when she realized how at peace the superhero was. And so, deciding that their conversation can wait for the evening, she wrote a small note from the hotel notepad on the bedside table and grabbed her heels. Carrying them in her hands all the way to the front door, only then did she put them on when she was outside her apartment so as to not startle the superhearing woman.

Lena was simply worried. Kara had never failed to return her texts, even when she would be swamped dealing with Snapper’s endless reporting errands. Lena wanted to make sure she was alright. *That’s all! I just want to make sure she’s ok.*

“Lena?”

Lena looked to her left from where her name was whispered, and saw the sight of Helena
Lena looked to her left from where her name was whispered, and saw the sight of Helena Bertinelli. “Helena!” She whispered, with a hint of a pleased smile.

“I hope you don’t mind...” She gestured towards the seat beside Lena.

“Of course not. Have a seat.”

As Helena sat down, Lena noticed how she looked much younger with the outfit she was wearing. Her long brown hair was tied in a tight ponytail, that made her blue eyes seem bigger.

*What is it with me and blue eyes?! I can’t seem to escape them!* 

Her collared sleeveless white blouse was worn over black pants and dark blue high heels.

*God help me those heels!*

Helena had crossed her legs over each other, her left knee over her right, which gave Lena a front row seat to those beautiful shoes. She felt her mouth water at the sight of those sleek navy heels. She couldn’t help not stare. And clearly she wasn’t so subtle about it either.

“See something you like, Ms. Luthor?” Helena seductively whispered.

Lena immediately broke out of her trans, cursing herself for being weakened by the notion of heels, “Oh, I apologize for staring. Shoes hold a very special place in my heart. And I just couldn't resist admiring yours. They're absolutely stunning.” Lena blushed. She wasn't one to give out compliments. Not to anyone. Well, except to a certain blonde reporter. But complementing Kara was partly Lena’s guilty pleasure because it flustered the blonde woman so much it was amusing.

“Well, I can hardly blame you. You certainly have exceptional taste,” Helena’s smirk was knowing. “I had a wonderful time at dinner last night,” Helena exclaimed, the r’s in her sentence barely registered with her British dialect.

*Dinner? Oh yes! We had dinner last night at that restaurant for the business proposal.*

It felt like a lifetime ago with everything that had happened. The way Helena phrased the words, she made it sound as though it was a date rather than a business dinner. Lena had a feeling Helena did that on purpose. Lena couldn't deny that she had a good time. They had started off their dinner with the business aspect of it. She pitched her plans to Helena, while Helena listened thoughtfully and asked questions once Lena was through. Helena was very intrigued by the idea, claiming it was something she was interested in. She promised Lena she would address the idea to her board and see if they agree on it. Lena had smiled hopefully, wanting so much for the project to be done. But the rest of the dinner was enjoyed with conversation and delightful food. They talked of their companies, the struggles of CEOs. They talked of their families, their dysfunctional families. How they were both the good seeds coming out of a very bad tree. Helena talked about places she’s visited, the way she talked about her time in Starling City made it seem as though she left out more than she said out loud. Lena noticed how not once Helena mentioned the little boy. Purposefully keeping him out of the conversation. But Lena also noticed how Helena tended to use the pronoun ‘we’ very often when she would talk about places she had visited, things she had seen. As though someone was always there with her. Lena had honestly enjoyed herself at dinner. For once, she felt as though she wasn’t burdened by the guilt of National City. Here, thousands of kilometers away, in Vancouver, she can be someone else. Someone able to enjoy a simple meal with someone who understood some of her struggles.

“So did I. You were right about the restaurant. Lovely little place.”

The loud sound of clapping hands plucked her out of her thoughts, as she realized the next
speaker was entering the stage. It was not someone Lena knew much about, but she was interested in the topic he was presenting.

“He was my high school chemistry teacher, believe it or not.” Helena whispered in her ear, “His monotonous lectures make you wish for a good old board meeting that usually drove you crazy”

Lena laughed at the image. She could tell by the way he introduced himself that she was slowly craving a board meeting rather than this. He spoke slowly and in a dull manner, as though to himself rather than to an audience. His voice was hypnotizingly low and inhumane, and Lena felt her thoughts wander off again. She checked her phone one more time, hoping to see Kara’s name in her unread messages. But still nothing.

“Bored already, Lena? He's just getting started.” Helena whispered amusingly.

“How on Earth did you manage to stand him in high school?”

“Oh, I merely said he was my high school teacher.” She smirked, brushing her fingers on Lena’s hand, “I never said anything about actually attending his classes. Back then, I was more into taking girls out under the bleachers”

Before Lena could come up with a smart response, more clapping occurred by everyone else who had been listening. It seemed the professor on stage had revealed some results of his research. And Lena joined them instinctively. As the man on stage resumed his lecture, Lena took out her phone, deciding to text Kara once more. She had sent three messages to Kara, excluding the one she sent upon arriving, but none of them were replied to. Never in all my life have I sent four consecutive messages to someone. Asking how they were. What is wrong with me? She ignored all the warnings floating around in her mind and wrote out a text.

**Kara, I’m starting to get worried about you. Please text me back. I just need to know you're alright, darling.**

Her thumb hovered over the send button, as she contemplated that last word. With a sigh, she deleted the word ‘darling’ and sent the text.

Lena pressed the elevator button twice more, frowning at its delay. She convinced herself that the only reason she was in a hurry to get back to her suite was because she was tired. She had a long day. She wanted to take off her heels, pour herself a glass of wine and relax. It had nothing to do with a certain superhero that had been sleeping in her bed. It absolutely had nothing to do with her wanting to come home to someone. As she made her way into the elevator, nodding at the couple already inside, she pressed the twenty-fifth and crossed her arms, waiting impatiently. The ding of the elevator rang for her floor, and she let out a breath, as she stepped outside before the door fully opened. Lena entered her suite half expecting the superhero to be... What does Supergirl do on a regular day at home anyway? The living room and kitchen area were empty, just as she had left them. Could she really still be asleep? Lena thought as she made her way to the bedroom, but was met with silence and an empty room. Supergirl was not here. She stood there staring at the bed. Specifically at the spot where Supergirl had slept, her golden hair sprawled over the pillow.

*She shouldn't feel disappointed that Supergirl had left.*
But she couldn’t help the twinge of hurt that she felt in her chest.

*How could I be so stupid! This is exactly what I should be avoiding! God! It’s as if I cannot even control my own behaviors around blonde women!*

Her blood was suddenly boiling, mixing with the hurt and exasperation she felt for allowing herself to feel for yet someone else! She was mad at herself for being so naive again.

*This is exactly what I said I would avoid she thought again.*

Lena wasn’t frustrated or mad for comforting Supergirl the night before, in fact it was the opposite. She was glad to. She would be willing to comfort Supergirl whenever she needed it. No, that wasn’t what she was mad about. She was mad for the desperation she felt afterwards. The validation she craved. The expectation of the hero’s acceptance towards her. Most of all, she was made at the eagerness to get back to her. *The wanting to see her.* She stormed off away from the sight of the bed, her heels echoing louder from the aggravated pressure of her stride. As she was about to make her way to the kitchen to forget all about her stupendous infatuations with blondes, her phone rang on the counter. She looked at the screen, seeing Jess’s name come up.

“Jess?”

“Ms. Luthor, I'm so glad I could reach you!” Jess sounded frightened, relieved.

“Jess, what is it?”

“Ms. Luthor, I'm very sorry, but there’s been a break in at L-Corp. Someone had broken into one of our research labs in the lower levels and stole...”

“What? What did they steal, Jess?!” Lena’s frustration was growing.

“From what the police had told me, they stole metals from Research Lab B12. Radium X and a Plutonium Isotope. There were other labs that were ransacked.”

Lena’s mind went on a spiral, trying to detect what would someone need those two metals for. “Was anything else stolen? Anything damaged?”

“The police are still conducting an investigation, Ms Luthor. We still don’t if anything else was taken”

“Jess, book me the earliest flight to National City you can find. I need to be there.” She ordered, as she began to make her way to the bedroom. “Make sure no one has access to my office. Make sure there is security at the door of my office at all times. Not even the police go in there without authorization from me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Luthor”

“Also, have the L-Corp helicopter ready to pick me up from the airport as soon as I land in National City.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor”

And with that, Lena ended the call with no goodbyes necessary. The gears in her mind were turning at full speed, thinking of various things at once.

*Radium X and Plutonium Isotope.*
Lena began thinking why those two metals together sounded familiar. She had ordered a team of scientists to study the two elements. Try and find a way to utilize them for some of the research they were doing at L-Corp. But there was something oddly familiar about them. Something familiar about them together.

Both of them are useless on the black market to sell. Then, a thought crossed her mind. But together? Combined with the right material by the right people, they might have a chance to build... But who would...? Lex? Lillian! She’s tried it before, why not now!

A luggage bag is hurled onto the bed. Clothes and shoes shoved with no second thought of order or wrinkles.

But even Lillian won’t be able to perfect the chemical composition needed for a weapon using unstable metals such those. Neither would her lab coats be able to do it.

Lena knew fully well that one of Lillian’s greatest grievances was the fact that both her children turned out to be geniuses, able to outsmart her. Lex excelled at chemistry while Lena at physics, and they both can do wonders with their brains. At times, Lena even felt jealousy from her mother, as though her resentment towards Lena was more envy than the reminder of her husband’s infidelities. Lena grabbed her phone once more, scrolling through her contact list until finding the man in charge of her personal security team.

“Ms. Luthor?”

“Frank. I need you to put extra security at the penthouse. Someone had broken into L-Corp. I want security stationed at the door of the building, inside the elevator and inside the penthouse until I get there.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.”

“Also, send someone with the helicopter coming to pick me from the airport. I don’t want to take any risks. You can talk to Jess about that.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor”

Again, Lena ends the call without a second thought. She goes to the bathroom, packing up her makeup and toiletries, and returning back to her thoughts.

186Pu is highly reactive to a metal known as Iridium. And combing it to Radium X would just disrupt its chemical composition. So whoever stole it, would need...

Her thoughts were interrupted by her phone ringing once more. She opened it to find an email from the private investigator she had hired.

Ms. Luthor,

I have looked into the matter you have asked about. I wanted to inform you as soon as I had confirmation. Your brother recently had a visitor at the prison. Somehow, someone was able to bypass the ‘no visitors’ order. I have yet to uncover the identity of the blonde woman who had visited your brother.

Also, regarding the other matter, it seems there has been no contact between your brother and Lillian Luthor. As far as my investigation has gone, Lillian Luthor is not in National City or Metropolis. She was last seen leaving to Washington DC. I will look further into it, however.
Lena reread the email twice more, imprinting the information in her mind.

*Lena* 

_Lex had a visitor. A blonde woman. Supergirl mentioned a blonde woman. It can’t be a coincidence. There was no such thing as a coincidence when it came to the Luthors._

_Kara landed on the balcony of the DEO and stood there._

_There were too many people. Too many eyes on her. Why were they all looking at her? Didn’t they have work or something?_

_She narrowed her eyes, trying to intimidate the lingering stares she was getting, and walked forward._

_Just breathe. And focus on Le... Her heart clenched. She gulped down, as she remembered she couldn’t listen to Lena’s heartbeat._

_The hand brushing against Lena’s. The laugh that wasn’t in her presence, but in the presence of someone else. Someone Lena clearly wanted to impress. Someone Lena clearly liked. Someone human._

_As she walked into the main control area, Alex spotted her and quickly rushed towards her._

_She’s coming to attack you. The Kryptonite sword she used to kill your aunt is behind her back!_

_Kara immediately flinched before Alex reached her, and Alex took a step back, concerned that her sister was looking at her as though she were an enemy._

_“Kara?”_

_She’s playing you._

_Upon arriving to National City, Kara thought she could somehow control herself. Somehow keep the voices at bay. Be able to calm herself without... Oh Rao! Who was she kidding!_

_“A...Alex.” Kara closed her eyes, tried to ignore the voices. “I don’t trust you. I know that I should, but there’s this voice in my head that keeps me paranoid. And it’s...” Kill her before she comes at you! You’re no match for her! You need to take her by surprise! “Alex you need to sedate me or something, before I do something. The voice is telling me to...to kill you, Alex.”_

_Alex grabbed a tranquilizer gun from her holster before Kara could finish._

_Why did she have a gun able to tranquilize me ready in her holster?_

_Because she wants to kill you!_
“Alex, you need to. I just need to sleep. To shut my brain off for a bit. The voices will go away on their own. Uhhhh that’s what I did last night.” Kara directed a desperate look towards her sister. Her sister who was struggling with doing the right thing.

“I’m sorry, Kara” She said seconds before she shot Kara in her arm. Kara didn’t feel anything at first, nothing changed for her. And she was about to tell Alex to shoot her again, as she stepped towards her, but somehow it suddenly felt like she was stepping into a pit of black oil. Sinking deep. Her step slippery. She tried to concentrate on the ground, but it was rotating, and various layers were forming. She could see five different floors, and she wasn’t sure if maybe she was using her x-ray vision. But as she stepped forward, she felt her sister’s arms around her, dragging her to... Then it became pitch darkness. Silent. And Kara welcomed it.

Kara woke up, but didn’t really wake up. Her mind was surely up, the voices however seem to have subsided for now. But it was still black. As black as the back of her eyelids.

Maybe my eyes are still closed.

She opened her eyes, she could feel the fluttering motion of opening them, but it was still black. She could hear voices. Not in her mind. But around her.

“How long will this keep her sedated?” That was James’ voice.

“Not long. Maybe an hour or two. It should give us time to figure something out. She keeps mentioning these voices in her head.” That was Alex. “The fear neurotransmitters in her brain are above normal. Way above normal. If she were human, she would probably have died by now from overdose. Her brain would have been fried. If I’m being honest, even with Kara being a Kryptonian, the Cortisol levels in her brain are so high, that they might cause brain damage.”

“And we still don’t know what’s causing it?”

“Actually, agent Schott might have found something for us” J’onn’s voice.

“Uhhhh yeah! So I finally managed to get a name on our mysterious blonde woman. Meet Linda Frititawa, a former geneticist, also known for her spooky criminal name, ‘Fright’. Not so subtle, I guess. The name I mean. I managed to track her down after hacking into the Gotham Police Department. They had a bolo out for her for a while last year, but she was never found. From what I managed to find on her, aside from her super strength, she also has the ability to breathe out neurotoxins, specifically ones pertaining to fear and paranoia, hence the nickname ‘Fright’. She worked for some of the big bads out there in Gotham City. Now, remember that other software I told you guys about. The one where it uses her face - even without her identity - to register where else she’s been in National City. Well, the only other place I tracked her to was an abandoned warehouse, Because like of course it’s an abandoned warehouse! These villains really need to understand the meaning of cliche! She was also seen driving a motorcycle through a tunnel, but surprisingly never leaving the tunnel - I'm still looking into that one. And lastly she was seen at the bank. But theeeeeeen - wait for it -” Kara could almost hear the various eye rolls from the group, “I used the same software in Metropolis, just out of a hunch. And guess who paid a visit to our not-so-friendly Luthor over there?”

“She visited Lex Luthor in prison?” Alex voice was agitated, but focused, countless scenarios running in her head from what Kara guessed.

“Yup! Which was surprising. Because Lex Luthor has a ‘no visitors’ policy. No can visit him aside from Lillian and Lena Luthor.” At the mention of Lena, Kara mentally flinched. She tried
opening her eyes again, this time the blackness was beginning to fade. It was as if she was blind with her eyes opened, and she was somehow slowly regaining her sight. Her eyes were opened, but she still saw very little. “Linda Fritawa managed to visit Lex Luthor in prison. Now she was smart enough to not show her face to the cameras. To literally all cameras. And it seems as though none of the security guards there have a record of her visit. Surprise, surprise! But! The cameras did pick up a piece of paper in her hand. Something was scribbled on it. So I tried to zoom in and unscramble the image. And boy! Was it hard! I mean obviously not for me, because like, hello? Have you met me...”

“Winn! Just get to the point. What was written on the paper?!” Alex was impatiently pacing now. Kara could hear her footsteps.

“Right! Uhh well it was an address. Two addresses to be exact. The first was of the warehouse. The second wasn’t too clear. But I did manage to get one line from the address. Kingston Street” Kara’s heart skipped. No! It can’t be.

“What’s on Kingston?”

“Well, even though Ms. Luthor’s address is not publically listed, Kara told me the address once for security purposes. She said just in case we needed it.”

“So Lena Luthor’s address was on the paper? So that means Lex is back to sending people to try and kill Lena” Kara’s heart was still rapid until she remembered.

Lena isn’t here. She’s in Vancouver! Thank, Rao!

She focused on her sight again. She now could see fully. The light of the med bay opposite her. She seemed to be lying on one of the beds there. Now all she needed to do was move her legs.

“Winn where’s Lena Luthor now?”

“She just landed in National City a few hours ago.”

No!

Kara felt a burning ache in her chest. Her fingers fist, her breathing ragged. Short breaths of air raising her chest.

Why did she come back?!

The sound of fingers dancing on a keyboard, “It seems there was a break in at L-Corp. Police are there questioning everyone”

Kara could hear the sound of dialing before Winn even finished his sentence.

“Sawyer. Are you by any chance at L-Corp? Is Lena Luthor there? Ok thanks babe.”

Please say that she’s with the police. Please, let her be anywhere but...

“Maggie said they just let Lena go. Last she checked, Lena was heading home. We need to get a team assembled to go over there” And with that, Kara heard Alex’s voice ordering several agents, laying down tactical plans. But that was all that Kara heard. Because Kara was out of the bed and was flying away as fast as she can, breaking the sound barrier while doing so. The force of the wind barackading her goal, pushing against her. She needed to get to Lena. Needed to make sure she was alright.
I shouldn’t have left her! I should’ve just stayed there. Rao, please let her be ok.

And as she was flying towards Lena, the voices slowly started to creep back up in her mind.

*She’s probably already dead.*
Luthors Don't Cry

Chapter Notes

This is the scene that started this whole entire crazy fanfic!

It was almost close to midnight as Lena headed up to her penthouse, exhausted from the endless day she had. After arriving to L-Corp, the police had questioned her for an hour, asking her from lists of suspects to what she thought would be valuable enough to be stolen. She purposely neglected to tell them her theories about her brother, seeing that she herself still did not have any hard evidence. And she fully knew if the police were involved, then Lex would know someone was on to him.

*God knows half the police department was under his payroll.*

That same detective that had once arrested her was there and was somehow more resilient than before, listening to what Lena had to say and not conveying any authoritative persona in front of her. Her day had already began with her being tired; not being able to sleep since the woman she was attracted to was wrapped around her, then waking up in the middle of the night to have deep conversations with said woman, then heading out to a conference with hardly any sleep and endless conversations with possible investors and future business clients of L-Corp. All that, topped off with taking a three hour flight back to National City, a helicopter ride, incessant questioning by police officers and the inappropriate looks she received from a few of them.

As the elevator doors opened up to her penthouse, she nodded her head to the two security guards with her in the elevator and stepped out. Lena immediately discarded her purse on the kitchen counter and went to her study. She fully knew no one had broken into her place and stolen anything, but she needed to make sure.

She needed to see the Malachite ore she had kept well hidden.

It was a rare, semi-translucent green volcanic crystal-like type of metal, most definitely not found on this Earth, but somehow Lena managed to find it in one of Lex’s abandoned labs once. Reading through his notes, she had discovered that the ore, once refined properly into ingots, had the ability to forge glass weapons. Lex wanted to use the Malachite to create what he had coined as the ‘Nuclear Kryptonite Ray Gun’, a beam weapon that could fire highly concentrated Kryptonite rays.

Upon reading on the crystal metal, she had decided to keep it for more ethical and principled purposes she had in mind. However, she still had not yet been able to understand the element enough to risk using it. But over the course of the day, as she was going through all the possibilities of what those stolen components from L-Corp could be used for, she remembered the Malachite.

*The Radium X and the Plutonium isotope would surely be used to manufacture the rays of the gun, while the Malachite crystal would enact the separation of the main element - in this case, the green kryptonite - into separate minor components that would entice the blast from the gun.*

All that was left to make such a weapon, according to Lex’s notes, was a metal known as Tritanium that would be strong enough to withstand the rays of the gun. Lena had never seen the metal, however she had once tried looking for it, but with no avail. She finally concluded that if it
existed, it certainly did not exist on this Earth.

Then again, all of this is purely theoretical! Maybe Lex isn’t behind this. Maybe this was just a random robbery. But to steal those two exact metals and nothing else?! L-Corp is filled with rare items for research purposes that can easily be sold on the black market for millions. No! It wasn’t a coincidence! There were no coincidences when it came to Luthors.

As she finally made her way to the desk, she reached out her hand under the desk’s flat surface to scan her fingertip, but she was suddenly pulled back. A hand covered her mouth and she was thrust, although with questioning gentleness, to a wall and pushed back against it. As she opened her eyes, ready to struggle against her assailant, she was shocked to see blue eyes stare back at her.

Supergirl’s body was pressed against hers on the farthest wall from her desk, behind the door of the study. The superhero’s finger came up to her lips, silently telling Lena to stay quiet.

What is happening? Is someone else in the Penthouse?

Supergirl closed her eyes as if listening to something out in the distance, and Lena tried to sink into the wall behind her pressing her head against it, but Supergirl was so close. She could feel her breath on her mouth, she could count the lashes on her eyes. Her heart began to hammer in her chest. Whether from fear of the intruder or Supergirl’s closeness, she’ll never know.

She smells like rain. Why does she have to smell like the rain out of all things?

A bead of sweat made its way down the length of her back, and it took everything in her not to react. Her mind went on a spiral of theories as to why Supergirl held her against a wall. Supergirl squinted her closed eyes, as if she was getting distracted and was trying to concentrate again.

And that was when Lena heard footsteps. Outside the half-way closed door behind Supergirl.

Someone else is here! Another one of Lex’s assassins?

The footsteps were faint, but Lena could hear the small creaks of the floorboards.

Thank God I didn’t get those fixed!

The apartment was pin drop silent, not even white noise interrupted the atmosphere of soundlessness, and Lena guessed it was the main reason she was able to hear the footsteps. Supergirl’s eyes opened and were looking into Lena’s. Lena could see the conflicting struggle within her eyes. The hero’s eyes held a deep fear worse than when she had seen her on the balcony the night before. The room was dark, as Lena had been in too much of a hurry to turn any lights on, and the darkness emphasized the situation they were in.

Supergirl’s face contorted into unease, as if something was bothering her, causing her pain. Lena didn’t dare ask herself why Supergirl refused to go out there and face whoever had broken in. She had seen the hero’s state the night before and knew there was something wrong. That if Supergirl was scared, then there must be a reason why. Lena’s heart was still hammering against her ribs, beating so fast she feared it would be heard by the intruder. And then she remembered!

My heartbeat! She can probably hear it! That’s why she seems so unfocused.

Lena slowly, and as silently as she willed her body to move, raised her hand until she pointed a finger to where her heart was, asking a silent question. Supergirl simply nodded, pressing her lips together in a firm line. Lena closed her eyes and controlled her breathing as she tried to calm her heartbeat down. Supergirl inched closer, if that were even possible, pressing her forehead against Lena’s, as though trying to help her. It unfortunately had the opposite effect. Lena can feel
Supergirl’s breasts pressed against her own, the hero’s breath against her mouth.

*I swear to God, the universe has the most heartless, merciless, and ruthless sense of humor!*

Lena tried once more to calm herself, slowing down the beat of her heart. And just as she was beginning to calm herself down, she remembered her phone in her coat pocket.

*I could call my security team!*

She very slowly reached for it, the awkward position they were in made it very difficult. Her concentration at reaching her phone was slightly broken by Supergirl’s attractive features, but Lena scolded herself and finally got a hold on her phone, taking it out. Supergirl seemed calmer now, more focused than before, but it only lasted less than a second before it was stripped away and replaced by horror once more.

Lena had only registered the change when she heard the door slowly creak open. Supergirl pushed further into Lena as to avoid contact with the opening door, bringing her face to the side of Lena’s head, her breath warm on her ear. The footsteps were so close now. And Supergirl seemed more terrified than her.

And Lena felt responsible.

She felt a sense of duty to protect this woman.

This woman who had depended on her, for some God forsaken reason.

She brought her other hand around the hero’s waist, pressing her even closer to herself, and resting her own head on the hero’s shoulder. Lena felt herself being filled with a sense of protectiveness towards the hero.

*She felt protective of a bulletproof superhero. Wow! Just when I thought it couldn’t get worse for me!*

And so, as she adjusted the settings on her music app on her phone, she pressed play, smiling as she registered the sound only coming from the speakers of her bedroom. The footsteps suddenly seemed to go the other way, towards the sound.

*God I love my built-in speakers in every room of this penthouse!*

She then typed the SOS text to Frank.

*Won’t be long now.*

And precisely no more than two minutes later, the door to the emergency entrance was busted open, and multiple heavy booted footsteps sounded the apartment. Supergirl moved her head to look at Lena, mouthing the word *how* to her. Lena simply raised her phone between them, showing her the SOS text message she sent to Frank.

“There! On the balcony! Go, Go, Go!”

The footsteps all seemed to head in one direction, presumably towards the balcony. And Lena waited patiently for them to catch the assailant.

“All clear, Ms Luthor.” Frank shouted into the apartment.

Lena expected Supergirl to move immediately, but the super’s eyes were closed.

*She’s scanning the place. Making sure.*
She opened her eyes, disappointment seeming on her face, and her eyes were transfixed on Lena’s lips, that for a brief second Lena thought of closing that small gap between them. But then, Supergirl abruptly moves away. Lena felt the cold hitting her body, not a feeling she was fond of. She could still feel the super pressed against her, could still feel her breath on her lips, could still feel the creases in her blouse where the hero had been. She cleared her throat as she made her way into the living room towards the balcony. She was surprised to see that only her security team stood scattered around the place. No intruder caught. Her pulse picked up, as Frank made his way to her, all broad shoulders and muscled chest. Frank’s tight black shirt was worn under the shoulder holsters of his guns.

“Ms. Luthor.” He nodded. Then looked behind her towards the superhero. If he was surprised at her presence, he didn’t show it. “I’m glad you’re alright.”

“What happened? Where is the intruder?” Lena gave him a stern look.

“We’re very sorry, Ma’am. Unfortunately, they got away. We last saw the intruder - seemingly a woman - on the balcony. But she...seemed to have disappeared. It’s possible she might have jumped off. But we can’t know for sure”

“What do you mean you can’t know for sure?!?” Lena realized her voice had gotten harsher, not louder, but more frustrated. “No one just jumps off from the highest floor of a building!”

“I understand your concern, Ma’am. We will do everything in our power to...”

“No you won’t” She wore a disgusted look on her face, looking at the balcony that once held the person who had broken into her apartment, “You’re fired.” She said nonchalantly.

“Ma’am, I really don’t think...”

“Did you not hear me, Mr. Williams. I said,” She spoke slowly, punctuating every word with resentment, “you’re fired. You failed to do the one job I pay you abundantly for. You and your team are dismissed. Now, get out.”

Frank nodded once to the young Luthor who was professionally towering over him, “As you wish, Ms. Luthor.” And he then nodded to his team to follow him out of the apartment.

Before Lena can say anything, the intercom beside the elevator door sounded, and she sighed loudly thinking, What now?! She pressed the screen button, seeing her doorman surrounded by multiple DEO agents.

“Yes?”

“Ms. Luthor, it would seem that some FBI agents would like to come up to ask you a few questions, Ma’am.”

For fuck’s sakes could this day get any worse!

“Let them up Sebastian”

“As you wish, Ms. Luthor”

Lena crossed her arms and stood by the elevator door, an unimpressed aggravated look on her face. She put on her CEO expressionless mask. She turned her head to look in Supergirl’s direction and saw her standing in the open space area of the living room, facing her. She met her eyes for only a brief second before the elevator began to open and Lena faced the agents. Agent Alex Danvers stood in the front of the team, followed by four other agents, all dressed in the DEO black and all armed. Agent Danvers’ eyes met Supergirl and she nodded in her direction. She then
returned her attention to Lena.

“Ms. Luthor, we’re sorry for disturbing you at this hour, but we received intel that there would be another attempt at your life”

“I appreciate the concern Agent Danvers, but it seems you might be a bit late.”

“Uh I don’t…”

“There was an intruder. Supergirl took care of it, as you can see. They’re clearly gone now, so you and your team can rest assured”

The confused look on all of the agents’ faces did nothing to Lena’s nonchalant behavior.

“You need to call the police and report…”

“What I need and don’t need Agent Danvers is of no concern to you.” She spoke calmly. Terrifyingly calm. “Now, if you’d like, you can send in one of your agents tomorrow to L-Corp to continue with the questioning, but right now, I would very much like to call it a night”

The lead agent’s confused look switched to an authoritative one, her brows creasing together, “Ms. Luthor, I don’t think you understand. This woman was hired by your brother to assassinate you. We need to take you in for protection. She will…”

“Believe me Agent Danvers, I understand clearly. This is hardly the first time my brother has sent his… executioners my way.”

“But you can’t stay here. Don’t you understand…”

Lena’s pulse quickened in anger. *Just leave already!*

“Agent Danvers, is there anything else you need from me other than my protection?” she emphasized every syllable of her question with exasperation.

“You can’t just stay here!” The agent was just as mad as Lena now.

Lena saw the agent take a step closer, her hand braced against her holster, something that many police officers did within Lena’s presence. Lena was used to it. It was a defensive technique, but one also meant to intimidate her. She had seen it countless times. But seeing it from Agent Danvers, someone who she had helped, from Kara’s own sister, surprised Lena just enough for her heartbeat to pick up in fear.

And that’s when she felt the gush of wind against her in a flash of blue and red, as she registered Supergirl speeded her way between her and the agent. The super stood facing the agent, chest heaving heavily, nostrils flaring, her hand behind her resting on Lena’s hip pushing her behind her. From where Lena stood, she could see the agent holding the super’s stare. She could also see how the agent stood her ground, not afraid of the super.

*She didn’t even flinch.*

It was as though the agent held more power than the Kryptonian. They stayed there, eyes locked, as if communicating telepathically. And it finally clicked.

*She heard my fear!*

Lena touched the hand hovering over her waist. She intertwined their fingers, so as to calm the super down. And for a second, for just a hint of a second, she let her mask fall down long enough to whisper words under her breath only the superhero can hear.
“It's alright. I'm alright. Just relax. She's only trying to help.”

Supergirl’s chest continued to rise in anticipation and worry, but also a hint of anger. Lena squeezed her hand, rubbing her thumb over her pulse point, something she did last night that seemed to soothe the blonde. She felt Supergirl slowly start to calm down, and Lena stepped forward once more, putting back her CEO mask.

“Agent Danvers, would it make you feel any better if I promised to go to a safer location first thing in the morning? I hardly believe the intruder will try again tonight, after their failed attempt. And I will talk to building security to take extra precautions.”

The agent seemed to be transfixed on Supergirl’s hand in Lena’s. Lena was reluctant to let go, but the blonde hero still seemed uneased. Let them assume whatever it is they want to assume! The agent retired back to holding Supergirl’s stare while addressing Lena, “Ms. Luthor, I hope you know what you’re doing.” She said, not breaking Supergirl’s stare. “Do you mind if I speak with Supergirl privately?”

“Of course. I'll leave the two of you alone.” Lena replied, taking a step back, and letting go of Supergirl’s hand. But Supergirl didn’t let go. She remained still, holding on to Lena’s hand even when Lena’s fingers had already loosened. She looked at the blonde, who hadn’t moved, hadn’t released the agent’s stare, “I’ll just be in the living room.”

Agent Danvers’ look seemed calculating, scrutinizing every interaction between her and Supergirl, and Lena felt as though the agent wasn’t all too happy about what she was seeing. The agent began speaking, to Supergirl, not giving a second thought to Lena not leaving, “You need to come back to the DEO.” She said sternly. There was something about the way she spoke to Supergirl. There was no intimidation in her voice. No weakness to the powerful being in front of her. But there was also a hint of worry. How a mother speaks to her child. Scolding but also caring. Lena felt herself confused at the notion. “We still need to run more tests” Lena noticed how vague the agent was, but she could easily tell that Supergirl understood all the missing blanks. Supergirl said nothing. It was as though she couldn’t trust herself to say anything.

Lena looked at her, “You should go. They’ll probably help you more than I can anyway.”

From her peripheral vision, Lena could see the agent looking surprised.

A Luthor doing the right thing? Who would’ve thought!

And that stung. And it was added to everything else that happened the past day.

I just want this day to end!

This time she let go of Supergirl’s hold and pulled away, freeing her hand. She took a step back, putting a small distance between her and the super. Suddenly the feelings of that evening began to flood her.

You’re starting to feel for her again.

And of course Supergirl felt her hesitancy. Of course she heard her worry. Because Supergirl looked at her, her face changing from anger to worry and concern.

God, she’s so beautiful!

But Lena held her ground, wrapping her arms around herself looking at the ground.

Supergirl turned back to the agents, “I’ll follow you back to the DEO. You can go on ahead,
Agent Danvers”

The agent looked unconvinced, seemed to not want to leave without Supergirl, but eventually nodded.

“Ms. Luthor” She gave a single nod towards Lena.

“Agent Danvers” Lena nodded back.

Alex Danvers went back into the elevator, her agents following her, and finally left. Lena breathed a sigh of relief. She refused to meet Supergirl’s eyes, as she went over to the panel beside the elevator door and reactivated her security system.

*I'm so tired of these useless security teams that cannot even do the one job they are hired for! She should just invent a team of security robots to guard her at all times! It would be much more favorable that's for sure!*

She then strode towards the balcony, her heels echoing in the silence of the apartment, and closed the door, locking it tight. Walking towards the kitchen, she decided against the whiskey, if past mistakes have taught her anything, and poured herself a cup of water. The water went down her dry throat and its coldness made her feel somewhat better. The superhero was silent, having silently walked back into the living room, her hands behind her back, and her gaze lingering on Lena, studying her, as if waiting for something to happen. Lena’s resentment for her security team’s incompetence suddenly strengthened the resentment she had held for the hero that evening.

“You left.” She simply stated.

“I didn’t want to overstay my welcome” Supergirl simply stated. Looking at her with a frustrated worried look on her face.

Always doing the damned right thing, aren’t you!

“That’s bullshit and you know it. But if that’s the line you wanna feed yourself, then fine by me. See if I care.” She made her way to her bedroom. She was so angry, at so many things, all at the same time. “There’s a guest room down the hall if you’d like to sleep and do your whole heartbeat listening thing. I'm tired. I'm going to bed.”

If Supergirl wanted to say something, Lena didn’t give her the chance to as she closed the bedroom door and leaned against it.

Don’t you dare cry. She can hear you. Luthors don’t cry in front of anyone.

And then she heard Lex’s voice, especially in front of supers! There were so many things twirling in her head, that a headache was slowly creeping up on her.

First thing tomorrow, I need to find a place to stay until this woman is caught. Was she here to kill me or steal the crystal?

Lena knew she was vulnerable, sleeping here, when the intruder can come back at any minute to finish what she had started. But she was so severely tired, she needed to sleep. She needed to just sleep for a few hours so her brain can function at its fullest and put out all the fires around her. She made a mental note of putting all the things in her head into bullet points;

*Check on Kara, find a place to live, deal with legal issues at L-Corp, come up with a plan to resolve the PR crisis that’s about to ambush her, hide the Malachite somewhere safer, hire new security, deal with Lex’s plans, Email Helena Bertinelli about the business contracts, ask the PI to look into Lillian more. What else?*
She was just so tired. After changing and taking off her lenses, she set her alarm, estimating for herself four to five hours of sleep, and sunk into her bed, choosing to ignore the rest of the world. Even the woman outside her door.

*Especially her.*

And choosing to ignore the cold feeling she got for not having someone beside her in bed.

*Someone to hold.*
I Will Always Be a Luthor

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! Sorry for going AWOL lately, but I came down with a nasty fever and was in bed for over a week. I manged to write this very long chapter under the blankets in a beanie and a hoodie on my phone. I was supposed to come up with three chapters this week but I guess life had other plans! Editing was done while high on pain meds, so please excuse all and any mistakes. Enjoy a bunch of angst...And surprisingly some Supercorp Fluff at the end!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena stared out the tall windows of her high L-Corp office. She had forgotten. For a day or two, she had allowed herself to forget the bitter taste of the devastating sight that is National City. The city still looked defeated, overthrown by a gloomy atmosphere and a pungent demeanor. Her chest felt tight, the guilt sinking its claws around her heart. She was starting to hate it here. I do hate it here. Her thoughts began to wonder about her dispute. Why not just pack up and leave?! I could start over again, just like I did here in National City. L-Corp would thrive anywhere, that’s for sure. She just wanted a place where she could breathe. Somewhere she wasn’t burdened by disapproving lingering stares and the endless accusations and opinions about her. A place where she didn’t need to defend herself against an army of counterclaims and refutes. She just wanted to be somewhere she could be... anything other than Lena Luthor. Somewhere she wasn’t a person who was responsible for a whole city’s demise. Somewhere nobody knows me.

She had just walked into her office for the first time that afternoon. She had been in so many meetings all morning that she's positively sure she'd broken some kind of record. She woke up that morning to the pile of bad news seemingly growing. L-Corp’s stock was down 3%. The media, as much of it that was left, had been digging its teeth into conspiracy theories of what L-Corp’s lower level labs were experimenting on. Since the police released a statement that the Radium X and Plutonium Isotope were stolen, and those two types of metals were not exactly ‘common’ metals, headlines condemning the youngest Luthor of unethical experimentation had surfaced. Lena was met with a crowd of reporters waiting for her at the entrance of L-Corp. The flashing of cameras and the hateful comments reminded Lena of when Lex was arrested. When her life was basically on the tabloids constantly. It reminded her of why she despised her name. Her family. Her mere existence.

Her board were the first ones wanting to meet with her, expressing their unwanted concerns of her leadership of the company. Then a team of her lawyers with the insurance companies and the police department all gathered around her larger conference room to discuss... In all honesty, Lena wasn’t paying much attention to their arguments. She was confident enough with her lawyers to do the talking. Strictly after that, three main stockholders in L-Corp threatened to withdraw, claiming they had been slowly losing faith in L-Corp’s progress. And so, Lena arranged to meet with them that morning to persuade them otherwise. Two of them withdrew. Only one was convinced. Barely.

Then there was the text that Kara had sent back. It had been nagging at the back of Lena’s mind all morning. She looked at the screen of her phone once more, making sure the text was actually real for the umpteenth time.

Hey, Lena. Don't worry I am fine. Sorry I haven't been returning your texts. Lunch tomorrow?
Just that. Four sentences. No trace of an incomprehensible selection of emojis. No capital letters.

And sadly no exclamation marks whatsoever. Lena had respectfully declined, claiming she would be busy at L-Corp for the next couple of days. She’s alright. She’s perfectly fine. Now you can go back to not dragging her into the mess that is your life. Especially now.

“Ms. Luthor, Agent Alex Danvers from the FBI is here to see you”

Lena walked over to her desk and pressed the intercom, “Send her in, Jess”

Alex Danvers walked into Lena’s office, a cloud of confidence and professionalism seeping from her. Lena studied her casual clothing, only having seen her once wearing something other than her DEO uniform. She wore a leather jacket over a white v-neck shirt and black jeans. How no one figured out she was gay is beyond me!

“How no one figured out she was gay is beyond me!

“Ms. Luthor” The agent nodded.

“Agent Danvers. Please have a seat.” Lena gestured to the woman. She sat down at her desk chair, folding her hands on the desk neatly as she addressed her guest. She feigned a smile that didn't dare seem genuine enough to reach her eyes. Ironically it was the first time today she had smiled at all. “What can I do for you today?”

“I came to talk about the intruder from last night.”

“I assumed as much. How can I help you?” Lena did it on purpose. Getting to the point of what her role is in the situation so as to avoid talking about herself. Avoid talking about who the person trying to kill her is. Avoid any sort of conversation at all regarding her protection, or her carelessness, or her brother. She just wanted to know what the agent wanted for her to do, so that she can do it quickly and move on to the next fire to put out.

“She was hired by your brother.”

“I'm aware.”

“Her name is Li...”

“Linda Friitawa. Yes I'm very much aware”. The agent seemed taken back by the information. Lena explained, “I had a private investigator look into my brother’s latest wrongdoings. Just to see what he’s been up to lately. My PI informed me that this woman came to visit him in prison.” don't give out too much information. She doesn't need to know all of it. Lena waited for the agent to study her. She seemed aware that Lena wasn't telling her everything.

“What else did your PI find?”

“Not much.”

“Ms. Luthor, we're on the same side here. We're just trying to keep you safe.”

“Why?”

Again, the agent was taken back, a confused look on her face. “What do you mean why?”

“What I mean Agent Danvers, is that we both know you don't work for the FBI, but rather for the Department of Extranormal Operations. And they deal with matters relating to alien activity.” Lena narrowed her eyes, trying to emphasize her point. “Why concern yourself with my safety when clearly I’m not an alien, and neither is my assailant.”

The agent was silent for almost a minute, the gears in her mind turning. “Why aren't you concerned with your own safety?” Answering a question with a question. Clever. Two can play at
“And who said I'm not?”

“You don't seem to be.”

“Whether or not I'm concerned is still beyond your DEO jurisdiction. So, Agent Danvers, as you can see I'm quite busy today. If there isn't anything I can help you with, I'd like to get back to putting out fires around here.” I just want people to leave me the fuck alone and stop concerning themselves with my business!

“Linda Friitawa has these... abilities. She can breathe out neurotoxins that make you paranoid. She affected Supergirl with it.” Oh. When Lena didn't say anything, the short haired woman continued, “I don't know how, since Supergirl’s physiology shouldn't be affected by human toxins, but somehow she was.”

“I didn't know Supergirl was affected. Is she alright now?” Things are starting to make sense now...

“I managed to run a few tests and find a way to counteract her brain from continuously producing cortisol. She's at the DEO resting but we still don't know how this toxin works exactly. If whether or not it would be triggered again. Even with her Kryptonian physiology, she was bound to overdose on neurotoxins in her brain.” Lena felt her protectiveness of the blonde superhero resurface. This startling need to do everything in her power to make sure she was ok. “It's a miracle she still hadn't. Somehow she's been able to stay calm, I don’t know how, but she manages to suppress the paranoia by listening to something else I guess.” She hasn’t told her. The CEO began to wonder about the reason behind Supergirl neglecting to mention Lena’s role in all of this. Maybe she’s ashamed. Her face made no hint of the slight clench in her chest. Why wouldn’t she be. A Super and a Luthor. “We're monitoring her closely, but we won't be able to know anything for sure unless we catch this woman. And she happens to be the same woman trying to kill you. So, to answer your question, my concern is for Supergirl. I need to find this woman, and I have a feeling you're not telling me everything.”

Lena sighed, biting her lip as she thought over the agent’s words. Might as well. “This woman. Linda Friitawa. She’s stolen two rare metals from L-Corp”

“I heard about the break in. I didn't think it was related.”

“It is. She managed to bypass the security cameras in the building and jam them - God knows how. But I have a few... unregistered, highly advanced hidden cameras throughout L-Corp. When I checked, she showed up on them. She stole Radium X and Plutonium Isotope. Two very rare metals my team was experimenting on to be used on strengthening railroad bridges here in National City. She didn't steal anything else.” The agent nodded, her eyes tracing the desk, her mind clearly trying to connect everything together. “I found these metals in one of Lex’s labs. I went through his notes about the metals, since I've never heard nor seen them before. According to his notes, they help create what he called the ‘Nuclear Kryptonite Ray Gun.’” Lena tried to explain it as simply as she could. She figured since the agent was a field operative, she probably excelled at combat rather than chemistry. “Basically, he found a way to make the solid form of Kryptonite into rays.”

The agent’s brows came together in a frown. “But that's impossible, I’ve conducted studies on Kryptonite, the rock’s chemical composition isn't the same as the ones we have here on Earth. There's no way to change its solid form.” She's conducted studies? Hmm. Maybe she meant one of her agents did.

“Oh, actually there is. Lex found a way to change it, unfortunately, to many other types of forms.
Kryptonite rays would be much deadlier than actual Kryptonite, maybe even permanent. I'm not entirely sure, since Lex left out a few things. I've destroyed all of his notes, I assure you Agent Danvers. I only kept some of the things from his lab for research. I had no intention..."

“Ms. Luthor, you really don't need to defend your case. You've already proven yourself. So what else would Friitawa need for this gun? You said both of those components were metals. Metals won't be able to change chemical composition of a radioactive rock.”

She catches on quick, I'll give her that. “You're right. They are more responsible for the distribution.” Should I tell her about... “I wasn’t too interested in the gun while reading Lex’s notes, so I don’t remember much. Yes, I do admit I was intrigued by the mechanics and the how of it all, but they were no use to me. I do recall the mention of a Tritanium alloy needed to build the gun though.” Lena looked at her hands, trying to make up her mind quick. She doesn’t need to know about the Malachite.

“I'll look into it. Maybe there’s a mention of it at the DEO database.” The agent eyed her, certainly skilled at picking up half truths, even with Lena’s own exceptional skills. “There’s something else”

Lena sighed once again, she was starting to think this woman can read minds. “Malachite. It’s an even rarer type of alloy that is used to create glass weapons. That is what would be used for the breakdown of the chemical composition of the radioactive rock.”

“Malachite. I’ve never heard of it.” Again, the agent narrowed her eyes at her. “You have it don’t you?”

Lena raised her chin, not about to be intimidated by what’s to come. “Yes. I do. It’s somewhere safe. Hidden. There’s no way Linda Friitawa would get her hands on it. You can rest assured”

“That’s not an option. We need to take it into the DEO, to keep it safe. This woman has resources beyond you can imagine.”

“It seems Agent Danvers you underestimate my own resources. Like I said, it’s somewhere safe.”

“I'm sorry, but this falls under DEO jurisdiction. I'm going to have to confiscate it from you. And I’d rather not do this officially.”

Lena was starting to remember the omen that had been placed on this dire day. How everything happening on this very day was going horribly. Which now included this conversation. “Agent Danvers, I had the option of keeping that bit of information about the Malachite from you. But out of courtesy to you, I didn’t. The Malachite will stay within my possession. Safe and hidden. I won't be handing it to the DEO where it'll be used only for their benefit. I've put extensive research into it and believe it'll help with furthering technological advancements for everyone.”

“This is withholding evidence. I can easily get a warrant for your arrest, Ms. Luthor, but I'd rather we be civil about this.”

Of course. Why did I even assume this conversation would have gone differently. Lena was beginning to grow tired of this day. Her voice seemed laced with a hint of frustration and anger, yet still calm and gathered. “Then you should probably go do that, since I have no intention of handing in the Malachite. Keeping the metal safely hidden is not withholding evidence and we both know that...”

“You don't even...” The agent was cut off by a ringing in her jacket pocket. She grabbed her phone, “I have to take this. It's Kara.”

Kara. Lena held her breath and tightened her hold on a pen she didn't even know she was
holding. “Kara, hey. Are you OK?” Why wouldn't she be ok. Was she not ok before? “No I'm not at home. I'm meeting someone about Fritawa. No one you know.” I guess I deserve that. “Ok, I'm on my way. Yeah. Ok. Bye.” The agent ended the call and refocused on Lena, her face devoid of the affection it had had a few seconds ago when talking to her sister. “I have to go. I will discuss this with my supervisor, but I can't guarantee you that he'll be as civil as I'm. I do hope you reconsider keeping the Malachite. It's in your best interest, Ms. Luthor.” And with a slight nod, the agent left.

Wait! Is Kara alright?

Lena pinched the bridge of her nose, her elbow resting on the desk. This day just refuses to end. She got up and poured herself a cup of water, eyeing the expensive bottle of scotch beside the water pitcher. I shouldn't. I just have to survive the day.

“Ms. Luthor, your 2 O’clock is waiting for you in the conference room.”

She walked over to her desk, a sigh escaping her, and pressed the intercom, “Thank you Jess. I'll be right in.”

Midnight saw Lena finally leaving the office, exhausted. She was finally able to convince herself that not everything can be solved today. Though she was completely worn out, her body felt restless. It's the caffeine that I've drowned myself in the whole day. She had spent the day making sure no one doubted her leadership. She had argued with board members, commented to reporters, negotiated issues, and persuaded investors. Some of her competitors had even offered, with a smirk, to buy out shares from L-Corp, claiming they were only looking to aid her. She simply had security escort them out. Yes, she did admit it might have been a bit dramatic, but she couldn’t care less with the day that she had had. She had dismissed ideas of taking a leave of absence, and disregarded employees who suggested she make up some alternate story to control the media. A whole two hours was spent arguing about numbers and corporate politics with her board members, and a three hour conference with her international offices was spent discussing sending someone in from London. She was fed up. She was tired. But she was frustrated and still restless. She didn’t want to be alone in bed, not sober anyway.

As she got in her car, she rolled the partition down to speak with her driver, “Please drop me off at the Elysium Club” she told him, and rolled back the partition after seeing him nod. Resting her head back she looked out the window, seeing her reflection staring back at her. Those green piercing eyes accusing her. Chastising her. Her mind was loud. Her body on edge. She needed a drink to wash away the day. And she didn't feel like drinking alone in her office where her thoughts would only get louder in the emptiness of the place.

After dismissing her driver for the night, Lena walked in the high end club scanning the place. The club was frequented by National City’s upper class that liked to keep their night life somewhat private. Friday nights were only for women, and Lena smirked for her fortunate luck. She sat at the bar, gesturing for the ginger bartender for a glass of whiskey. Loud music blasted through the club, Lena recognized a song from Elephante. The club was known for its peculiar taste in music, never playing anything mainstream yet always playing exceptional music. The bar was circular in shape, the tall tattooed bartender standing in the middle in front of various bottles of alcohol. Low blue lighting engulfed the place, creating a seductive atmosphere around the club.

Lena watched women dance while drinking at the bar. Holding the cup with her thumb and middle finger, swirling the ice cubes around before taking a sip. She gestured to the bartender for a refill without using her words. She didn’t feel like speaking tonight. Tonight she was merely listening to the loud music to drown out her chaotic thoughts. Tonight she was merely forgetting the rest of the world.
Almost an hour later, a black haired woman glided beside Lena, her back to the bar resting her elbows on it. Lena eyed her discreetly, not in the mood to be picked up and not in the mood for any sort of interaction with anyone. The red dress barely reached her mid thighs and was pinned at the back of her neck; her hair loose flowing along her shoulders. Lena couldn't deny that she was attractive. It was a mere observation. No more, no less. Lena had absolutely no intention of pursuing her. The woman smirked as she took her turn in looking over Lena, not so discreetly at all. And Lena understood immediately that she wasn't looking for conversation either.

“I was wondering when you might show up again.” She's seen me before. It wasn't unusual. This was practically the only club that met Lena’s taste. She shouldn't feel threatened someone recognized her. Lena hoped to God the woman didn't know who she was. “Would you like a private tour of the place? There's a storage room upstairs that has a... Large table you might like.” the woman casually mentioned. The implied meaning to her words being anything but subtle. Why not? It's not like I have other options. She hadn't had sex in over 5 months, with everything that's been going on. She was obviously too busy for a relationship. Flings and one night stands were the only things that worked for her anymore. They lacked the emotional attachments and worked with her workaholic schedule. She's hot enough that's for sure. Why not just go for it? God knows I deserve it after the day I had. Lena didn't want to admit the real reason she wanted to go for it. The reason she wanted to feel someone pressed to her.

She drank the last of her cup slowly, pointing at it once more for the bartender to refill it. She took her time going over the woman’s words, weighing them. Their meaning. Their risk. She then met her eyes, coal black eye lined eyes looked back, eyebrow raised and a smirk glued to her mouth. Lena didn’t break her stare as she took another sip, the ice cubes clinking together. As she set her glass down, grabbing her wallet and placing what she owed on the bar, she got up and stood closer to the woman, her left hip grazing the woman’s right one. After gracefully drinking the rest of her drink, she reached behind the woman, her lips close to the woman’s ear, grabbing a napkin from the bar. She lingered there, dabbing at the side of her red lipstick with the napkin, and slowly leaned closer to her ear, whispering, “I'd love to see your... large table.”

Lena swore she felt the woman shiver before she pulled Lena by her wrist towards...The storage room? Did she work here? Did she own this place? They took the stairs leading up to several rooms down a hall. Reaching the last room, the woman opened the door with keys Lena hadn't noticed until now. The door barely closed behind her before Lena was pushed against it, lips crashing on her own. Hands were gripping her waist pulling her closer but hips were pushing her further towards the door. There was no affection in the kiss. It was a heated kiss filled with hunger and need. No feelings whatsoever. Good. Lena pushed her tongue in, not waiting for permission, deepening the kiss. She grabbed the woman’s face to keep it in place, her thumbs grazing the slick jaw.

She needed to feel skin, needed to be focused on anything but her spiraling thoughts. She needed to forget. She felt the woman press her knee in between her legs, asserting her power status. I don't think so. Lena flipped their positions, pushing the woman back against the door. She grabbed her wrists pinning them over her black hair. Her lips returned for another hungry kiss, pushing in closer into the woman’s body against the door. She let go of her wrists, her hands going down to the hem of the red dress, slowly pulling it up, nails scratching at thighs.

The taller woman squeezed her eyes shut, sucking in breath as her head banged against the door. “Mmm fuck.” Shut up! She bit the woman’s neck, sucking at it. “Yes right there.” Stop talking! I can't fucking pretend you're someone else when you keep talking! Lena skidded her dress all the way up to her waist, her nails scratching at thighs reaching the waistline of her panties, her mouth becoming harsher on her neck. “You've no idea how long I've fantasized about a Luthor going down on me.”

Lena stiffened.
That was it.

That was the last straw.

*A Luthor.*

*Of course.*

*She didn't even say my name. Which means she would've settled for any Luthor. Including... Lex. Of course that's the only reason...*

Lena felt the blood freeze in her veins, her body immediately going rigid. *Luthor.* She opened her eyes to an exposed neck, one she wanted to strangle now rather than kiss. *I'm so tired of this fucking name.* She backed away suddenly, slowly seeing the woman’s smirk turn into one of horror.

“You just couldn't keep your mouth shut, could you?” Lena mumbled under her breath as she began opening the door to leave, “All you had to do was fucking stay silent.”

And with that she left.

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*A Luthor. It always comes down to me being a Luthor.*

Lena stormed out of the club, barely able to walk properly from the alcohol’s haze. It was well past midnight, the sky had already shifted to its black shadowed undertone. She thought of calling an Uber but L-Corp was just a few blocks away. She was protected. She was safe. And she needed the fresh air. She needed to breathe in the cold crisp air of the night. She felt asphyxiated. Not able to fill her lungs with enough oxygen.

She began walking the pavement, counting the lines she crossed to keep her mind working on getting sober. The light bulb above her twitched, and she caught sight of a shadow lingering, following her. *I'm safe. Nothing to be worried about. I just need to make it to L-Corp. I'll be ok there.* She quickened her pace, her heels echoing on the street of the night. There was no one in sight, just her and the shadow. And she didn't dare look behind her. Her mind sobered up to the thought of being assaulted. *She won't get to me. There are people around protecting me.* The gears in her mind began turning, studying the movement of the shadow, how it connected with her own shadow. The absence of footsteps. The position at which it was.

And that was when she stopped. Putting two and two together.

*“Why are you following me?”* She whispered into the night, knowing fully that it would be heard. *“Shouldn't you be resting in some DEO secret facility. Why are you following me then?”* Just leave me alone. “Answer me Dammit!” she shouted.

A figure descended in front of her, the blue and red of the hero’s suit had taken a darker tone. Lena looked at the hero, as sternly as her drunk mind can uphold. Supergirl looked worried, concern etched upon her face. *It seems genuine. If I didn't know any better I'd say she was worried.* But she also got back that confident demeanour that Lena was so used to. There was no trace of the scared and panic-stricken blonde woman that had slept in Lena’s arms. *Agent Danvers said they found a way to counteract the effect of the toxin. She seems better.* Lena narrowed her eyes, partly because her line of sight wasn't focusing, and partly because she wanted to impose her CEO mask. She crossed her arms around herself, closing her long black coat tighter against her.
“Ms. Luthor,” Lena almost - almost - flinched at the formal greeting. “You shouldn't be walking outside alone like this. You have...”

“Thank you for letting me know. You can be on your way now.” Why won't you leave me alone? What's your endgame here?

It was Supergirl’s turn to be aggravated, her brows coming together, her fists resting on her hips, but then are thrown into the air with annoyance “Rao, you're so careless! Don't you even care what happens to you?!”

“You think I'm careless?! You think I would just walk the streets of a city that fucking hates the hell out of me alone and unprotected?! How stupid do you think I am, Supergirl” They were shouting at each other.

A Super and a Luthor yelling at each other on the side of the street. Cat Grant would have loved to get an exclusive on this.

“Well which is it then? You're clearly walking alone, way past midnight, not giving a second thought to who might harm you!”

Lena moved forward towards the superhero, her face twisted in rage and frustration, “I'm so sick of your superiority complex! I don't get it! There are probably countless people in need of you right now, and yet you choose to follow the one person that doesn't fucking gives a damn if she's dead or not!”

There! She said it.

Supergirl’s face switched from aggravated to surprised, then switched again to a shade of sadness. She opened her mouth to say something but all that came out was a choked, “You...?” She gulped down, and tried again, having a hard time composing herself. It was then that Lena realized how close they were. She could hear the movement of her throat as she gulped down, could hear the clenching of her teeth together.

Lena sighed, closing her eyes and pinching the bridge of her nose to keep the headache from materializing. She took a step back as she addressed Supergirl, her tone not as loud but still laced with annoyance, “If you weren't so focused on my carelessness, then you would have probably noticed the snipers situated on some of the highest buildings in National City while flying. They all have their aim on anyone or anything that comes close enough to harm me. Including you right now. Not just that, but there are special ops army trained men and women following me everywhere I go. They're skilled enough to hide in the shadows and still keep an eye on me.”

The superhero’s gaze escaped Lena for a mere second, narrowing. X-ray vision. She's checking if what I'm saying is true.

“Not good enough for you? I also hired a fucking alien with enhanced hearing to protect me! It seems as long as you're filthy rich and loaded, you can hire anyone. Even if you're a fucking Luthor!” Somehow she went back to shouting at the blonde.

This woman just brings out the worst in me!

“Still not up to your conservative standards? The windows in my office are now bulletproof. Every single car I get into is checked thrice for explosives, and every single one of them is bulletproof too. I'm not allowed to meet any new clients until a thorough background check is
done and they're monitored for at least a week before meeting me.”

Lena was edging closer to the superhero, trying to emphasize her point. Her exasperation. She raised her arm up, showing her sleeve to the hero, “There's a built in panic button on every single item of clothing I own, including shoes! This morning I was chipped like a fucking dog with a GPS tracking device on my neck.” She was shaking with anger. Her heart rattling against her chest, her teeth bared, “So don't you dare talk to me about my carelessness, when I have sacrificed every bit of privacy that is left in my life just to be protected. I can't even change my clothes without these snipers zoomed in on me incase something happens.” A single tear made its way down Lena’s cheek. No! Luthors don’t cry! Especially not in front of Supers!

But her eyes betrayed her with that single tear. She felt a heated burning sensation that stung at the back of her eyes from the unshed tears. Her chest heaved with anger, her breath loud in her ears.

Supergirl stayed quiet, seemingly holding her breath. Staring into Lena’s eyes, holding her gaze as if her life depended on it. Lena couldn't stand it, it was so agonizing looking into such twilight eyes. Those eyes that held so much concern that made no sense to her. Why? She refused to stick around and be drowned into them.

“If you'll excuse me, Supergirl.” She muttered as she passed the hero and made her way towards her office.

As she rode the elevator to the top floor, she checked her phone for the all clear from her security team to enter her office.

Can’t even enter my own fucking office without permission!

She strode inside, kicking her heels off and stripping herself from her coat, and going to a panel beside the TV that was mounted on the wall. She leaned in for the eye scan, and pressed her hand on the hand print. The hidden door opened slightly and Lena walked in the secluded bedroom that had been built years ago by her brother.

It was a small room, barely big enough to fit a bed, a closet, a small mini fridge, and a small bathroom. Lex had built it when he became so obsessed with his projects that he didn't see any point towards coming back home to sleep. The room of course was lead lined and had several secret compartments, all thanks to her brother’s now convenient paranoia.

She heard a thud outside the room, and rolled her eyes at the predictable actions of the superhero. Lena strode outside, seeing Supergirl trying the door handle and creasing her eyebrows in frustration. She walked over to the glass door, arms crossed, her left eyebrow raised, and a minute smirk on her mouth. She stood her ground, barefoot, and seeming much shorter than the hero, but feeling much bigger at the moment. Lena thought about the glass between them. A metaphor for their divided families, but their closeness and pull to one another nevertheless.

“Come on let me in. You know I can easily break this lock with no difficulty whatsoever right?” Supergirl exclaimed, her voice muffled by the glass between them.

“Be my guest”

They clashed in a staring contest. Both not daring to break the other’s gaze. Both too stubborn to give up the reins. No one moving a muscle. Lena held her breath, staring into cerulean eyes that can draw even the drunkest of minds. It was Supergirl that breaks the silence, a playful smirk on her mouth.
“Fine” Supergirl goes to one of the chairs on the balcony, grabbing the small pillow that is attached to its back. The hero calmly fluffs the pillow before placing it on the ground. She lazily kicks a pebble away with her boot, and lies down on the ground, her hand under her head on the pillow, her elbow outstretched.

“Now you're just being petty.” Supergirl doesn't say anything. Just closes her eyes. “You're not honestly going to... “ Lena felt her heart pick up.

*It's like she knows exactly how to press my buttons!*

Her possessiveness suddenly comes into play. She doesn't want the blonde sleeping on the floor of the balcony. She doesn't want her to be uncomfortable. She doesn't want her... *Oh, for fuck's sakes!* The lock turns and the door opens, which resulted in Supergirl raising an eyebrow even with her eyes still closed.

“You're just cruel. Plain and simple.” She said, turning her back to avoid seeing the ever growing smirk on the hero’s face as she made her way inside, closing the door behind her.

“You're just easy to mess with,” came another playful chuckle as Supergirl followed her into the room. Her face immediately contorted into confusion. “You're sleeping here?”

“Yes” She mumbled. Lena suddenly felt the room’s small proximity. The room was suddenly too small, too intimate for the both of them. She wrapped her arms around herself. Supergirl began to study the room, “But you said... You said you'd look for a place first thing in the morning and stay there until we catch this woman.”

“I did say that. But if you've been listening to the list of things that I had to do this morning - which by the way, were not even half of the things I had to handle today - you'd know that I really don't have the time. So I decided to just sleep here. It's much safer than anywhere, and it's convenient for my work.”

“Gives you a chance to add more hours to your workaholic schedule,” Supergirl muttered under her breath, seemingly without knowing.

“I beg your pardon?”

“What? No, I just said that it's very convenient for your working schedule.” the blonde stumbled as she rubbed the back of her neck.

Lena smiled at the goofiness that is this superhero. She liked this side of her. The carefree and relaxed hero that couldn't handle a small harmless bandaid.

“So there's no one you can stay with?”

“Not that I know of, no.”

“What about uhh your friend Kara Danvers? I'm sure she'd be happy to let you stay with her for the time being.”

Lena scoffed, a sad smile on her face, “Believe me, Supergirl, Kara is better off without me”

Supergirl had an odd look on her face that Lena couldn't place. She blamed it on the darkness. “I doubt she feels that way. You should ask her. She really cares about you. And I'm sure she'd feel hurt if she knew you were in trouble and didn't call her.”

Lena stared at the ground for a moment before answering, she thought of Kara’s smile. That massive smile that made it impossible not to smile back. The one where her eyes would smile too,
as if everything was alright in the world. She thought of the reporter’s blush everytime Lena would subtly flirt or compliment her. For all of that to be tainted by Lena’s own problems was beyond horrifying to her. “Kara Danvers is the purest person I’ve ever come across. I don’t want to pull her into any of this.” Lena whispered.

She heard Supergirl suck in her breath, her own version of a sad smile lingering on her lips. Lena watched the hero’s eyes linger on the bed, then slowly move to the ground.

*What is she waiting for? What does she want from me?*

The superhero slowly came closer, still fascinated by the ground. She hesitated before speaking, seeming nervous. “I’m sorry for shouting at you. And for saying you were careless.”

Lena’s heart picked up, having not expected an apology. She never expected apologies. Hardly anyone I apologized to her. At least not like this. *Not this genuine.* “I’m sorry too. For yelling at you.” She clasped her hands together, that nervous habit that she’s been trying to break. “You seem to always catch me in a unpleasant mood for some reason. And I keep taking it out on you. I’m sorry. I know you were only trying to keep me safe. And that’s what confuses me so much.”

Lena took a step closer, her heart thundering in her chest, the silence in the room making her breaths seem louder. She kept her eyes on the hero’s as she whispered her question, “Why do you keep coming back to me?” She lost herself in those dark blue eyes hinting towards black in the darkness.

“I...” Supergirl seemed to choke on her words, not finding the right ones.

“Why are you so hell bound on saving me? There are people far more worth saving,” She gulped down her expectations, “and I say this as a fact and not out of self pity”

“You're worth saving to me.” Supergirl simply stated, as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. Her eyes never left Lena’s, her brows pressed together, focused.

“Why?” They were both whispering, as though speaking too loud would break this thing between them.

“I shouldn't need a reason to want to save you. You're a good person, Ms. Luthor. You deserve to be saved just like anyone else.”

Lena winced at the mention of her last name. She swallowed down her hatred for the name, too transfixed by the closeness of the blonde hero. One of them had moved closer, Lena wasn't too sure who, but they were now close enough for Lena to feel Supergirl’s breath on her cheek. “Stop calling me that.” She whispered, staring at the hero’s mouth. “My name’s Lena.”

“Lena.” The hero whispered back, holding Lena’s gaze. She remembered how much she loved the way her name rolled off of her tongue.

*God, she's so beautiful.*

Her pulse picked up as she realized for a mere second what she was about to do. But she didn't dare stop herself. She stood on her toes and pressed her lips on the super’s, kissing her softly. Lena felt smooth lips under her own kissing her back after a moment of hesitation. She nuzzled her nose deeper on Supergirl’s cheek to deepen the kiss, placing her hands on Supergirl’s neck to bring her closer. Lena stepped forward, pressing her hips to Supergirl’s, wanting to feel her.

*She tastes like rain. God, how does anyone taste like rain?*

The kiss was slow and lazy, both of them memorizing the other’s mouth, tasting their scent. She
felt the super’s hands hover over her waist, not fully touching, just hovering against the material of her dress. And Lena wanted nothing more than to feel those hands on her. To touch her.

Lena was about to take a step forward to press into Supergirl, when she felt the super crunch her nose and squeeze her eyes tighter, as if already struggling with what she was about to do, and Lena felt hands circling her wrists, pushing her gently away. The blonde looked conflicted, looking down at her feet and speaking softly, “I... I can’t.” She swallowed down, “You’re uhh...”

Lena stiffened once more that day. “A Luthor?” She simply stated, pressing her lips together to keep herself from lashing out. “Wow. Some people fantasize about hooking up with a Luthor, while others can’t stand to be touched by one.” She turned around to put a distance between the two of them, oblivious to the confusion and hurt on the hero’s face.

“What? No, that’s not... Rao you're unbelievable sometimes!” And Lena suddenly felt those hands circling her wrist once more, pulling her back against the hero, soft lips crashing into Lena’s. She heard herself moan at the unexpected action. It didn’t take her long to reciprocate the kiss, giving as much as she was getting. The kiss was hungrier than the previous one, but still seemed sensual. Supergirl let go of Lena’s wrist to bring her hands to her face her thumbs resting on her jaw. She kissed Lena like no one had ever done before. As though Lena deserved it. And that alone created the deepest sense of gratitude within Lena’s chest. She brought her hands up to Supergirl’s shoulders, using them to pull herself up even more to deepen the kiss. Her lips are so soft. Lena felt the material of the suit beneath her fingertips. The power emanating from her. And that alone elicited another moan from Lena. Jolts of electricity ran through her body as Supergirl pulled her in closer, making the kiss desperate. Frantic.

It was Supergirl who broke the kiss. Slowly. Gently. Resting her forehead on Lena’s, “I was going to say drunk. I didn't want to kiss you and have you forget it the next day.” She whispered, and pressing her lips once more on Lena’s, softly, as though having a hard time pulling away. As though wanting to continue tasting her, memorizing her mouth. “And for the record, I wanted to throw that woman into space. For many reasons, one of which for saying what she said.”

She's jealous. Supergirl is jealous.

Lena’s shock must have shown on her face, because Supergirl immediately looked worried, “Ok before you jump to any conclusions, I wasn't spying on you. Not really. I was looking for you and was listening in to your heartbeat, when I realized uhh... The umm. When I realized the rhythm. And the meaning. And the uhh sounds. And I instantly stopped listening, I promise. But then you became frustrated and I got worried, and just as I started listening, I heard what the woman had said.” Supergirl seemed to do that thing in which it looked like she was talking more to herself than the person she was actually talking to. “And I'm sorry I said that I wanted to throw her in space, that's not very nice.” A pause. Supergirl seeming lost in thought. “You know what? I'm not sorry,” the hero nodded agreeing with herself, “She deserves it! She was very mean and rude and her outfit was too... showy in my opinion.” She's genuinely jealous. Lena allowed the feeling to fill her chest. “I mean that dress was way too short. And don't get me started on her uhh... Her...” she gestured to the area between her breasts, too embarrassed to utter the word.

Lena smirked, “You mean cleavage?”

Supergirl’s wide eyed expression was comical, “Uhh yeah. That. There was too much of that.”

“So what other reasons are there?”

“hmm?”

“You said you wanted to throw her into space for many reasons. What other reasons did you have to want to throw an innocent civilian into space,” the smirk on Lena’s mouth was evident. Playful.
Supergirl moved even closer, her forehead pushing against Lena’s as though she was not close enough. “She was touching you,” she whispered quietly. Her hands tightening on her jaw. But oh so gently. “She had her hands on you and I suddenly couldn't breathe anymore.” She gulped down, her chest was rising heavily. “All I could see was red, and I was just so angry. Rao, I wanted to punch a building down!”

Lena raised her brow, a chuckle escaping her, “Can you actually...”

“Oh, unfortunately, yes. I almost did it once. Not my finest hour.” she confessed with a guilty smile on her face.

“I don’t suppose it was,” Lena wanted to kiss her again, wanted to feel those lips on her own. But she knew Supergirl was right. Honestly, she had sobered up a long time ago, but she was exhausted from the day she's had. She hesitated, biting her lip, before asking, “Will you sleep here tonight?” Her pulse quickened as the possibility of a rejection, “We'll just sleep. I promise. I just... I just don't want to be alone tonight.”

Lena felt her heart drop at the sight of a smile, “Sure,” she found herself reciprocating a smile back at the answer. But that smile was easily ripped away when she noticed the hero looking around the room, worried.

“What's wrong?”

“Hmm? No it's nothing. It's just that the room is lead lined. I can't hear if anyone needs me. I've never...”

“Oh” **How could I be so stupid?**  “I'm sorry. You... You don't have to...”

“No, no. I want to. I just need to text someone to look after the city while I'm here.”

Lena nodded. **There's someone else? Maybe that Guardian guy works with her.**  “Ok. I'll just go get changed in the bathroom then.”

When Lena came out of the bathroom, wearing one of her tank tops and shorts, her hair in a messy bun and her glasses on the bridge of her nose, she didn't think much of it. She saw Supergirl at the edge of the bed, on her phone. “All set?” She asked as she went to close the door with her handprint, giving her back to the hero.

“Yeah. All... Uhh... Ummm... Ss.... Set.” Supergirl seemed to stumble on her words as though hypnotized. She tried again, “We... Ummm” the sound of gulping down. “All.. Uhh Set.” She finally managed to get out.

Lena was baffled as to what would get Supergirl into a sputtering mess, when she turned around and found the blonde hero staring at her. Her eyes wide, mouth opened, breath uneven. Lena wanted to laugh at the sight of Supergirl checking her out, but she instead went for a smirk, “See something you like, Supergirl?” She asked as she placed her hands on her hips, flaunting everything she's got.

Supergirl was beyond hearing what Lena had said. She was tracing Lena’s outfit, every inch of it, with her eyes. Lingering on her braless breasts, to the shorts that barely covered her mid thighs. “What?” the hero was talking slowly, clearly not paying any attention to what she was saying. “All uhh set.” Lena laughed as Supergirl shook her head from the obviously sinful thoughts. She finally managed to drag her eyes to Lena’s, “What? Sorry I was just thinking... That... Umm”

“That what?”

“Uhh that I... Didn't know you wore glasses!” She said quickly.
Lena couldn't help the grin on her face, “Sure. I bet that was exactly what you were thinking” It's not my fault. I don't have anything else to sleep in. Who would've thought Supergirl can be turned into a sputtering mess with some shorts, a tank top, and some glasses. The hero had her eyes glued to her phone, a blush forming on her face, that Lena could easily see even in the dark. “Do you want something to sleep in...? I uhh have some...”

“Oh no no no. It's fine. I'm very much comfortable in the suit. Perfectly fine. Yup. No clothes necessary.” Then a yelp at the possible implied meaning, “I didn’t mean no clothes! Yes, yes to clothes. I just mean I don’t really need your clothes on!” A bigger yelp, her eyes becoming wider, “Oh Rao! That’s not what I uhh...I just mean...” She sighed, surrendering to her nervous mess, “I'm ok sleeping with the suit. But thank you, though.” She mumbled. Her eyes wide with embarrassment, she abruptly got off the bed and unclasped her cape, placing it on the bedside table, neatly folded. She drew down the covers of the bed and climbed inside, just as Lena climbed on the other side, barely keeping her laughter in check.

Supergirl laid on her back, her right hand placed under her head her left hand on her stomach, staring at the ceiling. Lena was on her side, facing her, her hands neatly tucked under her pillow, her knee raised, barely touching the Super’s left elbow. She trailed her eyes on Supergirl's jaw, the perfect lips. Soft. Lips, not moments ago, she was kissing. Were kissing hers. She itched to run her fingers down that perfectly formed face. To be able to feel those lips with her thumb. She wanted to brush her eyebrows and trace her cheeks.

Lena wasn’t sure where all of these feelings were coming from. These desires. She tried searching her brain for that one moment where things between her and Supergirl had changed. That one moment where the dynamic had switched. She scanned for that one moment that she started feeling more for the hero. It wasn’t supposed to be like this. You were supposed to be a fantasy. Some fictitious creation in my mind that was simply attraction. You weren’t supposed to be this good. This concerned. This...beautiful. She felt her heart clench at the promise she made herself not long ago. No emotional predicaments, remember? You can’t start falling for yet another person that won’t return those feelings. Lena watched the hero’s face shift from a calm one to one that’s concerned. She can hear my heartbeat! She cursed her betraying pulse and turned to face the other way.

“Are you ok?”

“Mhmm. Just tired”

She heard movement behind her, the hero seeming to shift closer. “Can I...?” Lena turned her face to the right to find the hero’s hand hovering over her hips. Her hand shaking from hesitancy. She didn’t reply, instead she intertwined her fingers with the hero’s and brought their joined hands closer to her chest. Supergirl moved closer to Lena’s back, burying her face in auburn hair. For once, Lena felt safe. She felt at peace. No haunting last name over her head. For once, she was just Lena. And she smiled, realizing she finally had a reason to stay in this city. Where she could just be Lena. Not Lena Luthor.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who are currently binging on this fic, I suggest taking a break. Go wash your face, eat something. This fic is not worth you dying over (it definitely isn't. Although there are a few Supercorp fics that might be. I could suggest a few if you'd like)

Is it 3 am where you are and you have to wake up for school or work at like 7 am?
That's what I thought! Put the fic down and get some sleep. This story isn't going anywhere.
When was the last time you've drank some water? Go drink some now.
Take care of yourselves.
Although it was a Saturday, Lena found herself awake at 9 am sharp, even after having slept at nearly dawn. Upon waking up she noticed the superhero sleeping on her stomach, her right arm draped across Lena’s. For more than a few minutes she stayed there, appreciating the beauty of the woman. She even dared herself to run her hand through golden locks just to feel them for a few seconds. Feel the scent of sunshine and rain fill her lungs.

It was as though she was battling two different sides of her! She didn't want a reason to stay in National City. Moving away would be easier. Simpler. She didn't want to have these feelings for the hero. It was supposed to be a simple attraction. One I would never act upon. Nothing more. But of course life’s cruel sense of humor made the hero kind and gentle and always concerned about her.

Lena continued stroking the golden mane beside her, thinking, Out of all the women in the world. It’s not as though she had any control over the situation, the woman was drop dead gorgeous. Attraction was never the issue. Feelings were. She made a promise to herself she intended to keep. She couldn’t afford any emotional predicaments. Not when she was so close to figuring out this project.

That voice in her head told her she should just cut ties with the hero. Tell her she didn’t need her protection. Didn’t need her around. But Lena knew she was too far gone to be able to push Supergirl away. Just like I’m helpless when it comes to cutting ties with Kara. Lena turned her head sideways, looking at a relaxed sleeping hero that didn’t shoulder the fate of an entire city. She’s so beautiful. She disliked the fact that every time she had the opportunity to study Supergirl’s face, it would be too dark for her to capture any details. But even in the dark, she knew the hero was beautiful.

Lena’s body was still exhausted. Not had had enough time to recuperate from yesterday’s battles. But her mind, had other ideas. She woke up remembering she hadn’t returned Helena’s emails about abruptly leaving Vancouver. I need to find a proper excuse. I can tell her the truth. Someone broke into L-Corp, but would that make her second guess our business agreement? Nothing has been signed yet, she can easily back out if she wanted to. Lena gently crawled from under Supergirl’s arm, accidentally dropping it a little too harshly. For someone who has super hearing, she sleeps like a rock. She grabbed her phone and glasses from the bedside table and ran a hand through her hair that was now loose, the hair tie probably long gone. She stretched her limbs above her head, her body still aching from tiredness, her neck sore.

The building was empty and her office had been locked, she would’ve been notified if she wasn’t permitted to enter the office for some reason. As she began to make her way to her desk she scrolled through her notifications. Lena stopped midway through the door of the small room when she read the name on one of her notification tabs. She opened the message immediately.

Hey Lena! I just heard about the break in at L-Corp and what the media has been saying. I'm so sorry. I know you’re busy with everything, but please let me bring you lunch to take your
mind off things. I'm worried.

Lena’s chest tightened at Kara’s name. How long has it been since I’ve seen her? The night I left for Vancouver. That feels like a lifetime ago. So much has happened since then. Lena reread the message twice more, lingering on those last three words longer than she’d care to admit. She hated worrying Kara, this was not part of her plan. Kara was supposed to just forget about her and move on. She had friends and family willing to help her through it. She shouldn’t be worried about me.

She went straight to her desk where she remembered she had left some final drafts of the business proposal she wanted to send to Helena’s team. I have to send these to the lawyers on Monday. I should probably go over them before emailing her. She walked towards her espresso machine and prepared a cup to wake herself up properly. As she set her espresso cup down, standing on the opposite side to her desk chair leaning over the papers and reading over the first few paragraphs, she began writing some notes on the margins for her lawyers. She needed this business merger to happen. Nothing was going to stand in her way. Still leaning over her desk, scribbling some notes down, she suddenly thought she heard some kind of groan. Then, a sigh followed by a mumbled “Rao”. The building was quiet enough and her office was high and small enough for Lena to hear whatever was going on in the small room. Then, she heard Supergirl’s feet stomping towards her. The hero seemed to take one step after the other for one purpose only, with half lidded eyes and a sleepy but frustrated look on her face.

“Supergirl, is everything... Woah!” Supergirl effortlessly flung her over her back, carrying her like a firefighter would, without uttering a single word, “Supergirl! What on earth are you... What is the meaning...”

Another sleepy groan, “You work too much” The Super mumbled, seemingly not even affected by Lena’s attempt at escaping her hold.

Lena couldn’t believe her ears. Surely there had to be another reason. Something serious. Life threatening. Not...this! “Supergirl put me down. I’m more than capable of..”

“Shhh voice too loud”

“Supergirl, put me down!” she whispered loudly. Why am I whispering?!

“Mhm” And Supergirl put her down. Flat on the bed. And not on her feet as Lena would have wanted. And without another word, the hero closed the door, and went back to lying down next to her, her arm across Lena’s stomach, her face snuggled closely to Lena’s neck. “Now, sleep.” she mumbled, already half asleep herself.

Lena didn’t know what to feel. No one had ever stopped her from overworking herself. It was never an issue for her. It was more of a lifestyle. But Supergirl did. And for some reason, Lena loved the idea of it. For the first time in her life, she loved the idea of not working and just being in bed. Beside someone. Beside her.

“And stop doing that thing” The hero mumbled some more, very lazily. Sleepily. Her voice muffled from where she hid her face in Lena’s neck. It reminded Lena of a small child, frustrated but still making captivating demands from behind a curtain.

“What thing?”

“That thing where you keep forcing me to wake up alone.” A yawn. Supergirl nuzzling closer. “I don’t like it. Stop that.”

Lena smiled, turning her face slightly towards her, “Won't happen again. Promise” She whispered into the hero’s ear, subconsciously bringing her hand back up to the golden locks to run her fingers through them once more.
“Mmm. That feels nice”

Lena allowed herself to drown in that voice and in the arms that held her. She drowned herself in the scent of the hero and the reliance she was slowly giving her. When she dug her hands deeper into the hero’s hair, gently scratching the back of her head, she felt the vibrations of an approving moan on her neck.

Kara opened one eye slightly, checking if Lena was still beside her. Granted she didn’t necessarily need to open her eye to know that Lena was still beside her, but she liked to check anyway. It had nothing to do with liking the way Lena looked, asleep and relaxed. Lena was lying on her back, her left arm thrown over her head, her right on her stomach. The covers were kicked away by the both of them during the night, and Kara had blushed on more than one occasion when she had caught a glance of Lena’s stomach from where her shirt had skidded upwards a bit. She was so relaxed. So at peace. None of the gears in her mind continuously turning. Her eyes not calculating. Her jaw not clenched in thought. It’s as though her guard is let down only when she’s asleep. That’s IF she sleeps! This woman refuses to stop working! It’s like she never ever sleeps. Rao, I had to literally carry her back into bed.

Kara closed her eyes and listened in on Lena’s heartbeat. It was a slow tempo, a lazy beat. Non-REM. Good. She needs it. She let herself sulk in the feeling of having her heartbeat so close by. The reality of Lena lying beside her. She opened her eyes, checking again. She’s actually there. She couldn’t help that childish grin on her face. She didn’t want to deal with all of the complexities that came with this situation. Rao knows there are a ton! For now, for just a few seconds, she just wanted to bask in the vision that is Lena Luthor.

On Krypton, gender never played any role in a Kryptonian’s love life. Anyone may choose to marry whomever they wanted, as long as they took them for life. Divorce, on Krypton, was illegal. There was no way to dissolve a marriage. Kara never put much thought into whether she would be with a man or a woman. Only that if and when she chose someone, it would be for life. But she had never thought she would have a chance with Lena. Yeah she had thought about it. Obviously! I mean... hello! But she thought her affection for her was merely due to their growing friendship. She thought that it was because they were best friends that she had Lena on her mind most of the time. That she smiled every time she saw her name on her phone. That she loved collecting little bits and pieces of details about Lena. These are all things friends do!

But the past week has been some rollercoaster! The withdrawal she went through when Lena didn’t return her calls was the first indication that Lena wasn’t just any friend. She wouldn’t get off that couch unless it was a Supergirl emergency or the pizza delivery guy, who was starting to get worried how she was eating all the boxes of pizzas alone. When Lena had finally called back, Kara all but showered, cleaned, got dressed, took out the trash, saved a kitten, and bought some fresh flowers for her place. It was like her motivation to do anything was dependent on the brunette’s voice alone. When Lena had told her she was leaving for Vancouver, it took everything in her not to react the way she felt inside. It was a deep aching feeling within her chest, this hollow depth of emotion she couldn’t begin to explain. And so, she began to suspect that maybe she felt more towards the woman.

When the paranoia had kicked in from that Linda lady, nothing could keep Kara calm but Lena’s heartbeat. And although she was in agony with the voices in her head, sleeping beside her that night felt...right. It felt like coming home after a long day. And Kara had every intention of telling Lena. But there was just never the right time. Timing always ruins everything!

But the one thing that forced her to face her feelings towards Lena was when she saw that woman
kiss her. Kara had caught a small glimpse of the woman’s hands on Lena’s back, her mouth on Lena’s, and she felt her insides turn to molten heat from rage. Her chest was heavy and her mind began to spiral out of control. Her hands began to shake and as she fisted them, she felt her nails digging into her skin. It was as though she couldn’t think, she couldn’t breathe, she couldn’t feel anything but jealousy and hatred towards that black haired woman. It took everything in her not to fly in there and punch the wall beside that woman’s head. She had never felt jealousy like this before. Sure, she had been jealous of Lucy at one point when she had dated James, but it was never this intense. Never this possessive. All she wanted to do...

“You think too loudly” came a sleepy mumble from beside her.


Lena chuckled sleepily, “Well, that’s not entirely true, now is it?” Kara felt heat surge through her body at the sound of Lena’s hoarse voice having just woken up.

Now I’m really beginning to think she can read minds! Lena, can you hear me right now? “How...how do you know that?”

Lena rolled over onto her right side, placing her hands under the pillow, and facing Kara, who was on her back. “Well, if you must know, you stopped snoring a while ago.”

“What? I do not snore!” Kara was mortified! Never in my life... Actually Alex did mention it once.

“Well, I wouldn’t call it snoring. It’s more like this loud breathing sound.” She shrugged her left shoulder, “I think it’s cute”

“I do not snore. Or...breathe.”

Lena raised an eyebrow.

“Loudly I mean.”

“Mhm. So what were you thinking about?”

So just to make sure, you CAN’T hear me thinking. Kara narrowed her eyes, studying Lena’s reaction to her thought.

“God, Supergirl, I can hear you think from all the way here. Just tell me already!” Rao! Don’t think of...Wait...Did she mean that literally? Lena, if you can hear me right now, do you mean that literally? Nod your head once for yes.

“Supergirl, is everything alright?” Lena looked concerned.

Yes. Everything is fine. Just testing a theory here.

“I’m quite confused to be honest. Are you refusing to speak on purpose or is something really wrong?”

“What? No, I was just thinking of umm breakfast. Really hungry.”

“Well I can hardly call it breakfast, it’s 2 in the afternoon. I can’t remember the last time I’ve slept this long.”

“You’re very welcome” Kara displayed a prideful look.
“If you’re referring to the incident where you fireman carried me back to bed, I'm not exactly filled with gratitude.” Lena narrowed her eyes again, feigning annoyance.

“I'll still take it as a thank you.”

“It wasn’t one. And you try something like that again with me and you’ll...” She paused, not finding her words.

“I’ll what?” Kara beamed, finally catching the young Luthor at a loss for words.

“See. You'll see.”

“You really need to work on your threats.”

Now, Lena was genuinely shocked. No feigned annoyance necessary.

Kara simply ignored it, “Now, let’s go back to breakfast”

“It’s called lunch”

Kara threw her arms in the air, emphasizing her question “Who created this rule that breakfast is only before noon? I can have breakfast before going to bed if I wanted to!”

“Then it would be called dinner”

“Do you always like to ruin people’s fun?”

“Do you always like to interchange the meanings of breakfast, lunch and dinner?”

“When it suits me, yes. Life’s too short. If you want to eat pancakes for dinner, then you should.”

“I'm not opposed to eating pancakes for dinner. I'm opposed to calling it breakfast when it’s eaten during dinner hours.”

“But you can’t call pancakes dinner. They’re breakfast food.”

“But you can call dinner breakfast?”

Kara thought about it for a second, starting to get confused “Yeah!”

“And why are you discriminating pancakes as being only breakfast food?”

“What? I'm not discriminating anyone!”

“Then you should be perfectly fine with calling pancakes dinner.”

“I am! I mean...What?” Kara was with no doubt lost. What were we even talking about to begin with? She had no recollection as to what her argument was. She sighed, admitting defeat. “I'm not hungry anymore.”

Lena let out a heartfelt laugh at the comment, “And that is how you run a multibillion dollar corporation, Supergirl.” she winked at the hero.

They sat in comfortable silence for a few minutes, both lost in their own thoughts. They were facing each other, looking into each other’s eyes. Blue met green in a moment of complete serenity that allowed them to forget the rest of the world. Allowed them to forget what they were and weren’t to each other. Kara knew they had to talk, about so many things. There was so much she wanted to say, both as Supergirl and as Kara. But for now, only one thought lingered on her
mind. Rao, she’s so beautiful.

They stayed there. For a few minutes, they remained still, neither of them daring to break the peaceful stillness between them. Lena gave in to her urges and ran a finger along the hero’s face, pushing a blonde lock of hair behind her ear. “Are you alright, now?” she whispered, her question heavy with meaning. *Is the paranoia completely gone?*

“What do you mean?”

“Agent Danvers came to see me yesterday,” Lena said, rolling on her back to avoid looking into blue eyes. She didn’t want Supergirl seeing the frustration the memory of her meeting with the agent brought on.

“Yeah. She told me.” A sigh. “She wasn’t too thrilled about your meeting.”

“That makes two of us.” Lena scoffed, “Did... Did she tell you what we argued about?”

“She did. She was ready to issue a warrant for your arrest.” the hero chuckled, “I managed to talk her out of it. Told her I’d speak to you myself”

*That’s why she’s here! That’s why she came last night. To convince me to hand over the Malachite. To talk me into giving it up. What other reason would she have? How could I be so stupid as to think she came to...*

Supergirl turned her head sideways, grinning. “Will you relax? Rao, your panic is spilling over like a volcano. Before you start spiraling out of control thinking I came here to convince you, you should know she refused.” Lena turned to her. “I told Agent Danvers that I’d talk to you, and she refused. She said she didn’t much care for you to be convinced when lives were at stake. Don’t hold it against her, she’s just worried about me.” Lena saw a longing look in her eyes. A deep affection for the agent. “So I told her that I trusted you, and that if you say it’s safe and hidden then I believed you. She wasn’t exactly happy,” The brunette found herself loving the small chuckle coming out of the blonde, “There was a lot of yelling. She’s quite scary when she wants to be, for such a small human.” They both laughed at that, the air around them feeling lighter. “But eventually I convinced her. So, you don’t need to worry about being arrested anytime soon.”

“Thank you” Lena whispered, not sure how else to show her gratitude. “For constantly believing in me. And standing up for me”

“You deserve it. And I trust you to keep the Malachite safe and hidden well.”

Lena went back to staring at the ceiling, before remembering how they came to this discussion. “You didn’t answer my question”

“You didn’t answer mine either”

“Agent Danvers explained to me that you were affected by Linda Friitawa’s neurotoxin. She said that was the reason for your paranoia and your constant panic.”

Supergirl’s brows creased together, “It was.”

“I’m sorry you had to go through that. It must have been a nightmare.”

“It was. For the most part. But you helped. More than you can imagine.”

“I wish I could’ve done more. If I would’ve known, I might have been able to...do something.
Anything. God, you were in turmoil and I just left you there to go attend some stupid conference. I should have...

Supergirl rolled over to her side, her face hovering over Lena’s. “Hey, hey, hey. Relax. You were the only thing that allowed me to stay sane. If it wasn’t for you, Agent Danvers said I would’ve overdosed on fear toxins on that first day. But I didn’t. Because of you. I owe you my life, Lena”

God, the way she says my name. “You didn’t tell her about me.” It wasn’t a question. It was more of a statement.

“It’s not what you think. The reason why I didn’t tell her was not because I was... ashamed of...of this. It’s complicated.” Supergirl looked at the pillow behind Lena’s head thoughtfully. “I didn’t want her knowing that it was you calming me down, because I didn’t want them aiming their focus at you. The DEO I mean. I didn’t want them having any reason to monitor you or look into you or anything of the sort. I may trust you, but they...they still hold a few grudges”

“I don’t blame them. They have every right to.”

Supergirl held her gaze, her eyes worried but also had a hint of frustration, “No, actually, they don’t. You didn’t do anything wrong.” Supergirl rolled back onto her back, clearly annoyed at the topic.

“You shouldn’t concern yourself with what people think of me, Supergirl. It’s a losing battle,” Lena smiled at the notion that the hero was so frustrated at what people at the DEO thought of her. It was refreshing for once.

The hero didn’t reply, too preoccupied with meticulous details in the ceiling with an exasperated look on her face. Lena saw her brows creased together in discontent, her lips pressed together in a firm line, her eyes filled with irritation. It was Lena’s turn to roll on to her side and hover over the blonde’s face, “Hey. Look at me.” She whispered, waiting until those blue eyes met hers. She felt her heart clench at the sadness in them. That sadness that’s merely created by the sole reason that people thought ill of Lena. She brought her left hand to palm the hero’s cheek, rubbing her thumb back and forth. What she was about to say didn’t normally come naturally to Lena, but she felt as though she had to say it. Supergirl needed to hear it. “As long as I have your trust and your faith in me, nobody else matters.” Well, one other person matters. “I don’t much care for their opinions of me. I care about yours,” And Kara’s. “Now, stop dwelling on such frivolous things.” Lena brought her mouth closer to Supergirl’s, barely touching her lips. She bit her lower lip slightly before she spoke slowly, softly, “When instead you can be dwelling on other much pleasant things.” She didn’t dare move forward, daring the hero instead to make the first move. Her tongue darted out, wetting her lips, and Lena could have sworn she accidentally touched the blonde’s lips with her tongue at how close they were.

“What did you have in mind?” The hero whispered back, her eyes mesmerized by Lena’s lips.

“I think you know exactly what I have in mind.” And just as Lena finished her sentence, she felt those lips crash against hers in a fierce kiss. The hero brought her hands to Lena’s waist, pulling her upwards enough to place her on top of her. Lena straddled Supergirl’s hips, feeling the heat pool between her legs as she settled over the blonde. The kiss was filled with hunger. It was insatiable. Both of them leaning in to relearn the other’s mouth.

Lena moaned as she grinded herself onto Supergirl’s center, creating friction over the fabric of their clothes. The kiss became more frantic, both of them needing each other. Supergirl skidded her hands under the hem of Lena’s tank top, dragging them across her back, resting between her shoulder blades. Lena felt her breath hitch at the feel of those strong but soft hands on her skin. She brought her own hands onto Supergirl’s face to hold her still. She deepened the kiss further, nuzzling closer towards. They were both breathing heavily, wanting each other desperately. She
broke the kiss to catch her breath, resting her forehead on the blonde’s, all while Supergirl continued her exploration with her hands under Lena’s tank top.

Just as she was about to retire back to that perfect mouth, she heard the sound of vibration on the bedside table, followed by the exasperated growl beneath her. Supergirl reached her hand and read the message on her screen. Lena watched her face switch to the concerned superhero with the responsibility of a city in an instant.

“You have to go, don’t you?”

“Mmm.” She said distractedly, still reading the screen. She then looked up into Lena’s eyes, her expression filled with regret, but also hunger. “There’s a building fire. I have to go help put it out.” She leaned forward and captured Lena’s lips once more, as though not knowing how to leave.

In a rush of speed, Lena felt herself suddenly flipped onto her back, Supergirl over her, kissing her neck. She laughed at the desperation the hero was displaying, “You should go. I don't want anyone getting hurt because we couldn’t control our sexual urges” She said. But her hands were contradicting what she was saying by diving into blonde locks, pushing Supergirl deeper into the crook of her neck.

“Please try…” Supergirl punctuated her words with deeper kisses on Lena's neck, “not to get into any trouble while I am gone”

Lena heard herself giggle at the request, “I won't make any promises, but I'll try my best.”

Supergirl finally pushed herself upwards, hovering over Lena’s lips. “Good enough for me” She whispered kissing Lena softly. And just like that Lena opened her eyes, finding herself alone in bed.
Kara crossed her arms, leaning at the side of Lena’s desk watching her scatter around the office putting on shoes and looking for her purse. She was mumbling to herself, making sure she didn’t forget anything.

“What else?” The CEO asked herself, looking around the office. Her eyes lit up as though remembering; she went back into the small room, looking into the bathroom mirror and applied her lipstick. *What does she need lipstick for? There's absolutely no valid reason for lipstick.* She came back in the office, her heels seemingly louder in the empty space, and looked at the clearly frustrated hero.

“Stop being over dramatic. It's just a short meeting”

“I'm sure you say that to all your six hour meetings.”

Lena scoffed at the comment, “This is different. Helena is only in town for a few days. She came to National City to see me after I left Vancouver quite abruptly. She’s a friend. We are merely catching up over coffee. I like to get to know the people I'm going in business with.”

“Yeah. I'm sure she'd love nothing more than to get to know you.” Kara mumbled under her breath.

She saw Lena narrow her eyes at her, fully understanding the meaning behind her words. “I'll be perfectly safe. My team will be there. I’ll be in disguise from the media, I’ve already briefed Helena on the situation. And we’re going to a small cafe that belongs to a friend of mine. He is more than happy to let us in through the back door. I will be in a secluded table inside the cafe. And the tables around us will all be undercover security. Even the president doesn’t take these types of precautions! There's nothing to worry about. And certainly no reason for a certain superhero to linger about.” she wriggled her eyebrows in amusement as she made her way to her coat rack, grabbing her long red coat. Kara remembered that one. The one she was wearing when
she came to CatCo. The one Kara bit her lip thinking how it made Lena’s eyes brighter. More green somehow.

The blonde tightened her crossed arms in exasperation. *Rao, she's so stubborn. Why does she always have to be so stubborn* “As you like then. Clearly you’ve already made up your mind.” Then, as though just remembering, “And the president does take precautions. I don’t know what type, but she does. Major precautions.”

Lena raised her eyebrow, silently saying *that’s not the point and you know it*, “I have made up my mind. She’s coming to meet me here to see some of the new additions I’ve added to the prototype, and then we’ll be off to the cafe.”

How long will you be? Can I even ask her that? *Rao, I don’t even know what we are. This is all messed up. It wasn't supposed to be this way. I was supposed to ask her out as Kara Danvers. Not occasionally make out with her as Supergirl! Now I don't even know if I can ask how long she'll be out with another woman without sounding like a jealous ex!*

“... Think we can do it after I get back?” Lena was looking at her expectantly. *Yikes! I wasn't listening to what she was saying!*

“I'm sorry. What were you saying?”

“Did you doze off somewhere?” Lena asked looking worried. She walked the distance between them, holding her coat on her arm, her expensive perfume making its way into Kara’s senses, and coming to stand an arm’s length away. *I can just pull her towards me. It's that easy. “Are you alright, Supergirl? You seem a bit distracted.”*

“It’s nothing. I’m fine. Just a lot on my mind. What were you saying a moment ago?” Kara casually took the coat from Lena’s arm, with no thought on the matter. *A bit distracted? More like a lot distracted.* She held the coat up expectantly, and Lena in turn turned around to place her arms inside the coat, putting it on, as Kara helped her. She impulsively brushed off something from the shoulder of the coat and fixed the collar as Lena turned around.

You’re harder to read than most of the mastermind alien criminals I come across. It came so naturally to both of them, that they both stopped for a moment to realize the domesticity of their small action. *Did I just...? And she just...*

Lena cleared her throat, “I was wondering if you’d like for us to have that talk after I get back. I won’t be gone for more than a few hours. Would you like to pass by here in the evening so we can talk.” *Just talk? I don’t want to just talk. I do want to talk. But I also don’t want to just talk.*

Kara cleared her own throat, hoping her voice didn’t hint at her sinful thoughts, “Yeah. We have a lot to talk about. How does 9 sound?”

“Is 8 ok with you?”

“Yeah. Of course. I’ll come here at around 8 then.” *I want to kiss you.*

“I look forward to it.” Lena said softly, looking down at her feet. *Is she... blushing? Kara couldn't help herself, she needed to feel her. She raised her hand up to Lena’s chin, bringing her eyes back to hers. How are they so green? She stepped closer to the CEO, filling her lungs with the scent of that expensive perfume. She smells so nice.*

Somewhere at the back of her mind, Kara registered footsteps growing closer towards them, but she was too preoccupied with everything and anything to do with Lena. Every thought was clouded with Lena’s lips. Her eyes. That intake of breath as she drew closer. She can hear her pulse quicken. Her breath on her lips. *I just need to...* The door suddenly opens, high heels echo in the room.
“Lena, darling, I do apologize for running la...”

“Helena?” Lena flinched away, startled.

“Darling?” Kara creased her brows together, suddenly feeling that monster creeping from within. The one she felt when Lena was laughing with Helena in Vancouver. The one she felt when that woman at the club was touching Lena. She saw Lena glance her way for a second, a confused look on her face. Why would she call Lena darling? They're doing... Business stuff together! Not darling stuff!

The British brunette stopped in her tracks, and Kara took in the similar look she had to Lena’s usual attire. An olive green button down was tucked neatly into black dress pants that reached her ankles over black high heeled ankle boots. The brunette had blue piercing eyes, her brown hair cascading down the length of her shoulders over the black trench coat that displayed large silver lined buttons. A small cross rounded her neck, resting neatly over her olive green blouse. And then there was that cherry red lipstick. What's with these women and bold lipstick! She held a clutch bag in one hand and her phone in the other. How can someone look so fancy, but also so casual?!

“Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't realize you had company.” Helena seemed to not be able to tear her eyes away from the superhero. Kara did a mental smirk, enjoying the feeling of someone she doesn't like too much being transfixed by her. She did her superhero pose just to emphasize her posture. Good! Let her be impressed!

“No. No. Please. Helena, this is Supergirl, National City’s very own superhero. Supergirl, this is Helena, the business associate I was telling you about,” Lena introduced the two of them, seemingly nervous all of a sudden.

Kara shook the young brunette’s hand, nodding. The woman had a confused smile on her face, but also one that conveyed familiarity, as though she knew something they both didn’t. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you, Supergirl,” Does she have to make everything sound seductive?! “I must say, when I was told National City’s Girl of Steel was...” Helena let out a grinning sigh, “He never said you’d be this stunning.”

Huh? What does she mean by... Kara’s ears registered Lena’s heartbeat picking up. Is that... frustration? “I'm sorry, you said, he?”

Helena smiled at the mention of him, as though remembering memories of a lifetime ago. “The Green Arrow.” She knows Oliver? But... Oliver is from a different Earth. “I saw him a few months ago, after the whole Dominators debacle. He told me about you. He doesn't like to admit much, but he's quite fond of you.”

“I'm sorry... You said, The Green Arrow? Is that another... superhero?” Kara had forgotten Lena being in the dark about certain things.

She turned to Lena, making sure she doesn’t stutter in front of the other brunette as she looked into those green eyes. “He’s a friend of The Streak. Well he’s actually known as The Flash. I don’t know if you remember him. It was before you moved to National City. They’re both superheroes and they both have their own cities they protect. A few months ago, I went to Starling City to help them with an alien issue they had.”

“And you know this...this Green Arrow?”

“Mhm.”

Lena turned to Helena, “And you know him too?”
Helena had a lazy smile on. That same smile that conveyed that she knew more than she let on. *I don’t like that smile.* “Yes. We’re...You might say we’re close friends”

“I see,” Kara caught the look on Lena’s face. It hardly showed, but Kara knew Lena wasn’t entirely happy. In fact she seemed agitated. Provoked. The way she bit the corner of her lip. The slight tightening of her fists. Her nails digging at her hand. Kara always noticed. *Why is she mad? I'm the one who has to play nice with someone who’s obviously pining over her!*

“Anywho, Lena if you’re too busy, we can always...”

“No not at all. Let me just show you the new schematics, and then we can head to the cafe.” Lena said, smiling. It wasn’t a genuine smile. Not the one Kara drowned in that afternoon in bed. She made her way to the desk, pulling out what looked to Kara as blueprints of some sort. The blonde had so many questions she wanted to ask this woman. *How do you know Oliver? How are you on this Earth? What do you want with Lena? Do you know Barry too?*

“Brilliant” Helena followed the young Luthor, standing behind her, looking over her shoulder, clearly impressed and focused. Kara’s questions flew out the window once she registered how close the brunette was standing to Lena.

*She doesn’t need to stand that close. Obviously that paper is bigger than my head! She can see clearly from a distance. Actually! She would see just fine from across the room if I'm being honest.*

Helena sidestepped closer to the desk to stand beside Lena, holding the paper in her hand, studying it thoroughly.

*A bit better.*

At that moment, Lena looked up and met her eyes, holding her gaze, as though trying to read her mind. Her eyes looked worried but also calculating. Her heartbeat swayed towards anxious. Kara wanted to talk to her before leaving.

*I don't want to leave. Not yet. Not when you're clearly uncomfortable. Rao, it's only 3 O’clock. I have to wait until 8 to see her again.*

She wanted to linger, to be asked to stay. She wanted words that would never fall out of Lena’s lips.

*Ask me to wait for you. Ask me to stay behind. To...*

The superhero sighed, realizing her wishful thinking was preposterous.

“Well, I'll just leave you two to your work, then” Kara said, her eyes never leaving Lena's, who nodded in reply.

*Something’s not right. She's worried. Mad even. Her pulse is too fast.*

The blonde disregarded it as nerves for wanting to impress her business associate.

*Or maybe she wanted to impress this Helena lady beyond business.*

She shook her head at the thought, as she made her way to the balcony, half expecting soft fingers to circle her wrist in an attempt to stop her. But when she looked back, Lena was leaning closer to Helena, pointing at something on the paper and clarifying the math behind it.
“Lena, I hope you don’t mind me asking, but have I done or said something to offend you?”

Lena broke out of her trance, “Pardon?”

“Lena, you barely said two sentences since we got here. You haven’t even touched your plate. I know I can be... somewhat blunt. And I’m sorry if I said something to...”

“No, no. Helena, it’s not that.” Lena played with her salad, moving a piece of tomato with her fork. “I guess I just have a lot on my mind” Well that’s a huge understatement.

“Lena, I had hoped that we were friends by now. You can tell me what's bothering you.”

Are we though? Lena’s eyes were calculating, watching the cherry tomato move from one side of her plate to the other. How should I play this? Confrontation? Should I just blurt out and ask her? Or wait until I have more information? She sighed, getting all too tired by the familiar pattern with the people that take to her company. She’s obviously lying about many things. Just like Rhea lied. Just like Jack. Just like Lillian. Just like... “Tell me Helena, how long have you lived in Vancouver?” Confrontation it is then...

Helena seemed taken back by the sudden question, but nonetheless she answered calmly, “A few years.”

“Yes, you said the same thing over dinner last we met,” Lena claimed thoughtfully, “How many years exactly?”

“May I ask where you’re going with this?”

Lena scoffed, “That’s precisely how I would’ve answered that question too.”

Helena leaned over the table, placing her elbows on the flat surface, her fingers intertwined, as she studied Lena “You don’t trust me anymore. It’s the comment I made about the Green Arrow, isn’t it?”

Lena gently placed her fork down, leaned back in her chair, giving the woman a stern look, “I had my PI look into you. Imagine my surprise when he found that you don’t seem to exist prior to a few years ago. You just suddenly popped up precisely six and a half years ago. There’s nothing before that. Now, I thought it had something to do with you hiding from your family’s name. I mean I understand. Believe me I do. There’s nothing more that I would like to do than erase a huge chunk of my past. But that’s not it, is it?” She arched her eyebrow, her eyes lacking any warmth.

Helena returned her gaze, seemingly trying to make up her mind on what to say next, “What would you like to know?”

“You don’t seem to fully grasp what I’m after. I couldn’t care less for the skeletons in your closet. Couldn’t care less for the deception you hide behind, or this friendship you seem to have created between the two of us. What I care about is this project.” She leaned closer, jabbing a finger on the table, “It’s important to me. And if you think you’re here to make a fool out of me just like those before you have done, then you’re a fool for thinking I’d fall for it.”

“Lena, please. You’ve got it all wrong.” Helena ran a hand through her hair, sighing. “It’s not what you think. I have absolutely no ulterior motive other than to see this project through to help make a change.” She paused, making sure Lena was still listening, “Let me start from the beginning. Give me a chance. Believe me, my only motive is to make a name for myself outside of my family. Surely, you can understand that.”
Lena didn’t reply. *It's too easy. The fact that she wants the same things I do. It seems too rehearsed.*

“I’m sure you’re well aware of the multiverse theory, are you not?”

“Yes, I’m. Though I was in Metropolis when the Flash made his debut in National City, I did follow up on the story. It didn’t take much to put two and two together with the dimensional interruptions.”

“Well, the first thing you need to know is that I'm not from this Earth. I'm from Earth-1. Whereas this is Earth-38. We don’t have aliens there. Well, we do, but it’s not as...common as it is here on this Earth.” She shook her head, having a hard time explaining it, “It’s rather much complicated than it is. Green Arrow is not a superhero like Supergirl. He’s a regular guy. No super powers. More of a vigilante. I met the Green Arrow while I was trying to take my father down. You see, my father had my fiance killed for reasons I won’t get into and I wanted revenge.”

Lena watched as Helena played with the cross around her neck. She contemplated the fact that Helena just admitted that her fiance was killed by her own father as though she was reading something off the menu. “And for a while, I trained with Green Arrow. But... I was in a very bad place. My need for revenge clouded my judgment. And eventually I left Starling City and became obsessed at finding a suitable way to get back at my father.” Helena stared at the table, her eyebrows creased together. “Many things happened then. None were quite frankly good. After that I became so...paralyzed. Numb to everything around me. I had no purpose. No reason to keep going.”

A sad smile tugged at the corner of Helena’s lips, “That’s when I met Gypsy. She’s sort of what you would call a bounty hunter. But on a more dimensional level. She can travel through dimensions by creating portals. She also has other abilities that I have yet to fully understand.” She grinned, “She’s from Earth-19. I met her as she was visiting Earth-1 to capture this criminal that had escaped from her Earth. I helped her and we became friends.” Helena laughed, “Not fast friends that's for sure. She’s a tough nut to crack. Doesn’t like most people. Eventually, I began helping her collect certain people through dimensions.”

Lena listened attentively, not interrupting the woman at all as she was so captivated by the thrilling story. *What if that's all that this is? A Story. But she doesn’t seem to be lying at all. Although Lena knew that she herself can excell at lying and make a bizarre story seem real, somewhere deep down she felt the brunette was telling the truth.*

Helena took a sip of her wine before continuing, a warm affectionate smile on her lips, “And then I met Liam. Precisely six and a half years ago. Gypsy and I were hunting down a serial killer alien that kidnapped children. When we finally caught him, all the children that he had kidnapped were returned to their parents except for Liam. He was barely six at the time. An alien orphan from the planet Turminus. We tried to find a family for him, but he refused to let go of my leg. And I...guess I helplessly just developed this need to protect him. To care for him. I knew I had to give up the life I had with Gypsy in order to take care of him, and in that moment, looking into the black eyes of a six year old boy who saw the world in me, I...” She grinned, her eyes lit up, “I did give it up. But I also knew I had to start over somewhere. I couldn’t go back to Earth-1 since aliens are not common nor accepted there. Gypsy then mentioned this Earth. Where aliens roamed semi-freely with humans.”

Helena leaned back in her chair, crossing her legs under the table, “When I came here, I had to cover my tracks. So I used the same story I had on Earth-1 but with a few twists to suit my situation. Daughter of a corrupt corporate businessman trying to mend the family business. The media bought it. And I only met you out of coincidence in Vancouver, Lena. I mean, yes, I’ve read about you and have been continuously impressed by your work, but I assure you, I didn’t have any ambiguous reasons for confronting you that day. I only wanted to meet you.”
Lena was ultimately overwhelmed by Helena’s story. There was no reason for it to be made up. *Maybe I can ask Supergirl to ask that Green Arrow guy.* At the thought of Supergirl talking or interacting in any sort of way with this...this vigilante that was *fond of her* made Lena scowl in jealousy. *I don’t need him to verify anything. I can look into her story myself.* Lena realized that Helena was looking at her expectantly. *Oh, I didn’t give her any reply.* She cleared her throat, “I’m sorry. I’m still just processing everything.”

“I know. It’s a lot to take in. I didn’t mean for you to find out this way. Honestly I wasn’t planning on telling you at all. Very few people know about all of this. But when I saw Supergirl, I guess I couldn’t help but slip. Last time I visited him, Green Arrow told me all about her. He talked endlessly about Supergirl. Her powers. Her smile. Which was so surprising because if you’ve ever met the guy you’d know he’s not much of a talker. And I’ve seen her on the news, but up close... She’s different somehow. More... Real.”

“I know what you mean. She’s something else.” Lena said, trying her best to hide her sudden hatred of this guy that seemed to speak endlessly about Supergirl. Lena began to realize how little she was giving Helena in terms of reassurance. *I don’t even know myself whether or not I should believe her. Or trust her.* “Forgive me Helena, but I’m not one to easily trust these days. I need a few days before deciding whether or not we will pursue our business.”

Helena remained eased back in her chair, eyeing Lena. She spoke slowly, Lena came to learn it was part of Helena’s charm, “You’ve been through a crucible. I could see it in your eyes,” she said in a somber tone, “And it changed you. How could it not? You have every right not to give your trust away so easily.”

“I suppose you could say so. Thank you for telling me the truth, I do appreciate your honesty.” Lena gave her a reassuring smile, trying to lighten the mood.

“I know how hard it could be growing up in a family like yours. Trust is just as hard for me as it is for you, believe me.”

“I guess we do have that in common.”

“It’s nice to talk to someone who knows how hard it can be. Hiding in plain sight. Concealing our anger with smiles and lies. I’ve seen you do it. It’s not easy, I know.”

“It sure isn’t.” Lena smiled at their dire situations. She was right. They both know the struggle of concealing their true feelings from the public that wants nothing more than to catch them in a bad deed. To catch their reactions at accusations spat at them.

Lena saw Helena’s hesitant demeanor, the way her mouth moved to the side in thought, her teeth sinking into her lips. But her eyes remained calm and unaffected. Years of practicing the expressionless look. Lena knew that look. She wore it daily, unfortunately. Helena was looking down at her hands on the table when she spoke, “She cares about you. Supergirl I mean.”

The young Luthor was taken by surprise. She didn’t expect their talk to maneuver this way. “She’s a friend.” She simply stated.

Helena smirked, “I don’t think friend is the right word.”

“I don’t know what you think you saw, but Supergirl and I are merely friends,” Lena had absolutely no trouble lying through her teeth. She was born with this skill. A skill nurtured thoroughly by the Luthors.

“The way she looks at you... it's unique.” Then, an even wider smirk, “And I've seen the way she looked at me. She was ready to throw me out the window for standing so close to you.”
Lena laughed at how true Helena’s comment was, “It’s not you. She thinks I’m being reckless by going out in public. And she sees you as an accomplice somehow.”

“Oh, I have no doubt she sees me as an accomplice to that. But there was definitely something else there.” The younger CEO leaned closer, “I get it now. I know I haven’t been exactly subtle in my flirting, but it makes sense now. And Lord knows I’m not one to stand in the way of some star crossed love.”

Lena stiffened at that last comment. “N-No. You...You’ve misread the situation. There... It isn’t... Supergirl and I are not... We’re just friends. Yes, I do admit we’ve acted upon certain attractions for one another. But it’s not...I assure you it’s not love.” It’s not. It’s not love.

“Lena take it from someone who can read even the smallest of behaviors, there’s something there. And if you say there isn’t, I believe you, and I apologize for assuming. But it took me less than two minutes to see she looks at you like you hold the stars in your hands.” Helena laughed at the sappy comment, “May I ask why you seem reluctant to want there to be any feelings involved?”

Lena pinched the bridge of her nose, the situation taking a toll on her head. She sighed before admitting, “I'm in love with someone else.”

“Oh. Well, that complicates things.”

“And I'm not... I'm not looking to get into anything right now. All I want is to drown myself in this project and help make a difference. As cowardice as this might seem, all I want is to ignore the rest of the world and just... work on something exceptional. Out of this world. I don’t want to face anyone or anything other than this project. I know it sounds profound...”

“No, no. It doesn’t. I understand wanting to shut out the entirety of the world. Be by yourself and something you plan on creating. I completely understand.”

Lena held her gaze for a minute, “You were right. It does feel nice to talk to someone who understands.”

Helena returned her smile, “I think this calls for desperate measures. The only way to drown both our sorrows is by none other than a plate of Crème brûlée.”

Lena felt herself smile at the notion as the brunette gestured for the waiter and began ordering dessert. But the smile didn’t reach Lena’s eyes. Inside she was in turmoil. She was panicking. Her thoughts chaotic. Her heart hammering against her chest.

It’s not love. There are no feelings involved. It’s just sexual. It’s not love. She kept repeating it, willing herself to believe it.

It’s not.

Chapter End Notes

Lena's freaking out again...
Kara landed at the entrance of the old metal factory just outside of National City, listening in before moving any closer. The area was deserted except the voices coming from inside.

“...nium isn’t here. We have orders to look somewhere else.”

“Where are we going?”

“Earth-62. Mr. Luthor assured me if any Earth would have it, it would be that one.”

“Alright, then.”

Before they had the chance, Supergirl burst through the double doors of the factory and harshly landed on the floor in front of them, crouching slightly from the impact. She probably should have waited for backup, until Alex and her team arrived, but she couldn’t let this woman slip again. She noticed Friitawa, wearing the same revealing outfit, show a hint of intrigued surprise. She also barely had time to catch a glimpse of a dark blonde man beside her, his hair long enough to cover part of his eyes, reaching his ears.

“Could it be? The Super! Oh, this is gonna be fun.” She spoke in that same lazy manner, the one that made it seem like she had all the time in the world. “I have to admit, I didn’t expect you to show up. Not many people can survive my...type of kiss.” She winked, “Tell me, how did you manage to control the paranoia? How’s that head of yours... Supergirl, was it?”

Kara felt herself get dizzy, although she made sure not to show it. The woman in front of her was the reason for all the horror that she had to endure the last couple of days. Being afraid was not something Kara was used to feeling. It was not something she gave much thought to. Usually, she would charge head first into a fight with no consideration of being scared of her opponent. Not many of her opponents stood a chance against her, anyway. Not physically. However, she had never considered the possibility of being psychologically vulnerable. The terrifying notion of being afraid of your own mind. She stared at the blonde woman again, trying to keep her distance while simultaneously trying to find a way to take her in without getting too close. Winn mentioned that darts would not work on her, since apparently super strength was in play. She had to focus. But she was also terrified.

“You’re coming with me, Friitawa! We’ve got you surrounded.”

This seemed to anger her for some reason, “My name is Fright!” she shouted as she pulled out a gun from a holster strapped to her back.

Kara saw the old looking revolver aimed right at her, but she didn’t have time to decide whether Fright was keen enough to use Kryptonite bullets. She watched the slow motioned pull of the
gun’s trigger, the smirk on the woman’s face. And Kara didn't want to take any chances. So, she used her speed to move to the right, away from the bullet. Her opponent’s speed was phenomenal, nothing compared to Kara’s of course, but Kara was at a disadvantage in this situation. She was questioning her every move. She was itching to get closer to her, but knew she should also dodge the bullet. At the same time, she didn’t want to get closer to her. She was scared out of her mind to even make a decision.

And that was when she felt it.

A burning in her stomach as though liquid lava was filling her body from the inside. She felt the stinging sensation of a knife being stabbed into her chest, and her head felt as though it was being hammered to the wall. Her eyes squeezed shut from pain and she opened one to try and locate where her enemy was. Fright was standing exactly where she was, her arm still extended as she clutched the revolver. But she had moved slightly. She was aiming where Kara stood right now, after her attempt to dodge the bullet. Kara gasped as she realized the woman anticipated her move and fired two more shots before Kara could even reach her spot. And they went straight through her stomach. **Definitely Kryptonite bullets.** The ringing in her ears kept getting louder and louder. She could see the woman’s lips move. She was speaking. But Kara only heard the ringing in her ears. She only heard her heartbeat pulsate through her stomach.

“...how it is. I’d love to say and chat until your friends... ;” She focused her hearing again to Fright’s words, “...got places to be. Things to steal.” She turned away, nodding to her companion. He, in turn, waved his hand and opened a whirlwind of what seemed to be vibrating energy. A **Portal. I have to stop them before they get away.** She placed a foot forward. It felt like concrete bricks were wrapped around it. Her whole body felt heavy. Felt as though it was shutting down slowly. The ringing in her ears, combined with the rapid pulse of her heart made it hard to concentrate.

“Supergirl!”

**Alex. Thank Rao. She’ll know what to do. She’ll stop Fright.**

Kara looked down and saw her suit covered in blood. The sound of heavy booted footsteps coming her way. She looked back up to Fritawa’s back, as she made her way into the portal without a second thought, her companion firing shots at the those heavy footsteps. She looked at her hands and found them shaking.

And then it all went numb, as she fell to the ground.

The pain stopped.

The ringing stopped.

She felt her mind slowly shutting down. **No! I can’t! I need to stay awake long enough for Alex to get to me!**

But the idea of death creeped up on her mind anyway. Kara wasn’t one that dwelled on regrets. In fact she preferred appreciating the things she did accomplish. But the only thing that did fill her mind this time was the people she was about to leave behind. **Alex.** She would never forgive herself. But, no. It’s different now. She has Maggie. Maggie will make sure Alex wouldn’t go down the guilt trip alone. James and Winn had each other. If she didn’t make it, then they would take their grief out on all the bad guys in National City as Guardian and... **Did Winn have a superhero name, yet? James really should give him one!** Cat was one of the strongest people Kara knew. She had Carter to keep her grounded when she would find out that Kara had died. But she would always pull through. It was who she is. She would probably fire a bunch of people though. Eliza. Her mother would be devastated, but she would understand. She would be grief-stricken,
but still she would understand. She would spend her time with Alex, and they would help each other through it.

Lena.

Lena had...

She’s strong. She would get through this.

She had...

Kara opened her eyes, realizing that Lena had only two people in her life at the moment.

Kara Danvers and Supergirl.

And no one... no one knows about Lena and me. No one would remember to tell her that I died. They would all be grieving, and... being together. Helping one another. They wouldn’t remember Lena.

She would start to think I was ignoring her. Both her friends were ignoring her. Kara Danvers and Supergirl.

Kara replayed that smile over and over in her head. Those green eyes. The red lips. She imagined how devastated she would be if she ever found out Kara was dead. If she ever found out. The DEO would probably spin some story for everyone, because Kara Danvers and Supergirl both disappearing at the same time, both dead at the same time, that was too suspicious. And Lena was smart. She would figure it out. Well that’s one way of telling her my secret. Kara was definitely going delirious if she was joking at a time like this. But she wanted something to laugh about. She wanted anything, anything, to drown out that sad smile of Lena’s. The one she puts on for the world to see when she would be going through anguish on the inside.

Kara’s mind began to slowly start to lose focus.

No! I can’t...

Keep your eyes open. Keep your eyes open.

Lena had no one. She had no one but her.

I’m seeing her at 8 today. I’m seeing that smirk tonight. I’m seeing those eyes. I won’t miss it.

Lena depended on her for so much. Both as Kara and Supergirl. True, it was more Supergirl these days, but nonetheless she depended on someone. Lena had no one but her. Both of her identities. And no one would be there for her after she died. No one would sleep beside her. No one would comfort her. Tears ran down Kara’s temple, spilling into her hair. She needed to stay alive. To get back to Lena.

I never told her how beautiful she is. Not once.

Regrets began to pile up in Kara’s mind. Her accomplishments and reassurances were pushed aside by all the things she never told Lena. All the things she never did. All the moments she spent arguing with her instead of agreeing with her.

Why do we argue so much?

Kara knew it was because of Lena’s stubbornness. But at that moment, Kara wanted nothing more than that hard-headed mind and those narrowed eyes staring at her.
I need to stay awake. I need to...

How long have I been laying here?

Just stay awake. For Lena. Need to... Stay awake for her.

And just as she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Alex’s face... Alex’s worried face over her, she closed her eyes to relax. Alex will take care of everything. She felt slapping on her face. Everything was happening very slowly. Kara opened her eyes once more, looking at Alex’s lips as they ever so slowly formed words but not hearing anything that was being said to her. All the sounds around her seemed somehow echoed. She blinked. Did I blink or pass out? She opened up again, to a guilty looking Alex, as she tried to read her lips of what she was saying. This time she understood the movement. Alex was saying I'm sorry. She tried to smile to tell Alex to stop blaming herself for everything. This isn’t your fa...

Kara let out a loud scream, flinching and arching her back in pain, as Alex pulled out the bullet from inside of her.

It was around 9:30 when Lena finally made her way into the office. She had been wandering aimlessly through the whole city for the past three hours. She didn't even remember where she went, what streets she walked. At one point, she recalled ending up on a bench in some park, watching the sway of the trees from the wind. There were also snippets of her crossing some bridge, leaning against its railing staring at the merciless body of water beneath her. Her thoughts had wandered into dangerous territory, but she was never one that dwelled too much on life ending scenarios. It was never something she ever considered. Fortunately, she had convinced herself as she walked the streets of a broken city that running was not an option. The temptation to just pack up and leave everything behind was at its worst, but she managed to clear her mind of such thoughts.

As much as she refused to admit it, she had hoped that she can avoid Supergirl long enough for the hero to just leave. But walking into her office she saw a figure sitting on the edge of her balcony railing, legs dangling frighteningly into the endless fall that is National City. Although she knew the blonde wouldn't plummet to her death if she accidentally falls off, it did nothing to calm her protective nerves that's for sure. Lena shuddered at the memory of falling off that same balcony not long ago. The crimson cape of the hero hung loosely over the railing, fluttering soundly from the wind. The blonde seemed to stare out at the city, deep in thought, and Lena didn't want to disturb such a peaceful view.

She made her way to the pitcher of water after setting her purse down on the coffee table. As she poured herself a glass, she eyed the Scotch posing next to the water. She hadn’t drunk since that night at the club. She usually had at least a tad bit to get through the day, but she noticed how she avoided any type of alcohol within Supergirl’s presence recently. Lena wasn't sure whether it was because she feared she would do something stupid in front of the hero or the fact that she felt ashamed to be intoxicated around her. It was as though she didn’t want the hero to perceive her resorting to alcohol as a coping mechanism. As though she were ashamed of it. A dirty secret she didn’t want the embodiment of innocence to find out about. Or maybe she feared the alcohol would bring out the worst in her in front of the blonde, like it usually did. Nonetheless, she avoided it. Especially when there were so many things on her mind. Most of which were regarding her feelings towards the Girl of Steel. And God only knew she could just as easily blurt out the sinful fantasies she had had when her mind was clouded by alcohol.

She took the glass with her to the balcony and stood beside the quiet woman, resting her arms on the railing and gazing upon the darkness of the city. The streets were still buzzing with people.
The sounds of a Saturday night’s indulgence echoed through to the high office floor and Lena caught a glimpse of people skateboarding on the sidewalk, laughing.

The brunette felt Supergirl turn to her, staring at her for quite a while before speaking. “Hey,” the blonde finally said, a smile on her lips.

She turned to the hero and found her still looking down at her from where she was perched on the railing. *The way she’s looking at me... she looks relieved for some reason.* Lena saw the emotion in Supergirl’s eyes, as though she didn’t believe that Lena stood there right beside her. The CEO had to gulp down before answering, “Hey,” her voice was still groggy from emotion, “I'm sorry I'm late. I didn’t expect you to wait.” She turned back to the city.

“I actually just got here myself.”

“Oh.”

“I had a run in with our common friend”

“Friitawa?”

She heard the blonde hero chuckle, “She doesn’t take too kindly to people calling her by her real name.” Lena wondered what that meant. “We located her just outside the city in an old metal factory that closed down a few years ago. You were right, she's trying to build the gun”

“Did she tell you?”

“Not in those words. But I overheard her talking about the Tritanium. Saying that she has other places to look. I confronted her. But... she umm got away. She had someone with her. They opened a portal and escaped.”

Lena didn’t dare ask how someone like Friitawa escaped a powerful Kryptonian like Supergirl, “She's looking for the Tritanium on other Earths.”

“Yeah. Apparently your brother had told her that Earth-62 would have it.”

“Of course he did,” Lena snarled.

Supergirl was silent for a while, and Lena almost thought that that was all that had happened with Friitawa. But then the hero took a deep breath and continued, “I wasn't fast enough.” She admitted regrettably, “I could have been, but... I didn't know how to stop her without getting too close to her. I'm sorry.”

It took every ounce of self control in Lena to not turn to the hero, brush her hand across her cheek, reassure her, *kiss her, anything* that would ease the strangled voice she had just heard. Instead, she continued to look out at the city, silently calming her pulse before speaking once more, “It's not your fault. What she did to you the last time was... dreadful.”

“She’s stepped up her game that’s for sure”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s nothing. She’s just getting smarter,” the hero sighed, and Lena felt as though there was something she wasn’t telling her.

They stood there in deafening silence. So much between them is unsaid. So many questions unanswered. Lena avoided talking more than necessary, she could hardly keep her voice steady with all the pent up emotions she gets around the blonde. She came here to end things with the blonde. To put a stop to something before it even began. But standing here, beside her... it felt as
though saying what she needed to say was simply beyond the bounds of possibility. Unthinkable even.

Supergirl continued looking out at the city as she spoke, “What happened between this afternoon and now?”

Lena felt herself stiffen at the question, “What do you mean?” she asked again, fully knowing exactly what Supergirl meant.

“You’re not yourself. Something’s wrong, I can feel it. You’re suddenly guarded around me.”

Lena stayed silent for a while. There was no point in denying something that was quite obvious. Last night they slept in each other’s arms, and now Lena was overthinking every movement to avoid accidentally touching Supergirl. Not to mention the space she put between them on the balcony railing. What do you tell someone who carries the weight of a whole city on their shoulders? Especially when you’re about to add more to that weight. Lena took a minute more gathering her thoughts and finally uttered the one thing she knew to be true, “You don’t deserve this,” she whispered harsh words softly. When Supergirl didn’t respond, she added, “You deserve better.”

“Funny, I feel the same about you. You’re way out of my league”

“I’m serious.”

“I know you are.”

“You shouldn’t tether your life to mine.”

“Convince me.”

“What?” Lena turned to her suddenly.

“Convince me why I should just leave right now and never see you again. Give me one good reason to leave, and if it’s true, if it truly shows that I deserve better than you...” Supergirl paused, her eyes fixed to the city in front of her, “then I'll leave.”

Lena was stunned. She hadn’t expected to be put on the spot like this. Her pulse quickened at the pressure of wanting to give Supergirl a reason to leave. But it’s as though her mind had erased the list of reasons she had prepared walking into her office minutes ago. As though her mind didn’t want to give Supergirl any reason at all. As though she didn’t want Supergirl to leave. I do. I do want her to leave.

But she didn’t need a list of reasons. She had one. And she knew that it was one reason that would convince Supergirl to leave. No questions asked. It was an appalling reason. One that made Lena’s stomach turn just thinking about it. So then why was she hesitating? Why won’t her lips form the words? All she had to do was say four words and Supergirl would be gone. She wouldn’t have to face the kindness in those cerulean eyes anymore. Wouldn’t have to face the guilt that she was constantly reminded of. All she had to do was utter words that would ultimately create a reason for Supergirl to leave and then she herself can leave behind this city and all of its treacherous remorse.

But she couldn’t. Not yet. Uttering those four words would mean hurting her. And as much as Lena tried to convince herself that it didn’t matter to her, that hurting Supergirl was the only choice, that she didn’t care, the truth is, she did care, it did matter to her, and she didn’t want to hurt Supergirl. She decided to save her reason for the end. Savor this moment for a little while.

“What was it like? Being under the effects of paranoia?”
If Supergirl was surprised by the question, she doesn't show it at all. She remained transfixed by the city’s view. Lena stole a glance at the hero’s face and saw lingering fear there. “I... You don't... You don't want to hear this, Lena.”

“I do.”

Her brows furrowed in thought as she remained silent for what seemed to be long dragging minutes.

“Have you told anyone?”

“No” the hero responded almost immediately.

“You should. Tell someone I mean. I understand if you don't want to tell me, but you should tell someone about it. Yesterday you were stirring in your sleep. Eventually you calmed down, but you were restless most of the night.”

“I'm sorry, I didn't...”

“I'm not saying this for you to apologize! You need to tell someone. Someone close to you.” Someone obviously not me. She couldn't help her wandering thoughts. Good. It shouldn't be me.

Again, Supergirl said nothing. Lena was beginning to wonder what got the blonde so distant today. Usually, it was her that avoided talking, but for some reason she found herself coaxing words out of the woman beside her.

“It was...” She choked. Her jaw clenched in determination to giving Lena an answer. She seemed to ponder over the question for a bit more before answering, “Loud. Excruciatingly loud. As though seven different voices argued in my head, each suggesting all the worst case scenarios of any situation. I had no control over my own thoughts” Supergirl gulped down before continuing, “Everyone around me was out to get me. I was... I was afraid all the time. Which was... It was uhh... different for me. And I had no idea of what I was so afraid. All I knew was that I was afraid. To the point where it made my skin crawl and my blood boil.”

Lena watched as a small crinkle of irritation formed between Supergirl’s eyebrows. Not once did the hero meet her eyes. Not once did she look away from the city skyline. “My mind would take a simple situation or conversation and blow it completely out of proportion with irrational thoughts to the degree that I wouldn’t know what’s rational anymore. To the point where I stopped noticing how completely absurd those thoughts were. To me, at the time, it made complete sense that the outlets had little cameras in the holes watching me, or that there was Kryptonite under the floorboards even though I didn’t physically feel it. I just wouldn’t be able to fully understand how illogical it all sounded.”

“That must have been a nightmare,” Lena whispered, feeling her chest filling up with a stabbing pain and an agonizing ache.

“It was. At one point, I even thought you hated me.”

“What?”

“When I realized you left town, I thought you were getting as far away from me. Because of... of our families. And because you hated me. I know it was all part of the paranoia. I didn't understand it at the time, but in my mind, you hating me was the most terrifying thing that could ever happen to me. I guess now it makes sense.”

“How so?”
“No, I just meant...” a frown formed on the hero’s face as she looked for the right words while looking down at her hands, “It’s not important.” she finally concluded.

Lena looked away, annoyed at Supergirl’s demeaning of herself, “It is to me.”

Supergirl said nothing. The frown remained on her face as she concentrated on National City’s skyline.

Lena decided to share her own experience on the matter since clearly the hero wasn’t in the mood for talking today, “I know it's nothing compared to what you've been through, but I grew up with those voices in my head. I'm quite sure Lillian put them in there. All my life I was taught to question every person’s intentions towards me, their actions, their reasons for speaking to me. I was taught to protect myself before others. To think of all the worst possible outcomes of a situation before walking into it. Paranoia is a cruel thing to live with. It certainly eats at you.”

The frown was replaced by a thoughtful look as Supergirl pondered over what Lena had said, “It was the opposite for me. I was always taught to see the good in people. To trust that they had good intentions and morals. I was taught to be confident and optimistic walking into situations. But to also be smart about it. I remember my mother... she uhh used to always say, ‘If you face the world with that beautiful smile of yours, then the world would have a hard time frowning at you’.”

Lena didn’t need to see Supergirl’s face to know those blue eyes were probably holding back tears. She caught the subtle choke on her words when talking about her mother, “You must miss her dearly”

“Everyday”

“It's quite remarkable how we were brought up in completely different worlds and in completely different ways, and yet we're both standing here beside one another.”

“We're more similar than you'd like to admit. Both fighting to do what's right. The only difference is, you had to fight more than I had to in order to get to where you are now. You had to fight what you were taught growing up. I'm sure at some point, you had to fight even yourself.”

Lena stayed silent, too staggered by Supergirl’s words that made her blood run cold at how accurate they were. She looked down at her glass, momentarily thinking of it dropping down to the street, the glass shattering everywhere.

“I almost ran away today. I was planning on running. From this city. From everything. Just run and never look back”

“Why didn't you?”

“I had my reasons, ” You. I didn't run because of you. For fuck’s sakes I sound like some sappy romcom , “One of them was that I realized I didn't have time to run anymore.”

“What do you mean you don't have time?” Supergirl suddenly turned to Lena, a concerned look on her face. The CEO felt her pulse quicken at the hero finally looking at her. God I'm helpless around her. All she has to do is look at me and I'm... Lena bit her lip before that mental sentence was completed.

She sighed, looking at her cup once more, getting lost in its shape. “I'm fairly certain my life is going to be short. With the amount of people sent by my darling brother to kill me and my mother holding a grudge against me. Not to mention the rest of National City’s dire hate towards me. I don’t quite expect to live a long and full life. Don't get me wrong, I'll fight like hell to live as long as I can. But it's just I... I guess I didn’t want to waste my life running anymore. I didn't want to waste time starting over again. I've been running for far too long. I’ve grown tired of it. Just like
paranoia, it eats away at you. Until there’s nothing left. Until you don’t know anything else and your only option is to run. At least it’s the only option that you see.”

_Anger. And disappointment._ That’s what Lena saw on Supergirl’s face through her peripheral vision. _She’s disappointed. But...why? “I won't let anything happen to you.”_

“You can't always be there. There are other people in this city that need you, Supergirl.”

Supergirl looked conflicted, as though backed against a wall and realizing she had no escape. She returned back to not meeting Lena’s eyes. They both preferred talking to the city’s skyline than to face each other.

“You didn't answer my question. What happened between this afternoon and now that has you so... distant.”

“I could ask you the same question.”

“I asked first.”

Lena paused, not wanting to admit defeat, wanting to know what was bothering Supergirl. But the blonde wouldn’t budge it seems. “I realized I had broken my promise. And I don't like breaking promises.”

“What was the promise?”

“To not get emotionally attached to anyone.”

“That's not a way to live.”

“It's what works for me.” She said in defenceman, then whispered, “It's what I deserve.”

“You seem to have this idea about yourself that you're not a good person.” Supergirl snapped, her voice laced with irritation.

“I'm not” Lena walked back into her office, a snarl on her face, as she set the glass back down beside the pitcher. From the corner of her eyes, she could see Supergirl turning around and landing on the balcony, making her way towards Lena.

Her arms crossed, the blonde leaned her back against the side of Lena’s desk. She looked at her feet as she crossed them as well, then looking up, she glanced at Lena nonchalantly, “You are. And I'm going to keep saying it until you believe it.”

“You don't know me.”

“I know you enough.”

“You don't! I'm not this saint that you think I'm, Supergirl. I'm ruthless. And callous. And vicious when it comes to protecting myself. I have absolutely no problem cutting people out of my life when it suits me. I don't feel any remorse towards those I've hurt. I've...”

Supergirl scoffed at that, “Well, now you're just lying.”

Lena didn't expect that. Her eyes widened at Supergirl’s blunt comment, “What makes you say that?

“Because you’re obviously grief-stricken over the fact that you still haven’t returned any of your friend Kara Danvers’ texts. I’ve seen the way you reread them”
Lena stiffened at the mention of Kara. She gritted her teeth in desperation. “You don’t know what you’re talking about”

“I do. What is it this time? Sparing her from a life filled of misery if she continued being your friend?” The hero asked sarcastically, slowly coming closer to where Lena stood.

“Stop it. You have no idea...” Lena backed up. She wasn't intimidated by the truths that were being thrown at her. She wasn’t.

“Or is it that you just don’t want her to see how truly bad you are.”

“I...”

“Lena, you're ignoring the one person who cares the most about you!”

“Leave her out of this, please!”

The hero halted her accusations. Pressed her lips together as she fell silent. She turned around away from Lena, pressing the heels of her hands into her eyes. “I just... I don't want to argue with you. I hate that all we do is argue.” She faced the brunette once more, “I want to...” she seemed to choke on her words, breathing heavily through her nose, her eyes too scared to utter her words, “I don’t want to argue with you. I want to hold you. Talk to you. I want to kiss you. Wake up next to you” She inched closer to Lena and the CEO could now see the heavy rise of her chest. Supergirl was about to continue but stopped herself when she saw Lena’s expression.

I must look terrified. Well, I am! She's saying things that...

Lena watched as Supergirl began to slowly back away, as though caught guilty of some crime. “I'm sorry. I didn't... I assumed that you...” She fought hard to find her words, gradually giving up and turning towards the balcony.

And that's when Lena felt her heart drop in her chest, “No, wait!” she took swift steps towards the blonde, gripping her wrist. A sense of deja vu filling her. The mere image of Supergirl walking away from her was paralyzing. Wasn't that what I wanted? A reason. A reason for her to leave. No! I don't want her gone. Her heartbeat banged against her chest as she pulled on the wrist and watched the blonde slowly turn to her, her face holding an expression of pure heartbreak and sadness.

Goodness! Please don't. She thinks I'm rejecting her. She doesn't know I want all the same things as her.

They stood there, Supergirl’s head bowed down and Lena tightening her hold on the heroes wrist. The CEO studied the hero’s face, the hard look present there. The way she tried to hide the hurt. She’s just like the rest of us. And slowly, Lena inched closer, letting go of her wrist and wrapping her arms around her neck in a tight embrace. She buried her face in the crook of Supergirl’s neck, breathing in the rain. Supergirl hesitated a second before circling her own arms around Lena’s lower back. She hugged Lena closer into her warmth, taking a deep breath in, letting it go slowly. She brought one of her hands to the back of the brunette’s head, burying her fingers in raven auburn hair.

“I want those things too.” Lena whispered, her voice muffled from where she nuzzled her face into the blonde’s neck.

Supergirl didn't say anything. She simply remained there, holding Lena immensely close as though her life depended on it.

“I'm sorry. It's just hard for me.” Lena tried to explain it. But how do you explain a way of living
you've known your whole life? “I'm sorry,” she repeated, not knowing what else to do but apologize. *This is what I meant when I said you deserve better!*

Supergirl tightened her hold on Lena, and Lena found the strength to hold her. She found the strength to feel for her. “It's ok.” Lena felt a kiss planted on her temple that held more warmth than anything she had ever felt. Those soft lips remained there as she repeated, “It's ok.” and pressed another kiss to the same spot.

She doesn’t know how long they stay like that. Time didn’t seem to matter at that moment. What mattered was Supergirl’s scent overflowing in her lungs. Her touch sending trails of fire on her skin. Her lips, kissing her ever so softly. She doesn’t even give a single thought as to how long they remained holding each other. When Lena finally pulled her face forward to look at the blonde, Supergirl gently rested her forehead onto hers. It was something that Lena had come to adore. It was such a small gesture, but it made her feel safe. She smiled for the first time, cherishing the enchantment that was this moment.

“You,” she heard herself saying suddenly. It came out before she even thought about it. “Another reason why I didn’t run was you.” she whispered, “I couldn’t have National City’s own hero go around having pancakes for dinner and calling it breakfast, now can I?”

Supergirl chuckled at that, remembering their earlier conversation, “No, we can’t have that at all” She paused, looking down for a second before looking back up to meet Lena’s eyes, “I'm glad you stayed.”

“I am too,” Lena returned the smile as she saw the blonde simper goofily.

Supergirl stayed there, looking down at her, and Lena drowned in the way the moonlight reflected on the side of her face. She breathed in as the blonde was still smiling about the pancakes and a lock of blonde hair escaped forward. Lena couldn’t help it, she couldn’t resist not bringing her hand and brushing the lock back behind the Super’s ear. Her hand lingered there for a few seconds before finally letting go and taking a step back from the hero. She needed space to calm down her stuttering heart. Placing her shaking hands in the pocket of her red coat, she willed her heart to calm down. They still stood close to one another. Both not wanting to put too much space between them.

“You got rid of the sniper team.” Supergirl nodded her head towards the balcony.

Lena broke out of her sinful daydreaming of the way Supergirl made her feel, “I did. I couldn't stand being watched like that. It was becoming too unnerving.”

Lena hears Supergirl chuckling, “That's too bad. I really liked them.” Lena looked away from the balcony towards the other woman, baffled. An obvious question in her eyes.

When did she...?

Supergirl saw her expression and replied with a guilty sheepish smile, “I talked to them a few times. They’re nice. Scary and intense when it comes to your safety, which is good by the way, but nice.” Suddenly Supergirl’s eyes lit up, “They even offered me a donut. It wasn't just any donut. It was a vanilla glazed blueberry filled donut! I’ve never even heard of this type before! And I know donuts!” Lena was amazed at how serious the blonde superhero seemed to take donuts. She had no idea Supergirl was so passionate about sugary pastries. She tried her best to keep a straight face as Supergirl began reciting a list of donuts that she had tried, counting each one on her fingers. She loved this side of the superhero. The side that wanted pancakes for dinner, couldn’t handle a bandaid, and had a hidden passion for donuts. “… and then there’s the maple one and don’t forget the powdered ones...”

“Oh, who could forget the powdered ones.”

Supergirl wasn’t listening to her, “… and the custard and the lemon cream - oh that one is really
good. I think you’d like the lemon cream. And the Boston Cream one. And the... you get my point. But this one!” Supergirl sighs her appreciation of the donut, “This one was a vanilla glazed blueberry filled donut!” She said slowly, pausing after every word to emphasize her astonishment even further. The hero threw her hands up in surrender, “I pledged my loyalty to them right then and there after that donut.” Then as though just remembering, Supergirl chuckled saying, “And they had this... Oh umm nevermind.”

“What?”

“No, no. I just remembered they begged me not to tell you.”

The CEO narrowed her eyes at the hero, trying to intimidate her, “Well now you absolutely must tell me.”

“Nu uh. My loyalty is to them remember?”

Lena raised her signature eyebrow, “You do realize I have the resources to buy you a whole donut shop, right?”

Supergirl’s eyes widened comically. She looked in awe of what Lena had said. As though, even the mere thought of having a whole donut shop to herself was close to a miracle. She reminded Lena of a little child getting a puppy for Christmas. Lena smiled and continued casually bribing the blonde, “You can have all the donuts you can eat.” She goes to count the types on her fingers just as Supergirl had done moments ago, “the glazed ones, and the double chocolate, and...” she gasps mockingly, “who could forget the powdered ones. You can have them for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. At any time of the day. It would be opened 24...”

“Ok, ok fine. I'll tell you. Enough with the mouth watering details already.”

Lena couldn’t help her smirk. Negotiating and bribing were quite literally in her blood.

Supergirl seemed reluctant to speak, but eventually she did her signature looking towards her feet while talking move and mumbled her words out, “They had a bet going on.”

“What kind of bet?” Lena asked, crossing her arms.

She saw Supergirl gather up confidence and raise her chin to meet her eyes, she gave another guilty sheepish smile before saying, “The kind that bet on which one of us would kiss the other first.”

Shock made its way onto Lena’s face as she registered the words. Her eyes grew and her eyebrow went even higher, “They did what, now?”

Supergirl jumped at the opportunity to defend their honor, “Don’t get mad! It was just a silly little bet. And they asked me just to settle it.”

“And did you? Settle it?” she asked. And then she added, “Truthfully?”

Supergirl rubbed the back of her neck with a wide grin on her face, “Yes. I did. I told them it was you. Turns out almost all of them bet against me for some reason. There were only a couple that thought I would kiss you first.”

“Well I'm glad my reputation precedes me. I should have a word with their supervisor on their professionalism.”

“No don't do thaaaat! See? This is why we didn't want to tell you!”

“I said I should. Not that I would.”
Supergirl’s face lit up as she beamed with happiness, a goofy grin on her face.

“Well as nice as you thought they were, I realized the other team was more than enough. I'm sorry I took away your donut buddies.”

“Oh that's alright. They added me to their group chat.”

Lena honest to God gawks at what she had just heard. The idea alone that National City’s very own superhero does common human things like text was somewhat inconceivable, but for her to be in a group chat...? Lena had a hard time wrapping her mind around it. It was just too... surreal. “We've slept in the same bed. Twice now. And you give your number to a group of snipers that you hardly know.”

“They gave me donuts,” Supergirl said as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Lena was still dumbfounded at the whole situation. She glared at the blonde hero as she made her way to her desk, mumbling to herself under her breath, “Donuts. They gave her donuts. That's it. I'm buying that donut shop right now!” She grabs her phone, not knowing who to call but planning on finding someone suitable for the job.

Supergirl stepped closer to her, taking the phone out of her hands and placing it on the desk behind her. Lena breathes in the familiar scent of rain mixed in with a hint of mint, and she feels her heartbeat pick up again at the hero’s closeness. She looked up to see the smug look on Supergirl’s face, “You know if you wanted my number, all you had to do was ask.”

The CEO’s eyes narrowed, piercing emerald eyes glared at the blonde, “I never said I wanted your number.”

“But you do want it.”

“No. I just think that you should prioritize more on who you give your number to.”

“And who in your opinion has the priority of getting my number?” Supergirl smirked, inching her face closer to hers.

She couldn't help it. Her eyes stole a glance at the blonde’s lips. “Maybe someone you've been sleeping beside and occasionally making out with”

“And who would that be?” the hero whispered.

Lena was suddenly broken out of her trans, jutting her chin up in annoyance, “Are you by any chance making out with other people?!”

Supergirl was also broken out of the spell when she realized what she said, “What? No! That's not... Oh Rao! No, no! I just meant...” Her brows lowered as she tried to find something to say. “Not umm you know... Not making out with anyone else.” then a thoughtful frightened look crossed her face as she asked, “Why? Are you... Uhh umm making out with other people?”

“No.”

“Ok. Good.”

“Good.”

Supergirl cleared her throat as she turned away, clearly embarrassed, and Lena immediately felt the warmth of Supergirl’s closeness leave her body. Her body ached to go and stand closer to the hero and feel the warmth radiating from her, and Lena attempted to hide her greed by walking
over to pour herself a glass of water. The water helped calm her nerves and her dry throat. It washed away the pent up emotion that had been stuck there. As she leaned against the wall beside the tray holding the pitcher, she ran her hand through her hair to busy them. She saw the hero stand close to the coffee table, her face held a serious expression, one that Lena hardly saw around her. One she only saw the hero use when lives were at stake. Supergirl looked at her, eyes meeting in a clash of blue and green.

“Last night. On the street. You said something.” Supergirl creased her eyebrows in concern. “You said that you... that you didn't care if...”

Lena froze. Her blood running cold at the memory. Remembering every word.

*There are probably countless people in need of you right now, and yet you choose to follow the one person that doesn't fucking gives a damn if she's dead or not!*

She hadn't meant to say it at the time. She was just so angry. That day she kept drowning in things going horribly wrong and Supergirl caught her at the deep end.

Supergirl seemed to register the change in Lena’s features, and Lena understood that they were both thinking of the same moment. She cleared her throat before speaking again, “Did you... Did you mean it?” she stammered.

“I...” I don’t know. I think I did. She needed to give Supergirl an answer. The longer she hesitated, the longer the hero would think that she did mean it. Which is the answer, isn’t it? Did I mean it? At the time, yes. I did. Now? “I’m not sure” she whispered, bowing her head down in shame. “It’s not what you think. I’m not suicidal. It’s just...

Lena didn’t look up. She couldn’t look up into those eyes that were probably filled with pity and judgement. Unexpectedly, she felt movement around her, red boots coming into her line of sight, and a familiar warmth rushing back into her body at the hero’s closeness. The hero used her thumb and index to gently grasp Lena’s chin, “Look at me,” she whispered, waiting for green eyes to meet hers.

Finally deciding to look up, Lena felt her breath hitch and her lips tremble. She felt her heart skip as she drowned in the flickering azure orbs of Supergirl’s eyes. She had never seen them this blue. Somehow, they were both the color of a cloudless sky on a warm afternoon, but also the icy blueness of a frozen lake. It stole her breath away. *Frozen warmth*. That’s what came to Lena’s mind. So many different shades of blue seemed to be hidden within those eyes that Lena felt dizzy. Her heart hammered against her chest as she fought to guide enough oxygen into her lungs. Because in those eyes, pity and judgement were nonexistent. Instead, she saw concern. Affection. *Love.*

Supergirl leaned closer, resting her forehead on Lena’s once more, and seemed to also have a hard time breathing. Lena’s back sank further into the wall as Supergirl inched closer to her. She gulped down before speaking, “I care,” she whispered softly, her eyes squeezing shut as though in pain, “If something ever happened to you...” the blonde choked on her words, having trouble finding her voice, “I don’t know what I would do. I know that’s not what you want to hear. But it’s the truth.” she nuzzled closer to Lena, sharing the same breath with her, and Lena could almost taste the mint on her lips, “I care so much about what happens to you, it scares me.”

As Supergirl opened her eyes again, Lena saw storms in them. She couldn’t look away even if her life depended on it. Supergirl’s voice seemed to weaken even more, “So please, please don’t push me away. I would never forgive myself if anything...” this time Supergirl choked on her trembling
voice that was so shaken, Lena herself shuddered. *It wasn’t possible. It shouldn’t be. Her feelings towards me are so...*

The blonde brought her right hand to Lena’s cheek, caressing it softly as she intertwined her fingers of her other hand into Lena’s. “*I need* you. And if you ever...” she pauses to catch her breath, “If you ever feel like you don’t care what happens to you, just remember that I do.” Supergirl brought her other hand to Lena’s other cheek, holding her face even closer as she gazed into Lena’s eyes, “Whatever happens to you, happens to me.” she whispered so softly, Lena almost didn’t catch it. She almost thought she imagined it. *It couldn’t be possible.*

She knew she had no ability to voice out any words, let alone arrange them to make a sentence. So she held Supergirl’s icy blue eyes and nodded as tears finally, finally, made their way down her cheeks. She leaned forward and pressed her lips to Supergirl’s, kissing her softly, trying to express all the feelings within her. Trying to show the feelings she had towards her. Supergirl kissed her back in equal measure, holding her face in both hands as she pressed her lips to Lena’s. The kiss wasn’t hungry, not like their other kisses. It was sensual. It was filled with emotions they both kept aside for a very long time. The kiss was warm, it made Lena’s heart flutter at its sensation. Supergirl pushed her further into the wall as she continued kissing her. The brunette could feel the hero smile in the kiss, as though she had been waiting forever for it. Longing for it. Lena brought her hands to Supergirl’s hips, going past to clutch at her cape. She needed something to ground her as realization finally came.

As she finally surrendered to her feelings for this extraordinary hero. As she finally realized someone was capable of looking at her the way Supergirl did. And as understanding made its way through her mind, she finally refused to deny the hard cold truth.

She was in love with Supergirl.

Just as she was in love with Kara Danvers.

She was in love with two remarkable women.

Two women that were complete opposites of each other, but somehow both managed to steal her heart.

*I’m in love with both of them.*
Hey everyone,
So this is a chapter that was supposed to be a bit longer with a bit more fluff at the end, but I decided to post it as it is with everything that’s been going on recently. It’s not edited too much and I am not even sure if it’s as long as my other chapters, but I do hope it’s worth it.

Regarding what happened at SDCC, with Jeremy and Melissa, I myself am not one that dwells too much on celebrity behavior. Nor do I need to be validated for my perceptions on certain characters of a show. Nor do I feel that my sexuality is threatened by people’s comments about it. But, the one thing that truly got to me was an anon on Tumblr who explained in detail how she is a 15 year old blonde girl in love with her brunette best friend, who happened to be very rich. Sound familiar? That teenager watched as she was told over and over again how two characters she looked up to “Can never be together” as a joke. Now, I understand humor and I also understand this ship is obviously never going to be canon, but let's face it, that song could have gone in so many different ways. Jeremy could have sung about so many different things about the season 2 recap, but somehow he chose to joke about that. There are certain things that are just better left away from humor, and this is one of them.

And I know that many people feel ashamed or humiliated by it. But the way I see it, we’ve got a whole ocean of awesome fanfiction that will never die down. Yes, our inspiration came from characters they’ve portrayed, but we created a whole fucking universe of alternate realities that would last us a lifetime! That is something they can never take away!

So, if by any chance you felt as though you were somehow shoved aside by what happened, let me just tell you... It gets better! Hateful comments won’t ever stop, I won’t lie to you, but you tend to find people who accept you and are kind to you and somewhere along the way, you stop hearing those hateful comments anymore. With that said, I hope this chapter brings a smile to your face during dire times. And I do hope you don’t read this at work...or at school...or beside your parents...

As always,
Enjoy:) (This time I mean it!)

The kiss slowly began to be desperate. Searching for more. Wanting more. They both held each other as their lips pressed against one another. Lena felt fire dance along her skin, heat radiating from Supergirl and pooling into her. Or maybe it was just her. Her hands became frantic, wanting-needing to touch Supergirl in every way possible. She slid her hands along the sides of the hero, pausing at her back, feeling the muscles tense under the fabric of her suit.

I need... I need to tell her.

Forming any kind of thought was practically impossible at this point. All she could think about was Supergirl's lips kissing her, her hands at the nape of her neck. The moans the hero was
making that made Lena draw her closer. But at the back of her mind, she knew she couldn't go through with whatever was about to happen without telling Supergirl.

She broke the kiss long enough to utter one word, “Wait,” she whispered before kissing her one more time. “Wait, wait. I uh I need to tell you something.”

“Mmm” Supergirl hummed distractedly, kissing a trail down Lena’s jaw.

This is much harder than I thought. Lena brought her hand to bury her fingers in Supergirl’s blonde hair as she bit gently on Lena’s jaw, making the CEO shiver with pleasure. “I... I need...”

What was it that I needed to tell her.

“You need...?” Supergirl’s kisses reached Lena’s neck, and then slowly going up behind her ear.

“I can't...” For God sakes! Lena pulled Supergirl’s face towards her, and was met with blue lust-filled eyes. “I want this. I want all the things you said you wanted. I want you.”

Supergirl grinned, “I think we've already established that”

“I need you to know that I care about you.”

At that, Supergirl’s face became more serious, her chuckle switched to a warm smile, “I care about you too.”

“And this thing between us, it's... It's real for me. I promise I won't push you away anymore. Or run away from this. Not ever.”

Supergirl smiled wholeheartedly, her eyes beaming.

“But there's someone else” Lena whispered and watched the smile slowly die from her beautiful face. Her eyes grow worried. Her body stiffen at the words.

“Oh.” She took a step back, but Lena immediately grabbed both her wrists pulling her towards herself.

“It's not what you think. This isn't me rejecting you for her. I know it's absurd, but I care about both of you.” Lena looked down, ashamed of her indecisive feelings, “I understand if this isn't something you're comfortable with.” Lena smiled in shame, “This is not something one would consider normal. Believe me I'm as confused by this as you are.”

Supergirl remained frighteningly silent that Lena swallowed the lump in her throat at the thought of her leaving. She wouldn't be able to handle it if the hero left. She didn't know how to explain the fact that she wanted her just as much as she wanted Kara.

When Supergirl finally spoke, her voice was groggy with emotion, “Why aren't you with that other person right now?”

“It's uhh... It's complicated.” Cliché much? “She and I, we... we want different things, it seems.” Liar. You never even asked!

“How do you know?”

“Trust me, I do.” She smiled embarrassingly, “She's... this strong, opinionated and beautiful person that is going so far in this life. Farther than National City even.”

Supergirl smiled a goofy smile that Lena had trouble understanding until she said, “Is she by any chance blonde...?”
This was when Lena’s CEO skills were put to the test as she gave no thought to the lie she told next, “No, not at all. It's not who you think.” she said through her teeth, pressing the lie further with a small laugh in disbelief. It was petty, she knew. Lying to Supergirl about Kara. But she was embarrassed. And she wanted to keep at the very least one thing to herself. Kara was her secret. She wasn't ready to share it just yet. “It's not important. She uhh... I don't think she...”

Lena caught some sort of puzzling disappointment on Supergirl’s face before she avoided her gaze, looking down at her feet. The hero was probably disappointed by the whole situation. But then, she smiled bringing Lena’s eyes back to her with her fingers on her chin, “She'd be stupid to not like you back.”

Lena laughed skeptically, “Thank you.” Then, a little more hesitantly she asked, “Are you ok with... with this? With me being in love with someone else.” Looking up, she felt she needed to clarify even more, “Nothing’s changed between us, I promise. I don’t plan on pursuing her or anything of that matter. I just wanted to be honest with you before...”

Supergirl smirked, and Lena sighed in relief, “Before what?”

“Well. Before umm...” Lena felt herself being backed into the wall again, Supergirl’s blue eyes never leaving her lips. It was all very distracting. “Before we go any further.”

“So you're assuming that this is going further...?” Supergirl inched closer, her breath on Lena’s ear, “You’re quite confident of yourself, aren't you Ms. Luthor?”

Lena brought her hand to the back of Supergirl’s head, her fingers tangling in blonde curls, “I can be particularly persuasive when going after something I want.” Molten heat radiated off of her as she sensed Supergirl scraping her teeth along her jaw.

“And what is it that you want, Ms. Luthor?” Lena shivered at the formal use of her name. The way the r rolled off of Supergirl’s tongue turned her on even more.

Once again, she grabbed Supergirl’s face in her hands, making those blue eyes meet her own, “I want you.” she whispered against her lips, “Now.” before capturing them into a heated kiss. They kissed with a need so strong it overwhelmed them both. Supergirl pushed herself further into Lena’s space, trapping her against the wall, holding her down by the waist. Lena wound her arms around the hero’s neck, bringing her even closer. The kiss returned to being desperate again, both of them not getting enough of each other. Both of them wanting more.

When she finally needed to come out for air, Supergirl broke the kiss, but didn't move. She remained as close to her as possible, breathing heavily and staring into Lena’s eyes. She sensed the hero’s small heavy breaths caressing her own lips. Lena’s heart was hammering against her chest, intensified by the silence in the room. She felt her mouth go dry, watching as Supergirl’s eyes dilated, her tongue darted out to wet her lips. On instinct, Lena did the same, biting her lip from the heat running through her body.

She’s so close. She couldn't tell anymore where her breath ended and Supergirl’s started. They shared the same breath as they both stood there pressed into each other. Supergirl ran her hands from her waist up to her ribs, her thumbs brushing the underside of Lena’s breasts through the material of her dress, then going back down to her waist, only a bit lower this time, her fingers coming dangerously close to Lena’s ass. Desire spread throughout Lena’s body, as Supergirl brought her hands back up to the underside of her breasts. But they stayed there. Teasing Lena. She’s waiting for permission. Lena had enough of the slow temptation. She brought one of her own hands grabbing the hero’s and placing it over her left breast. She squeezed her breast over Supergirl’s hand, slowly showing her what she wanted. Supergirl rested her forehead on Lena, squeezing her eyes tighter, as she began to squeeze Lena’s breast through her dress.
She returned to kissing Lena, hungrily tracing every part of her mouth. She brought her tongue to Lena’s lips, seeking permission, and Lena didn't think twice before opening her mouth further to let her in. Supergirl deepened the kiss, while bringing her free hand to Lena’s ass, pulling her harder against her body. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, Lena registered her red coat falling to the ground, but her mind was too occupied by certain lips on hers to be sure.

Those strong hands made their way to the hem of Lena’s dress, drawing it up all the way to her waist. Supergirl brought her right hand under Lena’s knee, wrapping it around her hip. The action filled with lust gave the CEO enough friction to be worked up even more. The sensation of Supergirl pushing at Lena’s core, grinding against her, made her moan in pleasure.

She was breathing heavily, “Supergirl,” She stammered between kisses. She didn't know what she wanted to say, just that she needed to utter that one word.

Lena, now balanced on her right foot, brought her hand to the back of the blonde’s head, scratching with her fingers digging deep into the blonde locks. Supergirl kissed a trail across her jaw to Lena’s neck, where she lingered, biting at the apex between her neck and shoulder. The brunette moaned louder at the feeling, turned on even more by the idea of being marked. Supergirl pulled on Lena’s knee harder, creating pleasurable friction for her over her panties now that the dress was out of the way.


“No bed?” Supergirl was still working on her neck. Biting harshly then soothing with her tongue and leaving soft kisses. It was driving Lena mad.

“No. I won't make it that far.” Lena was speaking between small heavy breaths.

“I have super speed” She does have a point. But her fantasies were always on the desk.

She brought her mouth closer to the Super’s ear, “The idea of you fucking me on my desk is making me even more wet than I already am.”

“Desk it is, then.” Supergirl said quickly, as she bent down to grab the back of Lena’s other knee and pull her up. Lena wrapped her legs around Supergirl, her arms around her neck, and brought that skilled mouth back to her own. She couldn’t get enough of kissing her. Unexpectedly, Supergirl pushed against the wall, grinding herself harder against Lena’s opening. A whimper escaped Lena, and she heard one coming from the woman beside her as well. She continued to grind her hips for a few more seconds, Lena in turn pushed off the wall to grind back and create as much friction as she can.

She was set at the edge of the desk, mouth still probing Lena’s, kissing her with lust and hunger. Lena felt fingers slide up her thighs all the way up her hips to the waistband of her panties. The Super stopped for a heartbeat, holding on to it but not pulling down. She broke the kiss, opening her eyes, holding Lena’s gaze.

“Are you sure?”

After all this, She’s still asking for permission. She's checking if I changed my mind. If I wanted to back out. From... This. From her. It should be the other way around. She should...

Lena didn't trust her voice nor her mind to be able to form a coherent response, so instead she nodded slowly, holding Supergirl’s stare. The flimsy garment was gone. Lena didn't see them go, but she could feel the cold air on her skin. Supergirl still held the back of Lena’s knees as she kissed her desperately, pulling her closer to her. But then Lena felt her right hand let go, coming in between them, hesitating for a second over her stomach before continuing. Supergirl brought her fingers into Lena’s folds, sucking in a breath.
“You're so wet,” She whispered onto Lena’s mouth.

Her fingers circled her clit, making Lena shiver at the slow pace, going deeper to gather more wetness to bring it back up and rub against her clit. The hero started off slow, teasing. She made lazy circles over the bud, causing Lena to grind her hips towards those slow fingers. Gradually, Supergirl picked up the pace, pressing harder as her movements became faster. Lena screamed when she sensed the change, feeling herself already so embarrassingly close. Electricity surged through her body as she endured every nerve ending on fire. The bite on her neck with the increased speed of those fingers was all she needed to come off the edge, shivering uncontrollably as her orgasm took over her whole body. Supergirl slowed down her ministrations, kissing her neck and soothing the bite marks with her tongue.

“Mmm” Lena rested her head on the hero’s shoulder as the blonde continued devouring her neck. “You’re much better than in my head” She said lazily, not caring about damaging her ego.

“You've thought about me in your head?” Came a muffled voice from beside her.

“Don't pretend like you didn't know”

A small chuckle left the blonde, and Lena felt the air of the laugh on her shoulder. “I did.”

The fingers remained on Lena’s clit, doing lazy circles, that made Lena feel she was floating rather than sitting. Supergirl’s thumb suddenly replaced both fingers and was left playing with Lena’s clit. The circles suddenly turned into breathtaking back and forth movements that reminded Lena of scratching an itch without nails. Literally. Supergirl continued moving her finger back and forth on the clit and Lena felt herself being worked up again for a second orgasm. This was new. The feeling of the finger going back and forth was new to Lena as though she's just discovered new nerve endings down there. She's never even tried masturbating in this way.

“What are you... mmm” The sensation felt heavenly, but also driving her insane with pleasure that Lena couldn't even finish her question. Supergirl was more smoothly scratching her clit than rubbing with her fingertips. Lena could feel this is going to be much more intense than her last orgasm and she didn't know if she was prepared. Fingers slid her zipper down the length of her dress and parted it, feeling the skin on her back. Supergirl continued biting at her shoulder as she pulled one side of the dress down, exposing Lena’s breast. Lena watched as the woman’s eyes bore a hunger so deep as she caught sight of the black lace bra underneath.

She didn't speak, didn't give any warning before pulling the strap of the bra down and taking a nipple into her mouth. She flicked her tongue across her breast, playing with Lena’s nipple all while the CEO writhed in front of her. All while her finger drove Lena crazy. She felt the heat all over her body, radiating off of her. Fuck! She hasn't even... Supergirl bit down harshly onto the side of her breast just as Lena thought she couldn't get worked up even more, and she screamed in pleasure and pain at the feeling.

The hero brought her head back up, a smirk on her lips as she looked into Lena’s eyes. Wanting to rip that smirk off her face, Lena held Supergirl’s face in both hands and kissed her hungrily. She drove her tongue deep and sucked on the blonde’s lower lip. As though motivated, Supergirl’s thumb began moving faster. Harder. Lena broke the kiss as she felt herself shiver from the sensation. She was panting. Her breaths uneven.

She suddenly sensed those two fingers coming back, rubbing gently at her opening. And Lena knew what was coming. She knew she wasn’t prepared. She was already too worked up. She couldn't possibly...

“Fuck!” She hissed just as two fingers dove inside of her. Supergirl’s smirk returned as she watched Lena whimper in pleasure. The hero began pumping her fingers in and out, meeting the
pace of her thumb.

Lena held onto Supergirl’s shoulder bringing her in closer, sinking her fingers through blonde hair. Supergirl began biting on Lena’s earlobe, whispering sinful sweet nothings into her ear. A low keening sound escaped her as an orgasm much deeper than the first flowed to the tips of her fingers and toes. And Lena toppled over the edge, feeling her juices running down her thighs and on her desk.

“Holy fucking shit!” She screamed, her body shaking with spasms from the intensity of her orgasm, as she held on for dear life to shoulders of Steel.

“Language” The hero whispered smugly, Lena can feel the smirk glued onto that perfect face. She needed to catch her breath to form a proper response. But her heart was pounding against her chest, her chest rising with each heavy breath. She didn't have the energy to hold her body up anymore, the only thing keeping her up was the woman that was the reason for her lifeless body. Lena waited for her heartbeat to calm down, for her breath to return to normal. She felt Supergirl pull her hand out, making Lena shudder once more, and grabbing the back of Lena’s knees again. She pulled until Lena was fully against her, tugging the rest of the dress down. Lena’s mind was too hazy to comprehend what was happening around her. She complied easily, as the dress was taken off and strong hands under her ass picked her up. She wrapped her arms and legs around the hero, a smile on her face as she rested her forehead on Supergirl’s.

“I was wrong. You're much, much better than in my head.”

“I'm glad to hear that,” the hero laughed.

“Where are you taking me, Supergirl?” She whispered in her ear.

“Haven't you had enough of your desk fantasy?” the hero asked smugly.

She was met with the familiar darkness of the small bedroom in her office. Supergirl was carrying her inside, laying her down gently with ease. Pillows materialized under her head, and she pulled the hero down with her, not wanting to let go.

“I think...” She whispered as she began tugging at the suit, not knowing where to begin taking it off. “... you're wearing way too many clothes” Does this thing have a zipper? Buttons? How on earth...?

Supergirl had her thoughtful look again, the one Lena absolutely loved since it almost always was followed by a goofy remark. “Technically the suit is really just two pieces plus the...” Lena raised her left eyebrow, the one that so obviously conveys a ‘seriously?’ remark. Supergirl immediately stopped talking, pressing her lips together. “Oh. I mean, yeah, too many clothes. Way too many clothes.”

The hero bent down kissing Lena again. She then feathered kisses on her jaw, scraping her teeth on the side of Lena’s chin.

“You're stalling” Lena criticized.

“It's your fault for being irresistible”

“Wow. That was extremely cheesy, even for you Supergirl!” Lena laughed, while the hero scraped her teeth at the hollow of your neck.

“That was smooth and you know it!”She claimed, distractedly.
“Alright then. My way it is then,” Lena had had enough, she needed to feel the woman above her. She pushed on to Supergirl’s shoulders, rolling them both until Lena was straddling the blonde’s hips.

Supergirl pouted. Oh God! That must be another one of her super powers. How anyone can resist that pout was beyond Lena. “But I wasn’t finished”

The brunette bent down, whispering in the hero’s ear seductively, “You will, darling. Trust me.” she breathed out, sucking on her earlobe. The blonde beneath her shivered from her words, and Lena got to work. She went back to kissing that perfect mouth, breaking the kiss temporarily as she pulled the skirt together with the tights down those toned thighs and discarding them somewhere behind her. She held Supergirl’s face kissing her frantically, only coming up for air when attempting to discard the top of the suit.

It was then that she registered the bandages on the toned stomach. Her face took on a worried expression as concern filled her eyes, “What happened?” she asked sadly, still straddling her hips.

Supergirl looked down at her stomach as though just remembering the bandages, “Oh, that. It's nothing.”

“It's obviously not nothing. You're...” She's bulletproof. She shouldn't be able to get hurt. Then, “Kryptonite,” she whispered looking down at the bandages.

Supergirl got up, holding Lena’s hips as her face drew closer to hers. “Hey, hey. I'm fine. Look,” she peeled off one of the bandages, revealing a long dark line slashing through her skin. The scar seemed to have healed, no bleeding, but it was still there. Lena stared at it, picturing what could have caused such a scar.

“It was a bullet, wasn’t it?” Lena asked, her eyes never leaving the scar.

“Yes.”

“Linda Friitawa?” she inquired through her teeth, already angry.

Supergirl hesitated, clearly not had planned on telling Lena. “Yeah.”

“How did she get her hands on Kryptonite bullets?”

Supergirl said nothing, her eyes a dark shade of blue. And Lena understood.

“My brother.” Lena said sternly. The hero nodded. Lena’s possessiveness bubbled up inside of her, as anger and hatred for her brother filled every fibre of her being. Why would Lex do this? She knew why. Lex was bored. This is how he passed the time. Never in her life had she hated her brother more than she did now at the thought of Supergirl getting hurt because of him.

“Hey, it's ok. I'm perfectly fine. I was under the sun lamps for a few hours. I'm all healed up. But I wanted to come see you, so one of the DEO agents placed a bandage over the scar as a precaution. It’s just that. I promise you I'm fine,” Supergirl nuzzled her nose on Lena’s cheek, kissing it softly. “You have nothing to worry about.”

Lena held her face in both her hands, looking deep into those eyes, “I am worried”

Supergirl grinned, “It's cute when you're worried.”

“It’s not funny,” How could she think this is funny?! “You could have...”

Lena laughed although her heart was still filled with worry. “Please be careful next time.” She rubbed her thumb back and forth across the hero’s cheek. “I know I can't ask you that. You go towards the danger, not away from it. I can’t ask you to... Just, please be careful.”

“I will. Promise.” She mumbled as she gently kissed the corner of Lena’s mouth. Lena wound her arms around her neck again, reassuring herself that Supergirl was here, she was fine, in her arms. Soft lips kissed Lena fiercely, Lena felt the air leave her lungs in relief. She heard herself let out a moan, a guttural sound confirming her hunger for the blonde woman once again.

She was immediately flipped onto her back, strong arms holding her close. Supergirl continued kissing her, using her tongue to deepen the kiss. Her hands cupped Lena’s breasts. When did she take off my bra? Supergirl pinched her nipples teasingly, taking her time doing so, as Lena felt the heat rushing back, her whole body on fire. “I thought it was my turn,” she said in between kisses.

Lena felt the hero smirk, “Like I said, irresistible.”

“Still cheesy.”

“Smooth” her mouth making its way down the CEO’s jaw.

“You wish,” Lena has had enough of Supergirl being in control. While the hero was distracted by her neck, she got up on her elbows, sucking at Supergirl’s earlobe. As soon as she heard the pleasure-filled moan coming from beside her, she pushed Supergirl back with her hips, flipping them both until she was straddling her hips.

“Much better,” Lena smirked at her success.

She was staring, she was well aware. But her mind was stating it as fact that it was impossible not to stare. Fuck, she’s ripped. Lena felt herself being turned on more by the sheer strength beneath her. She dragged her hands up the blonde’s thighs, all the way to the mouth watering abs she wanted so much to get to know. There was one bandage covering Supergirl’s toned stomach and two closer to her sides. But Lena could still see the muscle underneath her fingertips. Her thoughts wandered to sinful corners of her mind regarding what she wanted to do to those abs.

“See something you like, Ms. Luthor?” Supergirl smirked at Lena’s staring.

Lena had to drag her eyes away from those tight abs to look into blue eyes, smiling seductively, “You’re smug, you know that?” She bent down placing a kiss on her collarbone, followed by a trail of soft kisses down until her mouth reached her target. She placed a teasing kiss on a nipple before pulling the bra cup down and devouring what she felt was rightfully hers at that moment. She brought the blonde’s nipple into her mouth, sucking at it gently at first, then biting around it, and flicking it with her tongue. Lena smirked when she noticed the woman under her suck in a breath and arch her back for more, bringing a hand to the back of Lena’s head.

“I am all for foreplay, Lena, but I...mmmm...I need...” Supergirl had a hard time making up her mind it seemed.

“And who said this was foreplay?” She smirked as she continued biting at the hero’s breast, while slowly slipping her hands down under a certain waistband.

“Oh. Multitasking. Impressive.”

Lena rode up the hero to whisper in her ear, “You haven’t begun to see what’s impressive yet,” She slipped her fingers into Supergirl’s slit, relishing in the arousal down there. She took her time rubbing at her clit, working her up. Supergirl squeezed her eyes shut, making Lena smirk at the effect she had on the superhero at barely a simple touch. She moved her finger lower, teasing her entrance, but not really giving her what she wanted. A wide grin made its way to Lena’s mouth as...
the hero’s face seemed to weigh the option of pleading or not. Lena wanted nothing more than Supergirl to plead, but tonight they were doing things fast. They were getting something out of both their systems. And so, Lena slowly pushed her middle finger inside, watching as Supergirl almost squirmed at the action. She heard a lazy moan from beside her. She pulled out enough to push two fingers instead this time, filling her, fucking her at a tormenting slow steady pace. Supergirl breathed heavily through her nose, taking a deep breath in as Lena pushed inside her, letting out a deep breath out as Lena pulled out. As she let the hero adjust to her fingers, she began to pick up her pace, driving her fingers in and out faster. Harder.

She bit at the Super’s neck, thrusting deeper inside of her, feeling Supergirl’s hand grip her ass, squeezing roughly. And Lena instinctively found herself grinding her ass on that hand, wanting more. She held herself up with her other hand splayed on the mattress beside Supergirl’s head and used the better angle to push further, faster, into the blonde woman. Supergirl moaned loudly this time, uttering sounds of pleasure along with her heavy breathing. Lena smiled as she saw the hero suck in a breath through her teeth the moment a thumb was placed roughly on her clit. She played with her clit, pressing tight circles that she knew would drive any woman mad. Supergirl’s breath hitched at the feel of Lena’s thumb and fingers altogether. Lena watched as she withered under her. She watched the rise and fall of her chest. Those breasts. She watched her eyes suddenly open just as her walls were tightening around her fingers. Fuck, she’s so beautiful. The blue of her eyes was barely visible when she looked at her, only a thin ring around bottomless black pupils.

Both their lips parted as Supergirl came, with a silent scream on her lips. Lena slowed down her movement to help Supergirl ride out her orgasm, until she finally pulled out, sucking the arousal off her fingertips as she plopped down on her back beside the recovering woman beside her.

Supergirl took a few moments to gather herself, each minute more giving Lena an ego boost. She finally turned her flushed face towards the CEO, a sleepy grin on her face, “You were right.” She said lazily, “That was impressive”.

Lena laughed at the comment, still trying to steady her own pulse, “You’re not so bad yourself.” she replied smugly, “And I believe I still owe you one.”

Chapter End Notes

For anyone that needs to rant about anything or just share their frustration about what happened, my ask box is always opened on Tumblr.

P.s. Katie Mcgrath is an angel and no one deserves her. Let that be known.
You're Beautiful

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The only sound that remained in the room was the both of them trying to catch their breath. Kara felt as though her body was on fire, every nerve ending spiraling out of control to the mere touch of this woman beside her. Her thoughts were on a similar path, her mind replaying everything that had happened between them. Every kiss. Every touch. Every word. But the one thing she couldn’t help but linger on was this other person Lena seemed to be in love with. She turned her head to look at Lena, hearing her heartbeat take on a slow steady rhythm. One that Kara knew meant Lena was very close to falling asleep. She observed the flush of her cheeks, her long lashes hiding the green of her eyes. There was no doubt that what she felt for Lena ran deeper than mere attraction, and she wanted nothing more to tell her. But as Kara Danvers. Not as Supergirl. And Lena only felt that way about Supergirl. And this other person. Lena seemed unsure of the other person’s feelings which only meant that she had never told them how she felt. The idea that there was a possibility of Lena being happy with this person conflicted Kara immensely. She wanted Lena to be happy. Even if it was with someone else. She deserved it so much. Rao, Lena deserved to be happy. And knowing Lena, she was not going to confess to any feelings anytime soon. Kara had to push her.

“Lena?”

“Mhm” Lena answered sleepily. She was laying on her back, her face turned away, hand tucked under the pillow.

“Lena?” Kara slid closer to her, kissing that spot under her ear.

“Mmmm. Yes, darling.” Lena’s groggy voice had an aphrodisiac effect on Kara. She breathed in her scent, bringing her arm across the CEO’s stomach to her hips.

“I think you should tell her.” Kara whispered in her ear.

Eyes still closed, Lena’s left eyebrow went up, “Tell who what?”

Kara swallowed the lump in her throat before answering, “The person you're in love with,” Lena’s eyes snapped open, “I think you should ask her out.” Lena turned her head to face her, rubbing her sleepy eyes.

Her expression looked puzzled, so Kara continued, getting up on her left elbow to face her, “I don’t want you to always regret never asking her.”

Lena looked at her in shock, her mouth opening and closing repeatedly before finally sounding out words, “Are you suggesting I go pursue another woman while lying down naked next to me?”

Kara didn't quite understand the question. Was there something wrong with my suggestion? She eventually nodded, still unsure of the correct answer.

“And if she - and I’m not saying that she will - but,” she paused, seemingly not knowing how to ask her question, “what if she said yes?”

“That would be great!” Kara’s face lit up.

Lena’s face was in complete bewilderment, her lips parted in shock once more, “I meant for us. What would it mean for us if she said yes?”
“Oh. Well, we'd just go back to being friends. I'm completely fine with it if you are. I just don't want you thinking what if. You deserve to get closure. If she said yes, then great! If she said no, then I get you all to myself,” She smirked as she planted kisses from her jaw to her neck.

Lena laughed half-heartedly, her expression still puzzled, “I'm sorry I'm still trying to process what you're saying.”

Kara frowned as she faced her again, “All I'm saying is that you should just ask her out.

Kara watched as Lena bit at her lip, “I would rather not. Besides, it's not the right time.”

“When is it ever the right time?”

“I'm not asking her out.”

“What’s the worst that could happen?”

The brunette’s eyes widened even more, “What's the worst...? So many things can go wrong!”

“Like what?”

“Like...”

“Like...?”

She shook her head, “No. I'm not asking her out.” She said sternly, making up her mind.

“Come on. We could even plan some big romantic gesture!” Kara gasped, suddenly excited.

“W...We?!” she stuttered, seemingly more shocked by the pronoun.

“Yeah. I can help you!” Rao! I can write in the sky! Is that too much?

“I don't do big romantic gestures.”

Kara knew exactly what worked on Lena, “Really? Hmm, guess I was wrong.”

That caught Lena’s attention, “Wrong about what?”

“About you being romantic”

Her shock was reinforced by annoyance now, “I can be romantic.”

“Clearly.”

“I can!”

“Prove it. Ask her out.”

Lena narrowed her eyes, “That's not fair. It's not as simple as...” Kara’s phone suddenly buzzed on the night stand and she turned to grab it. It was Alex.

I'm at your apartment. You're not here. Where are you? It's the middle of the night.

Kara read the text from her overprotective older sister. What is she doing in my apartment at this time of the night.

“You have to go don't you?”
She looked back at Lena who wore a worried expression on her face. “Yeah, I do.” She leaned down and kissed her softly on the lips, savoring the taste of her, her thumb brushing against her cheek. She lingered there as she said, “Think about what I said,” she kissed her again, “Just tell her how you feel, if it doesn't work out, you'll still have me.” another kiss, “Always.”

Lena grabbed her face with both hands and kissed her back equally. When they parted and Kara rested her head on hers, Lena sighed, “I'll think about it.”

“That's good enough for me” Kara smiled.

“Please be careful out there.”

“I promised didn't I?” and with that she kissed her one last time and super speeded with her suit away.

“There you are! Where were you?” Alex exclaimed as Kara took the key out of her door and walked in.

“Oh. I ran out of ice cream, so I went to get some.” Kara held up the bag in her hand. She opened the freezer to place the ice cream, and shrieked when she found two other boxes in there. She stuffed the third box she just got to back up her excuse and closed the freezer before Alex turned around.

Alex was a composed highly trained agent that knew seven different ways to paralyze someone using only three of her fingers. With that said, in front of Kara, she turned into a nervous mess that had one very obvious tell. She paced.

“Alex? What's wrong?” Kara said slowly, trying to figure out why her sister was about to light the carpet on fire with her pacing.

She stopped abruptly, shrugging her shoulders, “Nothing's wrong. Why would anything be wrong.”

*Oh, this calls for some ice cream.*

Kara brought two types of ice cream with her, grabbed two spoons on the way, and sat down crossed legged on the couch. Alex sat next to her, not even registering that there were two boxes of ice cream and Kara only came in with one. The fact that Alex failed to notice that small detail worried Kara. “Alex, you're obviously worried about something. What is it?” She stuffed a spoonful of chocolate ice cream into her mouth.

“How's Lena?” Kara choked on her ice cream after hearing the question.

She nervously adjusted her glasses and gulped down, answering as calmly as she could, “Lena? Pfft she's umm she's... Rao what's the word I'm looking for? Good! She's good. I mean I haven't seen her in a while, she's very busy. She's such a busy person. A whole new level of busy. I think she might be even busier than you, me, and Supergirl combined.” Then, realizing who she just mentioned her eyes widened, “Not that Lena and Supergirl have any affiliation whatsoever. I don't even think Lena likes Supergirl that much. I mean me. As Supergirl. You know with rivaling families and all, I don't think she...” *Stop rambling! Well, answering calmly seemed to have clearly failed. “So yeah umm Lena is good. How about Maggie? Is she umm...” What was that word?!!*

“Good?” Alex raised an eyebrow, “Yeah she is good. She has a big case she's working on, I
didn't want to distract her. I hope you don't mind me crashing here?"

That was the second strike. Alex was being overly nice. *She sleeps here all the time. Why is she asking permission?*

“Of course I don't mind.”

Silence stretched on between them and Kara felt as though she was going to explode from wanting to know what was bothering Alex. They both ate their ice cream. Kara practically almost finishing her pint and Alex mostly picking at the little chocolate chips inside.

Suddenly Alex spoke, still very amazed by those chocolate chips, “So, I know you and Lena are friends.”

“We are” Kara nodded, feeling giddy on the inside remembering Lena’s smile. *I should take a picture of her smile.*

“And I know that as your friend, she means alot to you.” Alex was avoiding any sort of eye contact, swinging her spoon around to punctuate her words.

Kara was having a hard time following where Alex was heading, “She does.”

Alex frowned, “And you mean a lot to me.” she finally looked at her, her eyes worried, but also guilty, “It's just...”Alex choked on her own words, “You almost died today. Kara, you got shot. Three times.” She looked at where the scars were on Kara’s stomach under her shirt, as though willing them to disappear.

“Is that what all of this is about?” Kara asked, her voice holding back tears at the affection her sister held for her. She put down her ice cream and scooted closer to her sister, hugging her.

“Alex, I'm fine.” she tried soothing her by running her hand through her hair. She rubbed circles on her back. *This is why she's here. How did I miss it? After I got shot, I just left. I didn't stay back to see how she was doing. She must've felt so helpless.*

Kara turned around to circle Alex’s shoulder with her arms, hugging her warmly. “I'm sorry I worried you.”

“That's not...” Alex broke the hug slowly, sniffing but still holding back her own tears. Alex did that a lot. Act tougher around her. “Kara, yes I was worried about you. But I also need you to know something.”

Kara waited patiently as she watched her sister get up and continue her pacing. The pacing calmed her down. Alex was never good at sitting idle for long. So at times like these, pacing helped her gather her thoughts while simultaneously doing something.

She stopped abruptly, “Kara, you know that I would do anything for you, right?”

Kara wasn't sure if the question was meant to be answered, but she did anyway, “Yes. Of course I do.”

“And that if I ever...” she paused, looking for the right word, “If I ever did something, it's to protect you and keep you safe?” She made it sound like a question and again Kara found herself unsure if she should answer or not.

Alex seemed to be waiting for an answer, so Kara nodded, “Yes. I know, Alex, I really do. You've always been there for me. Always protecting me. You've been doing it ever since we were kids.”
Alex nodded, as though convinced of what Kara had said. *Did she need convincing?* She came back to sit beside her on the couch. “Ok. I guess I'm just overreacting with what happened tonight.” she gave Kara a weak smile. “How about we just do a Danvers sisters Netflix night?”

“Are you sure you don't want to...?”

“Pizza and Potstickers are on me”

“Yes. Ok. Netflix. Food. Yes.” Kara said quickly, nodding while speaking. Her stomach growled at the mention of her two favorite words, “But you're gonna have to order extra, because I haven't eaten much today.”

Alex tilted her head, frowning, “Why haven't you eaten?” she narrowed her eyes, the overprotective paranoid sister coming back, “You always have time for food. I've seen you eat a box of pizza while flying to go fight some alien. What have you been up to all day anyway? You were in a hurry to go somewhere you didn't even stay long enough under the sun lamps.”

*uh oh.*

Kara went to fixing her glasses, feeling her crinkle betray her once again and show up, “Ummm I... Well you see, what happened was that I...” *Any excuse would be valid right now! Anything! Just think of anything and blurt it out. “The zoo!” Anything but that...* “I umm had to go to the zoo. They were marrying off these two penguins. And I couldn't be late to the reception.” *How is this a valid normal believable excuse??!* Kara watched as Alex’s face seemed to be puzzled. And weirded out for that matter.

“Two penguins were getting married?” Alex asked slowly.

Kara nodded dramatically, “Mhm yup! It was beautiful. You should've been there. I spent the day there, and umm they umm didn't have that much food. And most of the food there was vegetarian, so as not to offend the animals at the zoo. Because umm you see the zoo has animals. And uuh...” *This excuse is terrible! Alex will double check! She's paranoid like that.* “But... But you won't find any record of it. It was a very small ceremony. They didn't even announce it. They just sent email invitation to people who are very active in the animal community.”

“And...You're in this community?” she pointed at Kara. “Actually never mind don't answer that.”

Kara hated lying to her sister. But it had been a long day for the both of them. And Kara didn't want to tell Alex like this. When she was already so worried about her. *Tomorrow. Over breakfast. I'll tell her tomorrow.*

After ordering food and arguing over what they should watch, they both finally settled beside one another cuddled under a blanket and ignored the lies between them.

As she finished getting dressed, putting on her heels and preparing for the day, Lena was already reciting the mantra she repeated constantly in her head. It served to convince her against what she was used to. Against running away.

*There's no reason to run. Supergirl is safe. It's ok that I care about her. No reason to push her away.*

Any other time, her first thought of the day would be how to cut ties with those she felt she was beginning to grow close to. How much they deserved better. How they were better off. In the end, she didn't have time for relationships. At least that's what her denial convinced her.
But now, now it was different. She was trying. Trying to accept things. Trying to stray away from such thoughts. They still crossed her mind from time to time. It was much harder breaking a habit that she'd been used to most of her life. But whenever she felt they would invade her mind, she would picture Supergirl's face. She would listen to her voice in her head, telling her that she was a good person. She deserved to have people in her life. People who cared for her. People like Supergirl. And Kara Danvers.

Kara. She missed her. Missed her over exaggerated ramblings and her nervous habits. She missed their conversations. She missed spending her lunch breaks listening to Kara’s latest article and talking about L-Corp’s latest projects. Her connection with Supergirl was different. With Supergirl, her insecurities were out in the open. Supergirl has seen her at her worst and somehow still accepted her. The bond they shared was due to Supergirl always wanting her to be better, to ignore her self doubt, ignore those voices in her head. Their bond was Supergirl being vulnerable around her and still be completely at ease, with Lena always comforting her and shouldering the responsibility the hero had. But with Kara, Lena forgot her insecurities altogether. Her thoughts would be too busy with Kara’s smile, her nervousness, her lips, to even think about anything else. With Kara, Lena stripped herself of the cold mask she wore in front of everyone. She was never a CEO or a Luthor when she was around Kara. She was just Lena. And Lena still saw Kara as the first person to ever believe in her. Even before Supergirl. Kara didn’t need Lena to prove anything to her. And that meant something to Lena.

Supergirl was right. She needed to talk to Kara. She needed to see her. She couldn’t... She shouldn’t just ignore her best friend. Nor should she lie to her. She should come clean and just let Kara know why she’s been avoiding her.

No! I'm staying away from her to keep her safe! Now more than ever. That's the only reason...

She sighed, fully knowing lying to herself was pitiful.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her phone ringing. Lena made her way to her desk, sitting down on her throne as she opened a text from Helena, smiling immediately at the good news it held.

Lena, my team has just sent in the final contracts and we are officially in business. I’ve already contacted several of my engineers to fly down to National City so we can begin working on this project. I believe this calls for some celebration. I know we’ll be seeing each other tonight at the gala but how about we go out to celebrate tomorrow night? I promise, just as friends.

That’s right! The gala is tonight! And...Kara is invited. She had never forgotten about something as important as the children’s hospital gala. But somehow, she did. She cursed her dire luck and bit nervously at her lip. She felt her pulse pick up at the mere possible encounter with Kara.

This is honestly ridiculous. This schoolgirl crush has got to stop. Besides, she might not even show up.

She went back to reading Helena’s text once more. The good news was quite refreshing for a change, and Lena really did want to celebrate it. With the amount of funding and resources the Bertinelli name would bring, Lena should be able to commence product testing in a few months time. She didn’t have anything tomorrow at all except for her usual work schedule. Why not?

That’s great news! I would love to. Tomorrow night is perfect. I know a place we can go.

Lena was sitting on her desk staring at the final arrangements for the Children’s hospital gala. Mumbling to herself, she picked up the espresso cup beside her and took a small sip, letting the strong coffee do its magic. It was late in the afternoon and she had just come back from her last meeting for the day, but work was never done. She had to approve of everything before giving it
back to Jess, and editing her speech proved somewhat time consuming and tedious. ... believe that we have a moral obligation to do more outside the scope of our businesses, and act as genuine sources of positive change. She reread the sentence over and over again, feeling as though something was wrong with it. The presentation for the public library also awaited her touches and she sighed, feeling worn out even before the gala had even begun. She was still on the second page when she heard the fluttering of a cape, a sound that lately had the ability to make her feel at ease and kickstart her heartbeat all at the same time. It lately became one of her favorite sounds. She didn’t look in the hero’s direction, not wanting to lose her place in the very long paragraph. ... while this can certainly be a demanding path to tread, the positive impact we can have on individuals, communities, societies, and even the world – make it well worth the walk.

“Hey,” the hero mumbled tiredly. Lena felt a kiss planted on her temple and she reached beside her to stroke the blonde’s cheek, her eyes still glued to the screen. But her heart slightly picking up at the small kiss. Her heart always reacted to Supergirl’s presence, with or without a kiss.

“Hi,” she said distractedly, trying to just finish the sentence she was currently reading. But she was easily pulled away from her reading when her mind registered something, “You’re warm,” she pointed out as she turned to the hero whose posture was not what Lena was used to. She felt Supergirl’s cheek further, verifying that the blonde was warmer than usual.

“I’m just tired. Long day. Big bad alien. Very angry at the world.” Supergirl mumbled, as she stood back up, “Do you mind if I take a nap inside for a little bit?”

Lena bit her lip and wore a goofy smile on her face that she never imagined she’d ever wear, “Of course. Go ahead.”

“What is it?” Supergirl asked skeptically.

“What? No, it’s nothing.”

“Tell that to your face that can’t seem to stop smiling for some reason.”

Lena’s smile grew even wider. She looked back towards her screen, as she cleared her throat before saying, “I uhh like that you take your naps here, even though I’m pretty sure you have a bed of your own somewhere in this city.”

Supergirl shrugged and made her way to the panel beside the TV, “Yours is comfier. And it’s quiet. With the room being led lined and all. And I get to see you too. So it’s a win win...win situation for me.” she placed her hand on the handprint and watched as she was granted access after Lena verified her handprint to also open the door. That door opened for no one else but her and Supergirl. Lena realized she never shared something like this with anyone.

“Well I like it.” She stole a glance at the half asleep hero that was smiling sleepily. “Should I wake you up if I hear sirens?”

“No, they’ll text me if they need me. I probably wouldn’t be much help anyway,”

“Shouldn’t you be resting under the sun. I thought that’s how...”

“I did. I’m all healed up. I’m just tired. Now can I please just go sleep?” Supergirl pleaded, her face desperate.

“Yes, yes! Go. I’m sorry.” Lena spun her chair back to face her laptop and went back to work after she heard Supergirl plummet on the bed.

The CEO went back to reading through her work, although she might be a bit more distracted than she was before. She looked at the closed door and allowed herself just a moment to relish in
the feeling of considering to go join the blonde on the bed. Just the thought of being enveloped in her arms and her warmth brought a smile to her lips. No! She shook her head at such corrupt thoughts and went back to staring at the screen. *I need to finish this. Finish this and I'll give myself a break later.*

An hour later, Lena had finally completed going through her speech for the gala and even had time to send a few emails regarding the public library. She found herself craving a break from work simply so she could go lie down beside Supergirl. Never had she ever wanted to take a break from work for any reason other than for lack of concentration. This was new. It was different. Wanting to be beside someone just for the sake of it. She informed Jess not to be disturbed for the next half an hour and to text her if something urgent came up. She entered the room, closing the door behind her, and kicking off her heels on her way to the bed. She took a minute studying the exhausted hero. Supergirl was sprawled on her stomach. Her face barely visible by the golden mane draped across the pillow. Not wanting to wrinkle her blouse, she unbuttoned it, and hanged it on the corner coat rack. She pulled a tank top from the drawer as she made her way to the bed and put it on. She tried climbing into the bed as quietly as possible, and usually Supergirl was a heavy sleeper, but as she laid her head on the pillow, she saw one eye half open sleepily.

The hero smiled, “Hey”

“Sorry I woke you.”

“It's alright.” she brought her hand across Lena’s stomach and pulled her closer to herself, kissing her shoulder before resting her head just over Lena’s on the pillow. Lena smiled at the familiar scent of rain and... *Musk?*

She reached her hand to feel her cheek once more, “You're still warm”

Supergirl hummed sleepily, “That alien today. Could breathe out fire. It had green kryptonite.” Lena turned her head up towards Supergirl, worried, “Somehow, it managed to fuse the kryptonite with its fire. Don't know how.”

“Are you...?”

“Shsh I'm fine.” Supergirl pulled her closer, kissing her forehead, “Just tired.”

Lena tried to be calm about it, but she felt her heartbeat quicken in frustration. *Lex. Her brother was obviously responsible for the kryptonite. But how? How is he doing any of this?! Where is he even getting the Kryptonite from?* Her left hand bunched up the sheets of the bed, trying to let out her anger in some way.

“Lena,” Supergirl whispered, clearly aware of her heartbeat spiraling out of control, “I know that beat. Don't get mad. It's alright.”

“It's not alright. He keeps finding ways to hurt you. What if one day...”

“But not today. Today I'm just sleepy.”

She remained silent, but her mind refused to stay calm. It was going from one thought to another, trying to find a solution to a problem that seemed to not have one.

Supergirl sighed dramatically, “Sometimes it's as though your heartbeat is twice as loud when you're angry.” Supergirl turned to lie on her back, pulling Lena towards her as she did, “Come here.” She stopped midway, looking at what Lena was wearing, “Are you wearing a tank top over your pencil skirt, or am I just that sleepy I'm starting to imagine things?”
Lena laughed despite herself, “You're imagining things”

“That's what I figured,” She tugged her closer until Lena rested her head on Supergirl’s shoulder, her arm across her stomach. She could hear Supergirl’s heartbeat, steady. Calm. Supergirl placed her own hand on her hip, bringing her other one to play with long raven hair. It felt safe to be in her arms. As though in this room, the rest of the world didn't exist. For both of them. Supergirl was safe from Lex’s latest experiments and Lena was safe from her last name.

“Did you think about what I said?” Supergirl suddenly asked. Lena knew it was to take her mind off of her brother.

“Yes”

“And?”

“She's coming to the gala tonight.”

Lena felt a familiar gasp, “Really? So I finally get to meet this mystery woman?”

“Why, are you coming to the gala?” She looked over to the hero.

“Am I not invited?” Supergirl pouted.

“Of course you are. I just thought...” After last time... “I don’t know what I thought”

“I promise I won't stay for long. Just long enough to scope out my opponent.” Supergirl joked.

The CEO playfully punched her shoulder, “She’s not your opponent.”

The blonde hero chuckled, “Ok, ok, fine. Not opponents. But I will stop by just to make sure everything’s alright.”

“I’d like that,” Lena replied.

Supergirl smiled, seemed lost in her own thoughts, “You know, I believe it was right before the first children’s hospital gala that we first met. When you asked to see me.”

“And you came in all heroic trying to convince me not to go through with it”

“Only because I thought it was dangerous. That day I realized how much you like to take risks.”

“That day I was terrified of what you thought of me. In all honesty, I used the gala as an excuse to talk to you.”

“And?” Supergirl mumbled dramatically, “Did I surpass your expectations, Ms. Luthor?”

“You said you believed people should be judged on their own merits. And I vowed that day to do everything in my power to prove to you I was good.”

“You never had to prove anything to me. You're a good person. You always were.” Supergirl continued to mumble casually.

And Lena felt her chest tighten and her pulse quicken at how the hero said those words. As though they were the most obvious facts in the world. She smiled and leaned closer to kiss her, “Thank you. And you're wrong by the way.”

“I'm not. And I'm going to keep saying...”
“I meant about the first time we met. It wasn't the day before the gala. It was in the chopper, when you saved me from those drones.”

Supergirl seemed to think about it for a few seconds, “Yes. That was the first time we met. But it doesn't really count does it, though? We barely had time to really talk.” she joked.

“Oh, well, I'm sorry we didn't have a chance to talk while the chopper I was in was crashing down.” she exclaimed sarcastically.

“Don't be dramatic. You were fine. The chopper wasn't going to crash. I was there.”

“Yes. I realize that, now. But I didn't really know you then. And after seeing Superman just fly away, I figured the both of you wouldn't really waste your time saving a Luthor, when other people’s lives were at stake.”

Supergirl frowned as she looked at her, meeting her eyes, “You really thought that?”

“I didn’t know you then, I didn't know what to think. I'm sorry I thought that about you, but it’s the truth.”

“Well, now you know me.” She smiled softly.

“I'm so glad I do.” Lena smiled back and kissed her again.

“Anyways. I'm just going to show up tonight to let the bad guys know that I'm there. And there won't be a repeat of what happened last time.”

“Oh I assure you there won't. Speaking of, I hired your donut buddies as part of the security team for the gala tonight.”

“Yeah, I know. They already told me.” Supergirl said smugly.

“Unbelievable,” Lena scoffed.

“You're just jealous.”

“I'm not jealous.”

“You are,” the blonde chuckled, “It's adorable.”

“I don't think I've ever been called adorable before”

“I find that hard to believe”

“Well it's true”

Silence stretched between them as they both settled comfortably in each other's arms. The only sound Lena focused on was Supergirl's heartbeat under her ear. And in that silence, Lena felt Supergirl pull her closer, tighter against herself, and tilting Lena’s chin up with her thumb and forefinger. Blue eyes met green, and Lena inevitably drowned in the icy ocean that were her eyes.

“You're so beautiful,” she whispered, the blue taking on a darker tone.

“What?” Lena was taken back by the sudden endearment. She didn't expect it.

“I've never said it before. And just incase no one's ever called you beautiful before either, I just thought you should know.”
They stayed there in comfortable silence before Lena whispered back, “Thank you.”

Supergirl smiled, “You're welcome. I've wanted to tell you for awhile. When I got shot yesterday, it was the only thing that kept coming back to me. The fact that I never told you how beautiful you are. And with everything going on lately...”

Lena interrupted, not liking where this was going, “Don't... Don't say it like that” she took Supergirl’s right hand in her own, intertwining their fingers, and kissing her knuckles. “Like what?”

“Like it's goodbye.”

“That's not what I meant.”

“I know. But you promised you'd be careful out there. So please don't tell me I'm beautiful right now just incase you won't get the chance to later.”

To Lena’s utter surprise, she felt Supergirl laugh lightly, “You're a hard woman to compliment, you know that?” the hero fell silent, seeming to be in deep thought before coming to a conclusion, “How about this? I will tell you you're beautiful every single day from now on. Just so it doesn't seem like I'm saying it as goodbye.”

Lena rolled her eyes at the silly hero, “Now you're just being cheesy again. We need to talk about the amount of romcom you seem to spend your time watching.”

Supergirl brought her lips closer to Lena’s, “I don't care. I like being cheesy with you. You're just going to have to get used to it” she smirked before leaning down and kissing her softly. “Now let me sleep.” she said before putting her head back on the pillow and closing her eyes.

A few minutes later, after Supergirl had finally slept, Lena got up to get back to her work. Just as she was buttoning up her blouse and getting back to her desk, Lena heard her intercom coming to life, “Ms. Luthor, there are FBI agents here to see you.” She sighed at the poor timing and the expectation of horrid news from the agents. Nothing good ever came from FBI agents - or DEO - stopping by her office.

“Let them in, Jess. Thank you.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.”

The door to her office opened revealing Agent Danvers at the forefront, followed by five agents, all wearing the DEO uniform. Lena initiated her dominance of the situation by busying herself typing up her last notes, not giving the agents a hospitable gesturing look.

“Agents Danvers,” she said, nothing more. The agent needed to know that her presence was not exactly appreciated.

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Agent Alex Danvers reached her desk, holding a piece of paper folded neatly, “Ms. Luthor. I hoped it wouldn't come to this,” she said, placing the paper on the desk, “This is an official warrant to search both your office and your apartment. Please stand aside so the agents can do their job.”

The CEO was struck by what she had heard the agent say, completely shocked at the unexpected warrant. Don't show it. Her face remained nonchalant, as though the agent simply came in to take her lunch order. She raised her eyebrow in a display of exasperation, “On what grounds exactly?”
“On the possible assistance and conspiracy with the wanted felon, Linda Friitawa”

_I don't have time for this._ “Is this some kind of joke? That woman is trying to kill me. Why would I be helping her?”

“Ms. Luthor, please step aside.”

As if. Lena ignored her and pressed the button on her intercom, “Jess, have my lawyers come to my office now, please.” she said, holding the agent’s irritated look as she said it. She picked up the paper on her desk to look at the warrant, “This whole ordeal is a poor excuse for you to look for the Malachite, Agent Danvers. Let's not pretend otherwise.”

The short-haired woman didn't reply, too occupied making sure her agents searched every inch of the place. A few minutes later Jess came in followed by two men in expensive black suits and a woman in a pencil skirt and blouse. All three argued with the lead agent, reading through the warrant, warning the young Luthor not to say anything, and watching the agents like hawks. Eventually, they informed the CEO that the warrant was tight solid and signed by a prominent judge, one who Lena recognized as having a disliking to the Luthor name, and would probably volunteer to sign anything that incriminated them. _She plays dirty._

Lena sighed and crossed her arms, waiting for the agents to finish their search. And just as they were closing in on the far side of the room, feeling their fingers behind the TV and inspecting the panel beside it, Lena remembered the blonde hero sleeping inside. _Shit! Shit! Shit!_ Lena’s face finally displayed a hint of worry as she watched a black haired agent running his fingers along the panel, trying to figure out its purpose. The door to the room wasn’t visible if someone wasn’t looking for it, it was basically the same color as the wall. But these DEO agents were looking. They were inspecting every dent, every crook of the place. Her heartbeat picked up, and if that room hadn't been lined with lead, then maybe Supergirl might have picked up on it and gotten some sort of a heads up. Lena was positively sure that Supergirl had not told Agent Danvers about their little sleeping arrangements lately. If she were being honest, she also kept their meetings hidden. _From who exactly? There's no one to tell but Kara, who you've been constantly avoiding because... Not now!_ The agent gestured for his supervisor to come look at the panel, and Lena prepared for what's to come.

“What's this?” Agent Danvers asked.

“That controls the security cameras in my office, as well as those hidden cameras around L-Corp that I told you about.” lying came so naturally to her, she didn't need to think about the lies she told anymore.

“Show me.”

“There's nothing to show. It's a panel that shows security feed. I don't think you'll find the Malachite there, Agent Danvers.”

The agent didn’t seem to budge. She placed her hand on her holster. _There it is. The same move she thinks would intimidate me._ “There's a handprint indicator. I'm assuming it's yours. Ms. Luthor, I need you to show me what this panel opens or I'll have one of my agents break it apart.”

Lena sighed. She decided to bluff, it was the only move she had left. “As you wish,” she said as she walked over to the panel, slowly, buying herself time to think of something. “but I don't see the point of all of this hassle. It's merely a panel that plays live footage of my office.” She reached the panel, facing it. Then, as lying came so naturally to her, so did maneuvering conversations, she turned back around to face the lead agent, “but first tell me, Agent Danvers, does your sister know you use unauthorized warrants to blackmail people into giving you what you want. Or, I apologize, do you only do that with her friend?”
It worked. The DEO agent seemed taken back by the question and taken her hands off her holster to cross them instead. A defensive move. Got her. And just as she was about to push further, Lena heard the authorization granted chime and the door opening. A sleepy Supergirl coming out rubbing her eyes.

“Lena, what's with all the...?”

At that moment, there was an abundant amount of frozen looks of shock. On Lena’s face. On Supergirl’s face. On the DEO agents’ faces. But especially on Agent Alex Danvers’ face. Lena looked from Supergirl to the agent and then back again. Supergirl looked horrified. As though caught red handed. A deer in headlights. But Agent Danvers. Her shock was mixed with rage and disbelief. Her face showed resentment.

Her voice on the other hand was as calm as it was, “Supergirl.” The way the agent addressed the hero seemed sarcastic. Mocking. As though calling her Supergirl in this situation was a joke. “what are you doing here?”

Supergirl’s face slowly turned into regret and guilt, but also confusion. “I was uhh talking to Ms. Luthor when uhh,”

“When you happened to fall asleep in what looks like some secret bedroom?”

“Exactly!” Lena mentally rolled her eyes. Supergirl was many things. A deceiver is most definitely not one of them. Her lying abilities seemed nonexistent. However, her expression switched to confusion again, “Wait, what are you doing here?”

Lena caught a glimpse of the guilt that showed on Agent Danvers’ face for a mere second before it was hidden behind her lips pressed in a firm line, “I've issued a warrant to...”

“To what?” Lena watched as Supergirl once again switched back to disbelief, mixing it with a slight hint of anger.

“To search her office and apartment.”

“Alex!” It was a slip. Supergirl hadn't meant to sound so personal. They both flinched at the informal use of the agent’s first name.

Lena watched their interaction carefully. They were so in sync with one another to the point that they didn’t need words to communicate. The way one felt guilty before the other even uttered a word. And the other simply guessed the next words before they were said. They spoke more with their eyes rather than their words.

Their anger towards each other was somehow filled with affection and concern. It reminded Lena of Lex. Early on, she and Lex would communicate similarly around Lillian and Lionel. All Lex had to do was give her a single look that told Lena that Lionel had been drinking and that she shouldn’t argue with him. When Lena would push things too far, Lex would be angry with her but his anger would hold concern for her well being. His anger was of the outcome of her actions rather than with her. She remembered his possessiveness of her and how he would warn her not to test Lillian’s patience. She missed having someone silently communicate with her. She missed him. She missed her brother, not the man the world knew him to be.

Agent Danvers turned her head sideways, looking at the floor to her right but addressing the agents behind her. “Leave us.” she ordered without looking at them. The subordinate agents left the room without a word, and Lena looked at her lawyers who looked reluctant to leave. She nodded her head once, silently ordering them to leave and they did, closing the door behind them.

“What possible reason would you need to search her office and apartment?”
“Supergirl, with all due respect, I suggest you let me do my job. There is a criminal on the loose that almost killed you.” Alex turned to Lena, her look accusing, “Did you know she was shot yesterday? By this woman. Three times. She coded twice. All because of your brother!” she spat at Lena, “Your brother gave this woman access to concentrated Kryptonite inserted into bullets. Did she tell you that?” Lena could feel the rage radiating off of the woman in front of her. “Not only is he experimenting with new forms of green Kryptonite, but he's handing it out like lollipops to anyone with a grudge against Supergirl!”

Lena didn't utter a single word. This, she was used to. Being blamed for her brother's transgressions. It's been her chorus for the most part of the past couple of years. It didn't bother her anymore. She didn't apologize either, because most people accusing her of these things that her brother had done, they never came for the apologies. They couldn't care less for an apology. It was merely something to get out of their system. No one was bold enough to blame Lex for everything he'd done straight to his face. So they go for the next Luthor in line. Her. She was a much easier bait than her brother. Lex created this image of himself in people’s minds in which they feared him without ever admitting it to themselves. So they can never really fully blame him and accuse him. There was always this illusion of ‘what if he escapes and comes after me’. They're too scared. So they shout and spit and yell in her face about her brother and hide behind cameras and masks. This was no different. It didn't matter that she knew the person accusing her personally. Well, maybe not personally. But it didn't matter anyway. This was just the chorus replaying in the song.

“Agent Danvers!” Supergirl took a step forward, trying to shield Lena behind her, but Lena refused to be seen as the damsel in distress. She crossed her arms and took a step forward herself, at the same time putting a small distance between her and the hero.

“No. She needs to hear this. And frankly, so do you! There's a chance this Fright character might build a weapon so powerful, who knows what it could do! And you,” she pointed at Lena, “have the missing piece. It needs to be destroyed. And you're keeping it to yourself for what? So you could study it and come up with ways to make more money out of it?”

“That's enough! None of this...

Lena interrupted the two of them, wanting to put an end to all of this, “Supergirl, if I may. Please allow the agents to do as they wish. I have nothing to hide. If they wish to search the premises, then let them. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a gala to get ready for.” She faced the DEO agent fully, “Incase you wish to search my penthouse, I will let Sebastian know to grant you access. You can search the place without me being there, but my lawyers will be present during the search.” She gave her CEO half-hearted smile, “Make yourself at home, agent Danvers. Both in my office and in my home. I would hate for the DEO to think a Luthor,” she spat the name like it was scum coming out of her mouth, “wasn't hospitable towards its top agent.” she finished with a disgusted look on her face.

Gathering her things, Lena strode out, her heels clicking, not bothering to wait for any sort of reply.

“Lena, wait.” She heard Supergirl call out to her. But she didn't turn around.

She briefed her lawyers on the way to the elevator and headed out. Finally allowing herself to take off the mask, the tears she'd been holding back burning her eyes.
Next chapter is the gala. Lena finally faces Kara. No reveal yet.
Everybody's a gay mess at this gala.

“Alex! How could you?!”

“I had no choice, Kara!”

Both Danvers sisters made their way into the DEO. Both fuming with anger. Both ready for a fight. Everyone in the DEO knew better than to get in between the two sisters when they were mad at each other, so they all stood clear.

“Is this what last night was about?!” Kara gasped in surprise.

“It doesn't matter.” Alex pressed her lips in guilt.

“It does matter! You knew! You knew you were going to issue the warrant the next day! You didn’t come over last night because you were worried about me.” the younger Danvers sister was now even angrier than when they arrived. “No! You came over because you were guilty and wanted to clear your conscious! Rao! I can’t look at you right now!” she threw her hands in the air, turning around in frustration. Then, turning back to face her sister again, “How could you do that, Alex!”

“Why not? It was a clear cut decision. I made a call. You’re too clouded by your friendship to her that you can’t even see that what she’s doing jeopardizes everything!”

“She’s not doing anything!”

“She won’t give us the Malachite!” Alex pointed towards the exit of the DEO. “It’s the only thing standing between Fright and that weapon that could potentially kill you! I'm not going to apologize for making a decision to protect you.”

“Fright is not even on this earth. And Winn is monitoring for any inter-dimensional anomalies in case a portal opens up here in National City. Lena says the Malachite is safe and hidden. Why won’t you trust her?”

“Trust her?” Alex looked at her in disbelief, “Whether I trust her or not has nothing to do with any of this”

“Really? So this has nothing to do with her last name?!” Kara asked sarcastically.

“No, Kara. It doesn’t. Lena Luthor had already proven herself for being the complete opposite of her hateful family. I would’ve issued that warrant even if her last name was Smith! That's not the case! It’s that she’s keeping something that could harm you.”

“Alex, we’ll stop Fright before she gets her hand on it. We’ve faced worse before.”

“Do you even hear yourself right now!” Alex threw her hands in the air, laughing sarcastically. “It'll be too late by then!”
“It won't!”

“You can't know that for sure. And while we're on the subject of Lena Luthor, what the hell were you doing sleeping in her bed?! As Supergirl!” Alex pointed a finger at her, at the suit she was wearing.

“That's not the point here, I was...”

“Oh no, this is exactly the point. She knows doesn't she? That you're Supergirl.”

“No, Alex, she doesn't. I didn't tell her.”

“Yet!” Alex scoffed.

“You know what, what's the harm in telling her anyways! She's done nothing but help us.

“What's the harm?! What's the harm in telling her?!” Alex shouted in disbelief, “Kara she's a target for assassinations on a regular basis. What happens when those assassins watching her report back to her brother telling him Lena has been hanging out with two blondes in National City! Do you honestly think a genius such as he won't make the connection! I'm surprised Lena hadn't figured it out yet! Clearly her IQ isn't as she says it is!”

“Her IQ is just fine! Maybe my disguise is just that good!” Kara shouted back.

“Oh please! Glasses and a ponytail! As if that's fooling anyone!”

“It is,” Kara argued back.

“Maggie figured it out easily,” Alex claimed, crossing her arms calmly.

Kara retorted back to shouting, “That's because you didn't keep your mouth shut when she asked you!”

“I couldn't just lie to her! She asked! I don't keep secrets from her.”

“It wasn't your secret to tell! And why is it that you can spill secrets to your significant other but I can't!”

“Because... Kara she's a Luthor! Wait, did you just...” Alex’s expression suddenly became confused.

Kara, on the other hand, was in a state much greater than mere anger, “See? There it is! You say you don't care that she's a Luthor, but deep down, Alex, you do. You're just like the rest of them! You only see her last name. I can't believe my own sister is as shallow as this!”

Kara caught a glimpse of Maggie coming towards them. She didn’t give her a second thought. She continued to glare at her sister, her breaths heavy with resentment and annoyance.

“Hey! I didn't say I only see her as a Luthor! She's a good person I get it! But her being a Luthor is a risk to you being a Super. What part of that don't you get?” Alex shouted, defending herself.

“The part where I have to treat her like crap just because the universe said that Luthors and Supers can only be enemies! You say she's a good person, but you literally just went behind my back and issued a warrant against her.” Kara shouted back, her anger only increasing.

Alex threw her hands up in the air once more, her face contortions disbelief, “I'm not asking you to treat her like crap! All I'm saying is that she's a Luthor, and there are certain risks that come with being a Luthor. Whether she's a good person or not doesn't change the fact that her last name
jeopardizes your identity."

“Let me make something clear to you Alex, Lena is a good person. Lena is not Lex. And Lena deserves to know the truth.”

Shock spread over Alex’s face, “Are you seriously considering telling her?!”

“Yes, I'm! And I will.”

“Kara, you can't! You can't do that!”

“Actually Alex, I can.”

“Hey hey hey.” Maggie stood in between them, “What is going on here? You two need to calm down you're scaring the new recruits all the way to Metropolis.”

Alex looked at her fiancé for a second, her face softening a bit, “We're in the middle of something, Maggie.”

“Yeah, I can see that. But your something is causing everyone to freak out. What happened? I've never seen you two fight like this.”

Both sister refused to reply, instead continued to glare at each other.

“Ok, no! Don't do that thing where you two stare at each other and communicate telepathically. It's honestly freakishly scary.”

Alex raised an irritated eyebrow and crossed her arms, still not breaking eye contact with her younger sister. Kara placed her hands on her hip, also resuming the staring contest with her older sister. It didn’t matter that they were only adoptive sisters, they both shared their commitment to their stubbornness.

“Hey! Stop it!” She turned to Kara. “Little Danvers, you go first. Tell me what happened.”

“Why does she get to tell you?” Alex exclaimed.

Maggie turned to her, smiling warmly, “Because I love you and I might be biased if you start first.”

“Well... That's still...”

“Alex, just let her talk.”

“Fine.” She mumbled, defeated, “I love you too” she continued to mumble under her breath.

“Alex issued a warrant to search Lena’s home and office.”

“That's not the whole story, Kara.” Alex interrupted.

“Lena has a type of alloy called Malachite. It's what Fright needs to build the gun that would emit Kryptonite radiation. But, ” she holds up a finger, “Fright also needs Tritanium. And she's on another Earth. And we're monitoring all portal activity in National City. And J’onn’s in Gotham trying to figure out some of Fright's weaknesses. So that warrant was completely uncalled for. Alex was overreacting.”

“I was not overreacting! I'm going to find that Malachite and I'm going to make sure it's destroyed. And not even Lena Luthor is going to stop me.”
“Ok, babe calm down. Kara you're upset because of the warrant right?” Maggie asked.

“Yes! Lena already has so much on her plate. She doesn't need Alex to pile over it.” Kara pouted, remembering Lena’s somber expression.

“That's what I thought,” Maggie had some sort of thoughtful look on her face. “And you feel that by searching her office, Alex was violating her privacy?”

“Exactly! Lena is really vulnerable right now. She feels guilty for everything. But she's doing everything she can to fix it. Even though she was the one who saved us all to begin with. She even rebuilt the cancer place.” Kara began to count on her fingers, looking upwards trying to remember all the projects Lena was involved in, “And she's funding the children's hospital. And something about a public library. She really is doing everything she can.”

Maggie smiles goofily, “Ok I see what’s going on here.” she turned to the older Danvers sister, “Alex maybe Kara just feels a little betrayed that you went behind her back. Especially since it involves Lena, who is obviously umm Kara’s friend” the way Maggie said friend, conveyed everything but the meaning of that word.

Alex gave her fiance a skeptical look, trying to figure out what it was she was trying to say. Kara, on the other hand, was surprised and was looking at Maggie wide eyed. She then broke out of her shock, placing her hands on her hips and giving her sister an intimidating look.

“Yeah Alex. Maybe... Uh umm that!”

“I'm still not sorry I did it,” Alex claimed nonchalantly, her arms crossed.

Maggie sighed, “I can't believe I'm spending my evening settling an...”

Kara suddenly turned back to Maggie, “Evening?! What time is it?!”

“Umm I don't.”

“Rao! I have to go get ready for the gala.”

Alex pointed a finger at her sister who was starting to walk away, “I'm coming with you”

“What? No! Not in a million years, Alex!” Kara was already getting ready to fly off before her older sister drew her in for another argument.

“I don't care. I'm coming whether you like it or not. And don't think we're finished. I still want to know what you were doing sleeping in her office.” Alex shouted back at her, even though Kara had already flown away. But she heard it. She heard it clearly. As much as she was frustrated with her sister at the moment, she needed to speak with her. Come clean about everything. Tonight. I'll tell Alex everything tonight.

Every conversation she had with her guests at the gala sounded like distant echoes. Her mind was not focusing enough to truly listen to what it is the people around her were saying. All she could think of was that whether Kara was somewhere among these people. Or was about to be. Or hadn't even shown up. Or... The man in front of her spoke about his son taking over his company. How proud he was of him. Lena’s mind was on autopilot. Smiling whenever she got the chance and nodding at all the write places. She asked vague questions that made it seem as though she was following the path of the conversation when in truth she really wasn't. In fact she didn’t even
recall all the people she had spoken with so far.

“And I have every ounce of faith that he will carry my legacy onwards when he takes over the company.”

“I'm sure he will, Mr. Jameson. We both know he has proven himself quite well so far. Your company will be in loyal and honorable hands with your son.” Your son that secretly runs a smuggling business right under your nose and will probably drive your company to the ground with you and himself in it. “If you'll excuse me.” She made her way across the gala, shaking hands with people while walking, smiling at those further away.

Supergirl landed behind Lena swiftly, her boots hardly making any sound as they hit the ground. Lena didn’t see the hero, but she felt her. She also saw the amazed looks on the faces of people around her and heard their gasps filled with awe and wonder. She turned around to greet the woman she slept beside last night.

"Supergirl," her smile was neutral. She didn't want to convey just how much of a relief she felt upon seeing her. Not in front of her guests. But her smile also held a hidden meaning that only she and the Girl of Steel knew. "So nice of you to join us."

"Ms. Luthor." She nodded in courtesy, "Thank you for inviting me." She crossed her arms, her face worried. Whether that worry was because of what might happen here at the gala or something else completely, Lena wasn't sure. "Like I've mentioned the last time, I still think this might be a bit risky. But I'll do a sweep and make sure everything is alright."

"Well," Lena lifted the corner of her mouth slightly," I'm sure nothing horrid will be repeated now that you're here. My guests and I are grateful to you."

Supergirl nodded, looking around her at the crowd staring at them skeptically. The hero seemed as though she wanted to say something else but stopped herself when she noticed the crowd focused on the two of them.

Lena reached her hand over her mouth, pretending to scratch an itch on her left cheek, "Behind the bar at the furthest corner, there's a white curtain. We can talk behind it if you'd like." she whispered under her breath.

Supergirl subtly nodded her head once and flew to the sky as Lena immediately made her way to the bar and slid behind the curtain behind it. The bartenders kept the extra boxes of alcohol back here in case they ran out, and Lena noticed a few boxes of extra flutes and trays. She found Jess speaking to one of the security men there, huddled over a tablet.

Jess noticed her first, "Ms. Luthor, is everything alright?"

Before Lena could answer, Supergirl landed behind her and once again, Lena didn't see her but instead saw the amazed look on her assistant's face. "I have something to discuss with Supergirl. Please leave us. And make sure there is security standing in front of the curtain."

"Right away, Ms. Luthor," Jess gestured to the security guard and they both headed out.

Lena finally turned to Supergirl, her CEO mask completely melting away. But Supergirl’s face was still brimming with trepidation, her eyebrows furrowed together, “What's wrong?” is she here? The woman? That's impossible. My team would have informed me by now. Why are you not speaking!

“I'm sorry,” Supergirl replied, her eyes not meeting Lena’s, instead they focused on the ground with a stern expression, as though she were angry at something.
Lena’s mind went on a spiral considering every scenario involving Fright and Supergirl apologizing. *Maybe she found the Tritanium. And now all she needs is the Malachite. Maybe I really should...*

“About what happened in your office.” Supergirl said, still not meeting her eyes, still seemingly angry.

“Oh.” *She means about...* Lena had been on edge all day long, managing between being a CEO of a multi billion dollar company and the target of an assassin sent by her brother, she didn't even give a single thought to what had happened at her office that afternoon. It wasn't something she was dreading about. Yes, it had hurt. It was a low blow to be blamed for something her brother was responsible for. But it wasn't any worse than what Lena was normally used to from the authorities.

“I'm sorry for...”

Lena stepped forward and intertwined her fingers with Supergirl’s, making the hero finally meet her eyes in question. She reached her other hand to brush a strand of golden hair behind Supergirl’s ear.

“You have nothing to apologize for. You didn't do any of this. I should be the one to apologize since I'm guessing Agent Danvers had various forms of questions about what you were doing sleeping in my bed,” Lena laughed at the double meaning of that last part.

Supergirl smiled, “Yeah she had... She was full of questions,” she shook her head in disagreement, “She wasn't too pleased that's for sure.”

“You know,” she said slowly, “if I didn't know she was with someone else, I would've thought she had a thing for you.” Lena smirked.

Supergirl shook her head more dramatically this time, “No, that's never...”

Lena leaned to whisper in her ear while crossing her wrists behind Supergirl’s neck, “And I would've probably been jealous,”

Supergirl let out a small laugh, nuzzling her nose on Lena's cheek before placing a single soft kiss at its center. When she finally met Lena’s green eyes, Lena noticed the trepidation ease a bit from them. The worry subsided if only slightly. She placed her hands on Lena's waist, pulling her closer, “So you do get jealous.” she remarked, inching her mouth closer to Lena’s.

“Don’t let it get to your head,”

“I'll try.” The hero smirked before saying, “But it won’t be easy that’s for sure.”

“Shut up and kiss me already,” Lena retorted.

Supergirl laughed a small but heartfelt laugh. She brought her lips to Lena’s kissing her softly. The kiss was warm and kind, everything that hadn't been present tonight among the people around Lena in the gala. She loved having this person different from everyone else in her circle. Supergirl kissed her gently, letting the kiss convey how much she cared for the CEO. And Lena felt the affection behind it. She felt how much Supergirl meant by the kiss. And she kissed her back with just as much emotion into the kiss. Lena brought one of her hands to the back of Supergirl’s head, holding her in place as she deepened the kiss. She wanted nothing more than to stay here all night kissing the blonde hero, but she knew she couldn't. She broke the kiss just as gently as the kiss had been, and let the hero rest her forehead on hers. The way she looked at Lena... *It still shouldn’t be possible.* Because those blue eyes looked at her like no one had ever. Simmering with want and affection as though Lena was everything the hero ever needed.
“Did I mention how beautiful you look tonight? And how much I don’t mean it as a goodbye?” she whispered.

Lena tried to contain her giddy laughter by biting her lip. She was never one for being giddy. Had never been one to fall for such romantic gestures and wooing compliments, but she couldn’t deny the mere fact that coming from Supergirl, it made her whole body tingle in anticipation, “You really are relentless.” She quipped. Then, “Thank you. For being here. For saying that. For being you and nothing like the people I have to be around tonight.”

Supergirl backed her face away a little, mock surprise present there, “You don’t think I’m fancy enough like them?”

Lena found herself laughing at the remark, “Well, of course you are. Especially with this elegant suit you’re wearing.” and then she found herself picturing Supergirl in an actual suit. *Oh my. Supergirl in a black tux.* She felt her cheeks flush at the idea and her heartbeat pick up in anticipation.

“I hate it when I have to be so formal with you in front of them,” Supergirl said.

“Really? I happen to like it.” She smirked, “It feels like we’re teenagers sneaking about.” she brought her lips to the hero’s ear once more, “It’s hot” she whispered.

Supergirl gave her a surprised smile, “Is this a thing for you?”

Lena narrowed her eyes, a sly smile on her lips, “Oh, it so is.”

The blonde hero gave her own version of a smirk before lowering her mouth to hers, “Well in that case...” she replied before kissing her. But this kiss was more frantic. Hungry even. Her hands pulling Lena even closer than before.

“Oh no! Not a chance. I have to make myself present at the gala.” Lena managed to say in between kisses, “People are going to wonder where the host disappeared off to.” she exclaimed, already trying to escape Supergirl’s grip.

Supergirl was intensely distracted by the hollow under Lena’s jaw, “They have free champagne. I think they’ll be alright for a few minutes.” She went further down, kissing at Lena’s neck, before attempting to bite down. Lena placed her hands on her face, stopping her and bringing her eyes to meet hers.

She gave the hero a stern look, holding her jaw in one hand and the other sprawled over the blue material of the suit, “Don’t you even dare. Do you know how long it took to cover up what you did last night?” she raised her eyebrow in a chastising look.

There was no guilt on Supergirl’s face, just hunger. “It’s your fault for wearing this dress.” She replied. She went back to kissing her, her hands sliding from her waist to her lower back.

“Irrresistible, remember?” she whispered dramatically.

Lena smiled into the kiss, “Do you like it?”

“Very...” she kissed her once more before continuing, “very much.”

Supergirl tasted her lips thoroughly, running her hands through Lena’s hair at the back of her head. Lena let out a small moan, enjoying the secluded feeling she always gets around this woman. Where no one else matters but them.

In this case however, Lena couldn’t just drown herself being with Supergirl. She had responsibilities. So, she broke the kiss, placing her hands on the hero’s shoulders.
“I have to go,” she concluded, “You're making it very hard for me to run this company.”

“You're making it hard for me to keep a lookout.”

“How about we both go finish our jobs and pick this up later,” Lena offered smoothly, caressing the blonde’s cheek.

“Agreed,” she replied.

The hero kissed her once more, a sweet gentle kiss, and Lena found herself reaching up to stroke her cheek. But her hands found nothing but air. And when she opened her eyes, she was alone.

“I hate it when you do that,” she exclaimed annoyed, fully knowing the hero would hear her.

Lena walked out, nodding to the two security men to go back to their prior positions. She walked across the gala as professionally as someone who had just been discreetly making out with a superhero can. Her whole body still felt as though on fire, tingling with desire, and her heart was still at full speed, remembering Supergirl’s touch. *I just need to survive a few more hours of this.* The CEO made polite conversation with her guests as would a host normally do. She met a few CFOs on the way that were too interested in the neckline of her dress than the actual cause of the gala and Lena found herself missing the gentle touch of Supergirl. The way she looked at Lena was nothing compared to how these men were looking at her. She excused herself politely but managed to sneak in a stern look at them before leaving.

As she reached the bar, motioning the bartender for champagne, she turned on her earpiece.

“Update,” she gave the order. Normally a CEO such as herself wouldn't bother with security details, but after what happened last time, she wasn't about to take any chances. She hated that her life had become something out of a James Bond movie, but she had no choice. And she didn't feel comfortable not knowing every detail of what was going on around her. She listened as her teams one by one replied.

“North entrance is clear.”

“South is clear.”

“This is Alpha team. All clear here.”

“This is Sniper Squad. Rooftops are clear.”

“Everything is clear, Ms. Luthor. No unauthorized entry by anyone. Everyone present is accounted for.”

“Negative. We have an individual claiming to be FBI wanting access into the gala.”

Lena sighed. *Can this woman not take a hint! What does she want now?*

“Ms. Luthor, it's Agent Danvers.” Jess’ voice came on. *Don't say... “She's here with Kara.”*

Lena stayed silent. She closed her eyes for a minute, calming her uncontrollable heartbeat. The possibility of Kara not coming suddenly crushed. *She's here.*

“Ms. Luthor,” one of the security men said, “What do you want us to do?”

“Is she here on FBI business?” she asked, and in turn heard the man ask the DEO agent.

“Ms. Luthor, she says no. She's claiming to only be here with her sister.”
Lena thought about it for a second. It would bring her absolute pleasure to just throw her out and not let her into the gala. God that would so satisfying! But Kara was there. And she probably didn’t even know about this feud she had going on with her sister. Lena was sure the so-called FBI agent didn’t share her work affairs with her sister. And Kara would probably be confused as to why Lena would not let her in.

“Ms. Luthor, we could have her escorted out if you'd like”

“No need. Let her through.” she ordered. “But please inform her that FBI interference won't be tolerated on the premises.”

“Will do, Ms. Luthor.”

“And someone keep an eye on her for me. She tends to cause trouble.”

“This is Sniper leader. I'll have one of mine keep a look out for her. We got it handled, Ms. Luthor.”

“Thank you.” she said, before turning off her earpiece.

Lena walked as far away from the entrance in which Kara was coming through as she could. Trying to convince herself there were guests on that side that she still hadn't greeted yet. Sure. She was never any good at convincing herself of something that had to do with Kara Danvers. She caught a glimpse of a group of investors that had once threatened to back out of her company. Time to stroke their egos.

On her way she passed by one of the servers. She stopped him with a hand on his arm, “Make sure that there are refills of the potstickers. I don't want any plate empty. And have some of the servers circling add potstickers to their trays as well.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor,” he replied nervously, never having talked to the boss before.

She continued towards the investors, turning on her earpiece again.

“Jess.”

“I'm right with you, Ms. Luthor.”

She walked up to them and greeted them with her most genuine looking smile. As genuine as she could conjure up to a group of people that honestly didn't deserve any hint of a smile.

“Aah there's our wonderful host. We were beginning to think you forgot about us, Ms. Luthor”

One thing Lena absolutely loathed is sly comments by people who meant more than what was said. She liked to be direct and appreciated people being direct with her.

“Don’t be absurd, Nathan, I could never forget about you.” Lena smirked, seeing the irritation that resulted on the man’s face of her using his first name. “

Jess began speaking in her ear, feeding her information, “His wife’s name is Jane. She just got a promotion as name partner in her firm”

“How is Jane? Congratulations on her promotion by the way. It’s not everyday you make name partner at your firm now is it? I take it you both are thrilled.”

The surprise on the man’s face was worth every agonizing minute she spent talking to him, “Uhh yeah we are. We're planning on taking a vacation to celebrate.”
“Well, please send her my best.” Lena smiled.

Jess continued speaking in her ear, telling her exactly what she needed to know for each person in front of her. *I need to give her a raise. God, she deserves it.* Finally, Lena turned to the old lady on her left.

“Mrs. Ashbury just lost her cat. Her grandson will be taking over her investments soon. She plans on retiring.” Jess informed her in her ear.

“Mrs. Ashbury, I'm sorry to hear about...” Lena hesitated. *What is the name of the damned cat!*


“Sylvester, was it?” Sometimes in order for a lie to seem more believable, being unsure helps make it seem more valid.

“Oh, yes dear.”

“I'm truly sorry. Jess, my assistant, had just informed me.” *Well I'm not really lying about that part now am I?* “It was quite surprising. But I'm glad we’ll be seeing more of your grandson. I hear he’ll be taking over the investments.”

That seemed to brighten up the old lady a bit, “Henry, yes, he’s a sweet boy. He’s actually here somewhere, you two should probably meet. I think you’ll find him quite the charmer, that one.” she winked.

*Great! Another one trying to set me up with some rich frat boy.* Lena wanted nothing more than to just go back to her office, or her home, and pour herself a glass of wine and sit down with a nice book. But these events were necessary. And her presence was required whether she liked it or not.

“Oh I'm sure he is, but if you’ll excuse me I do have to make a phone call,” Lena turned around and pretended to be busy with her phone as she walked away.

She strode away from the crowd, finally reaching the bar at the corner. She gestured to the bartender for a glass of champagne, and the short haired woman nodded in return. Lena turned around, facing the crowd, her fingers nervously rubbing at the glass. *Just need to survive a few more hours of this. Then I could go home. Home.* Her place must be a mess by now after the DEO searched everything. She had gotten texts from her lawyers, briefing her on the search. They told her that the FBI hadn’t found anything and that they had no case against Lena. *Good. I don't have time for their games.*

They also mentioned that the FBI had found the hidden compartment in her office wall that had a thumbprint lock on the underside of her desk. That was where she initially had the Malachite hidden. But it wasn't there anymore. After giving her lawyers the go ahead, the agents were given access into the safe and found nothing but old Luthor files, a vinyl album, some money, a gun, a dozen journals and a pendant. Lena had asked her lawyers whether or not the agents had gone through the journals or happened to open them and she sighed with relief when the answer came back no. Those journals were private. Though they weren't written in English, the CEO had a feeling Agent Danvers would know exactly what language they were written in. And she would definitely have had even more questions.

One of her lawyers suggested that she draw up a restraining order against the lead agent. Since it wasn’t the first time Lena had been wrongly accused of something of the sort and Agent Danvers had visited her more times this week, it was a valid behaviour for her to issue a restraining order. *I'd kill to see the look on her face if I did issue that restraining order against her.* But Lena told her lawyer it wasn’t necessary. She didn’t need the added inconvenience to her life.
She took a sip of her glass and then continued the soothing back and forth movements of her fingers, noticing the unique piano melody of Debussy’s Clair de Lune playing in the background.

And that’s when she saw her.

Her fingers stopped moving. She caught her breath at the sight of long blonde hair tied in a neat ponytail, and brown rimmed glasses hiding sweet kind eyes.

Kara Danvers was standing not far from her, laughing nervously at something. Her hand reached up, adjusting her glasses, and Lena felt her heart give out. It began hammering against her chest. Kara is here. She’s here. As though right on cue, Kara looked up from the person she was talking to, scanning the crowd before her eyes settled on Lena. It’s as though she was looking for me. The heavy palpitations of her heart were almost painful. Almost too much for her fragile chest. Lena watched as Kara’s smile grew exponentially at the sight of her, that smile that made it impossible not to smile back. And so Lena did. She smiled nervously, not as jubilant as Kara’s smile, but still nothing compared to the fake smiles she had been giving all night long.

Kara was wearing a fit dark blue dress with thin black straps on her shoulders. Blue teardrop-looking earrings hanged from her ears and were moving helplessly at her exaggerated hand gestures. Lena bit her lip as Kara excused herself from the person she was talking to and made her way to her. She’s coming towards me. Fuck, I can’t breathe! Why can’t I breathe? She’s my friend! For God sakes, just act normal and don’t make a fool out of yourself.

Kara didn’t take her eyes off of Lena as she walked towards her. And Lena’s smile grew at her eagerness. However, her eagerness caused her to bump into a poor server holding a plate of potstickers, which caused him to drop half the contents of the plate onto the floor. Kara immediately began to apologize as she helped him stand upright again.

“Oh, I am so so so sorry. Are you ok?” She gasped, “The potstickers!” She helped him pick up those that had fallen off the plate, “You’re not gonna throw these away are you?”

“Uuuh I...I don’t...”

“Oh please don’t! Please don’t throw them away! I’ll eat them myself.”

“Uum O-okay.” and with that he walked away.

“Sorry again,” she called after him, even though he was long gone.

Lena found herself quietly laughing at the whole situation. This was what she loved about her. Anyone at this gala would have reacted completely differently if the same situation had occurred to them. Kara was simply a breath of fresh air for Lena that was her life. The blonde reporter continued making her way towards her, and Lena noticed that the butterflies in her stomach had recruited a whole army. She set her glass down at the bar and bit her lip just as Kara reached her.

“Lena!” she greeted her excitedly. Kara was always excited to see her. Why? Why are you always so happy to see me? Kara looked as though she was changing her mind about something, shaking her mind slightly, upon reaching her. Lena braced herself as Kara hugged her warmly, her bare arms creating goosebumps on Lena’s skin where they met bare skin. Kara circled her shoulders with her arms, and Lena once again found herself lost in her scent.

This time more than ever. There was something familiar. It wasn’t the citrus and mangoes she was normally used to. It was somewhat more exotic. More... It’s just different. For a second, she sensed a hint of her own expensive perfume. She knew perfectly well it was her perfume. The one she was wearing right at this moment. And she willed her mind to brush it off as a mere coincidence. It was a fancy gala after all, why wouldn’t Kara out of all people indulge herself in such expensive plesantries. But something kept nagging at her. No such thing as coincidences.
The possibility of Kara wearing the same perfume as her. *It's not a big deal. Stop overthinking it.* But all she could think about was her hand-picking that particular scent and having it shipped from another continent. It was the day after she moved to National City, she decided to treat herself to something a bit more divergent from her normal indulgences. And so she picked this scent as part of her new beginning. Her sudden paranoia had nothing to do with Kara not affording such a perfume. It was just so far fetched. So different. It was too bizarre for it to be a coincidence.

*Oh for the love of God. It's just a perfume! Don't go interrogating the poor blonde now! Stop overthinking it!* Lena hugged her back strongly, trying to convey how sorry she was for avoiding her.

“*I've missed you.*” The blonde repeated the thoughts in Lena’s mind. “*So much.*”

“I’ve missed you too, Kara,” Lena replied shakily, her heart not even close to calming down. Lena broke the hug gently, having learnt her lesson from last time. She looked over Kara’s dress one more time, appreciating it's low cut neckline and the way it showed off Kara’s arms. “Kara, you look...” *Keep it together.* She finally settled on, “You look beautiful.”

Kara blushed, laughing nervously in that adorable way of hers as she reached to adjust her glasses. “Pfft umm... uhh...Thank you,” she replied also nervously.

“I don’t know how many times I could apologize to you and you always forgiving me, but...” *I was too scared to see you. Too scared of what I would say.* “I am terribly sorry for not replying to any of your texts and phone calls. I honestly have no excuse for...”

“Lena, it’s fine.” Kara touched her arm reassuringly and Lena had to hold herself from flinching. “I know how busy you are. I’m surprised you manage to find time for me. I don’t know how you do it. If I was half as busy as you are, I wouldn’t know how to keep anyone in my life.”

*Well that's just it isn't it. There really isn't anyone left for me to keep.*

Lena bit her tongue before uttering something pitiful influenced by her thoughts and smiled instead. “I’m sure the people in your life would find ways to see that beautiful smile of yours.” *What are you doing? Stop flirting! I can’t help it!* She cleared her throat and tried again, “I’m just glad you have people to keep you company since I am practically failing at my duties as a friend.” *I should have worded that differently. Now I just sound jealous! Fuck, this is impossible!* She tried once more, “I just mean with everything at L-Corp, I probably won’t be able to see much of you. And I'm just glad that you umm...” *I’m just making it worse!* Lena found herself completely distracted by Kara’s lips. They gave her a sense of familiarity for some reason. As though she's looked at them before. *Well of course you have! You've practically fantasized about them ever since you've met her.* “That you still...” *What was I talking about?*

Kara stepped closer to her, her hand moving to her shoulder instead, “Lena,” she chuckled, “You’re not making any sense.”

*I'm not. Not even to myself.*

Lena had to look away, had to find something - anything - to ground her. Seeing Kara brought up all the things she kept at bay. Her weaknesses. Her desires. She looked behind her and saw a short haired woman in a black dress.

“I see you’ve brought your sister with you,” she tried changing the subject.

“Oh, uh yeah. I...I hope you don’t mind. She was umm just worried about me. You know how older sister can get,” *No, I really don't.* “She was worried with me coming here, with umm what happened last time. I'm really sorry I didn't ask you by the way. I know these events are super exclusive,” *I should really just stop her before her ramblings become too amplified.* “and I should
have told you. But it was just last minute! And then we argued and she's really stubborn!” *Too late.* She watched Kara's hands make wild gestures. “Like really stubborn. I tried to tell her I’d be fine tonight but she just wouldn’t budge. And scary! Oh God she can be scary!”

“So I've heard,”

“Really?” Kara had a deviant smile on her lips, as though she was hiding something. “From whom?”

“Just a friend who happens to work with your sister.”

“Do I know her?”

“I doubt it.” Lena lied.

“Oh.” Kara seemed distraught all of a sudden. “Anyway, I'm really sorry about my sister tagging along. I heard she was at L-Corp today on official business. Is everything alright?”

*First find out what she knows.* “Why, has she said anything?”

“Oh, she didn't say anything. Just that she was at L-Corp.”

“She was. Nothing to concern yourself with to be honest. She was just dropping off a paper.”

A small crinkle between Kara’s eyebrows began to form, “Oh. Ok. So my sister isn't giving you any trouble?” She laughed nervously.

“No not at all. She's been very professional.”

“Uhh good. That's umm really good to hear.”

“It is.”

They stood in silence for a little while. A server came by with a tray of champagne and Lena took one to calm her nerves.

*This is it. Just ask her. Ask her out. Now. It's fine. If she says no, this is a huge gala with lots of champagne. It's very easy to avoid someone. No! I shouldn't avoid her just because she rejected me! That's preposterous! I should make it clear that if she doesn’t want to go out with me, it wouldn’t change anything regarding our friendship. I don’t want to blackmail her into going on a date! Fuck! What if she... You haven't even asked her yet! Just do it!*

“Lena, is everything alright? Your he... Uh I mean your face seems worried. Are you ok?”

“Lena, darling!” Lena focused behind Kara to the British dialect calling her name.

“Helena.” Lena smiled in relief. As much as she wanted to ask Kara out, she just wasn't ready. “It's so nice to see you. I'm glad you were able to make it.”

“Well of course.” Helena turned to Kara, eyeing her thoughtful, “I'm sorry, I might have interrupted the two of you...”

Kara made a face that Lena had a hard time understanding, scrunching her nose before saying, “No, no. You didn't interrupt us at all. It's good to see you again.” her eyes widened, “I...I mean meet you. It's...It’s good to meet you for the first time.” she extended her hand.

“Helena, this is Kara Danvers. She's a dear friend of mine and one of the best reporters here in National City,” Lena smiled proudly, “Kara this is Helena Bertinelli, she and I are currently
working together on a project.”

Lena watched as Helena scrutinized Kara while shaking her hand, as though trying to pinpoint something about the blonde. Kara on the other hand was, as always, a nervous wreck and busy adjusting her glasses with her other hand.

“It's nice to meet you too, Kara.” Helena smiled that smile of hers that often illustrated she knew more than she let on. She abruptly turned to Lena, “Well I don’t want to interrupt the two of you, I actually have been meaning to meet Mr. Jameson over there. Lena, I hope we can meet tomorrow at your office before we go out for drinks to celebrate.” Lena felt herself slightly flinch at the notion of Helena mentioning drinks in front of Kara. There I was apologizing to Kara that I hardly had time for her, when Helena shows up announcing we have plans to go out for drinks! Great! “One of my engineers just got back to me about an idea I had for the reactor you mentioned.” The young Luthor’s mind immediately switched gears and began to enthusiastically linger on Helena’s every word.

“The one I had problems with stabilizing its charge to the core equilibrium?”

“Yes, that’s the one. I think I might have a solution to that problem. But I'm still not too certain if it would work. Do you mind if I come a bit earlier and run it by you?”

“Of course not. I’d be thrilled. We could go down to the R&D level too. My team has been looking forward to meeting with you”

“Brilliant! I’ll pass by around four then, if that’s alright with you?”

“I'll see you then, Helena,”

“She seems nice,” Kara exclaimed with an odd expression after Helena walked away.

“She is. She's very good at what she does. Brilliant mind. I met her in Vancouver, and knew immediately that she would be a reliable addition to this project. And I was right.”

“Yes she does seem to be going places,” Kara replied distractedly.

Lena felt a sense of deja vu appearing from that sentence, but her mind was trying to balance various entities at the moment, that she didn't dwell on it. “She certainly is,” she replied.

“You two seem to have really hit it off.”

“I mean how could we not. We practically have the same damsel story. Rich and raised by wolves. Her father was not a very decent man. But she took his company to make it a force for good. Just like I'm trying to do with L-Corp.”

“You already have, Lena. L-Corp has been nothing but good to National City. It’s given people hope. For a better future. Especially now more than ever.”

Lena smiled at her friend, appreciating her words profoundly, “Thank you Kara. That means alot coming from you.” More than you'll ever know.

“Don’t mention it. I didn't...”

“Have lunch with me tomorrow.” she blurted suddenly. What the actual fuck? That is not asking her out!

“Sorry?” Kara looked taken back.

“It's just...” Lena swallowed and gazed down at her clasped hands, her nervous habit coming into
play, “We haven't had a chance to catch up in so long. Would you like to have lunch with me tomorrow?” she unknowingly began to tighten her clasp on her hands, “I mean I'm sure you're busy and I probably should have...”

“I'd love to, Lena.” Kara cut her off.

Lena bit her bottom lip to grasp at her joy, “Ok. How does 11 at Noonan's sound?”

“Sounds perfect.”

_Alright. Baby steps it is then. _

“Alex I really don't think you should be here tonight,” Kara whispered frustratedly as they both made their way to the entrance of the gala. The gala was being hosted at the same spot as the previous one. _Not exactly the best idea in my opinion._

“Kara, there's a chance Fright will target Lena here since she's out in the open. I want to be there when she does.”

“If she does!” Kara whispered back loudly.

“Yeah, sure. If she does.”

“Rao, you sound like you _want_ her to attack.”

“I just want to catch her.”

“How are you going to catch her without a team.”

Alex narrowed her eyes at her, “It's not my fault your friend put extra security and wouldn't let my team into the gala without clearance.”

“She's just being careful.”

“Which is why she should let the FBI into the gala!”

Kara stopped moving to face her sister, her expression one of disbelief, “I don't really think she's very fond of the FBI at this moment!” she went on mumbling to herself, “No thanks to you.”

“Well that's stupid!” Alex shrugged, crossing her arms.

“I'm not even going to get into this with you right now. Promise me you won't cause any trouble in there if I manage to get you in.

“Sure, sure.”

“Alex. Promise me!”

“OK, OK I promise.”

“And that you would try to apologize to Lena.”

Alex’s contorted to a stubborn one, “What? No way!”
“Alex, please! For me. She's my friend. I really want you two to get along.”

“I'm not apologizing for doing my job.”

“Ok, at least try to be civil with her. Don't act all tough and overprotective of me around her.”

“Fine I'll try.”

“Ok, good.”

They walked side by side towards the entrance, where a man stood wearing black cargo pants and a black polo shirt. The bald man had a holster with a gun strapped to his hip and a smaller one strapped to his ankle that Kara could see. She noticed the paper he had and remembered how impressed Winn was when he realized that Lena had switched the guest list from a tablet to a mere piece of paper so that it was completely unhackable. Which is why he couldn't get the rest of the DEO agents access into the gala. His exact words were ‘I'm very offended at being defeated by a lousy piece of paper!’ Not even impersonating the people on the list was a possibility since everyone there was a known elite of National City. If J’onn were here he would've been able to shape-shift into someone. So it was down to Kara getting Alex in while the rest of the team waited on standby outside.

“May I please have your names?” The man smiled neutrally.

“Uhh yes Kara Danvers and this is my sister Alex Danvers” Kara replied nervously.

“I have Kara Danvers on the list. No mention of a plus one.” he frowned.

“Ummm well yes you see it was a last minute thing I didn't think anyone would mind.”

“I'm sorry ma'am I can't let your sister in.”

“Yes, I realize but if I could just speak to...”

“I'm very sorry ma’am. But I'm under strict instructions not to let anyone in unless accounted for.”

Alex stepped in front of Kara, pulling out her FBI badge from her clutch, “I'm an FBI agent here undercover. I suggest you let us through.”

The man didn't even blink, which to Kara was quite an achievement since Alex had a way of intimidating anyone by pulling out her badge. “Please state your official business agent.”

“I'm not authorized to enclose that. Let me through before I report back that you've stood in the way of and tampered with FBI business.”

The man doesn't react accordingly but instead holds up his finger and reaches for his ear with his other hand. Kara listened in until she heard what was being said on the other end of the earpiece. Lena was ordering her teams to give updates and Kara heard as several voices began to reply back.

The man in front of them listened closely before speaking, “Negative. We have an individual claiming to be FBI wanting access into the gala.”

He waited for an answer from his boss. Kara heard Jess speaking. She heard Lena’s heartbeat pick up. She also heard the quiet afterwards.

“Ms. Luthor, what do you want us to do?” the man asked, turning his head away, his finger still on his earpiece.
Kara felt Alex’s pulse quicken in anger. *Must be new to her. Someone not even flinching.*

The man turned back to them, eyeing Alex with an unsmiling expression, “Ms. Luthor is asking if you’re here on official FBI business. I’ll give you a chance to reconsider your previous statement, agent.”

*Oh boy! You did not just say that.* Kara felt Alex’s heart drum even faster with rage. Her outside demeanor looking calm but on the inside, Kara was very sure her sister was considering breaking the man’s nose.

“No. I’m only here with my sister. I’m off duty.” she replied slowly.

He went back to speaking into his earpiece after nodding to Alex, “Ms. Luthor, she says no. She’s claiming to only be here with her sister.”

He paused, waiting for his boss to give him the go ahead. Kara didn't hear anything on the other end. Lena was not speaking. Her heartbeat was frustrated but somewhat calm. Calmer than a few minutes ago when they had just arrived. *She's thinking.*

The man turned his head around to avoid being heard, “Ms. Luthor, we could have her escorted out if you’d like.” Another pause. “Will do, Ms. Luthor.”

Before he spoke, Kara heard Lena’s order about keeping an eye on Alex. She then saw one of the snipers zoomed in on her sister. Any other time, she would probably be protective of Alex, especially when a sniper is aimed at her. But instead she simply chuckled hearing Lena’s reasoning.

“*And someone keep an eye on her for me. She tends to cause trouble*”

*I mean... Alex does tend to cause trouble.*

The bald man turned to Kara and Alex, looking at the older sister sternly with a questionable smile, “Ms. Luthor has been kind enough to allow you access into the gala. She does have one request though, that there be no FBI interference whatsoever on the premises. It will not be tolerated. Can you abide by that agent?”

“I can.”

“Good. Enjoy your night, then.”

Kara and Alex made their way into the gala, a scene of expensive suits and elegance in gowns. National City’s highest elites were all present, conversing with champagne and canapés. The Danvers sisters walked further inside until Kara noticed the... Potstickers!! *I didn't know rich people liked potstickers!* She all but forgot about Alex and walked as quickly as one can at a fancy event towards her best of friends.

A while later she was caught by one of Cat Grant’s oldest acquaintances. A lady who owned more buildings than one should normally own in Kara’s opinion. She had been going on about one particular building she wanted to own and how it would help her make the world a better place. It seemed she had some funny story about that building. It wasn’t that Kara was uninterested with whatever this nice woman had to say. That wasn’t it. It was just that Kara was more interested in the sounds around her. The conversations surrounding her. The topics discussed. She scanned the sounds for any sign that someone out there might be planning something like the last time. But mainly, Kara was listening in to Lena’s heartbeat. It truly is such a wonder how just the mere sound of it seemed to calm her down. She hadn’t been able to tell Lena just how much the sound of her heartbeat was important to her. No, Kara honestly understated just how much she depended on it. She would sometimes begin to panic if she couldn’t listen in on it. Which seemed to happen
often enough during the week, even when Lena would be in National City. Kara simply concluded that Lena might have gone into the small lead lined bedroom in her office.

She depended on Lena’s heartbeat to calm herself down, to ground herself at times she just couldn’t. Eventually, Kara began sharing the feelings Lena had. When Lena was angry and her heartbeat would convey as such, so would she be. She would find herself frustrated at whatever it was that had angered Lena. When Lena was happy, Kara was happiest, her smile becoming so big and bright, making people around her question her sanity. She didn’t even mention to Lena how sometimes if Kara had trouble sleeping, she would listen in on her heartbeat and drift off to its rhythm.

And so, she was listening to Lena’s heartbeat, its calm tempo, and only partially listening to the person speaking. The woman in front of her seemed to have finally landed the punchline to her very long joke, and Kara laughed nervously, having understood nothing of the very complicated business themed story. But just as she was laughing, she sensed a change in Lena’s heartbeat. It was quicker. Much more frantic. Fear. But not that kind of fear. She was afraid, but also happy. Kara tried her best to pinpoint what it was that Lena was feeling. It was unusual. She had heard it before that’s for sure, but it wasn’t common. She had heard it before that’s for sure, but it wasn’t common. She scanned the crowd, looking for the CEO. And met her eyes, standing close to the bar with a glass of champagne in her hand. The lights making her skin brighter and her eyes greener.

Rao, she looks...wow.

She couldn’t help not smiling. It was impossible at this point. She missed her friend so much. She missed her as Kara. Granted she had just been with her as Supergirl, but it wasn’t the same. They had different relationships. Her feelings towards Lena didn't change, but the two relationships were completely distinct from one another.

She turned back to the lady, who still seemed quite proud of her joke, “Will you excuse me?” she nodded her head and returned her gaze back to Lena.

Kara had told the CEO that she liked her dress, but she didn't tell her just how much. Lena wore a dark red dress that flowed nicely all the way to her knees. The dress was quite simple, but it was the neckline that made Kara’s head spin. The v-neckline dipped a little below Lena’s cleavage and the dress was held together behind Lena’s neck with a slightly raised collar. Kara couldn’t help but stare, feeling as though her two personas were mixing together, because seeing Lena in that dress, Kara wanted nothing more than to kiss her and run her hands over every curve of her body. The blonde found her legs move on their own accord, her eyes and mind not following. Too occupied by Lena’s beauty. Too...

She crashed into a poor young server, “Oh, I am so so so sorry! Are you ok?” she gasped as she helped him up. The server was holding a plate of... Potstickers! No! “The potstickers! You’re not gonna throw these away are you?” she immediately began helping him pick them up, struggling with herself not to just stuff them in her purse.

The server seemed confused by her question, “Uuuh I...I don’t” he wasn’t making any sense. Oh Rao, what if he bumped into me too hard. What if he can’t remember anything!

Then her mind switched back to the potstickers, “Oh please don’t throw them away! I’ll eat them myself.”

“Uum O-okay” He seems fine. I think he’ll walk it off. Which he did.

“Sorry again,” Maybe I should go check on him again. And see what he does with those potstickers.

But as she looked up again, every thought in her mind was eradicated and only one was left.
Lena. She began to automatically walk towards her again, not having any say in the matter. When she finally reached her, for a second Kara forgot she was Kara Danvers right now, and was about to kiss Lena instead of giving her a friendly hug. *Kara. You’re Kara. Not Supergirl! Hugs not kisses.*

“Lena! I've missed you so much.” Kara declared as she hugged her friend.

“I've missed you too, Kara,” Lena replied, and Kara nervously noticed the brunette eye her dress discreetly. *Is my dress not appropriate for a gala? “Kara, you look…” is there something wrong with how I look?! “You look beautiful.”* Oh. Ok.

Kara blushed, laughed nervously, and adjusted her glasses. “Pfft umm... uhh...Thank you.”

“Kara, I don’t know how many times I could apologize to you and you always forgiving me, but...I'm terribly sorry for not replying to any of your texts and phone calls. I honestly have no excuse for...”

“Lena, it’s fine.” Kara reassured her by touching her arm, but the truth is she just needed to touch Lena. “I know how busy you are. I'm surprised you manage to find time for me. I don't know how you do it. If I was half as busy as you are, I wouldn't know how to keep anyone in my life.”

“I'm sure the people in your life would find ways to see that beautiful smile of yours.” *Aw she thinks my smile is beautiful. That's sweet of her.* “I'm just glad you have people to keep you company since I'm practically failing at my duties as a friend. I just mean with everything at L-Corp, I probably won't be able to see much of you. And I'm just glad that you umm... That you still...”

Nervousness. That’s what Lena’s heart sounded like. And Kara suspected it had something to do with all the responsibilities on Lena’s shoulders tonight. Or the fact that she hadn’t seen Kara in so long. But Lena’s focus seemed to be all over the place, so Kara guessed her nervousness and distorted sentences were a result of her being worried of what might happen tonight. Of Fright’s possible appearance. *I won’t let anything happen to you.*

“Lena,” she chuckled, “You're not making any sense.”

Kara saw her looking away, and to her dismay, she looked in the direction where Alex was standing.

“I see you've brought your sister with you,” Lena claimed. Kara tried to determine whether Lena was upset about Alex being there, but Lena’s expression was neutral.

“Oh, uh yeah. I...I hope you don’t mind. She was umm just worried about me. You know how older sister can get. She was worried with me coming here, with umm what happened last time,” *Don’t ramble on. Don’t ramble on.* “I’m really sorry I didn't ask you by the way. I know these events are super exclusive. And I should have told you. But it was just last minute! And then we argued and she's really stubborn!” *Too late.* “Like really stubborn. I tried to tell her I’d be fine tonight but she just wouldn’t budge. And scary! Oh God she can be scary!”

“So I've heard,”

Kara smiled knowingly, since Supergirl had told Lena that, “Really? From whom?”

Lena shrugged, “Just a friend who happens to work with your sister.”

Kara’s smile grew, “Do I know her?”

“I doubt it.”
“Oh.” Why would she lie about me not knowing Supergirl? It doesn’t make any sense. “Anyway, I'm really sorry about my sister tagging along. I heard she was at L-Corp today on official business. Is everything alright?”

“Why, what did your sister say?” Lena suddenly seemed defensive for some reason.

“Oh, she didn't say anything. Just that she was at L-Corp.”

“She was. Nothing to concern yourself with to be honest. She was just dropping off a paper.”

Kara was perplexed at the reply. The calm way Lena simply delivered what had happened that afternoon as though Alex went by to give her a thank you card instead of a search warrant. Why wouldn’t she tell me what happened? Maybe she just doesn’t want to get into it right now. Yeah that must be it. She’s too busy at the moment with the gala.

“Oh, Ok. So my sister isn't giving you any trouble?” Kara tried again, laughing nervously.

“No not at all. She's been very professional.”

“Uhh good. That's umm really good to hear.”

“It is.”

They stood there in awkward silence. Kara decided it was probably only awkward for her. She hated lying to Lena and impersonating two different personalities in front of her. Then why not just tell her?! She was suddenly rushed back from her thoughts when she registered Lena’s heartbeat going way over the normal limit. Her face was determined, as though trying to decide on something. The heartbeat became nervous. Then, scared. Then a hint of irritation. It was as though Lena was having an inner turmoil of emotions within her, however none of it fully showed on her face. Kara only noticed the slight differences because she was so accustomed to Lena’s behaviors. The small changes in her.

“Lena, is everything alright? Your he...” Yikes! That was close! “Uh I mean your face seems worried. Are you ok?” Nice save!

And that was when Kara heard the obvious reason for Lena’s rapid heartbeat.

“Lena, darling!”

Of course.
Some Sanvers in this one. I figured we've all missed those two dorks. I should mention that Maggie is the smartest one in this fic and deserves a medal of honor for what she did!

After editing this, I realized that this chapter has absolutely no Lena/Supergirl interaction whatsoever. And it kinda felt really really weird for some reason! There's some Lena/Kara interactions though for all of those who are fans of the Karlena dynamics with all its adorable rambling and stuttering Kara.

Oh and one more thing. I do hope I don't have any readers out there with some physics or engineering degree (but if there is...WOW! Kudos to you. Not so much to me). Or any sort of qualifications that have to do with what I wrote. Because none of it makes sense!! I made it all up! All the physics stuff written is just a bunch of big words put together to make Lena and Helena seem smart. So I apologize in advance if you read it and think "WTF?!" . I know absolutely nothing that has to do with ANYTHING CLOSE to resembling physics or engineering or electricity or wire things or simulations or algorithms or..... You get my point.

But all the hockey stuff though is true!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex stayed silent, not a single word uttered after what Kara had said.

Kara’s foot was twitching with panic. They both sat in her apartment, Kara in her cookie monster pajamas and Alex in sweatpants and an old metallica t-shirt. “Alex, you promised you wouldn’t get mad. Or judge. Or... Alex, Come on. I'm dying here! Say something, Alex. Pleeeeeease.”

The older Danvers still remained silent, processing everything she had just heard. She had a frown on her face as she looked at her younger sister skeptically.

“Alex...”

“How much alcohol do you have in this apartment?” she said suddenly.

“Ummm... I'm not sure. I think that bottle of scotch you left last time is still...”

“Get it.”

“Oh, ok.” *We're drinking soda with the pizza, why would she need...* Kara’s eyes widened in realization. “Oh! Yeah, yeah, ok! Let me just...” She superspeeded into the kitchen, stopped for no longer than two seconds to wonder where she put the bottle, and finally decided to open every cabinet there is.

A cup of scotch appeared in front of Alex and she gulped down its contents. “Another,” she said sternly.

Kara silently poured her another cup and watched as she took a sip before speaking.

“Ok. Let me try to understand this.” She pointed a finger with the cup in her hand, “So what you're saying,” She paused, gathering her thoughts, “is that you’re in love with Lena Luthor but
also can't be with her since she's in love with someone else but somehow that didn't stop you from sleeping with Lena Luthor as Supergirl and also be friends with her as Kara Danvers but now you're helping her to ask this other person she's in love with just in case this other person feels the same way about Lena Luthor and if that other person does feel the same way then you’d just go back to being friends with Lena Luthor as both Supergirl and Kara Danvers without her knowing you’re the same person.”

Well, when you put it that way, you make me sound like a crazy person. Kara decided to simply nod.

“And Lena Luthor has absolutely no idea that Supergirl is Kara Danvers?”

“Nope.”

“And she didn't tell you who this other person is?”

“Nope. Well... I think I have a pretty good idea of who they might be. She calls Lena darling’” Kara made a face. A very childish one displaying resentment.

“But you slept with her.” it wasn't a question. It was more of a statement of a fact. “Knowing she's in love with someone else.”

“Well she's in love with Supergirl too.”

Alex’s jaw dropped, and her eyes resembled shock as she gulped down the rest of the scotch. “She's in love with two people at the same time. How? How does that even work exactly?”

“I don't know.” Kara shrugged, “I've never been in love with two people at the same time. Have you?”

“Definitely not.” Alex scoffed. “So she's in love with you...” she points at Kara, “and this other person but is also friends with you. I mean the other you... She's in love with Supergirl but friends with Kara Danvers.”

“Mhm.”

“And you're telling me she still hasn't figured out you two are the same person.”

“Not that I know of.”

“And you're sure she has an IQ of 189?”

“Alex.” Kara warned.

“What?! I just find it hard to believe! I mean how do you sleep with someone and not realize you've also had a completely platonic lunch with them the other day?”

“Technically, today at the gala was the first time I've seen her since... As Kara Danvers I mean... Since... Well ever since she left for Vancouver.”

“Why? I thought you two were friends. You practically used to have lunch together almost everyday.”

“I don't know. She's been avoiding me for some reason. She told Supergirl that she didn't want to drag Kara into anything. I think she's just trying to protect me from being in the crossfire. You know with Fright and everything.”

“Great!”
“What?”

“Well now I can’t exactly dislike her as much anymore. She’s sacrificing her friendship to you in order to protect you. Kinda hard not to like her now.”

“Are you tryna find a reason to not like her?

Alex remained speechless, pressing her lips together and shrugging, “I wasn't not tryna find a reason not to like her. But I get it now. Why you were so angry with me when I issued that warrant. If someone searched Maggie’s place and went through her private life like that, I'd get mad too.”

_Oh you’d get more than just mad!_ Kara tried to hide the doubt she felt for her sister’s words, but it proved to be much more difficult than she anticipated.

“What?” Alex narrowed her eyes at her.

“Well.... You'd probably get a little more than mad. You’d probably frame them for some cyber attack on the president and make it look like they wanted to blow up all of National City. And then hire someone to beat them up in jail.”

Alex opened her mouth to utter a proper comeback, but closed it shut after tilting her head and staring at the ceiling pensively. Her mouth tilted to the right as she thought about what Kara suggested. She finally nodded, “Yeah. You're probably right. I'd definitely do that.”

“Speaking of Maggie,” Kara declared a second before the doorbell rang. She bounced off the couch to go open the door and squealed when she smelled... “Potstickers!!” She hugged Maggie and the bag before grabbing the latter and running to the kitchen island.

“Babe, she just had three boxes of pizza. And was at a gala with an all you can eat potsticker menu! You’re spoiling her.” Alex complained, crossing her arms, as she made her way to her fiancé.

“It’s not my fault her hugs are much more excited when I have a bag of potstickers in my hand.”

Alex walked over to the detective and caressed her face with both hands before tilting her head to kiss her warmly. Maggie wrapped her arms around the small of her back as she kissed her back. The blonde hero tried to utter an _awww_ but failed realizing her mouth was completely stuffed to utter any sound. Her sister seemed completely unaware of anything at that moment but the woman she was kissing.

“Hey, you” Alex whispered, smiling at the Maggie.

“Hey yourself Danvers,” Maggie replied, her dimple revealing itself in the smile she gave to the woman she loved.

“How was work?”

“Same old. Arrested an arsonist that asked me out. Another day at the office.”

Alex Danvers gave her signature deadly look that scared even those who towered over her, “He asked you out?”

“Easy there, Danvers. I told him I'm spoken for.”

Alex’s brows remained fixed together, “Let me know if he needs reminding.”
Maggie stepped on her toes to place a kiss on Alex’s frown, “I will.”

They both turned around to find Kara’s cheeks stuffed with potstickers looking like a hamster staring lovingly at them.

“It’s adorable, you have to admit.” Maggie stated with a wide grin.

The blonde hamster’s confusion appeared on its face. “What’s adorable?” Kara mumbled through at least seven potstickers in her mouth.

Alex shook her head at her sister, “It needs to slow down while eating. Do you even know how to eat one potsticker at a time?”

Although it clearly was a hypothetical question, Kara looked upwards thinking about it, “No. I really don’t” she answered honestly, shaking her head.

“Sorry I missed the Lena story, little Danvers. Got stuck at the precinct.”

Kara made an attempt to mumble a response, but unfortunately the only sounds that had come out were incomprehensible.

Alex took Maggie’s hand in her own, guiding her to the couch, “Come on. Let me fill you in while she chokes on what’s in her mouth.”

Maggie noticed the bottle of scotch, “Wow, already started with the hard stuff without me.”

“Oh trust me, you’re gonna need it with what you’re about to hear”

“Lena Luthor and little Danvers got it for each other that bad eh?” Maggie joked.

Alex rolled her eyes, “They do. But that’s not even the half of it.”

Approximately an hour later, half a bottle of scotch and all the stress eating done by Kara, Maggie was filled in on the whole situation. With details as per her request.

Maggie grinned as she leaned back in the couch, “Whew! Kara Sunny Danvers. Writing the plot for the next lesbian soap opera!” she exclaimed humorously, “That is one complicated love triangle!”

“I know!” Kara squealed.

Maggie’s grin reached the end of her cheeks, “You know what you should do right?”

“What?”

“Throw your hat in the game!”

Kara was confused, “What do you mean?”

“Ask Lena out! As Kara!”

“What?! NO!”

“Come on! Wait...” Maggie tilted her head to the right, “Kara, how sure are you that Lena’s other person isn’t actually you? Isn’t Kara Danvers?”

“What? You mean... Nooooo” she dragged on as she shook her head, “Oh no no no no. It can't be. Pffft. No. Me? Lena is in love with someone else! Trust me. She’s... uhh umm she’s”
“Did she say the person’s name?” Maggie raised a questioning eyebrow

Kara began to stammer again, “Uhh, no no she didn’t”

“Then how do you know it’s not you?” Maggie narrowed her eyes.

“Because I asked her.” She simply stated.

“Asked her what exactly?”

Kara went to adjust her glasses, and frowned when she realized they weren’t there, “Well before we umm before the you know and she was telling me about this other person. I asked her if the person was a blonde, because umm I thought that uhh that it might have been me. The Kara Danvers me. But she said no. The person isn’t blonde.”

“And how do you know she wasn’t just lying to cover it up.” Maggie retorted.

“Because.” Was Kara’s reasoning. Then, “I-I just know. Lena doesn’t lie.”

Maggie gave her a look, “Well...”

“She wouldn’t lie to me. To Supergirl I mean.”

“I would if I were in her place.” Maggie shrugged.

“What? Why?”

“Well because Supergirl and Kara Danvers are supposed to be friends.” Maggie said as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. “And if she had said yes to the question then Supergirl would have connected the dots and known it was Kara Danvers. And I’m guessing Lena has enough Luthor blood in her to not want to be embarrassed in front of Supergirl out of all people.” Then she went on to mumble under her breath, “Of course she doesn’t seem to know just how oblivious and clueless Supergirl and Kara Danvers both are.”

Alex jumped in, backing up Maggie’s argument, “I hate to break it to you Kara, but Maggie’s right. I’ve seen how Lena looks at you. Remember how I told you that woman can hardly conjure up a genuine smile unless you’re in the room?”

“Well yeah but that’s just because we’re friends,” Kara defended.

“I don’t smile at Winn like that,” Alex replied.

“Well...” She searched for a more plausible explanation, “We’re best friends!”

Alex scoffed at her poor excuse, “James doesn’t smile at Winn like that. I’m pretty sure they’re best friends. Do you wanna know who smiles like that?” She pointed a finger over Maggie’s head, “she does. Everytime she sees me.”

Maggie plastered on a goofy smile, showing her dimple, “Not as idiotic as your smile is when you see me!” she turned to Alex looking lovingly at her.

“My smile is just fine,” Alex raised an eyebrow.

“Babe you should see yourself when you notice me. You smile like a dork.” Maggie inched her face closer to Alex’s.

“I do not.” Alex couldn’t keep her stern look. Couldn’t not smile when her fiance was this close.
“You smile like you’re my dork,” Maggie kissed her gently. Smiling into the kiss when Alex grabbed the collar of her shirt to pull her closer.

“Guys! Focus!” Kara exclaimed.

They broke apart, holding in their laughter. “Oh right. Yes.” Alex said.

Maggie cleared her throat, “I was just saying that you should ask Lena out. What’s the worst that could happen? Even if she was in love with someone else, maybe you could woo her into loving you too.” Maggie’s grin was deviant. “The woman seems to have no problem being in love with two people, why not add a third one into the mix!”

“Maggie!” Kara warned.

Alex broke out in laughter at the remark and Maggie tried to keep her grin from getting any wider.

“I'm having lunch with her tomorrow. Does that count?” Kara pouted.

“Lunches are not dates. I can tell you that much.” Maggie replied.

“Ok, so what do I tell her.” Kara asked.

“While you’re on your lunch non date tomorrow, just take a minute. Do not ramble Kara. And say, “Lena, would you like to have dinner with me?”

“But I've said that before.” Kara remarked.

Maggie had a confused look on her face, “Really?”

“This one time Lena’s stomach was grumbling while she was working. I was sitting at her couch that day also working. Long story. But I heard her stomach. So I asked her.”

“Those exact words?”

“Yeah. I said ‘Lena, how about we take a break. Would you like to have dinner with me?’

Alex pointed a finger at her sister, “See that doesn't really count. Because you added the ‘how about we take a break’ part. They automatically cancel each other out. That’s like basic math.” Alex smiled proudly at her math reference.

Maggie’s attention was gripped, “Wait. What did she reply with?”

Kara thought about it for a second, trying to remember what went on that day, “She was quiet for a bit. Shocked I think, though I didn’t understand why. And then she said “Kara, are you asking me to have dinner with you?”

Maggie jumped from her seat, “How do you not see what's happening here?!”

Kara was startled back a few steps, “See what?! I don't see anything! Maggie what do you see!!”

“Wait, what did you reply with?” Maggie said quickly, eagerly.

“I don't know. I said something like ‘yeah I'm really hungry and can't focus on work. How about we go eat and then come back to this?’ or something like that” The blonde stammered.

Maggie threw her arms in the arm in exasperation, “Oh God Little Danvers. Way to ruin it!”

“Ruin what Maggie??! I have no idea what it is that you're seeing in this conversation!” Kara
became horrified.

Maggie refused to answer Kara’s questions, “What did she say after that?”

“She didn't say anything.” Kara replied quickly, “She just said ‘Oh.’ and seemed a bit sad. I was honestly confused. But then she said ‘I'd love to. I think we both deserve a small break.’ and that's it. She grabbed her purse and her phone and we headed out.” Kara shrugged at the normalcy of the conversation between her and her friend.

Maggie ran a hand through her hair, “Wow. How is it that a genius and a Kryptonian can be so obvious but completely oblivious to one another is beyond me!” she shook her head in disbelief.

Alex sank into the couch laughing out loud, while Kara crossed her arms and showed off her crinkle.

“Kara, you asked Lena out to dinner. The reason she was shocked was probably because it just came out of the blue. The reason she asked you if you were asking her out was probably because she wasn't sure you even realized what you asked. Then comes the ‘Oh’. That was because she realized you weren't asking her out and that it was just platonic and that's when the disappointment comes. Little Danvers, that woman has it for you bad!”

Kara stayed quiet for a minute, processing what Maggie had just said. She replayed her interaction with Lena, adding Maggie’s observation into the conversation. She shook her head dramatically, “No. Nope. No. You're reading too much into this. Lena is not in love with me. Her person is not blonde! I'm blonde! Do you see this?” She grabbed a strand of hair, “Blonde! Besides she said the person she's in love with is... like some important bigshot that’s going places. Which makes sense! I'm a reporter. I mean, have you seen her? She's Lena Luthor. Rao, she's like a billionaire. She's so smart. Like super smart. I mean I get why she'd be in love with Supergirl. But she and I. I as in Kara Danvers are just friends. Trust me I would know. I practically...” Kara began pacing tirelessly around the area, going back and forth and sometimes in circles around the couch.

“Guess pacing runs in the family,” Maggie whispered to Alex while Kara went on her rambling campaign.

“What? I do not pace.” Alex scoffed as she crossed her arms

“And Lena sees me as her friend. And I can't just...”

“Yes you do, babe” Maggie replied, laughing softly as to not startle the rambling Kryptonian pacing in front of them.

“I do not!” she grunted.

“Which is why I can't ask her out! Oh Rao, I can't tell her either!” Kara stopped pacing.

Alex frowned, “Tell her what?”


“Oh. Yeah, good luck with that.” the older Danvers smirked.

“She is gonna be so mad.” Kara gasped as if only now realizing the outcome of telling Lena her identity.

Alex scoffed, “You think so?”

Maggie laughed, “Don't wind her up Alex. Relax Kara. I'm sure she'll understand.”
Alex threw her hands up in mock surrender, “I'm just sayin’, I would be extremely mad if Maggie suddenly came out to me saying she was some superhero that I slept with while also being my girlfriend Maggie. That's harsh, Kara.”

The worry and horror that displayed on Kara’s face doubled in intensity as she slowly began to comprehend the reality of her situation.

“Kara,” Maggie said slowly dragging the last vowel, “It's fine. I'm sure Lena will understand. She might be a bit mad, but she'll eventually understand. You have nothing to worry about.”

“It's just now it's even more complicated. Lena's in love with supergirl. But not Kara Danvers.” Kara proceeded to pace again. “If I reveal my identity, she'll be forced to also be in love with Kara Danvers because well they're the same person. But I don't think you could force love. It doesn't work like that, right?” she turned around to face them suddenly, her question seeming less rhetorical, “I don't think it does. So if I tell her, she might not really be completely fine with it.”

“Especially after you slept with her,” Maggie mumbled under her breath.

“She trusts me. Well, she trusts Supergirl.” Kara continued without really hearing Maggie, “And I can't just tell her the person she's in love with and the person she's friends with are one and the same. Oh Rao.” Kara whined her frustration, bringing her hands to her forehead.

“Unless she was in love with both of you at the same time....” Maggie mumbled under her breath once more.

Kara sighed with irritation, “Maggie she's not in love with me. Trust me. I know.” she slumped her shoulders in exhaustion, “I need ice cream.” she muttered as she made her way to the kitchen area.

Maggie pulled out her phone excitedly and began typing in a hurry.

Alex frowned at her, “What are you doing?”

“Oh, I'm going all in on this bet”

“What bet?”

“50 bucks says Lena Luthor has the hots for Kara.” Maggie replied with a smirk.

“I heard that!” Kara called from the kitchen.

Kara sat at a table at Noonan’s waiting for Lena to show up. The CEO had texted saying that she might be a few minutes late since she had a work emergency suddenly come up. Kara didn't mind. In fact she didn't mind at all as she finished off her second pancake stack and third milkshake. The teenage waitress came by to gather the plates and cups, eyeing her with a horrified look. Is there something on my face? She looks scared. Maybe I have milkshake mustache! She hurriedly grabbed at the napkin wiping away any traces of her eating just as she heard Lena's heartbeat getting closer. Lena's car seemed to just pull up, but Kara heard Lena talk on the phone, still not getting out of the car.

“No, Tom, I've already sent in the proposal to them. Yes. Well, the school suffered some damage to most of its building. And as far as I know it's the only school in National City that caters to blind and deaf children, so I'd like to begin reconstruction as soon as possible. I've also sent in a separate proposal for expansion of the building. They still haven't gotten back to me.” Kara also
heard the exasperated sigh coming out of Lena, “No, I don't have the time. I'm running late for a
very important lunch date. We can discuss that matter later.”

*She just called me a very important lunch date!*

To the waitress’ complete horror, Kara let out a sudden happy squeal at being called very
important.

Lena was now getting out of her car. “But for now I want the school issue fixed immediately.
Yes. Yes, just contact them and make sure they have everything they need. No, Jess should have
those ready for you. I'll make sure she delivers them to you shortly. Alright. No that'll be all.
Thank you.”

Kara found herself wearing her biggest smile even before Lena walked in. Lena rushed inside
looking around until her eyes met Kara’s, and Kara couldn't for the life of her figure out if the
pounding heartbeat was hers or Lena’s. The CEO wore a silver trench coat, buttoned down and
tied at her waist. Hair neatly done in a tight bun and black triangle earrings shined from her ears.
Her heels clicked within the busy sounds of Noonan’s and her cherry red lips smiled genuinely
upon reaching Kara.

“Kara,” for once, Lena was the one who initiated the hug, pulling Kara into her embrace and
winding her arms around her shoulder blades. It was new to Kara. It excited her but also made her
anxious at the same time. “I'm terribly sorry for running late.” Lena smiled sadly when she pulled
away. “Something suddenly came up and it had to be dealt with or else it would completely fall
apart. And I know I said at the gala that I keep apologizing to you. It's completely unnerving!
Especially when I was the one who had asked you to lunch to begin with. I do realize I keep
letting you...”

“Lena.” Kara laughed at the nervous woman in front of her. *Since when does Lena get nervous
like this? Must be a long day for her.* “It's fine. You were only a few minutes late. It's perfectly
fine.”

“Kara, half an hour is hardly a few minutes. But I do appreciate you trying to make me feel
better.”

They sat at opposite ends of the table and Kara all but yelped when the same waitress came to get
their orders. *Please don’t mention how many pancakes I ate!*

“Can I get you anyth... Oh my!” the waitress stood stunned as she looked over at Lena. Kara
looked at the brunette too wondering what the waitress saw that was so terrifying. “You're Lena
Luthor,” the waitress stammered.

Kara heard it before she saw it. The slight twitch in Lena’s heartbeat. The one that entailed fear,
but none of it shown on Lena’s face. However, Kara could sense the clenched jaw. She could
hear the tightening of Lena’s grip on her phone. Lena simply smiled, “I am. I hope it doesn't cause
any problems.”

The ginger haired woman’s face lit up with excitement, “Oh no of course not. I'm a huge fan!”

“Oh,” Lena replied, relaxing her shoulders somewhat, her heartbeat drumming normally again.
“Well in that case, thank you.” she said kindly.

“You're one of National City’s 30 under 30 influential people! And richest! I follow your Twitter
and I showed my friend that video you posted of a dog you were with at an animal shelter. It was
the cutest video ever,” the waitress almost squealed as Kara did when Lena walked in. *Oh. Now I
get why she was horrified when I was squealing.*
“Yes. He was a very sweet dog. Very loving. Unfortunately I couldn't take him home since my work keeps me busy.”

“Aww that's too bad. What’s his name?”

“Oisin. Such a playful dog.”

“Well maybe he just enjoyed your company.” the waitress smirked seductively. Kara was getting weird vibes from this waitress, but she pushed them aside.

I didn’t know Lena went to an animal shelter. That’s so great! Everyone enjoys spending time with Lena. Even animals! I love animals. They're so cute and cuddly. And they're always...

“Maybe you’d like to keep me company sometime.” The waitress said in a low sultry voice that Kara wouldn’t have caught if she were a normal human.

That's odd. Why would the waitress need to be kept company when she... Oh Rao! Is she....?!!! Kara's eyes widened exponentially.

Lena gave her a dry, but still kind, smile, “Thank you. But I think I'll just stick to cats and dogs.”

Kara adjusted her glasses to hide her annoyance. Is she really flirting with Lena right here and now? She's working! That's very... It's very wrong! And Lena is obviously having lunch with me. This woman needs to learn timing! You can't just ask someone out like that out of the blue! Life doesn't work like that. Ugh! Kara raised an eyebrow and pursed her lips at the waitress who obviously was too occupied looking at Lena. But Kara also felt that her annoyance had something to do with how easy it was for the waitress to ask Lena out. Atleast she asked her out. I can't even bring myself to say the words out loud!

“So what're you havin’?” The waitress asked Lena, seductively playing with a strand of hair that fell from her ginger ponytail.

“I'll just have the Cesar salad and an orange juice, please.”

“And for you miss. Anything else I can get ya.” Kara hoped Lena didn't catch the ‘else’ in that sentence, conveying that Kara had already eaten before Lena arrived.

“Uhh yeah I'll just have the milkshake and one of your chocolate chip muffins.”

“The strawberry milkshake again or would you like to try something different?”

Oh Rao. Kara all but facepalmed herself mentally before replying, “The strawberry is just fine, thank you.”

“Ayt. Let me know if you two need anythin’ else.”

Kara heard Lena’s heartbeat take in a calmer tone as soon as the waitress had left. It wasn’t that it's earlier beat conveyed her being afraid. It was more that she was uncomfortable. And Kara didn't notice it until it changed back to ease as soon as the waitress had left. Kara smiled, amused that Lena wasn't interested in her.

Lena cleared her throat, “So how's work? Any chance you'll be starting again soon. I heard Catco is almost done with renovations.”

“They are! Ms. Grant said that we could all come back first thing Monday. I'm so excited! Wait! Tomorrow's not Monday is it?!” Kara exclaimed.

Lena laughed, “No, Kara rest assured. It's only Tuesday. Monday was I believe yesterday. Unless
she meant yesterday.

Kara’s eyes widened as though a deer caught in headlights. She tried recalling the exact date Ms. Grant email said. Was it yesterday? Maybe it’s not even Monday!

“Kara,” Lena reached out her hand and placed on top of Kara’s, “I was only joking. I read yesterday that the renovation would be finished sometime this week. I'm sure Cat Grant meant next Monday.”

Kara let out a breath she was holding, “Oh thank R... God. Thank God. Anyway, as I was saying I really am excited! Especially since Ms. Grant will be back for good this time! James is also glad to have his old job back. He didn't really like being CEO. It was waaaaay too much work. He says it's the worst! Oh! No, I didn't mean the worst. You... Umm you're a Umm CEO and it's definitely not the worst. I mean obviously if you're doing it then it’s definitely not the worst. But what I meant...”

Lena’s smile grew wider, “Kara, breathing. Breathing is very helpful. You should give it a try,” she joked. “In all honesty though, I find myself agreeing with Mr. Olsen at times. Being a CEO isn't what it's all cracked up to be, unfortunately. It keeps you busy and doesn't give you time for yourself. But I'm glad Cat Grant is back. I've been meaning to come by and see her for some business.”

“You should come by! I'm sure she'd be thrilled”

Lena looked at her with skepticism in her eyes, smiling as though Kara had just made a silly joke.

Kara understood immediately, “Ok maybe she wouldn't exactly show you that she's thrilled but deep down...” Kara narrowed her eyes in exaggeration, “Very very deep down, she would be.”

Lena laughed at the comment, “I'll try to as soon as I can. But work has been a bit...” she sighed, “complicated.” Her eyes lingered on the table as though contemplating just how complicated.

They both spoke comfortably about their lives and what they’ve missed out on. Kara told Lena about articles she’s already excited to write and Lena tried explaining some of the projects she was working on. For the first time in weeks, Kara felt at ease. She felt as though she had her friend back. The one friend she could be Kara around, with all her ramblings and her goofy remarks. Lena laughed at all of them and Kara drowned in the laugh on more than one occasion. Lena laughed at her jokes. She listened to her stories. She joined in on her reactions to things that had happened to her. She hadn’t realized just how much she had missed Lena. Their friendship was special long before Kara had developed feelings for her or Lena had developed feelings for Supergirl. Oh Rao! How did this get so complicated?

When the waitress came back to take their plates, they were both too absorbed in their conversation to notice her even. When she cleared her throat, asking if they needed something else, they were both startled as though just noticing she was there. Kara smiled a secret smile. It felt as though they were in a different place where only they existed. Where nothing else mattered. And there was no doubt in her mind that Kara wanted to spend the rest of her days like this. Just like this.

Maggie’s voice suddenly appeared in Kara’s head, pushing her to ask Lena the question she had been dreading. What’s the worst that can happen? She cleared her throat, “Ummm Lena, I've been meaning to umm ask you uhh... Well you see... Dinner.” she stammered embarrassingly.

Lena smiled at Kara’s in comprehensible stutter of words, “Kara. I don't think I quite follow what you’re saying.”

Kara laughed nervously, “It's just I think we... We should...” Kara adjusted her glasses and pushed
them up the bridge of her nose. She took a deep breath before, “We should have dinner sometime.” Close enough!

“Oh. Kara of course we could have dinner next time. I actually know a new place that just opened up not far from here. How about...”

“Uhh I’d like to cook for you!” WHAT?! Rao! I don't know the first thing about cooking! But for some reason, words continued to stumble out of her mouth, “I was thinking that maybe you could come over and I could cook for you. We could even watch a movie if you'd like.” Kara offered.

Lena seemed startled by the invitation, “That... That sounds wonderful. I'd love to.” she smiled, the corner of her mouth lifting.

“Great! How about tomorrow night? My place at 8?”

“It's a da... Uh deal. It's a deal.” Lena switched to being nervous all of a sudden, “I just meant eight sounds perfect.”

“Ok then!”

Note to self: find someone who cooks! Or coerce someone into cooking for you. Ok, maybe I can't do that. Or get Alex to order one of her DEO agents that know how to cook. Or... I don't know! Find something! Just fix this somehow!

“But what if we add more charge to the reactor by duplicating the power source. Won’t that help with...” Helena suggested.

“No,” Lena said slowly, running calculations in her head, “It's too risky. Plus it's too big. We need something small enough to emit that kind of charge.”

Both brunettes were huddled over the table down in the R&D labs at L-Corp. Helena had stopped by early evening to discuss some business before they headed out to drinks, but several hours later, they both realized they'd much rather spend time working on the project than go out. Lena had long kicked off her heels and had tied her hair in a tight ponytail to keep it off her face. Helena had also discarded her own heels in favor of being able to walk easily from one laptop to another writing different simulations that might work for their problem.

Helena held a tablet in her hand, scrolling through endless amounts of equations, “What we need is something that would be able to generate enough power to diffuse the particles and transfer them somewhere else entirely. That’s what the machine is for, is it not?” Helena walked back to one of the tables in the lab, and continued to scroll through a laptop.

“Yes, I agree. But we also need it to respond accordingly. Our issue isn’t getting it to work. The entangled particles would have correlated states conjured up in less than the fraction of the time if it weren’t for our size issue.” Lena sighed in exasperation.

“The size of the device you mean?” Helena asked.

“Mhm. I want it smaller. Much smaller. I’ve already done all the math. I’ve got this to work before. Built the whole damn machine. If you’ve seen the state of National City, then you’d realize just how much it worked.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed how it’s much less crowded than Vancouver.” Helena remarked humorously.
“Oh, is that what you noticed? Not the craters and the destroyed buildings and the central park that looks more like a cemetery than a place where children can play?” Lena asked sarcastically.

“I mean. Have you seen the traffic in Vancouver. It’s repulsive.” Helena made a face, although her eyes never left the screen.

“Unbelievable!” Lena found herself laughing.

Helena went back to a more focused expression, “Here’s what I propose.” She left the laptop and began walking towards Lena. “Finding something that would emit such power with a relatively small size is not possible at this moment. But what if we make the emitting process temporary?”

“What do you mean?” Lena tilted her slightly.

Helena opened both her palms and shrugged, “We make the device rechargeable”

Lena thought about it for a few seconds, running some mild scenarios where it would make it possible to do such a thing. “Is that even possible? I mean yes it’s quite the risk. I don’t suppose it would have the same outcomes. It would require more time but it would definitely solve our size problem.”

“It would. But unfortunately now we have the problem of changing all the initial schematics of the prototype and starting all over. We have to implement different wiring to make it rechargeable.”

Lena frowned, “And we can’t use just any sort of wiring, can we?”

“Not with the amount of power the reactor is supposed to generate. It would definitely fry the wires instantly.”

They both stood motionless thinking, trying to find some solution to their new problem. Lena played with her bottom lip in thought, staring intensely at the screen in front of her that held a sketch of how the prototype would look like.

There has to be a way.

She sighed, undoing her ponytail and letting her hair fall loose. She looked at the clock and saw it was almost ten. Have we been down here that long? She’s just as much of a workaholic as I am!

Helena’s head suddenly jerked up from her laptop, “Wait!” she all but ran to the other table to grab her personal tablet. “Hockey pucks!”

Lena brought her eyebrows together, trying to follow where Helena was going with her theory, “Pardon?”

Helena came over to her excitedly, barefoot and all, “How much do you know about Hockey?”

“I still don’t see how a sport played on ice is going to help u...”

“Yes, sorry. Well the thing is, the hockey puck is known to be somewhat, you could say, indestructible in a manner of speaking. Not completely though, but it is quite remarkable the amount of heat or cold it could forsake. Believe me, I’ve tried. It was a fun experiment I did with Liam.” Helena began opening up sketches of the different layers of the puck on the tablet.

That caught Lena’s attention, “Interesting. What is it made of?”

“Well the rubber is mixed with a special bonding material and a type of coal dust called carbon
black. That’s what increases the puck’s melting point.”
Lena was beginning to fully understand, “So you want to coat the wires with this material.”
“Exactly. The material is not too heavy and we can easily shape it however we like.”
“That’s great!”
“One slight problem.....”
“What is it now?” Lena sighed in displeasure.
“Well, fun fact, only four countries in the world actually make hockey pucks and have all the right machinery...”
Lena sighed once more, closing her eyes for a second at the notion of moving this whole discussion to Vancouver.
“I can have my team in Vancouver start preparing for what we need. I’ll fly down there first thing tomorrow and keep you updated on the progress.”
“How long do you think you might have something ready for us to test if it could withstand the amount of power?”
“Couple of days at most.”
“Let me know. I’d like to come to Vancouver to see for myself.”
“Really?” the younger brunette tilted her head and smirked, “That's quite impressive. I usually work with CEOs that only tend to ask me when I would be done and how much money they’ll be making. I like this.”
“Helena I thought I already made myself clear. This project is very important to me. I will see it from start to finish.”
“Alright then. I could certainly get used to this.” she looked at her tablet once more, “Oh would you look at the time. I better get home and relieve the sitter. Liam would probably still be waiting up for me.”
“I'm sorry I kept you this late”
Helena scoffed “Don’t be absurd. I had fun.”
“So did I’ Lena smiled.
Helena picked up her stuff and wore her heels when she gave Lena a second look, “Are you not heading home?”
“Oh umm I’m just going to tinker with a few things here and there before going home. I have other projects for L-Corp that I need to check up on”
Helena grinned, “I told you. Work of a CEO never really does stop, does it?”
“It certainly does not”
Helena opened the door, “Don’t work much later than I would.”
Lena rolled her eyes, shaking her head, “I won’t.”
“Well, Good night then”

“Good night, Helena” she replied.

Lena worked for an hour more after Helena left, reading up on the progress of her employees. When she found herself growing tired, she remembered her phone that she had discarded on one of the tables. She walked over to where she had left it, finding it under a pile of paper filled with rough notes she and Helena had scribbled down. She turned on the screen, finding 3 missed calls from Kara Danvers and 5 messages from Supergirl. It had been on silent.

That's odd. Why would Kara call me at this time of the night.

She opened the messages from Supergirl.

Lena.

Lena!

Where are you?

Lena!

Please tell me you're ok!

Chapter End Notes

Just a couple of minutes before posting this, I saw that new video of Katie playing with Oisin and I was just like...
Why the hell not??!!
So I moved a few things around, wrote in that waitress, and mentioned our lovely Oisin Mcgrath in the fic. Somehow it turned into a jealous Kara thing...I still dunno how that happened but it did.
Paranoia Revisited

Chapter Notes

What's this...? Another, you say? It can’t be! *Gasps dramatically*

Funny story: I was stuck in an elevator for 4 and a half hours at work yesterday. And this chapter came out of the experience while waiting for someone to get me out. So behold! I give you a chapter written completely in the small dark space of an elevator by a claustrophobic little gay mess of a human. So expect lots of angst here!

Six hours.

It had been six hours since Kara had last heard Lena’s heartbeat. At first, she had brushed it off as Lena having walked into that small room in her office, which seemed surprising since Lena hardly ever took naps in the middle of her work. But after the third hour, Kara had become somewhat unreasonably worried. Her thoughts had darted towards dangerous territory of Lena’s wellbeing. She had flown towards Lena’s high office at L-Corp, striding straight towards that lead-lined room. When she had found nothing, she felt the sting in her chest throb painfully. She had tried texting and calling as Kara Danvers but it was no use. Lena was gone.

By the fifth hour, she had already scoured most of National City, looking in all the abandoned warehouses where Fright might have taken her. She had even called Alex, had explained to her frantically how Lena’s heartbeat was nowhere in the city. Alex had been calm enough to try and suggest alternative justifications for Lena’s missing heartbeat but Kara heard none of them. Winn had done his best trying to hack into every surveillance camera in National City to see if Lena had been taken but they all showed the same thing. Lena had walked casually into L-Corp just as she did every day, but had never walked out.

Kara growled at the outcome and tried to listen as Alex attempted to calm her down, but she had been beyond hearing anything else but her own thoughts. Her thoughts that had been filled with Lena’s lifeless body abandoned somewhere, never to be found. It angered Kara even more that no one had even noticed her absence. There were no friends who were worried. No family who was frantic. No one looking. Just her. It angered her immensely that Lena, who had saved countless lives, was never going to be acknowledged for what she had done. It angered Kara that Lena never got to learn her identity. She felt the tears brimming at her eyes, causing a sting behind them. She ignored Alex’s remarks that everything will be ok and flew back to L-Corp to check the room again. Somehow she had hoped that Lena would be there. She would be wearing her black rimmed glasses and her hair in a perfect messy bun. She would be wearing one of her tank tops of bands that Kara never got to know over shorts that were too short for her smooth thighs. But Kara found no one. She walked into the room and found it completely empty. Looking at the bed, she remembered that first night they talked about pancakes. Lena’s face had been so calm, so carefree. So perfect.

Suddenly she felt the vibration of her phone in her boot and she all but jumped to grab it. It was Lena.

*Supergirl, is everything ok?*

Kara had a hard time controlling how fast her heart was racing. *Lena is alive.* She swallowed
down, her fingers typing much faster than a normal human speed.

Lena! Where are you? Are you ok? Just tell me where you are, I'll come get you.

Kara got a reply almost immediately.

I'm down in the R&D labs at L-Corp working with Helena. Supergirl, what is going on? You're scaring me.

She's alive. She's fine. She's just working. Lex must have had the labs lead-lined just like the room. She's fine. She's ok. How did that not cross my mind! She mentioned it yesterday! Kara noticed that she still hadn't replied to Lena's text and began to hurriedly type a reply.

Are you sure you're alright? Can I see yo-

She erased the text once more, obsessively thinking of those three dots showing up on Lena’s phone.

Everything's fine. I just came to your office and didn't find you. I overreacted. You should go back to work. Sorry for scaring you.

It ate away at Kara at the simplicity of the text in contrast to how worried and frightened she was just moments ago. But Lena was with Helena. They needed to spend time together. She was the one who had convinced Lena to spend more time with Helena in the first place. She got another reply.

Are you still in my office?

Kara didn't want to say yes, she knew if she did, Lena would come up. She didn't want Lena to see her like this. Her face grief-stricken and her eyes filled with tears. But she didn't want to lie to Lena either. She already lied about so much.

Yes. But you don't need to worry. Go back to your work. I'll see you tomorrow.

Seconds later, she got the reply she expected.

No. Stay there. I'm coming up.

The blonde superhero found herself pacing once more. The uncontrolled strength of her stride was close to breaking the floor beneath her. Lena was coming up to see her and she had no plausible excuse for why she felt the way she felt. Lena’s heartbeat was what grounded her throughout the whole day. She checked up on it almost every hour. Not having heard it for over six hours made her feel asphyxiated.

She's fine. Just calm down.

She had trouble breathing properly, which wasn't something she was used to. But it was what was happening right at that moment. Right at that moment, Kara’s breaths were coming out ragged, as though she was having an asthma attack in the midst of a sandstorm.

And that's when she heard it. It was faint. But growing louder. Her heartbeat. It was calm, strong. She closed her eyes and sighed, letting the sound and the reality of Lena finally being alive and ok wash over her completely. But her mind refused to stop spiraling out of control, throwing
countless scenarios of what could have happened.

The door opened, steps were taken, and Kara all but flew towards Lena just as she closed the door behind her. She picked her up in a tight embrace, burying her face in her neck. She breathed her in, her scent and her pulse, feeling as though she was coming out of the water. While her left arm was across Lena’s lower back, her right hand came to caress long auburn hair. She felt Lena’s own arms wrap around her neck lovingly.

“Hey, what's wrong?” she whispered softly.

Kara remained silent. Not wanting to break her concentration on the strong pulse she felt in her arms. She breathed in the brunette’s scent once more and recognized that expensive perfume Lena liked to wear. It was mixed with the smell of chemicals and burnt plastic. Kara assumed it was what Lena was working on down in the labs. She continued to hold Lena off the ground, burying herself closer as best she can.


Kara finally put her down, lowering her gently but not breaking her hold on her. She couldn't stand the idea of being apart from her at this moment. She managed to inch her face away from Lena’s neck to look at her, to finally meet those green eyes.

“Hey.” Lena whispered once more, bringing her hands to Kara’s cheeks, “Tell me how to make it alright. Tell me what to do.”

Memories of that night in Vancouver rushed back to Kara when Lena had uttered those exact same words.

Tell me what to do. Supergirl you're scaring me. Tell me what to do to make it alright.

Lena had said those words to Kara that night not knowing that just by being there, Lena made everything alright. She made it ok. And she did it even before Kara felt for her what she felt now. Kara let out a breath, she finally found the courage to explain her odd behavior.

“Those labs you were in. They're lead-lined. I couldn't hear your heartbeat. I...I guess I panicked.”

Lena’s face filled with shock, “Oh. I had no idea.” then, realization struck her expression, “You thought Fright had...”

Kara nodded silently, not able to voice words that resembled her earlier thoughts.

“I'm so sorry.” she wrapped her arms around her neck once more, hugging Kara tightly. “I'm so sorry, I had no idea.” she feathered kisses on Kara’s cheek repeating her apology over and over again. She finally placed a kiss at the corner of Kara’s mouth and Kara all but felt her own heart give out. She's alive. She's fine. Kara pulled her closer, kissing her desperately. She was too scared to make a move, too scared this would be all some hallucination that she'd conjured up in her mind out of desperation. But somehow it was real. Lena was right in front of her. Kissing her. She's here. She's fine. She's alive.

Lena broke the kiss without inching further away from Kara. “Tell me what to do”

“You're already doing it. Just by being here. Being...” she choked back her words, “Just by being alive.”

“I'm right here. I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere. I promise. I'm fine.”
Kara breathed in deeply, filling her lungs to the fullest before letting it out slowly. She repeated her mantra over and over again. *She's alive. She's fine.* She kept repeating it, willing her mind to believe those few words that meant so much to her. But something was wrong. Something was not right. She took another deep breath, the air seemingly not satisfying her lungs. “I couldn’t hear your heartbeat and it...” her voice broke, “it reminded me...”

“It reminded you of the paranoia.” Lena murmured softly, her face held affection and worry.

Kara nodded, tasting salty liquid on her lips. Her breaths went back to being heavy. Ragged. Horrendous memories of fierce paranoia breached her thoughts. The fright. The horrifying feeling of helplessness overflowing her chest. *The voices.* She began to take short heavy breaths, her chest rising rapidly. Memories of not being able to feel anything but fear came back to her. No longer able to breathe from her nose, she tried long breaths of air from her mouth. But it was no use. She was only able to take in short broken ones, her heartbeat too fast for her lungs to catch up.

Lena looked worried, she seemed to be speaking, but her words seemed so distant, as though she spoke from behind a glass wall. “Supergirl, look at me!”

Suddenly the suit she was wearing felt tighter than it was. She couldn’t breath. She touched her neck, thinking maybe something was clasping at it, but there was nothing there. The collar was too tight, too restraining. She needed it off. She looked around her, looking for... What am I looking for? She could hear sounds of a woman far away calling to her but she heard none of what she said. She needed air. *The window! That’s what I was looking for.* Kara stared at the balcony door for what felt like long dragging minutes. But what if I fall down.

“... having a panic at...” someone was saying. Hands pulled at her own and Kara almost flinched at the possibility of them wanting to hurt her. “Look at me, Super...”

It was an odd feeling. Terrifying, but odd. She felt as though she was in an escalating cycle of catastrophe and impending doom and that something bad was about to happen. That it was absolutely inevitable for it to happen. The rational part of her mind screamed at her that physically they were fine. They were both standing upright. Both alive. But the rational part kept being assaulted, being pushed aside by the idea that *something* is about to happen. Her heart palpitations convinced her that she needed to flee, needed to get as far away from Lena as possible. Because eventually she knew she would lose control.

And Lena might get hurt if I lose control.

Over and over again she tried swallowing, but her throat was dry and felt as though it was clogged up by a dusty rock. Memories of her paranoia charged at her painfully. Those petrifying voices returned, reiterating past lines that had once been all Kara had thought of under the spell of paranoia.

The floor. *Someone might have hidden kryptonite under the floorboards.* She remembered that line from her apartment. Remembered not being able to leave her bed. How deeply her mind had convinced her that she would surely die if she decided to step on the floor.

*I need it to stop. I just need it all to stop.* She remembered the helplessness at not knowing how to make it stop. The fear that she wouldn’t be able to.

The voices and the paranoia took over, but it was a different feeling. She wasn’t experiencing the paranoia as much. It was merely memories being thrown at her from all angles. Nonetheless, they still stung, as though shards going through her veins. She hissed through gritted teeth. Something was not right. The air was not reaching her lungs. It was too thick. The room was too small. The walls were no longer solid. They swayed. Moved, even. She looked around her, feeling heat scorching her skin. Sweat trickled down her forehead as dizziness also joined her state.
Green eyes appeared in front of her. She recognized Lena, but couldn’t hear what she was saying. Kara tried to focus on her, tried to listen to what she was saying. Lena was unbuttoning her blue blouse frantically, her hands parting it to reveal a black bra. Kara felt her hand being taken, soft fingers guiding them to Lena’s chest. The brunette intertwined her own hand with Kara’s over her heart.

“Shh just listen to my heart, Supergirl.” her voice was still far away. It reminded Kara of when she first learned how to swim. Water had gone into her ears and she heard sounds differently. Lena’s voice sounded the same. “Listen to my heart. Everything is alright.” Lena brought her other hand to Kara’s cheek, her green eyes holding Kara’s own blue ones. “I'm right here. You're having a panic attack. You need to breathe.” Kara slowly began to hear all of Lena’s words. “Can you do that for me, darling? Just breathe with me and focus on my heart.”

Kara nodded slightly, doing what she was told. She focused her hearing on Lena’s pulse. The feel of it throbbing beneath her palm. She closed her eyes, letting all the voices die down. All the Paranoia to subside. The fear to completely vanish. She went back to breathing through her nose, finally being able to take long breaths that satisfied her lungs. Her mind filled with Lena’s heartbeat and her own calming mantra. *She's here. She's alive. She's ok.*


*Not ever.*

*She's here. She's fine. She's alive.*

Kara’s breaths finally retired back to normal. She felt Lena’s thumb going back and forth across her cheek, her hand tightening around Kara’s. She looked at the forest green eyes that looked back at her with such devotion. *She's so beautiful.* Kara told herself that if she could just remain focused on those eyes, everything else would be forgotten. And so she did. She let go of the fear. The paranoia. The panic. She simply drowned in emerald orbs and filled her mind with the sound of her heartbeat.


Kara swallowed down and nodded slowly, the only way she knew how to let Lena know she was ok.

Lena let go of her hand and backed away slightly, which caused Kara to tense immediately. “Hey. It's ok. I'm just going to get you a glass of water.”

Kara nodded once more and watched as Lena rushed to her water pitcher and poured a glass of water for her. She took the offered glass and drank it all in one gulp, only then realizing how dry her throat was. The cold water helped clear her mind even further. Lena took the glass from her and placed it on her desk.

“How about we go to bed. Let me just call my driver and tell him I won't be going to the penthouse tonight. We can sleep here.”

“No, it's...” Kara’s throat was still dry. She cleared it before speaking, “I'll take you. You should sleep in your own bed for once.”

“Are you sure you're able to fly?”

Kara tried a smile, it came out somewhat broken, but still a smile “Don't you trust me”
“You know I do, darling.” Lena smirked, before kissing Kara's cheek. “I just want to make sure you're alright. I don't want you pushing yourself.”

“I'm... I'm ok. I can fly.” her voice was still groggy. Her hearing remained focused on Lena’s heartbeat, not daring to tune it out.

“Oh, then. If you're sure.” Lena called her driver to tell him she won't be needing him tonight. She grabbed her phone and put on her trench coat, walking towards Kara.

“Ready?” Kara asked.

“Always,” Lena smiled, but her pulse said otherwise.

“Is something wrong?” Kara frowned.

“No. Everything's quite alri...” Lena held back her fabricated excuses when she saw the look on Kara’s face. She sighed with a smile, “You can hear my fear can't you?”

Kara nodded, “We don't have to if...”

“No, no. It's not...” Lena stepped closer to the hero, tracing her fingers over the collar line of Kara’s suit absentmindedly. “I trust you, believe me I do. But I'm just not much of a fan of flying.”

“I promise I won't drop you.”

“I know you won't.” Lena laughed in grief, “It's just jitters, you know.” she gave the hero a reassuring smile and nodded her head once, “Alright, let's go.”

Kara bent down to grab the back of Lena’s knees, catching her swiftly at her shoulder blades. The CEO wound her arms around her neck, taking a long breath as she did.

“It's ok. I got you.” Kara whispered as she walked towards the balcony. She hesitated for a second before lifting off, giving Lena a glance to make sure she really was alright. She then bent her knees and flew off.

Kara heard Lena’s breath hitch as the cold air braced them. The grip on her neck tightened and Lena buried her face in the crook of Kara’s neck. The bold and confident CEO withered into a frightened young woman holding on for dear life. Kara pulled her closer to her chest as she flew towards Lena’s place. The feeling of Lena in her arms flooded her. She hardly ever took someone with her while flying. Flying had a special place in her heart. It was intimate. Besides Alex, or unless she was rescuing someone, she had never experienced it with anyone. But now, she did. With Lena. Her face cradled in her neck and her heartbeat synchronizing with Kara's own.

When she felt movement, she turned her head and found Lena slowly opening her eyes to look out at the view in front of them, and Kara purposefully slowed down for Lena to enjoy it. The brunette’s eyes were filled with awe. It was certainly a beautiful night. The dark sky had taken a navy shade and smokey rain clouds scattered everywhere.

Kara landed on the balcony of Lena’s apartment. She liked the feeling of Lena’s body pressed against hers, so she decided against putting her down.

Lena gave a questioning smile, “Supergirl? I think I can manage from here.”

The blonde simply shrugged and began walking towards the door, “I'm not too sure about that. I mean those heels seem very uncomfortable. Who knows if you could walk or not.”

Lena laughed wholeheartedly. “Supergirl, put me down I can walk to my own bed.”
“I like you just fine here.” Kara pushed open the door with her shoulder, finding it half opened. She stepped inside. They both looked around at Lena’s penthouse that had been tossed by the DEO. The living room couch cushions were thrown on the floor, some of the books on the bookshelves were tossed aside, all of the cabinets and drawers in the room were opened and some of them emptied out. Kara’s brows came together in a frown. The place was a mess. It looked as though it had been robbed. She remembered the events of the day before and clenched her jaw at the memory. Soft fingers turned her face until her eyes met green ones.

“It’s fine. I don’t care.” Lena whispered, “You’d be surprised how many times I’ve had my place tossed by the police back in Metropolis. It’s not something that bothers me anymore.”

If Lena’s intention was to calm Kara down, she failed miserably. Kara glared back at the room, her mouth turned in exasperation at the notion of strangers going through Lena’s things. “You shouldn’t have to get used to such things.” She replied in a low growl.

Lena turned Kara’s face towards her once more, “Ignore it. Let’s just go to bed.”

“How far is it?” Kara asked.

Lena gave her a smirk, “Maybe if you put me down, I could show you.”

Kara shrugged once more, narrowed her eyes and used her x-ray vision, scanning the apartment for the bedroom. She gave the woman in her arms a proud smile and proceeded to walk. She caught Lena rolling her eyes at her silly tactics, and laughed at her annoyance.

When they finally reached the bedroom, Kara stood at the doorway observing the space. Lena’s bedroom was almost the size of half of Kara’s whole apartment. A king sized bed with a black leather headboard sat in the middle of the wall opposite the doorway. The wall that the bed was leaned against was white and had lines upon lines of written words. Is that poetry? Kara didn’t recognize any of what was written. The wall on the right was completely made of glass, giving the room a spectacular view of the city. The left wall held two large screens over one another and several bookshelves with multiple books Kara couldn’t even begin to count. A small maroon rug laid in front of the shelves and a cozy looking black recliner sat beside it. Kara walked into the spacious room, taking in all the details. On the left wall was also two doors, one seemed to lead to a bathroom, while the other Kara suspected was a walk-in closet.

The hero failed to notice Lena looking at her, “Is something the matter?” she asked.

Kara didn’t take her eyes off of the room, still absorbing more details from every corner, “I keep forgetting you’re extremely rich,” she muttered distractedly.

Lena laughed. It was a sweet kind of laugh. Genuine. Pure. Kara loved the sound of it. She began to lower Lena on her feet, when she stopped midway. She raised her up again, gave her a stern look before saying, “Heels.”

Lena gave her own steel gaze to the hero, pressing her lips together in thought and elevating her eyebrow. She finally backed down and kicked off her heels, as they made a small thud sound falling to the ground.

Kara grinned, “That’s better,” she exclaimed before lowering the CEO to the ground.

Lena leaned in and pressed her lips to Kara’s, “I’m just going to get changed. Make yourself at home, darling.” she said softly and walked off to her closet.

The blonde decided to rid herself of the suit. It reminded her too much of when it felt too tight around her for her to breathe. There were small amounts of remnants of what had happened back at L-Corp. Of her... *Panic Attack. I didn’t even know I could physically have a panic attack.*
Should I tell Alex? I feel fine now. Lena’s heartbeat played in her mind like background music. Never tuned out. She took off her suit and remained in her bra and her red boy shorts underwear. Thank god I’m not wearing my Supergirl underwear! She rolled down the covers of the bed and lid down on one side, breathing in a sigh of relief and closing her eyes. She heard movement in the room as Lena turned off the lights and closed the blinds. When she opened her eyes again, she saw Lena in one of her tank tops - another band she has yet to know - and gray shorts. She smiled at her as Lena laid down beside her on her back and pulled her closer.

Kara rested her head on Lena’s shoulder, playing with the hem of her shirt. She still found it difficult to believe how this woman beside her cared for her so much.

There was this illusion. People were usually amazed by Supergirl. The idea of her. The notion of her strength and speed. Her flight and her powers. The cape and the suit. Kara understood it. People idolized those who seem perfect, making them even more perfect by idolizing them. But what people tended to forget is that no one is ever perfect. Not even Kryptonians from another planet. Kara had flaws. She had fears and insecurities. But she was never allowed to show them. Because then the spell would be broken. And the illusion would be shattered.

But somehow she had shattered that illusion in front of Lena more than once, and Lena still cared for her. She still looked at her in awe. Kara was not the superhero she usually is in front of Lena. Instead she was just someone who had to go through something as simple as a panic attack. And no one ever realizes that even people who seem perfect go through the same small struggles.

One thing that seemed to dwell in her chaotic thoughts was the fear of Lena not knowing. During those six hours when Kara thought something awful had happened to Lena, she kept thinking that Lena had died not knowing Kara’s identity. And it ate at her. It twisted her gut with guilt. I’m going to tell her. I don’t care what happens. She deserves to know.

She looked over at the woman who lied beside her. Her eyes were closed, but her hands were playing in Kara’s hair. Kara let go of Lena's shirt and took the CEO’s other hand. She brought it to her lips, kissing the back of her palm softly. She traced small circles with her thumb, watching the movement on smooth skin.

“Thank you.” she whispered.

Kara felt a kiss being planted on her forehead. Those same lips remained there as Lena replied, “You’re very welcome. I’m sorry you had to go through that, baby.” Lena brought the hand that Kara held in her own to gently push at the blonde’s chin until blue eyes met green. “But you don’t ever have to go through it alone anymore. I promise.”
Lena woke up to the sound of her phone alarm on the bedside table. Not bothering to open her eyes, she reached for it and used her fingerprint to turn it off. She wasn't one to hit the snooze button often but she had missed her bed dearly. *The mattress and the bed sheets even more.* Her mind was slowly waking up while her body remained in its comfortable lazy state. Curling her hands under her pillow, she began to recall the events of last night. *Supergirl came home with me.* Her eyes darted open immediately at the memories of last night. She turned over to her right side and found the bed empty. Her anticipating smile withered down when she realized she was alone in bed. But she knew Supergirl was probably off saving someone out there. *That's what I get for dating a superhero.* Lena frowned having never used that word before with Supergirl. *Are we even dating? We haven't even went on a single date.* Not that a date was essential for them to be dating as opposed to how the term was coined, but Lena pondered over whether this was what it felt to be dating someone. *We have feelings for one another. Deep feelings. We've been intimate with one another. We've seen the worst of each other. We've argued. A lot. We've been there for one another through struggles. We've practically slept beside one another almost every night this week. I would say I am as close to dating someone as I'll ever be.* She rubbed her sleepy eyes and took a deep breath. She grabbed her phone to check her notifications. There were a few emails, endless amounts of social media mentions, and her calendar reminders. But what caught her attention were the messages from Supergirl. She opened them with a small sleepy smile. *Sorry I left.*

*Robbery on 44th and 2nd.*

*Didn't want to wake you.*

She couldn't help the warm feeling in her chest. *We sure text like couples do. Well...* Lena mentally chuckled at how their texts hardly resembled what normal couples usually text about. But she liked it that way. There was a deep affection between Supergirl and her, one they both shared profoundly. But they both lacked the need for mere words to explain such affection. It was felt between them. In every touch. Every kiss. Every embrace. What they felt for one another grew much deeper than Lena had ever anticipated. Not once had she expected to feel for the Girl of Steel as she did now. She depended on her. And although Supergirl had said that they could easily go back to being friends if Lena chose to pursue Kara, Lena felt her heart ache at the notion of not sharing this affection with Supergirl. She felt selfish. For wanting both of them. For needing both of them in her life.

Kara was the depiction of light and innocence in her life. Lena couldn't explain the reason why she smiled when she saw her. Or why her heart scampered when she heard her laugh. Kara’s simplicity and her nervousness was so intriguing to Lena. It fascinated her. She had lived for so long within her own internal turmoil that sometimes she forgot there were happy people out there. People who didn't share her darkness. True, she wasn't evil like the rest of her family, but Lena held a sort of darkness inside of her. One that had peeked its head every once in awhile. But Kara somehow saw past the darkness, she saw past the name. She made promises to Lena to always
protect her. Kara, the sweetest person I have ever met, vowed to protect me from all harm. Lena smiled at her silly kindness, remembering how she had held Lena in her office that day.

With Kara, Lena forgot about her darkness. But with Supergirl, she had someone to share it with.

And then there was the dinner thing. Was it a date? No, of course not! Kara was just asking me to come over for dinner and a movie. Very undate-like. But she said she wanted to cook. For me. Why would she want to cook for me if it wasn’t a... Lena sighed in frustration. I'm overthinking this again. It's Kara. She didn't mean it as a date. She obviously didn't. Her mind kept circling around Kara Danvers as she got up from bed and headed into the bathroom to take a shower and get ready for work.

When she came out of the bathroom after drying her hair, she found her bed occupied by a certain blonde superhero sprawled on her stomach, her left arm dangling over the side of the bed. Lena smiled at the notion that Supergirl had come back after her heroic duties. The hero had apparently stripped herself of the suit comfortably as she had done last night. And Lena didn't feel ashamed at all standing there with nothing but a short bathrobe that barely covered her upper thighs. Supergirl’s eyes weren't even opened. Lena tied her hair up in a messy bun to keep it off her neck, and walked over to the heroine, smirking as she reached over to push back blonde hair behind her ear.

“Busy morning?” she asked sultry.

Supergirl doesn't open her eyes, just decides to mumble sleepily, “Mhmm. Jewelry robbery. At 5 am. Who even gets up that early?” She groaned. “Then a collapsing building. Then there was Marmalade.”

“I beg your pardon?” Lena laughed in disbelief

Supergirl made a face of irritation, her eyes still closed, “Marmalade. This orange cat that refused to be saved. He fell down a large construction site and couldn’t get back up. But when I went down there to get him he would just hiss at me. I was going around in circles chasing a cat that refused to be saved.” Supergirl raised an eyebrow, her version of an eye roll with her eyes still closed. She yawned adorably, “There’s a video of it on YouTube. Me trying to catch the cat.” Supergirl mumbled sleepily, “Mmm you smell nice.” even her smile was sleepy.

This made Lena wonder. The fact that Supergirl spends early mornings saving people and keeping them from harm’s way, and for them to wake up the next day not knowing that they might have not woken up at all if it wasn’t for her. It made Lena wonder about how Supergirl gave up so much to help others without asking for anything in return. Lena wondered about it because her mind found it challenging to comprehend. The idea of giving and not expecting something in return. The selflessness.

In the end, she will always be a Luthor.

She was taught to be a Luthor. To be Selfish. Cautious. Doubtful. Vicious. It was in her nature. She couldn’t help it. When people showed her kindness, there was always a purpose behind it. Some sort of excuse. An ulterior motive. It was just how she was brought up.

But Supergirl somehow expected nothing in return. She would save people and sometimes fly off before they had a chance to thank her.

There was nothing behind her kindness.

And Lena found herself struggling to fully understand such a thing.

Lena pulled herself from her thoughts as she balanced herself on Supergirl’s shoulder blades and
got on top of her straddling her lower back. “And did you catch him?” Lena asked, as she began pressing her fingers to Supergirl’s neck expertly. “This orange cat?”

Supergirl let out a moan at the feel of Lena's expert hands massaging her neck. “Mmmm. Yeah.” she said slowly. “I caught the...” she let out a small whimper when Lena worked on her shoulders, “The cat. I caught. Yes.” Lena smiled when she saw the goofy smile on Supergirl. It filled her heart that the superhero can smile like that again after what happened last night.

“Good.” Lena said, working on Supergirl’s upper back, massaging certain areas that seemed stiff. She slowly went back to her neck. The tips of Lena’s fingers brushed against the slash of Supergirl’s jaw as her thumbs found certain pressure points on her neck. She'd taken a masseuse class once, though she had never used it up until now, she was happy she did. Small, focused circles were pressed on Supergirl’s neck. The hero moaned, voicing her satisfaction. Lena made wider, stronger circles on her shoulder blades. Her hands dragged slowly down along Supergirl’s sides, thumbs slipping to the small of her back.

Lena slid her hands back to Supergirl’s neck, slowly pressing her fingers and thumb in all the right places. She bent down to place a kiss on the area where neck met shoulder, not helping herself. As her fingers worked the muscles of Supergirl’s shoulders, her lips feathered kisses and her tongue licked playfully at Supergirl’s neck.

“Mmm that feels nice. Your hands...” Supergirl moaned when Lena caught her earlobe between her teeth and began playing with it with her tongue.

“What about my hands, darling?” Lena whispered. Giving Supergirl pleasure like this was doing something to Lena. She eagerly lowered herself more onto Supergirl’s lower back, grinding herself to create that pleasurable feeling of friction. She was completely naked from the waist down, and the friction began to make her wet yearning for Supergirl to touch her. She continued biting on Supergirl’s earlobe, playing with it with her tongue. Her hands continued pressing in all the right places. Her hips...

Supergirl flipped them over immediately, “Woah!” Lena’s surprise came out in a laughing scream. Supergirl’s face inched over hers, completely devoid of the goofy smile that was present just seconds ago. Instead there was only hunger. That hunger that made Lena’s body ache in anticipation.

“You didn't tell me you were naked.” Supergirl growled, her lips coming down to catch Lena’s in a desperate kiss.

Lena wound her arms around the hero’s neck, deepening the kiss. “I didn't think I had to,” she smirked into Supergirl’s lips.

Supergirl scraped her teeth across Lena’s jaw, “How long do we have?” she asked, pressing her hands on Lena’s thighs.

“Half an hour. I have a meeting at 10 I need to prepare for.”

“An hour and a half? Ok good. I can work with that,” she said distractedly, kissing a path on the exposed skin of Lena’s collarbone.

Lena laughed, “I said half an hour. I can't be late.” she buried her fingers in blonde hair.

“You said 10. It's 7 now.” Supergirl went back to kissing her, her tongue seeking hers. She broke the kiss, without inching any further, “I know you. You don't need to prepare for the meeting, because I'm pretty sure you've been preparing for it for the past week.” she smirked, kissed her once before, “Tell me I'm wrong.” she dared.
Lena didn't like being challenged, but God help her the challenge in Supergirl’s eyes was turning her on. “You're not,” she exclaimed, narrowing her eyes at her defeat.

Supergirl’s smirk grew even more, the side of her mouth tilting, and Lena wanted nothing more than to wipe it off her face. So she grabbed the back of her head and pulled her down, kissing her harshly.

Supergirl’s hands were busy undoing the belt of the red robe, pulling on one side until it was loose enough for her hands to part the material and expose more skin. The hero backed up a little and feasted her eyes on Lena's naked form beneath her, her breaths heavy with desire. “Rao, you're beautiful.” she whispered not meeting Lena’s eyes.

Lena felt the heat pool between her thighs at Supergirl’s hungry eyes. Supergirl’s hunger always turned her on. The look in her eyes fierce. Ready to devour. The need to sate that hunger. The knowledge that that hunger was meant for her, and only she can tame it.

She needed Supergirl's hands on her. Needed to be touched by her. Her whole body was writhing from Supergirl’s gaze. The hero looked transfixed by her naked form, her eyes lingering on Lena’s breasts.

“I don’t mean to sound impatient, but I fucking need you to touch me.” Lena was restless. “Now.”

Supergirl didn’t answer. She lowered herself back over Lena, balancing her weight on an arm placed beside Lena’s head on the pillow. She dipped her head, catching Lena’s lips with her own. Her tongue darted out, deepening the kiss, making Lena’s body ache even more for her touch. Lena kissed her back with the same need, her hands snaking up to the hero’s face to draw her closer. Heat rushed through both of their bodies from the wild kiss, and Lena forgot the need to breathe altogether.

But she had had enough of not being touched. She took Supergirl’s hand in her own and placed it firmly on her breast. Supergirl didn't hesitate like she did last time. She seemed more confident. Her hands immediately began to knead Lena’s breasts, fingers pressing harshly at soft skin. Supergirl continued to kiss her frantically, as though it was never enough. As though she could never get enough of Lena. Her fingers found her nipple and Lena hissed at the sensation. Supergirl pinched the taut nipple between her fingers revelling at the sounds Lena was making out of pleasure. Lena broke the kiss when she finally needed air to breathe. Opening her eyes, she was met with Supergirl's darker shade of blue orbs. The hungry shade. Holding that particular look. That same damn look.

The hero brought her mouth to the hollow of Lena’s neck. She bit down harshly, then ran her tongue on the forming bruise. Her hand moved lower, sliding along her stomach to her side, then back up beside Lena’s breast. The trail it marked set fire to Lena’s skin. It was such a simple kind of touch, but it did wonders. Supergirl's hand finally slid all the way down in between Lena’s thighs, cupping her firmly. Lena’s breath hitched. The hero didn't touch her with her fingers, her hand just simply caressed the area, making sure Lena was ready. Fuck! Lena’s heartbeat spiked and her eyes fluttered at the touch.

Supergirl ran her mouth over Lena’s hardened nipple, sucking at it desperately before biting down. Lena gasped sharply at the feeling and drowned herself in Supergirl’s bites. *Biting is definitely a thing for her.* She pushed at the back of Supergirl’s head, her fingers lost in curly blonde hair. Supergirl went further down, following a trail of kisses down Lena's stomach. She bit down on Lena’s thigh and Lena hissed at the sensation.

She laughed through gritted teeth, “Who knew the Girl of Steel was such a biter?”

Lena felt Supergirl’s breath on her thigh as she let out a small laugh, “Who knew Lena Luthor
liked to be bitten?”

“I guess we can both agree that the biting is something we both enjoy.”

Lena didn't get any warning before she felt Supergirl’s breath warm over her center. She held her breath, her heartbeat thundering in her ears. Supergirl used her tongue to lick from her folds all the way to her clit and Lena immediately shuddered at the touch. She pressed her tongue forward, circling Lena’s clit lazily. She hummed contentedly at the taste and Lena moaned at the vibration it caused.

Supergirl was teasingly taking her time, and Lena found herself desperately lifting her hips to gain more friction. The hero seemed to notice Lena’s despondent attempts for a faster pace, because Lena caught the hint of a smirk before Supergirl continued flicking her tongue.

“Stop teasing,” Lena muttered breathlessly. She felt more than heard Supergirl’s response and moaned as she relished in the vibration of her humming. Supergirl continued licking slowly, not enough to take Lena off the edge but enough to keep her on it. Lena felt Supergirl's hands sliding up her thighs, the press of her fingers as they grasped them to bring Lena closer. And just as she was pulled closer, she felt her finally hastening her strokes.

Supergirl sucked on Lena’s clit, and Lena's back arched from the mattress at the feeling of finally being touched properly. She gripped at Supergirl’s hair, encouraging, and gasped out a ragged breath when Supergirl repeated the motion, even firmer this time. The hero wound her arms around Lena's thighs and held her steady as she began hungrily licking at the bundle of nerves.

“Mmm. Yes.” Lena moaned loudly, “Yes, baby, right there. Don't stop.”

Supergirl brought one of her hands under Lena's thigh and gave no warning when she entered her with two fingers.

“Yes!” Lena screamed in pleasure, her back arching and her head rising off the pillow, “Fuck! Just like that.” she pressed her head back, sinking it in the pillow, her eyes shut tight.

Supergirl continued moving her fingers in and out of Lena all while creating excruciating pleasure by sucking on Lena’s clit and stroking it with her tongue. Lena was close. She was so close.

She suddenly felt vibrations inside of her that were driving her crazy. Her mind was too hazy, too clouded to comprehend what was happening. Supergirl’s mouth had completely encircled her clit, her fingers were not only pumping inside of her but somehow were vibrating as well. The speed at which Supergirl’s fingers moved was inhuman, that much Lena was sure of. And she could feel them reverberating inside of her. Lena’s nails scratched at Supergirl’s head, feeling relieved she didn't possess the ability to hurt the blonde.

Her climax was so close. She could feel it. Her toes were curling in on themselves. *Fuck I'm so close.* All she needed was just a small...

Supergirl suddenly hooked her fingers inside of Lena, stroking that one spot that threw Lena off the edge completely.

“Fuck!” Lena toppled off with a scream, shudders running through her whole body, her heart giving out. She closed her eyes tight, letting the orgasm wash over her body. Supergirl’s fingers remained inside of her, the vibrations subsided, as she licked the remainder of Lena's juices. She kissed Lena's inner thigh before climbing back up. When she finally removed her fingers, Lena gasped at the movement, opening her eyes back up to be met with dark blue ones. She was still breathless from her orgasm, her chest rising heavily.

Supergirl kissed her softly, bringing her hand to Lena's cheek to hold her in place. She broke the
She gave her a questioning look, and Supergirl gave back a guilty chuckle, “That was the first time I've ever...” she gestured with her eyes.

“The first time you've...”

“Mhm,” she said quickly.

*It can't be!* “But... I mean... you certainly seemed as though you knew what you were doing.” Lena bit her lip to keep her laugh in place.

“I uhh did some umm homework.” Supergirl put her head down, resting her forehead on Lena's chest, seeming too embarrassed to show her face.

Lena’s eyebrow went up in utter surprise, “You...” She could no longer contain her wide grin, “Did you watch porn? So you could go down on me?”

Lena could feel the hero closing her eyes tight in embarrassment as she let out a groan. She nodded slowly still hiding her face over Lena's chest, as though not wanting to admit it out loud.

Lena bit her lip at the thought of Supergirl watching porn. For some reason it turned her on. The idea of Supergirl going out of her well-disciplined way and watching porn just so she can go down on her was doing things to her. Made her feel... special. In some very twisted way. *I made National City's golden girl watch porn.* It was ridiculous, but she felt turned on by the effort. The unfamiliarity of it all.

“Did you like it?” Lena asked slowly, her smile devious.

Supergirl raised her head finally meeting Lena's eyes. She pressed her lips together in thought, the small crinkle between her eyebrows appearing. “Not so much. Not umm all of it.” she avoided her eyes and Lena smiled.

“So, some of it?” she asked, even slower this time, her smile even more devious.

Supergirl remained silent. Still avoiding Lena’s eyes. She instead concentrated all of her efforts on drawing small patterns with her finger on Lena's collar bone. Staring at the pattern immensely.

Lena wanted to know, “Tell me,” she said, “What did you like?”

Supergirl continued drawing circles, still refusing to meet Lena's eyes, “Well umm... I liked the... The...” she dragged on, until finally letting out a sigh of frustration, “I... I don't know how to explain it.” she frowned.

“Come on. We're both adults, nothing to be ashamed of. Especially not when you've just finished going down on me and I've screamed my lungs out.” Lena smirked, when she saw the subtle proud look on Supergirl’s face. "What did you like in it?”

Supergirl began lazily kissing at Lena's chest, scooting herself slowly down to reach her breasts.

Lena gave her a stern look, knowing exactly what the hero was trying to do. “You're not getting out of this. I'm not easily...” Lena's voice broke when Supergirl took one of her nipples into her mouth. She lost her voice completely when Supergirl took her nipple between her teeth, pulling slightly. “distracted,” she barely managed to say.

“I promise I'll tell you. Someday.” Supergirl mumbled, too distracted herself to give any thought to Lena's frustrating looks. She brought her left hand and pinched the other nipple, rolling it between her thumb and index finger. She nuzzled her face to the side of Lena's breast and bit down
harshly, causing Lena to let out a sound of pleasure. Supergirl then licked at the bruise softly to soothe it.

“You always do that,” Lena tried saying between her heavy breaths.

She felt Supergirl chuckle as she slowly got up on all fours, her face still buried in the valley between Lena’s breasts. Biting and licking. “Do what?”

“Distract me when it's your turn.” Lena moaned again when she felt one of Supergirl’s hands move lower to grasp her ass. Her fingers dug into the skin of the cheek, and her mind momentarily blacked out from the feeling of Supergirl’s hand. And what it could do. And all the things Lena wanted it to do to her.

“I thought you weren’t easily distracted.” Supergirl shot back.

“Oh, you wanna play dirty then?” Lena uttered in a sultry voice, smirking as she lifted her knee higher until it made contact with Supergirl’s red boy shorts. She moved it back and forth, lifting it higher and pushing against Supergirl’s center. The hero suddenly stopped what she was doing, closing her eyes gently as Lena moved her knee between her thighs. Lena felt wetness pool at the blonde’s shorts, marking her knee along with it. As though out of her control, Supergirl began to push back onto Lena's knee, grinding herself and moaning at the feeling.

The hero continued grinding herself onto Lena’s knee, her eyes closed tight, her hips rolling to gain pleasurable friction. Supergirl’s eyes began to relax when she found a steady rhythm that she enjoyed, letting out a desire-filled sigh that made Lena’s head spin. Lena was being worked up again just watching the blonde hero rub herself all over her knee.

Lena found her hands working on their own, pushing the waistline of Supergirl’s shorts down to move the material out of the way. Supergirl immediately understood her intent and simply pulled upwards, ripping them apart and tossing them aside. She instantly placed her center back against Lena’s knee and let out a breathy moan at the sensation of being directly touched. Supergirl went back to rolling her hips, moving them in tight small circles against Lena’s knee. Lena felt the slickness cover her skin. She shivered, feeling she might actually come just from watching Supergirl pleasure herself above her.

The CEO smirked hearing Supergirl groan when Lena’s movement became faster. She climbed back up looking straight into Lena's smirking eyes. Lena saw lust in them. A wanting so desperate, the hero looked as though about to beg for release. She decided to relieve her, slipping her hand under until reaching where Supergirl wanted to be touched. She found the hero slick wet with wanting her.

“Baby, you're so fucking wet, I can’t...” she murmured against Supergirl’s lips. She couldn’t find any sort of friction with how wet Supergirl was. The hero still held her gaze, not daring to move. She was breathing heavily, her breaths bouncing on Lena’s lips. Lena entered her with one finger, going deep until her last knuckle. Supergirl sucked in her breath at the feeling of being entered.

“More,” she whispered.

Lena didn't think twice before pushing in two fingers through her wet folds. She began slowly pumping in and out of her, matching her movements with Supergirl’s rapid breathing.

“Lena,” Supergirl breathed out her name, hissing through her teeth.

*God the way she says my name.*

“More,” Supergirl whispered again, her eyes shut tight, forehead still resting on Lena’s.
Lena was somewhat surprised at the request, but nonetheless obliged. She took out both fingers, circled around the opening to gather more slickness, and entered her with three fingers. Supergirl let out a guttural moan, bringing her head beside Lena’s on the pillow. Her breathing was heavier, much more ragged beside Lena’s ear. Supergirl repeated her name again and Lena thought she could listen to the way she said it forever.

Lena continued pumping her fingers in and out. She brought her thumb and pressed at Supergirl’s clit. Her position didn’t allow her to rub at the bundle of nerves but she tried moving her thumb in rhythm with her fingers. Supergirl pushed against her fingers, thrusting her hips forward until Lena’s last knuckle.

When she felt Supergirl’s walls beginning to tighten around her fingers, Lena finally hooked them and rubbed that one spot that knew would drive her crazy.

Supergirl came with a load moan muffled by the pillow. She pushed her head deeper in the pillow as her body drew out spasms from her orgasm. Her hands bunched up the sheets beside Lena, and Lena swore she heard a ripping sound. The blonde shuddered once more, the last wave of her orgasm slowly subsiding. Lena took her fingers out, noticing her own breathing was almost as heavy as Supergirl’s from the effort. She wiped them on the bed sheets and wrapped her arms around the hero’s neck.

Supergirl stayed in her embrace, trying to catch her breath. Lena buried her nose in blonde hair that smelled of rain and mint. Supergirl turned her face and placed a kiss at the hollow of Lena’s neck. Then one on her cheek. When she finally reached her mouth, Supergirl looked at Lena lovingly before kissing her once on the lips. Lena drowned in those blue orbs that held her heart.

“You're beautiful,” Supergirl whispered with a small smile.

“Let me guess, you don't mean it as a goodbye?” Lena smiled back.

“No. I don't,” Supergirl kissed her once more, “Not ever.” she whispered softly.

Lena remembered saying those exact same words to her last night. Reassuring her that she would never leave her side. Not ever. She found herself drowning in those two words. Their complexity. How much they meant. Supergirl had promised her they would still be friends if she pursued Kara and if it turned out Kara did feel the same. But...

Lena gulped down her emotions. I don't want us to become just friends. I don't want to ever not touch you like this. Kiss you. Hold you. I don't think I can just be friends with you. She noticed the blonde looking at her with question in her eyes.

“Something on your mind?” Supergirl asked.

Lena put on her most genuine smile to hide her thoughts, “No. Just thinking about work.”

“Ouch,” Supergirl rolled off of her, grasping at her chest as though shot. Lena felt the warmth of Supergirl’s body leave hers, and she shivered at its loss. She watched as Supergirl grabbed the sheets that had been kicked off during the night, and spread it over them. Of course she noticed. Supergirl then went back to grasping at her chest as she sprawled on her back.

Lena found herself laughing at her theatrics, “That's not what I meant. I'm sorry.” she rolled to her side, taking off the sleeves of her robe, “come back here,” she pulled at the woman lying beside her until they were both at their sides facing each other, sheets draped just above their breasts.

Lena ran her hand through golden hair, watching the movement closely, “Do you see us being just friends?” she asked not meeting Supergirl’s eyes.
“Where is this coming from?” Supergirl asked.

“I just... I was just wondering. Do you think you and I can be just friends? Do you think it's possible after... Us. This.” Lena still refused to meet Supergirl’s eyes.

“You asked her out?” She could see the excited grin on Supergirl’s face from her peripheral vision.

“No.” she sighed at her weakness. Lena finally looked at Supergirl, meeting those icy blue eyes. “But I'm going to. Tonight. I have this thing tonight but I might see her before.” Lena noticed Supergirl frown at that, which confused her. She went on, “And I'm going to tell her. Not just ask her out. I'm going to tell her everything. That I’m in love with her. That I want to be with her. I’m done being a fucking coward.”

At that last sentence, Lena looked down. She was never brave enough to look someone in the eye and admit her weaknesses and flaws. Her Luthor blood would always make her feel guilty. Make her feel ashamed for being so frail. So transparent. It would scold her for her fragility. 

Luthors never showed weakness. It was a law she lived by. Had always lived by.

But with Supergirl, that law was consistently being broken.

She cleared her throat before continuing, “I'm going all in. To hell with what happens,” Lena began to smile when she saw the wide grin on Supergirl’s face. This woman is extraordinary. She's willing to give us up just so I could be happy with someone else. Lena wished she was half as selfless as Supergirl was. But she was a Luthor. And Luthors were selfish. And she was selfish when it came to not wanting to let go of either woman.

She bit at her lip, not knowing how to approach the topic of not wanting to just be friends with her. She instead maneuvered to her earlier question, “So what I'm trying to say is, if I do ask her and she says yes... Which may not be the case at all by the way,”

Supergirl rolled her eyes dramatically, “Oh, yeah of course. Because what possible reason would she need to date a beautiful genius with a horrible obsession with heels that happens to be a disastrous workaholic and just loves to help random people with all the annoying money that she has? Don't even get me started on her repulsive caffeine addiction and unhealthy eating habits. Honestly she'd be crazy to even want to talk to you!”

Lena’s face was the definition of shocked, all with her jaw dropped and her eyes widened. She was speechless. Which was a very rare occasion. Supergirl rendered her speechless, in more ways than one. She laughed at the ridiculous manner in which Supergirl complimented but also insulted her.

“Did you just call my money annoying?” was all she could conjure up.

Supergirl simply shrugged, “Well, we aren't all geniuses that happen to have a thesaurus built inside our brains. Some of us can only come up with annoying.”

Lena heard herself laugh in her shocked state. She couldn't believe this woman was insulting her intelligence right in her own bed.

Lena loved it.

“Can I please get back to what I was trying to say earlier?” she asked.

“Yes, yes. Continue.” Supergirl chuckled.

“What I was trying to say that if she says yes, do you think...”she stopped, suddenly remembering
the weight of the question. “do you think you and I can be friends? After this. I don't want to ask her out if I'm going to lose you.” Lena's voice broke at the end. She didn't realize until then how scared she was of that question. How terrified she was of the answer.

Supergirl’s face softened deeply. She brought her face closer, nuzzling her nose on Lena's cheek before kissing her gently. The kiss helped relax Lena. Somehow it also helped jumpstart her heart. The affection in the kiss was making her dizzy. She breathed in that minty scent that she had gotten so used to, fearing it might be the last time. Her hands came to rest on Supergirl’s cheeks, feeling their softness. Supergirl broke the kiss, but it was Lena who spoke first.

“I don't want to ever go back to not knowing you. To not seeing you.” she said emotionally, as though the idea itself made her heart clench. And it did. God help her she felt her chest ache at the mere thought of it.

“You don't ever have to. I promise you I will never leave your side. Whatever you will have me as. Whether it was as a friend or something more. I will never leave you.” Supergirl held her waist, pulling her closer. She turned her face, placing a soft kiss into Lena's palm. “I will always be by your side. That will never change, Lena. You have my word.” Supergirl whispered it all to Lena. And Lena heard all of it. She believed every single word of it.

Supergirl seemed reluctant then. Hesitant. As though struggling with what she was about to say. “I promise to stay by your side even when you don't want me to,” she whispered grievously.

Lena gave her a warm smile, “You don't have to worry about that darling.”

“No, I mean it, Lena.” Supergirl turned to lie on her back, staring at the ceiling profoundly. She looked deep in thought. “There’s... There's something I have to tell you. And... And I don't know how you would react.”

“What is it?” Lena looked at her concerned.

“Nothing you say will make me turn away from you. Tell me.”

Supergirl turned to face her and Lena saw fear in her eyes. But this fear was different. It wasn't the same one she saw when the hero was under the paranoia. Nor was it the fear she saw during her panic attack. This fear was... It was different somehow. It transferred to Lena making her fear what Supergirl had to say. She couldn't possibly imagine what it was Supergirl was pondering about. What she thought would drive her away.

“Hey, nothing you say will make me turn away from you. Tell me.”

Supergirl remained motionless and silent. She continued staring at the ceiling, bringing her hand to stroke the back of her neck. Lena can feel her clenched jaw. The tension in her eyes. She didn't need to hear her heartbeat to know she was anxious about something. Lena inched closer to her, placing her chin on her shoulder and stroking her cheek warmly to ease her tension.

“I...” Supergirl tried, but it was as though getting the words out was physically painful.

Lena raised her head off the pillow, looking at the hero with affection. She began to worry about what it was that Supergirl was trying to tell her. She scoured her mind trying to find a reasonable explanation. Some sort of unimaginable cause that would make Supergirl think she would turn away from her.

That's impossible.

The sound of Supergirl’s phone vibrating broke the moment, and Supergirl reached to the bedside table see who it was.

“Do you have to go?” Lena asked, worried.
“Not yet. They just need me to go to the DEO for an update,”

Lena watched Supergirl put her phone back on the bedside table, purposefully avoiding her eyes. When she finally looked back at Lena, Lena gave her a warm smile gesturing to continue with what she was about to say moments ago.

Supergirl gulped down, “Tonight. I'll tell you tonight. After your date where you’ll hopefully and finally ask this mystery woman out,” she smiled cheerfully.

Lena smiled back, rolling her eyes “It's not a date. We’re just...meeting for coffee.” she didn’t know why she lied. But her doubtful mind thought it best incase Supergirl and Kara Danvers ran into each other. And they just happened to talk about her. And Kara just happened to mention a dinner date...mention having a dinner and a movie night with her. And Supergirl would eventually connect the dots. As if. The odds of all of that happening!

She shook her head at her senseless thoughts and cleared her throat, “So, will you be taking me to work because I'm quite sure I won't be making that meeting with this city’s traffic”

“Well you should've gotten ready sooner. You shouldn't slack off just because you're the...” Supergirl didn't get a chance to finish her sentence as a pillow came down on her face and cut her off.

“Really? Slack off?” Lena raised her eyebrow, pressing her lips in a stern expression. “I said half an hour! And now it's... What time is it anyway?” Lena looked at her phone from the bedside table and gasped loudly, “Fuck!”

“What?”

Lena got off the bed, putting on her robe hurriedly, “It's nine twenty! That's what! This is all your fault,” she pointed an accusing finger at the blonde woman, circling the bed as she made her way to her closet.

“Hey, you started it with your massages and those hands of yours. Plus you were naked on top of me! What was I supposed to do?! There’s a point where my self restraint can no longer be applicable you know!” Lena heard Supergirl call back.

She came back in the room wearing black underwear and a black and red bra, “I was trying to make you feel better! You looked stiff. Had a long day. That's what couples do for each other,” She flinched as that last sentence slipped out, and maneuvered her way to her dresser to pick out earrings.

Lena could see Supergirl getting dressed from the mirror in front of her as she herself put on her black triangle earrings. Supergirl was strapping her bra, the toned muscles on her back showing ever so clearly, and Lena’s movements slowed down and her heart picked up speed. It was just then that Supergirl turned around to catch her staring and plastered on a proud smirk on her face. Lena rolled her eyes and began wearing her watch.

When she looked back in the reflection of the mirror, she caught Supergirl noticing the thin material of her panties. Her eyes skimming her back and lingering on her ass. She plastered on her own smirk as she bit her lip. She was mad alright, but it always did something to her when Supergirl would check her out like that.

Supergirl shook her head to clear it from her wandering thoughts, “So are we gonna talk about you calling us a couple?”

“No. We could have, but there's no time. No thanks to you.”
“Hey, you're just as much to blame for this as I'm. You with your knee thing and that sexy voice thing that you do,” Supergirl had her hand extended, pointing at the CEO in front of her who was busily slipping on a ring.

Lena turned to her, “Well it doesn't help me either with you being fucking ripped all the time! I mean for fuck sakes it's like you never not flex those arms!”

“I can't help it!” Supergirl threw her hands in the air in frustration, which to Lena’s pleasure gave her a peek at those flexed arms she loved so much. The things she wanted done to her by those arms... No! Focus. Work. I'm late to work.

Lena finished applying her mascara and decided to leave her lipstick until after she wore her clothes. She turned around, seeing Supergirl now fully clothed in her suit except for her cape and boots.

She went back into her walk-in closet and picked out a low cut sleeveless white blouse and a black pencil skirt. When she finished putting them on and walked out, Supergirl looked at her with an expression of guilt, her eyes widening.

“What is it?” Lena asked, already getting worried.

Supergirl rubbed the back of her neck and frowned, “Oh umm nothing it's just I really don't think you should wear that.” She laughed nervously. “How about something with a collar instead?”

Lena gave her a questioning look, narrowing her eyes trying to figure out what the hero was... Oh no! She all but ran to the mirror, looking at her reflection and turning her face a bit to the side. Hickeys covered the entire left side of her neck. Are you fucking kidding me?!! She didn't notice them before when putting on her makeup because her hair was down.

She turned around angrily, giving the hero a stern look, one known to scare anyone away.

“Lena,” Supergirl said slowly, putting both her hands up defensively, “Just... Just calm down. Remember how you umm liked being bitten? Well, umm...”

Lena didn't move, her face filled with anger and rage. Supergirl approached her like one would approach a hungry lion. Which might have been an understatement since Luthors were much more deadlier.

“She...” The Kryptonian looked scared for her life, getting closer with caution. Lena gave her a look so swift and so venomous, so threatening that the words seemed to be caught in Supergirl’s throat and she remained quiet.

“You quite literally had my whole body as a fucking canvas under you and you picked my neck?!!” She shouted pointing her finger at the purple bruises, “Do you know how long it takes to cover these up?!”

“I'm guessing much longer than what we have now...” Supergirl tried, which seemed to make things worse as Lena grunted and stormed off into her closet again, getting only snippets of what Supergirl mumbled under her breath, “You weren't exactly complai...”

She picked out a dark blue blazer with a collar that she threw on over her white blouse. Black heels were slipped onto her feet and her hair was put up in a neat bun. Lena rummaged through a small drawer and picked out a simple onyx pendant that she decided would go nice with the outfit.

When she came out of the closet, she found Supergirl clad in her boots and was reaching for her cape. Lena stood in front of her and turned around, giving her back as she placed the pendant around her neck and waited for Supergirl to clasp it in for her. Supergirl held both ends of the necklace and seemed to struggle trying to clasp both ends together.
She finally managed to get the job done with a satisfied, “There.”

Lena turned around again, letting a small smile slip at the proud look on the hero's face and reached for the cape.

“Turn around,” She ordered, her voice still held some resentment as she clasped the cape in place and smoothing out the wrinkles on Supergirl’s shoulders. “There,” she repeated and watched as Supergirl turned around looking all righteous with her super suit. It was odd for Lena to see her like this after having seen her naked beside her just moments earlier.

“Ready?” Supergirl asked

“Almost. I just need to apply my lipstick.”

“You should just take it with you. Put it on there.” Supergirl suggested quickly.

“Why on earth would I do that?” Lena raised an eyebrow.

“Because I'm planning on kissing you goodbye when we land at L-Corp.” Supergirl exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders as though saying the most obvious statement in the world.

“And what makes you think I'd let you,” Lena tilted her head to the side.

“Because you’re not the only one between us who’s irresistible.” Supergirl said conceitedly, jutting her chin out.

“You’re smug, you know that?” She rolled her eyes as she made her way to the dresser for her lipstick.

“I think you might’ve mentioned it once or twice.” The hero nodded proudly, “Where are you going”

“To put on my lipsti...” before Lena could finish her sentence, a rush of wind gushed around her and she was met with the Symbol on Supergirl’s chest. She narrowed her eyes at the hero, “Step aside.” she ordered.

Supergirl looked slightly intimidated, but decided to still hold her stance. “You see here’s the thing, I like kissing you. A lot actually. So when I'm about to leave you and don’t know when I’ll see you again, I'm going to kiss you. It’s just the laws of nature. It’s just how it is. Now if you put on your lipstick, and I kiss you, two things are gonna happen...”

“God help me I don’t have time for this,” Lena muttered under her breath as she pinched the bridge of her nose.

Supergirl didn’t seem to hear her, “First,” she counted on her fingers, “you’re gonna get your lipstick all smudged. And second, I'm gonna get lipstick on my mouth. Which I don’t exactly like.” Supergirl tilted her head slightly in that adorable way she usually did when she was rethinking something, “Well, not always. I sometimes like it.”

“Alright, alright fine! I won’t put on my lipstick.” Lena said quickly, knowing fully if the blonde got distracted she can go on forever.

Supergirl seemed to only be giving her half her attention, “Do I always like it?” she was still lost in thought when she bent down carrying Lena easily into her arms. Lena was caught off guard and barely put her arms around the hero’s neck before she began walking, “I can’t remember a time where I didn’t like having your lipstick on me” Supergirl was still thinking loudly.
“Wait,” Lena interrupted her train of thought.

Supergirl looked at her as though surprised to find her in her arms, “What?”

“Lipstick.”

“Yeah, I grabbed two or three.”

“When did you...? Nevermind. What shades did you grab?”

Supergirl froze in her spot as though hit with a trick question, “I have no idea,” she pouted as she shook her head in confusion.

Lena sighed, “It’s fine. I need to get my phone.”

“Also with me,” Supergirl smiled proudly. “Someone named Jess was calling non stop while you were getting dressed. So I just put it on silent”

“You did what?” Lena gasped.

Supergirl’s proud smile died down immediately, “Was I not supposed to... Oh. I see how that might create a problem.”

Lena extended her palm to the hero and gave her a steel look, “Give me my phone.”

Supergirl looked at her in guilt, reaching behind her and taking out Lena’s phone from some hidden pocket Lena hadn’t noticed.

Lena snatched her phone and opened it to a dozen missed calls from Jess and messages of her freaking out about the fact that her boss was late. She began typing out a reply and stopped midway when she noticed Supergirl standing at the center of her balcony looking at her.

“Is something wrong?”

“Well, you’re texting. You shouldn’t text and fly.” Supergirl answered innocently.

“I’m not the one doing the flying here, now am I. Normally I would be holding on to dear life when it comes to flying, but I have some damage control to do. So you do your flying thing and I’ll just completely ignore the fact that we’re hundreds of feet above ground and just focus on my phone. That alright with you?” Lena spoke while texting.

“This is payback for making you late isn’t it,” Supergirl pressed her lips in a firm line.

“Absolutely” Lena didn’t even need to think about the answer nor did she need to look up from her phone.

“Thought so,” Supergirl muttered as she bent her knees and flew to the sky.

When they landed on the balcony of Lena’s high floor office, Supergirl put her down gently and watched wide eyed as the CEO continued her typing and began making her way to her office. Lena could feel the hero’s frustration, could practically sense that crinkle forming between her eyebrows as she frowned. She heard a throat being cleared, louder than one usually would. She kept her smile hidden, as she turned back around just as she had reached the glass wall beside her office door.

She raised her signature eyebrow, giving the hero a questioning look, “Oh, yes of course,” she mentally smirked at the expectant smile spread across Supergirl’s face, “Thank you for the ride, Supergirl. I do appreciate it.” That smile immediately died down with a pout that melted Lena’s
heart. She went back to her phone, pretending to be busy with her typing.

Supergirl was quiet. Lena could see from the corner of her eyes her mouth opening to object to not getting her kiss. God help her, Lena wanted to play this out a bit longer. It was a thrill to tease the Girl of Steel. But the upper right corner of her phone told her she had less than five minutes to make this meeting.

She gave Supergirl her attention once more, “Was there something else you needed?”

“I guess well there’s that matter of ummm the...” Supergirl no longer possessed that confident smirking demeanor that she had on only minutes ago in Lena’s apartment. Which baffled Lena somewhat. The hero was very keen on getting her kiss and now she looked hesitant.

Lena’s phone vibrated in her hand, she smiled after reading the message she had just gotten from Jess. She placed her phone in her blazer pocket and leaned her back against the glass wall, her hands tucked behind her. “Do you mean your kiss?”

“Uuh yeah. But umm we don’t have to. Not if you don’t want to. I mean, if you’re still mad. And you’re already so late. You should probably...” The hero closed her mouth shut seeing Lena’s sly smile widen.

Lena extended her index finger in a ‘come here’ gesture and Supergirl all but dashed the distance between them in a blink of an eye, crashing her lips against Lena’s. She kissed her with longing as though not having kissed Lena for a very long time. Lena wound her arms around Supergirl’s neck, kissing her back with just as much affection. The hero broke the kiss gently. Lena voiced a disagreeing sound and pulled her down for a second kiss. She wasn't ready to let her go. Not yet. She felt Supergirl smile into the kiss and press her more into the wall behind her.

“You're gonna be late to your meeting,” Supergirl said in between kisses. “You are late to your meeting.”

Lena broke the kiss to say, “You know,” she went back to kissing her before continuing, “I read somewhere that if you really want to make an intimidating impression, you should arrive late to the business meeting.” Lena captured Supergirl’s smiling mouth in another kiss.

“Really?” Supergirl chuckled.

“Mhmm. I think the article described it as ‘showing them who’s boss’”. It also mentioned that makeout sessions on the balcony with your neighborhood superhero will also up your chances at a successful business.” Lena narrowed her eyes in mock seriousness.

“Oh, well it all makes sense now. I was starting to wonder why you’ve been making out with me so much. Turns out it’s all business and not personal at all. Has nothing to do with my charm unfortunately.”

“Of course not, darling. I'm only using you to...”

“Up your chances at a successful business,” Supergirl finished for her letting out a small laugh.

“Exactly. What other reason could I possibly have for making out with a gorgeous blonde that not only swept me off my feet, quite literally if I must say and more than once too, but also has an adorable appetite for donuts. Which by the way, is a very...how did you put it? Unhealthy eating habit was it?” Lena narrowed her eyes, a smirk playing at the corner of her lips, “Oh yes, and she just loves to help random people quite...annoyingly.” Lena’s smirk grew at the use of the word, “Or obnoxiously. Irritatingly might also work. Or,” she gasped mockingly, “You could also say excruciatingly vexatious. But how should I know? It’s not like I have a thesaurus built inside that brain of m...”
Supergirl stopped her from talking by capturing her lips in a frustrating kiss, grunting at her consistent mocking. Her hands held her at the waist, slipping under the blazer and holding her closer. Lena broke the kiss with a smile.

“But you know what's the worst thing about her?” She whispered genuinely.

Supergirl sighed dramatically, “What?”

“She's beautiful. Everything about her is beautiful.” Lena hadn’t meant to say it, but somehow it was what she heard herself utter, the words sounding vulnerable and filled with affection. “Her heart especially. Most beautiful heart I've ever come across. She has so much love to give to the world. And she does. Never asking for anything in return.” Lena slid her hands up Supergirl’s shoulders, extending her arms and crossing her wrists behind her neck, “She has this horrendous habit of making you feel like you're the only one she sees. Even the way she looks at you is beautiful.” Lena felt her pulse quicken at her own words. Words she never thought she'd be saying to anyone. “And she makes you feel safe. Even when your life is a constant replay of danger. She makes you feel as though the rest of the world ceases to exist. And when you're with her, you forget that it does.” Lena smiled, but Supergirl’s face was serious. Her eyes piercing.

“And when she takes care of you, she makes it look effortless. Like it's easy to take care of you when you know it's not. Not when others have tried and failed so many times you've lost count.” Supergirl’s face remained still, a somber expression spread across it.

Usually, Supergirl would smile or say some sassy comeback at her, but the hero looked conflicted. Was it too much? No, it wasn't. She feels the same way. I know she does. Lena decided to lighten her confessions a bit, thinking maybe Supergirl was just concentrating on her words. Maybe Lena read her wrong.

“She's also funny. Sometimes smug, but she does possess a few qualities that balance out her smugness.” Lena expected Supergirl to giggle at her last comment, but the hero hardly even broke a smile. Holding Lena's gaze with a serious expression, listening to every word Lena uttered.

Lena felt it. Something was wrong. “Hey, what's wrong?” She asked.

Supergirl smiled sadly, “Nothing. I... You should go to your meeting. It's almost ten past ten. You're already late.”

“Jess texted me saying that the client pushed it to ten thirty last minute.” Lena said quickly, suddenly not seeing much worth to the meeting in compared to Supergirl’s conflicted expression. “Now, tell me what’s wrong.” she frowned, thinking she might have said something to upset the hero.

“It's just...” Supergirl lowered her eyes to the floor, “You didn't... You didn't mention any of my powers.”

“Pardon?”

She looked at Lena once more, her expression carrying a burden, “About the things you like about me. You didn't mention my powers or me being Supergirl as one of them.”

“Well, of course I love your...”

“No, no. That's not what I meant. All the things you mentioned are normal. Human even.”

“Is that a problem?” Lena furrowed her brows, not fully grasping what it is Supergirl was getting at.
“It’s the opposite actually. You don’t simply see the Super powered Kryptonian that everyone else does. You just see... Me.” Supergirl seemed surprised, still conflicted.

“Of course I do, darling.”

“You don’t care that I’m Supergirl.” the hero whispered mainly to herself, her eyes drifting behind Lena. “It doesn’t matter to you.”

“It’s part of you are, so of course I care that you’re Supergirl. But it’s only part of who you are. Not all of it. And to answer your question that I know you’re too scared to ask: yes, I would have fallen for you with or without your powers.” Lena smiled.

Supergirl’s expression was still distraught, tormented. An inner war within her.

“What’s really bothering you, darling? Tell me.” Lena was beginning to get worried. She had a slight hunch that this was the same thing Supergirl was trying to tell her in bed.

“It’s just... I hate that...I hate the inevitability of it all. That this thing between us is just here now. I hate the possibility of it not being there later.” Supergirl clenched her jaw and her mouth turned as though tasting something repulsive.

Lena took Supergirl’s face in her hands to lift it up, meeting those troubled eyes, “Darling, that’s usually my line in the script.” she smiled weakly at the hero, “What’s got you thinking that this isn’t going to be there later?” Then, Lena remembered the talk they had in bed. “Is this about what I said earlier? About asking her out? Because I don’t h...”

“No, no. It’s not. I don’t care if I’m just with you as a friend or something more. It doesn’t matter to me. As long as I have you in my life. But...” Supergirl gulped down, “It’s just...” Lena saw that same fear she saw on her face this morning. “Lena I have to tell you something. But I can’t... I can’t lose you because of it. I just can’t.” Her voice had the tiniest quiver - Lena can hear it shaking in her throat. Feel its helplessness.

“Baby, you won’t. Why would you? Nothing you say will ever make me turn away from you like that. Not ever. I promise.” Lena tried to reassure her, but Supergirl turned her face to the right avoiding her eyes. Her inner turmoil bubbling over.

She dragged her eyes back to Lena’s green ones, “Lena, this... thing that I have to tell you. It’s...” Supergirl sighed, “I know you, Lena. If I tell you, you’ll think...” Supergirl choked back on her words.

“Think what, darling?”

The fear in Supergirl’s eyes ate at Lena’s bleeding heart. *What could possibly make me want to turn away from her?* Lena could think of absolutely nothing.

Blue eyes glowed in the sunlight from unshed tears and Lena stroked the blonde’s cheeks with her hands, “Hey, listen to me. You don’t have to tell me if you’re not ready. Alright? We’ll just work up to it. But whatever it is, darling, I promise it will never change the way I feel about you. You are much more to me than this thing you have to tell me. I promise.” she looked into those icy blue eyes, drowning in their sadness, “It’s perfectly alright if you’re not ready to tell me. Ok?”

Supergirl nodded slowly, Lena’s thumbs softly going back and forth on those cheeks, “We have all the time in the world. I would never rush you. Whatever it is, we’ll figure it out together.” Supergirl nodded again, her face slowly easing. “Come here.” Lena pulled her into her arms in a warm embrace, wounding her arms around her neck and stroking blonde curls. Supergirl buried her face in the crook of Lena’s neck, taking a deep breath in. Her arms circled the small of Lena’s waist holding her closer to herself.
Sirens sounded in the distance and they both felt the moment break at the sound. Lena watched Supergirl’s concentrated face as she listened in on the situation. The hero then gave her a defeated look of not wanting to go.

“It's ok. Go save the day.” Lena smiled, “I'm not going anywhere.” She shook her head to reassure the hero.

Supergirl leaned her forehead against Lena's softly closing her eyes, as though memorizing the feeling of it. She placed a small kiss on her cheek, Lena felt the warmth of her lips radiate through her. It was such a simple kiss. It wasn't hungry. Nor sensual. It was a small kiss on her cheek. It shouldn't have shaken Lena like it did. But for some reason it did. It scared her even. Made her pulse quicken.

Because the kiss felt different.

It felt...

“You're beautiful.” Supergirl whispered in her ear, before flying off.

*It felt like goodbye.*

Chapter End Notes

Plot Twist (continued): ...that I've written so far.

... ...

Bad joke?
Ok. Guess that was a bad joke. A bit mean. Just a tiny bit. And just cruel.
I was bored. Please don't kill me. Boredom makes you do crazy shit sometimes.
(I was so committed to the joke, that I even changed the chapter count...)
Also...it's waaaay too late for me to do any sort of editing. Like 6 am late. So... yeah.

*Alright Bingers, it's time for another break! Listen I know I know you don't wanna, but just hear me out! Hear me out! After this chapter, things are gonna get super intense! Like I'm talking angst and heartbreak and tears and just all that lovely stuff! So chances are, you won't be able to take another break for the next maybe six or seven chapters. Take my advice and take a break now before diving in to what is about to happen next. Like always, go eat something (preferably something with lots of protein; you're gonna need it for the next couple of chapters), drink a cup of tea, drink lots of water, take a walk in the park, socialize with some street cats, maybe call up a family member or friend, do some exercise, and then - and only then - you get yourself a box of tissues (2 boxes?), some chocolate, a tub of ice cream, and Curl up in bed. That's when you can proceed to the next chapter :) As always, take care of yourself.*
Reveal Thyself - Part 1

Chapter Notes

I think the name of the chapter speaks for itself...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena played with the pen between her fingers, her eyes looking at nothing in particular. She was twirling the pen in circles, watching it turn soundlessly on the table. The meeting dragged on for... Lena had no idea how long it’s been. The company’s CFO was explaining some of the quarterly reports, demanding to make some changes on the expenses put for some of the projects.

Lena was listening. But her mind was slightly tuned out. She was quite skilled at grasping snippets of what was said around her, even when she was distracted by something entirely different. It was something that Lillian had taught her ruthlessly. How to open her mind to only catching keywords in the conversation but also have her mind be busy working on something else. Lillian’s teaching would go so far as to give Lena differential equations to solve in her mind while playing a historical speech on a screen in front of her. Lillian would time her. And when the timer stopped, Lena was compelled to not only give the answer to the mathematical equation, but also answer questions related to the speech. The topics and the formulas would change, but the concept was always the same. Lena was to train her mind to focus on her outer environment while giving most of her concentration to what was in her mind. As a teenager, Lena hated it. But now, she used it every chance she got.

In this meeting, filled with men and women gathered to discuss future projects of the company, Lena only let her mind catch small, but crucial, fragments of the discussion. Because her mind was busy thinking of other things. Busy replaying certain moments.

You’re beautiful.

She kept repeating that kiss. The way it felt. The way Supergirl said those three words.

She watched the pen twirl, using her middle finger to help prolong its circles, making them endless. It was taunting her. Its never-ending cycle, its effortless movement, its...

“Ms. Luthor?”

“Hmm?” She sat up straight in her chair, looking at the confused looks on the faces around her.

“The project?”

“Yes, of course. Thank you, Richard.”

Lena cleared her throat before starting, “For the past few months, L-Corp has been developing a training program to teach specific subject matters to girls and boys between the ages of eighteen to twenty-five. The program was set to commence in the next year, but recent developments have forced us to change its release date to a few months from now.”

Lena folded her hands on the table in front of her, her thumb circling the buttons of the small remote she held in her hand, “A few months ago, NASA approached us with the inquiry to help them on a computer software they were having difficulties with. Our team was able to write a series of new code for them to use, but unfortunately by the time they were done, NASA had
already moved on to someone else for assistance. It’s not the capability that L-Corp lacks, it’s more the quantity of individuals. Although we do possess the capability of undergoing such projects, we do not unfortunately have enough employees to get the job done on time.” Lena stood up from her chair, circling the conference room as she continued explaining what she had prepared for the past week.

She clicked the remote to reveal a list of L-Corp future projects. “Project Credo aims to train these girls and boys in specific fields that L-Corp is invested in. We’ve set a total of twenty training rooms on Level 5 of the building that will give intensive coaching on subjects relating to coding, software engineering, nanotechnology, quantum physics, bioengineering, biotechnology and much more. All topics that are somehow related to L-Corp’s future projects.”

Lena began walking again, her heels clicking on the hardwood floor, “Initially the project was expected to be only applicable to those who pass an entrance exam and an interview, but I’ve recently decided to change the criteria.”

Lena pointed the small remote to the screen and displayed a map with three circles drawn marking three different locations.

“We’ve pinpointed three group homes that will be the target group for the first batch of this program. All three group homes accommodate teenage foster kids. Most of these kids were well on their way to go to college and some also were given scholarships. However, after the Daxamite invasion, most of these scholarships have been withdrawn due to expenses being put towards more structural budgets. Some of the foster kids at these group homes still do not have necessary documents that will allow them to enroll at NCU or any other university within range. And almost all of them cannot afford it.”

“We are proposing to take in these kids and train them as we see fit in order to hire them with the knowledge of their capabilities in future L-Corp projects. We expect this to not only bring with it a substantial amount of favorable press, but also help us build teams trained under our own hands.”

The CEO clicked the remote one more time, displaying charts on the screen, “Now, these training sessions will be quite intensive. They will last three months. Four days a week. Six hours a day. I’ve already spoken to most of these kids and they're fairly excited about it. I’ve shown them the list of fields we will be training in and almost all of them have shown interest in something in particular.

After the completion of this program, these girls and boys will not only acquire a chance at an internship here at L-Corp, but also the possibility of a long-term job if they excel in their given tasks. Since they will be trained under our supervision, we can rest assured that they will all be qualified to contribute to the many projects that L-Corp is undergoing at the moment. However, our legal team was very persistent in setting up a probation period. Richard?”

“Yes, Thank you, Ms Luthor. Our concern was that...” Lena took this chance to check her phone. She was hoping maybe Supergirl would send some explanatory text. But there was nothing.

“Therefore, for the duration of the first two months...” Richard continued speaking about the legal aspect of the project and Lena found herself gazing out the glass window into the blue sky. Hoping to catch a glimpse of a flying hero.

Her mind was still partially attentive to what Richard was saying for her to intervene just as he was finishing up. She clicked the remote in her hand and the screen showed a vast list of companies, all some of the largest and most acknowledged within their fields. “R&D has taken the time to research probability and success of this project. Their research shows that after its completion, we are expected to do business with more than half of these companies. Jane?” She looked over at the head of HR.
“Yes, thank you Ms. Luthor. We’ve recruited enough specialists in each of the fields to start the sessions. We also have a team who is currently revising the curriculum being used and the methods of teaching. All that is left is for us to receive the approval from the District Level Board of Education for the validation of the program if the graduates wish to seek a job somewhere else other than L-Corp.”

Once again, Lena found herself tuning out half of what was being said during the meeting. She was getting frustrated with herself. There was nothing wrong. She clearly had no reason to be alarmed and yet, she found it difficult to focus on a meeting she has been preparing for all week. It was just this feeling berating at her. She had no explanation for it. It was just a feeling. And it bothered her that she couldn’t make it go away as much as she pushed it to the back of her mind.

She noticed Jane concluding her part and began walking back to her seat. Lena sat back down in her chair, opening up the file in front of her. “Now, onto other matters. We’ve recently acquired the patent for the Black Body Field Generator.”

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Lena was walking back towards her office, her thumb scrolling through her notifications. Emails mostly and a few messages. She decided to read the messages first as she reached her assistant’s desk, noticing her stand up almost immediately.

“Jess, could you please...”

Lena’s words died down as soon as she saw Kara’s name on one of the messages. She opened it instantly.

*Hey, Lena. I just realized I asked you over yesterday and completely forgot that it’s the middle of the week and you’re probably very busy with work. How about we reschedule for the weekend instead.*

Lena immediately began typing out a reply.

*Kara, it’s perfectly fine. I don’t mind going out in the middle of the week. I can manage work.*

Lena looked up from her phone to find a patiently waiting Jess. Her assistant was used to Lena sometimes being distracted by something, she didn’t seem to mind waiting at all.

“I’m sorry, Jess”

“Perfectly fine, Ms. Luthor. How did the meeting go?”

“Quite well actually. Although legal was badgering almost every point I made in there.”

“Mr. Simmons does enjoy hearing the sound of his voice,” Jess whispered discreetly.

Lena smiled, “Yes. Richard does enjoy hearing himself talk, that’s for sure.”

“Was there something you needed?”

“Yes. Do I have any other meetings lined up for today?”

“No, Ms. Luthor. That was the only for today.”

“Good. I have some business to attend to outside of the office today. There’s...”
Lena’s phone vibrated in her hand informing her Kara had replied to her text.

_I would really rather the weekend. Don’t want you to be tired the next day. Please?

Lena typed out another text explaining she won't be tired, but erased it. She instead sent,

_Only if you’re sure?

Positive.

Alright then. Would you like to join me for lunch tomorrow then?

Lena’s thumb hovered over the send button before pressing it fearfully. Her fear escalated when she read the reply.

_I’m so so sorry, but I can’t. I have to help Alex with some wedding stuff.

_Wedding? Agent Danvers is getting married? It shouldn’t bother her that Kara never mentioned her sister getting married. It shouldn’t. _It didn’t._

Of course. _If you're busy we could also reschedule dinner._

Lena pressed send without hesitation, fearing she would change her mind. She waited for a reply. Waited for those three dots to show up. But nothing showed. Kara didn’t reply.

She looked up at Jess, who seemed to be busy typing on her tablet.

“Forgive me, Jess. I seem to be all over the place today.”

“And not at all, Ms. Luthor. But if you don’t mind me asking, is everything alright.”

Lena gave her a warm smile, “It's fine. My evening plans were just canceled and I seem to have a free slot. Could you please check my schedule for tomorrow and see if you can fit something in tonight?”

Jess looked reluctant to speak what was on her mind, but she did anyway. “Ms. Luthor, I hope I'm not overstepping but maybe you should take the night off instead. You’ve been working until midnight almost everyday this week.”

Lena was impressed by her assistant’s boldness, she liked it. Respected it. Jess was the only one of her employees that could speak to her in this manner. “Thank you for your concern, Jess. I'm quite fine. See if any of my conference calls can be moved to tonight instead. Also, can you please get Ms. Bertinelli on the line for me. I need to speak with her before I head out.” Lena began walking towards her office. She stopped at the door, her hand on the handle, and turned around, “Oh, and Jess? After you do that, take the rest of the day off. No need for you to be here if I'm not. I'm sure Kevin misses you dearly.” Lena smiled when she saw the blush creeping up on her assistant’s cheeks.

“Thank you, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena walked in her office closing the door behind her. She placed the papers she brought back from her meeting on her desk and sat down on her chair, sighing deeply. Today was supposed to be a mildly pleasant day. _It is a pleasant day!_ But for some reason she couldn’t think of anything else other than Supergirl leaving that morning.

The look on Supergirl’s face. That was what haunted Lena. Pure guilt and agony. But mixed with a hint of fear. Lena tapped her fingers impatiently on her desk, staring down at her phone.
Wanting to text the hero and just ask her upright.

*What do I even say?! Oh, Supergirl, I'm sorry to disturb you but I have this nagging feeling that something is wrong and it's possible I could be completely overthinking this whole situation but could you possibly maybe take a break from saving people so you come and reassure me?*

*Yeah, that'd be great!*

She sighed again before her thoughts were interrupted by Jess’ voice on the intercom.

“Ms. Bertinelli on the line for you, Ms. Luthor.”

“Thank you, Jess. You can go home now.” she replied turning on the screen in front of her.

“Thank you, Ms. Luthor. I'll see you tomorrow.”

Her screen came to life, displaying the same list she made weeks ago. She read that same list she remembered reading in Vancouver, smiling at the progress she had made. Thankfully, her progress was according to schedule. As soon as this project falls through with the three group homes, she would be finished with this list, crossing out all major buildings that were affected by the Daxamite invasion.

Lena picked up the phone and greeted her friend, “Helena.”

“Lena, darling. I've got wonderful news.”

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Kara landed on the fire escape of Alex’s apartment and climbed inside. After texting Lena to reschedule their dinner, she had gone to the DEO in search of her sister. Winn seemed to be excited to share some news with her but had immediately switched topics as soon as he had seen Kara’s expression. Her face was somber, the tears dry on her face. When she had asked him where Alex was, he informed her that her sister stayed late at the DEO last night and took the morning off today. Kara had flown without another word.

She made her way inside the apartment, not even registering that she should have used the door instead of the window. Her head was spinning. Guilt occupying her every thought.

“Kara?”

Kara turned around to find Maggie looking confused. She wore black pants and a white button-down shirt tucked in neatly, as though dressed for work. Kara broke down as soon as she saw the concerned look on Maggie’s face, her tears finally making their way down her cheeks.

“Kara? Hey, what's wrong?” Maggie immediately made her way to her and yelped when she was given an engulfing hug from the very strong Kryptonian. Kara buried her face into Maggie’s neck, letting go of all the pent-up emotion she held at bay when she had been with Lena not minutes ago.

“It’s ok, little Danvers. It’s all going to be ok.” Maggie stroked her hair, “Although I’m really glad you didn’t walk through that window half an hour ago,” She chuckled.

Kara didn’t fully grasp what Maggie was talking about, and she was too upset to ask her about it. The short detective held onto her, murmuring reassurances even before knowing what Kara was crying about. When Kara finally calmed down, she sniffed resting her head on the detective’s shoulder, “Is... Is Alex here?”
“No, she just went out to get breakfast. Do you want me to call her?”

“No. S’okay. I like your shoulder. Plus, you smell like Alex.” Kara mumbled.

“Umm Kara? Are you smelling me?”

“Mhmm.”

“Ok then. I guess that’s happening. How about we move to the couch?”

Kara nodded silently and allowed Maggie to take them both to the couch. They sat down and Kara went back to being embraced by Maggie, resting her on the detective’s shoulder. She noticed Maggie typing on her phone.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m ordering six large pepperoni pizzas.”

“Can you get the stuffed crust. It’s been a long day.”

“Got it. What kinda dip?”

“Do you really have to ask...” Kara raised an eyebrow, even though Maggie couldn't see her face.

“Right. Ranch it is then”

They remained there on the couch sitting in silence. Kara loved how she also had Maggie in addition to her sister now. They both took care of her. They both cared about her. But she also noticed the difference between them. Maggie didn't ask questions. She didn't pressure her into telling her what was wrong, as opposed to Alex. Which wasn't necessarily a bad thing. But Kara noticed how Maggie used her detective skills to gather as much information on the situation as possible silently before raising questions. She would assess the situation before anything else. And Kara liked that about her. It gave her time to gather her thoughts before her sister came back. Which seemed to be right about now.

“Alex is here” Kara mumbled sadly beside Maggie’s neck.

The door clicked open, “Babe, I’m home. Sorry it took so long. They didn’t have that apple fritter you like so much in the cafe across the street, so I had to go over...Kara?”

Maggie turned her head to smile at her fiancé, “Hey, babe. Kara had a long day.”

“Is everything ok?” Alex asked as she unwrapped her scarf from around her neck.

“Lena” Kara whined, her voice muffled.

Maggie winced, “Oh.”

“Oh.” The doorbell rang suddenly, and Alex nodded her head towards the door asking, “Is that the pizza?”

“Yup.”

“I got it.” She reached in her pocket for her wallet as she opened the door.

“Six boxes of pizza for Ms. Sawyer?”

“Mrs.” Alex gave a giddy smile.
“Sorry?” the delivery guy replied confused as he took the money she gave him.

“Well she’s no longer a Ms.”

“Uhh okay...”

“Because well, you know, she’s getting married.” Kara smiled when she heard Alex’s goofy giggle, the one only reserved when talking about Maggie. “To me.” she whispered excitedly to the baffled delivery guy.

Maggie stopped stroking Kara’s hair for a moment, “Is she telling the delivery guy that we’re getting married?”

“Mhmm. She called you a Mrs. too”

“Danvers! Get your ass in here before you scare off the poor guy with the names of our children!” Maggie shouted to her.

“Children?” Kara’s head snapped up, her eyes widened comically in shock, “I’m gonna be an aunt!” she whispered dramatically as she stood up from the couch suddenly, looking at Alex as she was closing the door, “I’m gonna be an aunt??!!!”

“What? Kara, no...” Maggie stood up too, confused.

“Maggie! Watch out she’s gonna...” Alex tried to warn her.

But it was too late.

Kara picked up the small detective in a tight hug squealing at the top of her lungs, “I’m gonna be an aunt!!!” she spun around in circles with Maggie grunting in her arms, “I’m gonna be the best aunt in the whole world!!!” she gasped, “No! The whole galaxy!!”

“Do that...” Alex trailed off.

“What?? No! Kara! Put me down! No one’s pregnant!”

Kara was beyond hearing anything. Her squeals and laughter startling the birds from across the street.

“Kara, put me down now before I arrest you!! Neither of us are pregnant!!!” Maggie grunted from her awkward position, her arms trapped by Kara’s. “Kara, too tight.”

“Kara, put down my fiancé or I swear to God and Rao I will tell mom about the Robbie incident.”

Kara dropped Maggie so fast she looked as though a soldier was called to attention. She pouted, “You promised you wouldn't ever bring that up.” she said sadly.

“Well it was either that or Maggie suffocating from your hug.”

“I’m fine by the way” Maggie exclaimed, rubbing at her arms.

Kara looked at her guilty, “Sorry Mags. I got excited. Alex says I have baby issues.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes at the blonde, “Baby issues?”

Alex came to stand beside Kara, “She was sent to take care of baby Superman. But she got stuck in the phantom zone. When she finally got here, Superman was no longer a baby. So now she goes ballistic at the idea of taking care of a baby. Any baby.”
“Baby issues,” both sisters said together shrugging their shoulders.

Maggie was having a hard time wrapping her mind around the idea, “Baby issues?”

Alex nodded, “Yeah. Like daddy issues. Or mommy issues. She has baby issues.”

“I have baby issues,” Kara said proudly, smiling.

“You really shouldn't be proud of that, Kar” Alex whispered to her sister.

“Oh.” her smile died down.

“It's way too early for any of this,” Maggie mumbled off as she made her way towards her coffee on the kitchen counter.

After feeding the stress eating Kryptonian and watching her down four whole boxes of pizza, looking at her in disbelief as she claimed she only left the other two boxes because she ‘wasn’t going to overdo it. I mean breakfast is supposed to be a small meal, right guys? Four boxes are more than enough’, Maggie and Alex sat in silence, waiting for Kara to tell them what was wrong. Kara sat cross legged on the coffee table in front of them, and they both sat side by side on the couch facing her.

“Ok, here goes nothing.” Kara let out a long breath out, “I want to tell Lena I'm Supergirl.”

Alex and Maggie waited, thinking there’s more.

Kara frowned at the unexpected silence, “That’s it. I wanna tell her I'm Supergirl”

Alex raised both eyebrows high, “Are you saying I waited fifteen whole minutes watching you eat four boxes of pizza...”

“Four and a half” Maggie mumbled correcting her.

“Four and a half boxes of pizza just so you could tell us you wanna tell Lena you're Supergirl which by the way is not exactly news if I'm being honest since we talked about this countless times and I even signed off on it. Please tell me that’s not what you’re saying”

“In her defence, I mean, not many people can eat four and a half boxes of pizza in fifteen minu...” Maggie intervened, but instantly stopped when Alex turned to her, her expression stern, “Not helping. Ok.” she admitted, her face guilty.

Kara began playing with her thumb, “Yeah. I know. But every time I try to bring it up she looks at me with her eyes.”

Maggie grinned, “Yeah, it's weird, right? I don't get how people can just look at you with their eyes. The nerve!”

“Maggie!” Kara whined at the woman’s endless sarcasm.

Maggie chuckled, “Ok. Ok. That was the last one. I promise.”

“I meant she looks at me. And it always scares me.”

Alex crossed her arms, “Kara what exactly are you afraid of?”

Kara looked down at her hands, “Do you remember the first time you kissed Maggie?”

Both women stiffened at that question, Alex more so. “Yeah. I do.”
“You were in a really bad...” Kara stopped talking when she saw Alex subtly shake her head. Seeming guilty for some reason.

Maggie turned to Alex, a warm smile on her lips, “It’s ok. I know I screwed up that day. And that I hurt you. And I know it wasn’t true when you told me that you and Kara just watched Netflix that day and everything was fine.”

Alex sighed, “I’m sorry I lied. I just didn’t... I guess I didn’t want you to feel bad or anything. It didn’t matter. I got you in the end, didn’t I?

“You did.” Maggie whispered, kissing Alex lovingly, “I love you.”

Alex smiled placing her hand on Maggie’s cheek, “I love you too.” she whispered back before kissing her again.

*Rao, these two.* Kara crossed her arms, waiting until the two women in front of her finished confessing their love for one another. “I swear you two always manage to forget that I’m here.”

The two broke apart, trying to suppress their giggles and loving stares.

“Sorry,” Alex replied.

“Sorry, little Danvers. Back to you and Lena.” Maggie offered.

“That day, Alex, you were devastated.” Kara noticed Maggie subtly taking Alex’s hands in hers, intertwining their fingers. “I don’t want to go through Lena rejecting me. I'm not as strong as you.”

“Kara, that’s ridiculous. Do you realize that going through that rejection is what got me Maggie in the first place? If I hadn’t kissed her, then she would never have known about my feelings for her. And we would’ve never have ended up together.”

Maggie turned to Alex again, narrowing her eyes, “Ummm babe, I had to break it to you, but we were bound to end up together one way or another.”

“Sure, Sawyer.”

Maggie’s eyes widened in shock, “Hey! I would’ve eventually asked you out.”

“Of course you would,” Alex replied nonchalantly, rolling her eyes.

“I’m the one who came here and kissed you! I made that whole speech about kissing the girls we want to kiss!!”

“Babe, I love you. I really do. But you would never have kissed me if I hadn’t kissed you first.”

“That is not true! I...”

“Guys!” Kara exclaimed.

They both looked at her as though just remembering she was there. Kara raised both eyebrows and opened her arms at their banter. The two women went back to staring at each other, committed to settling their argument.

“Alex, just admit it. We were bound to end up together.”

“I'm just saying that me kissing you probably was the reason you kissed me in the first place!”
“I kissed you because I liked you!! That’s what people normally do!”

“But you wouldn’t have built up the courage to do so if not for me kissing you first.”

“Oh Rao!” Kara whined looking at the ceiling from the incessant arguing.

“I would probably have asked you out even if you hadn’t kissed me. No offense, babe, but no sane person would look at you and not think of asking you out at some point!”

“Nice try, Sawy...”

“That’s it!” Kara shouted, getting up from the coffee table and scooting herself in between the couple. “You two are getting a timeout from each other. Well, at least from sitting beside one another. This is about me now! Can we please focus on me?”

“Yeah, sorry Kar.” Alex mumbled.

“Sorry, Kara. Go ahead.” Maggie said, “But Alex is right. Well...” she frowned, “she was right about one thing. Just one. You need to tell her; the rejection might be part of it. But it also might not be.”

“I’m just so scared to tell her.” Kara bowed her down sadly, continuing to play with her thumb, “What if she hates me? What if she won’t want anything to do with me? Just thinking about it hurts.”

Alex placed a hand on her shoulder, “I know, Kara. But you can't think like that. Maybe she'll understand. It might take time. But she'll understand. You said so yourself, she loves you.”

“She loves Supergirl.” Kara corrected

“She loves Supergirl but she's also best friends with Kara Danvers.” Alex refuted.

Maggie held up a finger to add a point, “Not to mention, we have yet to find incriminating evidence that she is not in love with Kara Danvers.”

“But this again, Maggie.” Kara sighed dramatically.

“What? I stand by my insinuation. I'm a detective. I'm rarely wrong.” Maggie shrugged.

“Well you are this time. She told me she's having coffee with this person today. And that she's gonna confess her feelings to them over their coffee date. It's part of the reason why I canceled our dinner thing.”

Alex turned to her fully, “You what? Why would you do that? You could have told her over dinner!”

“Because she's meeting with this person right before our dinner. In case this person does feel the same way, I don't want her feeling pressured to end their coffee date just so she could meet me. I'm sure they'll have loads to talk about.”

“Or she made it up,” Maggie mumbled under her breath.

“Maggie, this person exists. She wouldn’t lie to me.”

“Just like you wouldn’t lie to her?” Maggie asked.

The question took Kara by surprise. She hadn’t thought of it that way. “Well, no. This is different!” She tried, but it hardly came out convincing.
“Kara, just tell her. Whatever happens after that, we’ll figure it out together.” Alex said calmly, squeezing her shoulder.

Kara smiled at both of them, “Thanks. Both of you. I don’t know how I would’ve dealt with any of this without you guys.”

“You’re welcome.” Maggie smirked, “Now scoot over. I have an argument to finish with my gorgeous fiancé.”

It had been three days since Lena had last seen Supergirl. Since Supergirl had left her on the balcony with a simple kiss on the cheek. She had not heard from the hero nor had any contact with her whatsoever. Lena had texted her, asking about her. She was worried. Supergirl always found a way to see her. Or let her know she was alright.

What if she’s hurt?

She had no way of knowing and it frustrated her severely. But the replaying memory of Supergirl’s expression before leaving her on the balcony made her believe that the hero was simply avoiding her.

I will tell you you're beautiful every single day from now on. Just so it doesn't seem like I'm saying it as goodbye.

Lena heard Supergirl’s voice in her head utter those words lovingly. At the time, Lena had not taken Supergirl’s words quite literally. But Supergirl made good on her promise and had said those three words everyday since. True, they were only a few days, but she still kept her promise. However, not hearing those three words for the past couple of days affected Lena more than she would care to admit. She hated that she clung on such sappy notions, but somehow she did.

She held on the balcony railing, looking up at the evening sky. It was clear. Devoid of any caped crusader. The hero was nowhere in sight.

Screw this!

Lena didn’t know if she was thinking clearly, but at some point, she didn’t much care to reassess her decision. Too scared she would back out. So, she did the one thing she knew would bring Supergirl to her.

She set down her phone on the small balcony table and dragged the chair to the brick railing. Kicking off her heels, she placed a hand on the glass wall next to her as she climbed over the chair carefully. The silent night of National City under her seemed as though anticipating her fall, and it served to elevate her heartbeat somewhat.

It's not enough. I need to be scared. Frightened. Horrified.

She gulped down before placing one foot onto the railing, her breath catching in her throat as she used her balance to push herself upwards and stand with both feet planted on the white concrete of the railing.

Her heart thundered in her chest. Images of falling off this exact balcony not long ago flashing in her mind. The expectation of the pavement crushing her skull. The prospect of her bones dislocated at awkward angles. The mercy of a quick death.

She remembered every second of that incident. There was no life flashing before her eyes. There
were no regrets as she plummeted to the ground. There were no tears. No sadness.

There was fear. She remembered being afraid. But she also remembered a thought repeating in her mind.

*So, this is how it happens.*

That thought had bounced on the walls of her mind, echoing off any other thought.

But now, standing on the railing of the same balcony that had caused such a thought... She slowly began to realize something incriminating.

She had regrets. Somehow, between the day she fell from this balcony and today, she developed regrets. Regrets that would consume her if she happened to fall right at this exact moment.

*This is fucking insane. She's not coming.*

But Lena knew it was only a matter of time before...

Strong arms wrapped around her in a flash of blue and red, carrying her below her knees and her shoulder blades. Lena’s heart sped even more as she was startled by the hero’s presence. Supergirl hovered above the balcony railing, holding her close to her chest and Lena finally felt herself breathe again when the scent of rain filled her lungs.

She pulled her face from the hero’s neck to look at those azure eyes she had missed so much. Supergirl met her gaze with a concerned expression. Concerned, but also angry.

Very angry, it seemed.

It was reckless, she knew. But Lena got desperate. And she was known to resort to desperate measures at times. Her stubbornness usually had a hand in most of those times.

Supergirl landed on the balcony, not putting Lena down until they were safe inside her office. Her hands rose to her hips, fisted tightly. She walked past Lena, putting a distance between them.

“You came.” Lena stated, smiling.

Supergirl turned around to face her, “What in Rao’s name were you thinking?!” She asked angrily, “You could have fallen to your death!”

“Are you serious right now? Lena, you were about to jump!” Supergirl was shouting now, conveying her anger clearly.

“Don’t be absurd. I did not even consider jumping at all. I just needed to get my heart to beat at a faster rate, needed to be afraid to a point so as to grab your attention.”

Supergirl seemed to get even more irritated, “Well, congratulations! You got it! That was the stupidest...”

“You were avoiding me. What was I supposed to do?!” Lena replied, her voice an octave louder.

“I wasn’t avoiding you.” Supergirl shouted back, walking around the room in frustration.

“Oh, save it.” Lena scoffed. She turned with the movements of the irate hero.

“You could’ve gotten hurt, Lena. What if I had blown out my powers? Huh? Did you think of
“That? You would've fallen to your death and I wouldn't even have known!” Supergirl came to a halt beside Lena, her back to the balcony door.

Lena had fallen silent at her last utterance. She hadn't thought of that last minor detail. The detail of her possibly falling to her death because Supergirl was not there to save her. She should have considered it. But... She just didn't. Her dying was not something she thought of much. She knew it would happen soon. Probably at the hands of her mother. Or brother. Or some stranger on the street. But she had never thought it might be at the hands of her own doing. Her own recklessness. But then again, it didn't much matter to her either. Death was not something she hid from or was intimidated by. She acknowledged it. Tried to fight it. But never deny its inevitable grasp at her.

Lena cleared her head from the topic of death as she focused on where she was. What she did to get Supergirl here.

Supergirl seemed to have calmed down a bit. “You can't do that to me, Lena. You can't scare me like that.”

“Well, you scared me!” Lena was now the one shouting.

“How?!” Supergirl seemed surprised.

Lena jabbed a finger on the symbol on Supergirl’s chest, “You promised. You promised you won’t ever say it like it was goodbye.”

A knowing look washed over Supergirl's face, her denial weakened, “I... I didn’t...”

“You did. We both know you did. Even you felt it. I'm not usually of the clingy type, God knows I try to keep people away from me. But I was worried. Texting you endlessly the past couple of days. And you’ve done nothing but avoid me. I want to know why?”

“I wasn’t avoiding you.”

“Oh, come on. Just admit it. You were.”

“I wasn't avoiding you, Lena.” Supergirl was having trouble keeping her calm.

“Stop lying to me or so help me God...”

“I can’t be around you, right now!” Supergirl yelled back, too riled up to control her voice.

“Why?” Lena demanded, crossing her arms.

“Because I care about you. And the guilt of not telling you this...this... thing that I have to tell you is eating me from the inside. I feel like my chest is rotting from the guilt. I can’t look at you, can’t think about you, can’t be with you and not think about how you would react.

“I already told you...”

“Yeah,” she scoffed, “I know what you said.” Supergirl interrupted her harshly, a scowl on her face. “But I also know you. In fact, I know exactly how you would react.” Supergirl pointed an accusing finger at her, “Which is why every time I gather a hint of courage to tell you... My mind refuses to think of anything else but you pushing me away. And you know what I tell myself then, Lena? I tell myself, ‘just one more day. I just want to spend one more day with her before I tell her, just in case she won’t want to see me anymore’. And then comes the next day, and I get selfish and ask for another day.”

Lena felt the clench of Supergirl’s jaw. Felt the anger radiating off of her. Lena didn’t say anything. Too taken aback by what Supergirl had confessed.
“Just... I... I want to tell you. I do. But...” Supergirl looked as though she was completely lost for words. Her mouth held open, but no sound coming out.

Lena stepped closer to her, hesitant. Still unsure what this God awful secret Supergirl is harboring that would - could - possibly drive her away. Maybe it was possible. Lena trusted Supergirl's judgment. She trusted her instincts. So, if Supergirl thought she would react badly, then maybe...

“I have to go.” Supergirl finally said somberly.

“Do not walk away from this. We are not done.” Lena replied, agitated.

“I can't be around you right now. I need to think. And I can't think with you close to me.”

“So, what do you suppose we do?” Lena asked, a grimace on her face, “Hmm? Should we just end it right here? If that's what you want, I'm happy to...”

“Wouldn't you like that, huh? Just end things? It's easier for you, isn't it?” Supergirl narrowed her eyes, mocking her sarcastically.

“As a matter of fact, it is!” Lena shouted back, the mock fueling her anger.

“Well, fine! I'll get out of your way then!”

“Fine! Go!”

Supergirl stomped towards the balcony only to stop abruptly, her hand tapping her ear, “Yeah? When did this happen? Why wasn’t I informed sooner? Ok. I'm on my way to you. Have Agent Danvers meet me at the DEO.”

Supergirl turned back to Lena, the hero persona lingering on her features. “You should stay inside.”


“I don’t know yet.” She replied, opening the balcony door and taking a step outside. She then turned back around, her expression threatening, “And don't you dare do anything stupid like that again!” Supergirl warned. Her face clearly showing how serious she was.

Lena watched Supergirl fly off as her mind replayed their argument over in her head.

What is so fucking horrible that she can't even tell me?!

It was nagging at her. This secret. This horrifying secret that Supergirl was too scared to tell her. It frustrated her so much. The not knowing.

She let out a long sigh. She knew she overreacted. She shouldn't have yelled at the hero like that. But she couldn't help it.

As soon as she suspected that Supergirl was avoiding her, her mind brought up all aspects of her abandonment issues to the forefront. She knew. She knew Supergirl cared about her profoundly. Knew the hero depended on her just as much as Lena depended on her. They needed each other. Supergirl wouldn’t just leave her behind. When it came down to facts, her mind registered all of that as such. Facts.

But at times, facts meant nothing when facing your darkest fears. So, despite knowing all of this, Lena still felt herself assaulted by thoughts of Supergirl growing tired of her. Of Supergirl moving on. Of Supergirl simply leaving. Just like everyone else. Lena thought desperately.
And that there was what caused Lena to lash out like she did. She knew what she did was wrong. Scaring Supergirl and coercing her into confessing this... This horrific secret of hers.

Lena contemplated texting Supergirl. But her blood was still boiling from their argument. She knew she was wrong, but she was still mad. What deepened her rage even more was the fact that it had come after Supergirl’s confession. Her promise of not leaving. Her commitment of staying in Lena’s life. Her vow to always protect her and be by her side. That. That was what made Lena’s chest heave and her blood boil. Supergirl had confessed all that and then simply left like it was the easiest thing to do. That was what drove Lena to react the way she did.

“Wouldn't you like that, huh? Just end things? It's easier for you, isn't it?”

Sadly, it was easier for Lena. She genuinely found it easier to live on her own than to have to deal with others in her life. Despite the fact that no one ever stayed, she sometimes found herself wondering if maybe that was just how she was built. She had gotten so used to the loneliness and the recluse that... Maybe she just didn't know how to share her life with someone. Maybe she just couldn't. That she just wasn't built that way.

Lena scoffed, her expression one of disgust. She complained about no one staying, when in truth she was the one who drove everyone away.

It was easier. For her. And for everyone around her.

Lena found herself drifting slowly back into her self isolating tendencies. But one thought kept pulling her back.

Kara.

God, what would she think if I just disappeared again? No! I can't. I can't back out now. I made a promise to Super... I made a promise to myself that I would tell Kara the truth.

Kara had texted her back telling her they should meet at her place on Sunday. Which is tomorrow. She could wait until tomorrow and tell Ka... No! I need to do it now. She nodded to no one but herself, and scanned her office for her phone. Remembering it was still on the balcony table, she grabbed it, put on her long black coat, and made her way to the elevator.

Deciding to tell Kara tonight.

I can't wait any longer. This is severely getting out of hand. I'll go over there and just tell her. Everything. She might even feel the same way!

Lena plastered a smile on her face as she got into her car, completely ignoring her rapid heart rate that spoke of fear.

Kara opened the door looking surprised but also concerned. Lena felt her heart drop. She had not given herself enough time to prepare in fear that she might simply flee. On the spur of the moment, she decided to go to Kara's apartment even though their dinner had been postponed. She told herself that she would tell Kara that she loved her, and here she was in front of the woman who refused to leave her thoughts. Who refused to allow Lena to imagine her life with anyone else but her. Here she was, in the middle of the night, about to confess her love for this woman.

Lena stood there motionless. Taking in the blonde in front of her. Her hair was tied up in a messy ponytail, glasses perched up on the bridge of her nose, and she was wearing gray sweatpants and
a long sleeved black shirt. Lena cursed the dim lighting that didn't allow her to notice small details of Kara's beauty. The way those brown rimmed glasses hid long lashes behind them.

They both stood looking at one another, Lena with her mouth open trying to sound out words that have been playing in her head on repeat all throughout the drive here. Kara seemingly confused at the silence stretching between them.

It was Kara who broke the silence, tilting her head in that adorable confused manner that made Lena's pulse skip.

“Lena, hi. Uhh... Is- Is everything ok? Did we have plans that I forgot about?”

Lena had to catch her breath to breathe. Never in her life had she been so scared to say something out loud. You've had a gun pointed at you and still didn't tremble like you are now! Get yourself together Luthor. Lena clasped her hands together, ignoring the fact that it had become a nervous habit of hers.

“Kara, I'm terribly sorry for just dropping by. I just...” She choked back on her words.

Just fucking say it. In the end, they're just words. Just say whatever you have to say, if she doesn't feel the same way then that's that. It's perfectly fine. You're not a sappy teenager that's going to get her heart broken. Just say it!

“Kara, I...” Lena was thankful Kara couldn't hear her heartbeat because in the silence between them, it was the only sound Lena could hear besides her badgering thoughts.

“Lena, are you ok? You sound... Uhh I mean you look... Umm rattled. Did something happen?” She asked softly.

Kara touched her arm. Doing it so casually. Kara always did things like this. Innocently. Unknowingly. She slid her fingertips along the side of her arm, her eyes concerned even in the dim light. She touched Lena’s elbow reassuringly as though it was not causing every nerve ending inside of Lena to lash out.

That's it. Just tell her.

“Kara, I know we made plans to see each other on the weekend, but I had to see you today. I have to say this now or I don't think I'll ever be able to say it later.”

“Lena, you're not making sense.”

Well that seems to only happen in front of you.

Lena cleared her throat. She stepped closer to Kara, looking at her black heels facing Kara’s pink socks.

“Kara. I'd like to take you out on a date.” Lena blurted out suddenly. So much for building up to it. She was growing tired of her irritating bluntness when it came to this woman. “I-I like you” No. “If I’m being honest, I think I just might be in love with you.” Lena registered the shock on Kara’s face. Oh no. She pushed herself to continue faster, “Kara I know that we’re friends. And I realize that this might complicate things. But I just wanted to know if... If maybe you're willing to give this a shot with me.” Kara seemed completely bereft of speech. Her eyes wide with... Was that horror? Oh God, is she really so horrified by the idea of us...

“M-Me?” Kara barely managed to stutter.

“Yes. I'm in love with you, Kara Danvers.”
“Lena...” Kara gulped down before trying again, “W-why?”

Lena was somewhat taken back by the question, she didn’t expect the conversation to go in this direction at all. “Kara, I cannot fathom how you don’t even see it. You’re beautiful inside and out. I fell for you long before you began coming to our regular lunches. You’re kind. And Pure. Everything that is absent from my life. And I know, I know this is much to take in, but I couldn’t just simply keep it in for much longer.”

“I... I don’t...Lena, can we just...” Kara’s face contorted into even deeper confusion. Her gaze darted behind Lena, as though looking for the answers there.

An unsettling feeling began welling up inside of Lena. This is not seeming to be going very well.

“Kara, please hear me out. I... I have feelings for you, that much is clear, and if you don’t feel the same way that’s perfectly fine. It will in no way affect our friendship whatsoever, I assure you.” Lena let out a small laugh at her situation as she looked down at her clasped hands, “In all honesty I wasn’t planning to act on my feelings towards you. I was quite content with just being your friend. But a... A friend of mine convinced me otherwise.” Lena looked back up at Kara.

Kara was still silent. Her mouth agape and her eyes wider than before. Oh God. This was a terrible mistake. Kara tried saying something, but nothing seemed to come out. She closed her mouth and tried again, eyes still growing wider.

“Lena, I... I di...” Kara seemed scared.

I mean who wouldn't be? I practically showed up unannounced in the middle of the night and threw the equivalent of a nuclear bomb over her head.

Kara tried again, “But you said... Lena, I-I had no idea. You kept talking about her... A-As though she was... This...This amazing other person.”

“Talk about whom?”

Kara didn't seem to hear her, “Maggie was right,” she whispered to herself. She then looked back at Lena as though just remembering she was there, “Lena, I-I didn't... What about Helena?” she asked quickly.

Lena was now just as confused as she was, trying to ignore the sickening feeling at the pit of her stomach, “Helena? What has she got to do with any of this?”

“A-At the gala. You... The both of you seemed... I mentioned that you two seemed to hit it off and you said yes and I just assumed...”

“Yes, we did. As friends and business partners. What made you think it was anything more?” Kara only met Helena once. For barely more than a minute. What gave her the idea that she and I are romantically involved?

“Lena...” Kara gulped down, “You and I are friends and I... I never... Lena, I...”

Lena perfectly knew what rejection looked like. Especially when it would start with sympathy and be filled to the brim with excuses to make her feel better. She didn't need to hear it from Kara. She gave the blonde the most genuine smile she could conjure up, completely ignoring the fact that her heart felt as though it might explode in her chest.

If it hasn't to a million pieces already.

She stood upright and simply smiled as though everything was fine. She smiled just like she did
when people on the street shouted vile things at her. The same smile she used when her board members would propose she wasn't fit to be CEO. It was that smile that she put on when her own mother would spit in her face for being an atrocious abomination to their family.

She smiled just like she did when Lex had once lashed out on her for saying that maybe the Supers weren't so bad after all. When he accused her of betrayal after he was detained when in truth it was he who had betrayed her trust.

Smiling in the face of such things was a skill she had come to excel at quite abundantly. It wasn't any different when it came to heartbreak. Because this was just that. Heartbreak. Rejection. It's ok. I've faced worse before. I can take rejection. It's nothing new. Just smile, say your goodbyes and walk away. Her eyes burned at her efforts to keep the tears at bay. She brought her shoulders back, to grant herself some confidence, and tried to allow her smile to reach her eyes.

“Kara. It's fine. I... I understand. You don't have to make me feel better. I'm terribly sorry I just dropped this on you with no warning whatsoever.” she let out a small laugh to try and ease the tension, but it was no use. Kara still stood speechless. God, she's completely horrified. Lena gulped down and ignored her bullying thoughts that only made her eyes ache even more from the withheld tears. She wasn't going to cry in front of Kara. No. Instead, she sighed and went back to smiling, “Kara, really I absolutely am content with our friendship and I would never jeopardize it over some sort of mere detail concerning feelings. I should probably go, I actually...”

“Lena, no. That's not what this...”

“No, no. It's fine. I really do have to get back to the office to finish up a few reports for tomorrow.” she used the excuse of rummaging through her purse as though looking for her phone to pull herself together. When she found it, she held Kara's terrified stare and plastered that same smile. “I understand if you're not feeling up to having dinner tomorrow. So, I guess we'll just try and meet up for lunch sometime next week. Only if you'd like of course.” she pretended to text her driver, although he was already at the front door of the apartment waiting for her, “Oh, my driver is here. I really should go. It was nice seeing you, Kara. I really am sorry about all of this.”

And with that, she walked away. Letting her bullying thoughts take over.

*How could I be so stupid?! I just ruined the one friendship I had! God! She was scared to death!*  
She walked endlessly through the hallway leading to the elevator.

*In what world did I think she would be even remotely interested in me!*  
She clicked the elevator button.

Fuck!

The ding of the elevator startled her from her thought for a mere second. But it was only a second before they came rushing back in.

*I'm so fucking selfish! I had a good thing with Kara. An actual friendship! And I just ruined it. For what? The off chance of something more than a friendship?!

She walked inside, her heels clicking loudly in her ears.

*She looked ready to bolt out the window with how horrified she was! And I don't blame her. I just fucking showed up at her door! Unannounced!*  

*Who does that?!!*
She pressed the elevator button, leaning her side on the mirrored wall. “So fucking stupid,” she whispered to the empty elevator.

*Kara doesn't feel the same way.*

Lena didn't hear the rustling of Supergirl's cape. Didn't register her footsteps coming in from the balcony. She had come back to her office, after visiting Kara, because she had nowhere else to go. She didn't much feel like going home. It was so... Empty. Quiet. Too quiet for her blatant thoughts.

*She doesn't feel the same way.*

She told herself she was going to be here for work in a couple of hours anyway, she might as well go to work seven or eight hours earlier. At least this way, she can drown herself in some work until she was too tired to think of how much she made a fool of herself. If she was lucky enough she would pass out from exhaustion in the bedroom and wake up the next day ready for work.

*Fuck! Tomorrow’s Sunday.*

She completely forgot. *Good thing I own the building then.*

Lena eyed the expensive whiskey in the corner, contemplating a drink. Surely it would calm her frenzied nerves.

*I probably ruined the only friendship I had by making a complete fool of myself.*

She began to think back to the last time she had a drink. It was the night she drank at that bar. The night Supergirl had come to her. She had not had a drop since. She didn't need it. She had Supergirl. Ever since they had started spending time with another, Lena felt less inclined to drown her sorrows away with alcohol. But now...

*Kara doesn't feel the same way about me.*

She continued to stare at the alcohol, slowly losing the urge to resist its temptation.

“Lena?” she heard someone utter. She was startled to see Supergirl standing at the doorway to her balcony.

“Supergirl. I... I Didn't expect you to...”

Supergirl looked conflicted. *Our argument.* She remembered.

“Lena, you... Your...”

“Oh. You heard my heartbeat. Forgive me, I assure you I did not deliberately elevate it to grasp at your attention. I was just...”

“No, that's not...”

Lena let out a small skeptic laugh, “For once can we please ignore my betraying heartbeat and just pretend that I'm fine. Because I am. I'm perfectly fine.” she lied. “I'm not upset.” she scoffed at how fragile her lies were. Lena walked over to the pitcher of water, pouring herself a cup. She took a sip, letting the water try and calm her. She stared at the cup in front of her as she spoke, “I went over and told her how I felt about her. It seems she doesn't feel the same way. It's... It's understandable. I mean, why would she?” she turned around and faced Supergirl.
The one person who had been constant in her life recently.

“Lena... I...” Supergirl tried, but Lena interrupted her.

“No, please. Let me speak first. I'm sorry for the way I acted earlier. I was completely out of line. You needed time and I just badgered you into telling me what it is you...”

“Lena, you need to...”

“Let me finish, please. Whatever it is you should tell me, you can take as long as you need. I won't insist on the matter anymore. I promise.”

Supergirl opened her mouth to speak, extending her arm gesturing, but nothing came out. She was silent.

Lena decided to simply continue, “And it's not necessarily a bad thing that she doesn't feel the same way. You said as much the last time,” Lena tried for a laugh, as she stepped closer to Supergirl, “Now you have me all to yourself.”

“Lena, now I need you to listen,” Supergirl finally said, her voice agitated.

“Very well. What is it?”

“I...” Supergirl choked back on her words, frowning at her inability to speak. As though chastising herself for that inability. She walked away from Lena, pacing the length of the room, and Lena turned around to face her, noticing how the hero’s chest heaved. It was rare for her to see Supergirl like this. She saw various sides to Supergirl. There was the glorious hero. The silly and loving woman she slept beside. She had seen Supergirl with paranoia. Had seen her with a panic attack. She had seen her sleepy and flirty. Happy at times. But she had never seen this. She studied the pacing hero. Her expression was a mixture of many emotions. Guilt was the most evident.

Lena’s eyes followed Supergirl around the room. Back and forth. Supergirl paced with her fists on her hips, her hero pose seemingly less intimidating. Lena was worried. She wanted to go to her. Comfort her. Hold her. She wanted to...

Supergirl stopped pacing and stood a few paces away from her. The hero’s face was focused. As though a decision had finally been made. She brought her hands to her hair, bunching it up slowly and tying it up in a loose ponytail.

What is she...

It was as though Lena’s heart had comprehended the situation before her mind did. Because she felt it clench in her chest. Painfully drumming rapidly. But her mind was still blurred. Her mind refused to accept what was happening in front of her.

Her mind was stubborn. Selfishly clinging to the residue of her denial.

Supergirl then pulled a pair of glasses from behind her, her face bowed down, looking at them as though they had the ability to change everything. She slowly opened them, raising them to her eyes and placing them on the bridge of her nose. Her hands then dangled at her sides, tight fists forming. Supergirl finally looked up, meeting Lena’s horrified gaze. She gulped down, and Lena watched the movement of her throat. Her eyes dragged back up to the blonde who now stood in front of her.

A different blonde.
She watched the expression on the face of the woman change. No longer focused and determined. The expression was now guilty and fearful. Lena’s pulse quickened even more, she felt the blood freeze in her veins. She felt the tight clench of her chest. A knot at the pit of her stomach. Her mind finally catching up to her already knowing heart.

Before her, stood no longer the hero that she had recently come to love.

But rather Kara Danvers, the woman she had always loved.

“Lena.” Supergirl’s voice was sorrowful.

Her voice was distant as though uttered from across the hallway. Lena’s mind was caving in on itself trying to fully understand what she had just witnessed.

“I am Kara Danvers”

Chapter End Notes

I shall now bask in the sounds of your screams...
Well........
You guys have been very....... 
Very....... 
articulate towards your hatred with that last cliffhanger. I've had my head bitten off on
Tumblr a few times. I actually made a very beautiful list of all the things I've been
called due to this cliffhanger. The list is very colorful!
I've had a campaign start against me. There was some revolting here and there.
Someone threatened to call their German lawyers to file a warrant against me. And a
hacker was apparently hired to track me down, tie me up to a chair, and torture me by
playing 24 hour scenes of Mon-El. Also the phrase “I love you but I hate you” is
officially the slogan used to describe me. It was all very hilarious to be honest and I
loved every part of it.
I wasn't completely satisfied with how this chapter was written. I wanted to fix it up a
bit and add more description to it. I felt like it was lacking emotion a bit here and
there. BUT! So many of you were very anxious about it and it's been a week since
that horrible cliffhanger! You guys were asking for closure and I felt bad for not
posting it. Some of you refused to study for your exams before getting that closure!!!
And I can't have you guys flunk because of me! God knows there are other better
reasons for you to flunk! (Not that you should...)
So!
Without further adieu.... Here's an even bigger cliffhanger!
*Runs away*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Lena?” someone said.

I *flew here... On on a bus.*

“Lena, I know this...”

*Kara Danvers believes in you.*

“... but please let me just...”

*I was ge- uhh getting coffee with Kara Danvers when you called.*

Lena stood motionless. The world fell away completely, stripped of all color. Except the woman
who stood before her. The woman who Lena could not help but stare at. Her eyes lifelessly frozen
to a super suit and a pair of glasses.

*Don't you think that this device will force aliens back into the very shadows that the president is
trying to shine a light on?*

Memories replayed in her mind. Countless memories of two different people, being merged into
one.

*I will always be by your side. That will never change, Lena. You have my word.*
Her mind went from one moment to another. Scrutinizing details she once missed.

What about uhh your friend Kara Danvers? I am sure she'd be happy to let you stay with her for the time being.

“Lena, please. Say something.”

She said she didn’t much care for you to be convinced when lives were at stake. Don’t hold it against her, she’s just worried about me.

Supergirl took a step forward. One step was all it took for Lena to flinch and back away with two steps of her own. She registered the hurt on the blonde’s face but couldn't find any effort to acknowledge it.

Convince me why I should just leave right now and never see you again. Give me one good reason to leave, and if it’s true, if it truly shows that I deserve better than you., then I'll leave.

Her eyes met those blue ones behind the clear surface of those glasses. It wasn't fully adding up to her. The glasses and the super suit. Together. It was as though seeing the sky beneath you. Wrong. Out of place.

Be your own hero. Supergirl had once said.

I will always protect you. Kara had once promised.

Her thoughts were clashing against each other. An inner war she had no way of knowing how to resolve. Or which side she wanted to be on. Or what the war was about. All she knew is that she could no longer think clearly. It was the equivalent of being naked in the midst of a blizzard. Her body screaming at her to do something. But her mind slowly preparing for what’s to come. Fully knowing there was no point in even trying to begin with.

Did I mention how beautiful you look tonight? And how much I don’t mean it as a goodbye?

Lena’s mind dived deeper into details of those memories. Her own thoughts. Her own suspicions. Ones she had carelessly disregarded at the time.

My perfume. Kara came to the gala wearing my perfume.

She replayed every moment of that night. Supergirl flying down behind her.

Ms. Luthor. Thank you for inviting me.

Supergirl touching her. Kissing her.

I hate it when I have to be so formal with you in front of them.

Her smirk.
You don’t think I am fancy enough like them?

Then, Kara. Hugging her.

Lena. I've missed you, so much.

Her warm smile.

I know how busy you are. I am surprised you manage to find time for me.

Lena gasped.
That was a lie.

She went further back, remembering the first gala.

So Kara and I will see you tomorrow night?

Right! Yes! Kara and I will both be at your party!

Lena remembered how Supergirl landed that night, spoke to her, and flew off. It was just when Supergirl had left that Kara showed up.

Kara, you just missed Supergirl.

Did I? Golly!

“Lena. Please just let me explain everything. Please, Lena, just look at me.”

Lena left no memory unturned. There wasn’t a moment she had seen both Supergirl and Kara Danvers at the same time. It was as though her mind was looking for a scrap of detail that denied what her eyes witnessed before them. That maybe she can remember something that would convince her that what she saw was not possible. That Kara could not possibly be...

I can't. I can't even say it.

“... And that you probably feel betrayed, but...”

Lena went back into her mind, reevaluating occurrences that happened. She found herself replaying the closest memory. The one that had taken place no more than an hour ago.

What about Helena?

Lena remembered being confused. Kara had only met Helena once. For barely more than a minute. But now it made perfect sense.

Supergirl met Helena. Saw me interact with her. Was even jealous of her. That's why Kara thought...

“... And everything just got so complicated. I wanted to tell you, but...”

Lena gulped down. Everything made sense now. There was no denying it. Try as she might, she couldn't find any proof that what she saw in front of her was not true. She dragged her gaze from behind Kara and met blue guilty eyes. She felt the air around her thicken in panic. As though she was seeing the rest of the world through silver suffocating fog.

Kara Danvers is Supergirl.

She gulped down.

Supergirl is Kara Danvers.

Lena felt her breath shake at the next thought.

The two women I've been in love with are one and the same.

How did I miss it? How could I have been so stupid as to not notice the same person behind glasses and a hairdo!

“Rao, Lena. You're scaring me. Please just say something. Anything.”
How did I not see it? I was in love with two different people. But now...

Feelings of betrayal flushed through her as she registered all the moments Supergirl and she had spent together. All the things she had confessed to the hero. The times she had told her about Kara. The kisses they had shared. The...

Oh God! We slept together! I slept with Kara. Thinking that she was...

Supergirl took a very cautious step forward. Slowly. And Lena’s eyes widened as she also slowly took a step back, feeling the glass of the balcony door on her back.

“Lena. It's still me. I am not going to hurt you. I would never. Just let me come closer. Let me explain everything.”

And then she heard it. A voice in her head. More of a laugh actually. Lillian’s. She was laughing. Mocking.

Oh, Lena, my darling daughter. You are as naive as they come. Falling in love? Lillian’s scoffed in her mind. Pathetic.

“Lena! Say something! Anything! Be mad at me! Please!” Super-Kara looked desperate. Frantic.

Be mad at me.

I should be mad. Why am I not mad? Or upset? Or... Anything? Why am I not angry at her for lying to me? She lied. Slept with me. And then had lunch with me as someone completely different. Why am I not mad?!

“Lena? You haven’t said a single word. Rao, yell at me! Do something!”

Why am I not yelling? I should be yelling at her. But... I don't feel anything.

And that was when it happened.

The numbness took over.

It was as though a switch was flipped.

Empty. That's how she felt. Nothing but cold steel emptiness.

Her heart completely closed in on itself. Formed a solid cocoon. A brick wall. Bolted shut.

Her mind cleared. No longer filled with thoughts or memories. But rather voices laced with self hatred.

Because now...

It no longer mattered. Now, all that was left is an emotional numbness due to a long string of painful events.

What was once a void of emptiness inside of her fully took over. Eradicating all emotions. All thoughts. All feelings.

She breathed deeply, her expression cold. No longer possessing the loving smile she usually had in the presence of either of the women she loved. The once genuine smile she was ever only able to uphold.

“Lena. Say something. Please.” Kara was now whispering, a whimper escaping her lips.
Lena's jaw clenched as she gritted her teeth. Gulping down whatever was left of her emotions. It took her no more than a minute to calm her heartbeat down. Making sure it took on a calm tempo before speaking.

"Kara," she couldn't help but flinch at the use of the name, but she immediately put her mask back on. "I... I see." her voice was groggy. She spoke slowly. Careful with her words. "Forgive me for being silent, I was merely taken by surprise. But, it's... It's uhh quite alright."

"Lena, please. I know I betrayed your trust. But I did want to tell you. I really did. I just didn't know how."

Lena’s throat was dry. She swallowed down again before speaking, “No. I... I understand. You weren't ready. In the end, it was your secret. You don't have to worry. I'm not... I'm not mad.”

"Lena..."

"Kara. It's fine.” Lena smiled. No longer did she use the genuine smile she reserved for Kara. Instead, she used the smile she normally used with the likes of Lillian. Or even Agent Danvers. Cold. Forced. “You don't need to apologize for anything. I understand. You saw no reason to tell me at the time. I mean, why would you? And I see no reason to be mad at something that is your right to keep.” Lena smiled once more. She forced herself to walk over to her desk, finding her knees barely able to hold her upright.

I need to get out of here.

Still trembling slightly, Lena busied herself collecting papers from her desk, tapping them a few times to straighten them out, and putting them inside her laptop handbag.

Kara wasn't convinced it seemed, “No, Lena look at me. I know you. Don't shut me out. You're upset, I could feel it. Just tell me what to do. Tell me how to make this right. Scream at me. Shout at me. Rao, anything but this! This, you being ok with everything! I know you're not.”

Kara took a few more steps towards her, and it took everything in Lena not to flinch at her approaching. She somehow managed to stay calm. Keep her pulse steady. But when Kara reached to touch her arm, she couldn't help but move away, pretending that she needed to grab a paper from the farther side of the desk.

“Kara, please. Let's not make this into something bigger than what it is.” her voice was cold. Unaffected by the reveal she had just witnessed. “You're Supergirl. A Kryptonian. This doesn't change anything. I don't see why this needs to be a problem between us. I fully understand why you kept it from me. I do. I am a Luthor after all.” she let out a small pitiful laugh and noticed Kara was about to intervene. She pushed to continue faster, "But I do hope you forgive me if I need a bit of time to myself. You've just taken me by surprise is all.”

Lena saw the hurt on Kara’s face. She saw it. It was clearly there. And there was once a time where she would have moved heaven and earth to erase such a look from Kara’s face. Or even Supergirl's face. But now...

She felt nothing.

"Of course, take all the time you need. This is a huge deal, and...”

"It's not that big of a deal, Kara, believe me.” she lied.

Kara now was confused. Her hand came up and took off her glasses and Lena sucked in a breath as though just experienced the whole thing all over again.
Kara Danvers is Supergirl.

Supergirl is Kara Danvers.

“Lena, this doesn't have to change anything between us.”

“My thoughts exactly. I told you, this isn't some big revelation that will alter our friendship. Though I do need some time to...” she paused, looking for the least harsh way she could put it. “Get used to the idea, if you don't mind.”

“Of course. Whatever you need.” Kara shook her head in reassurance.

“Thank you, Super... Uhh Kara. Now, I don't mean to cut this short, but I really must be going. I have a conference call with Dubai that I need to attend to in my home office. I can't be late.”

“Would you like me to fly you...”

“No.” She said quickly. Too quickly, that Kara flinched at the response. “I... I just mean that my driver is waiting for me downstairs and I would hate to bother you.”

“Lena, you already know it's no bother for me.”

“I am still not very fond of flying.”

“I won't let anything happen to you.”

They both looked at each other in deafening silence. The sentence weighing heavily between them. Both of them knowing its false pretense. The double meaning behind those words. Because Kara did let something happen to her.

“You can't say that anymore,” Lena couldn't help mumble under her breath as she made her way to the bedroom inside to pretend as though she were grabbing something from there.

“What do you mean?” she heard Kara follow her into the bedroom.

Lena was rummaging through the closet, filling a small purse with random items she didn't need but pretended as though she did.

“Nothing. I just meant you never really know what could happen. Like I've said before, you can't always be there to protect me, Supergirl” Dammit! “I... I meant Kara. Sorry. It just needs getting used to, I suppose.”

Kara smiled warmly, “It's fine.”

Lena noticed the small purse was filled to the brim with makeup and accessories she didn't even notice she had packed. She zipped it up as she was walking towards the door. She almost bumped into Kara who stood motionless, staring at the bed, her eyes focused. Lena looked over out of reflex and felt memories slip through her walls.

Their first times.

Why are you so hell bound on saving me? There are people far more worth saving

Their first kiss.

Wow. Some people fantasize about hooking up with a Luthor, while others can't stand to be touched by one.
**Rao, you're unbelievable sometimes!**

First embrace.

**You're worth saving to me.**

Their arguments and their laughs.

**But you can’t call pancakes dinner. They’re breakfast food.**

The first time they've...

**No!**

The room was too small. It further reminded her of the first time Supergirl was here. When it had been too small then. It was still too small. Especially when Kara was looking at her the way she did that first time. Wanting filling her eyes.

Lena turned away. Pushed the memories over the edge of her mind and closed back every door. Allowing the sense of emptiness to fill her once more. She circled the hero and went back to her desk, stuffing the small purse inside the other bag and holding the bag firmly in her hand. Her knuckles turning white from how tight she was holding it.

“When can I see you again?” Kara asked cautiously. She had made her way to the coat rack and grabbed Lena’s long black coat.

She walked back to Lena and held the coat expectantly. Lena stared at the coat. Remembering the first time Supergirl held it up for her just like this not long ago. She decided to instead take the coat herself rather than slide her arms inside like Kara had expected. Lena saw the surprise on Kara’s face, the crinkle of her eyebrows together. She forced herself to ignore it.

“I... I am not sure. I just need a few days to gather my thoughts. I’ll probably be busy with work anyway. And you'll be starting back at CatCo soon enough. I am sure you’ll have much on your plate.”

**Ms. Grant said that we could all come back first thing Monday. I am so excited! Wait! Tomorrow's not Monday is it?!!**

Kara smiled her warm full smile. It was wrong. It was Kara smiling but in Supergirl’s apparel. It felt wrong to Lena. “I actually have a few articles about L-Corp that Ms. Grant wanted me to write. So, we might be seeing each other next week for some interviews.”

“That’s wonderful, Kara.” Lena lied through her teeth. “I am glad to hear that.” Everything she said sounded forced. Emotions completely extracted from her words.

Kara smiled even more brightly. It still felt wrong to Lena. “So I guess we’ll see each other in the next couple of days, then.”

“Of course. But Like I said, I just...”

“Time. Right! Sorry, it slipped my mind. I get it! I mean this,” she gestured to her suit, “This isn’t something you just get over immediately. I bet you have a lot of questions and...”

“I really don’t, Kara. Like I said, I am completely fine with you not telling me.” She continued to lie.

However, slowly they tended to not sound like lies anymore. They gradually began to sound like
the truth. Because she was fine, she told herself. All of this is perfectly fine. The fact that Kara had lied to her over and over again was fine. The fact that she had been in love with two completely different women who happened to turn out to be the same person is... Fine.

I am fine.

It was as though all the fight had left her body. Every ounce of fortitude she prided herself with just disintegrated. She was exhausted. Tired of fighting back. She no longer felt anything. No longer found herself feeling any kind of emotion but one.

Betrayal.

It was the pattern that provoked her the most. This unbreakable pattern of people continuously lying to her. Deceiving her. Belittling her. This pattern that mocked her intellect of knowing whom to trust. She thought she had broken the pattern. She thought she can finally trust again. With Supergirl. With Kara.

Lena looked around her and found herself on the floor sprawled against her front door. When did I get home? Her mind was foggy and she felt the headache slowly creeping in. She got up from her spot, her stomach churning at the movement for some reason, her head spinning. Her feet dragged across the floor and she leaned against the kitchen countertop, waiting until everything slowed down and stopped spinning. She opened her eyes to the sight of her feet. When did I take off my heels? As she raised her head again, shutting her eyes tight for a few seconds from the searing headache, she saw that it was close to three in the morning. How long had I been sitting there? I don’t even remember coming home. It felt as though she had a hangover; but she was positively sure she had not drunk at all. Too scared to drink. She knew if she drank, the voices in her head would just get louder.

Lena took off her coat, letting it fall carelessly on the kitchen floor as she made her way into the bedroom. She slid off her skirt and blouse, flinging them on the floor of the living room on her way. She entered her room and stiffened.

I keep forgetting you’re extremely rich

Lena looked at the spot where she stood. Where Supergirl had stood, carrying her as she studied her room. Memories pushed against the walls she built around her mind, aching to get in. She looked up and sucked in a breath. Seeing the bed in front of her took her by surprise.

How long do we have?

An hour and a half? Ok good. I can work with that.

The walls cracked slightly, memories seeping frantically in.

Did you just call my money annoying?

Well, we aren’t all geniuses that happen to have a thesaurus built inside our brains.

Lena’s eyes were glued to the bed, remembering the promises that were said to her.

I will always be by your side. That will never change, Lena. You have my word.

And then Lena started to remember the hesitancy that began to linger on Supergirl’s features.

I promise to stay by your side even when you don’t want me to
There's something I have to tell you. And... And I don't know how you would react.

All the things you mentioned are normal. Human even.

You don't care that I am Supergirl.

I hate the inevitability of it all. That this thing between us is just here now. I hate the possibility of it not being there later.

So much made sense now. So much that Supergirl had said was now clear.

Lena I have to tell you something. But I can’t... I can’t lose you because of it.

“Fuck!” she shouted at no one but herself, running her hands through her hair. She couldn’t keep the voices at bay. The memories were too loud. Keeping them in was taking every ounce of effort from her.

A few minutes. Just a few minutes.

She gave herself permission to let down her guards for a few minutes. She gave herself permission to drown in her self-loathing and pity. She needed it. It was useless she knew. But somehow her mind craved the hatred. All she needed were a few minutes to process everything that had happened today. Acknowledge the fact that she had slipped up once again.

So, she walked across the room and looked in the mirror. She hated looking at her reflection. Hated her reflection looking back at her.

Lena looked in the mirror, making eye contact with herself. She stared into those piercing, cold green eyes. She hated those accusing emeralds that somehow also held weakness. Her weakness. Those forest green eyes that reminded her so much of... Lex. Even the scathing indictment present in them reminded her of her brother.

Her denial began to seep through her thoughts, spitting out lies of her wellbeing.

You’re fine. It’s fine that you have nobody. You don’t need anybody.

Images of Super... Of Kara’s smile and her warm embraces came back to haunt her.

I was stupid. I slipped up. It won’t happen again.

As she looked in the mirror, she caught a glimpse of a woman she no longer recognized. Painted with weakness and fragility. She gave herself a disgusted look. One that conveyed absolute pity for herself.

Worthless. She thought. The word echoed in her mind.

Being on my own is what I deserve. They’re better off.

As she looked in the mirror at her disheveled reflection, she found herself embracing all the flaws she saw in herself. Lena knew how each of her imperfections came about. She could remember where and when each of them had occurred. How each of them made her stronger.

The coldness that Lillian had drawn across her face. The manipulation and the ruthless approaches at parenting that Lillian had used had their permanent dire effect on the young Luthor. Lena remembered Lillian’s harsh tactics in teaching simple lessons. Her nonexistent motherly warmth. Her cold hands. Her ever so lasting formal demeanour. Despite how harsh Lillian’s strategies were, she always preferred mind games over physical abuse in the form of punishment. As
opposed to Lionel that is.

The few scars on her body that were a result of Lionel’s heavy drinking. Lena touched the scar just below her elbow. She recalled Lionel’s face when she had disturbed him once during his drinking. He was furious. His face drenched in anger as he unbuckled his belt and swiped it from its holes. Lena was old enough to know what was coming so she covered her face with her arms, flinching when the metal hit just below her elbow. She had braced herself for the second hit when she felt nothing. Instead heard the grunting of someone else getting hurt. She had opened her eyes to Lex’s back, as he shielded her from the second blow. And the third. And the fourth. The nastiest of the blows created a scar for Lex just under his ear. Lena had tended to it after Lionel had calmed down and Lex had tended to her own, both of them not uttering a single word.

Then there was the longing clear on her face for a normal life. With Jack. She could have had it with him. A regular, normal life. It didn’t even have to be romantic. Jack was her friend and her companion long before they became more. The only reason for them leaving each other was mainly due to Lena leaving and moving to National City. Jack had been one of the very few things that were good in Lena’s past. He had made her laugh. Made her cry. And now he was gone. Because of me. I killed him.

Lena then saw the betrayal of Rhea’s false affection in her frowning features. She remembered the smile on Rhea’s face. The tenderness she showed her. Lena remembered how Rhea encouraged her to be better. To think clearer. She recalled how easy it was for her to fall into Rhea’s trap. The lingering doubt left on Lena’s face reminded her why it was even harder to trust anyone anymore.

Lena looked at herself in the mirror and filled her mind with the countless times she had been forced to defend herself.

*There’s a perfectly reasonable explanation as to why I wasn’t aboard the venture yesterday.*

*You think that’s something I would do? You know, Kara, you are starting to sound a lot like a reporter and not a friend right now.*

*Or are you one of those people that thinks there’s no such thing as a good Luthor?*

*I doubt you would have believed that a Luthor just wanted justice done.*

She was so tired. Tired of defending herself and tired of the accusations that never ceased.

She looked at her reflection and noticed the new layer of pain that had formed. The evident heartache that Kara had left behind.

She nodded once to herself in the mirror.

*From now on, it’ll only be me. It’s going to be alright. I’ll be alright on my own.*

She tried for a smile, and noticed how broken it appeared.

*I don’t need anyone. I can survive on my own. I’ve done it before.*

Lena opened her eyes to the sound of music playing. It was calm. Sensual. But also vibrant. *Bach.* She remembered it was Sunday and on Sunday mornings her phone was programmed to play the Cello Suite precisely at nine through all the speakers in her penthouse. Lena normally enjoyed the
sound of the cello being skillfully played, but today was different. Today, everything seemed... distasteful.

She grabbed her phone and turned it off, basking in the silence that eradicated any sense of beauty left. Flashes of last night’s incident filled her mind and she gritted her teeth at the memories.

*I am Kara Danvers.*

She sighed frustratingly and closed her eyes. Sleep was her only refuge. Sleep didn’t allow any memories to invade her thoughts. So she closed her eyes and welcomed it.

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Lena woke up to the sound of a scream. A screeching sound of pain and misery. She bolted up, her eyes scanning the room. Except... She wasn’t in her room. She wasn’t even in her apartment. She was in some sort of prison cell. One large enough to fit what looked like a dozen other people with her. No one screaming at all. They all sat on the floor, some leaning on the steel walls, some sat crossed legged in the middle. Lena looked to her left to find Kara sitting beside her, her knees hugged to her chest, her expression frightened.

*Where am I? Why are we locked up?*

She frantically looked around the cell at the countless faces to see if she recognized anyone else. Kara’s sister sat beside her. That detective that had arrested her sat beside the DEO agent. On the wall next to them was Veronica Sinclair, Jack, Rhea, Lisa - a girl she had unfortunately dated in boarding school - and Helena. She recognized the faces of two police officers that had verbally harassed her on more than one occasion back in Metropolis. The face of a girl who had spread rumors about her in boarding school. Clark Kent, the judge who would issue any warrant if it meant ransacking her belongings, and few other faces she couldn’t focus on. Then, Lionel and Lillian sat beside one another in the middle of the room, with Lex seated against the wall behind them. Lena looked at her heart fluttered at the sight of her brother. *God, I missed you.*

And finally, Supergirl. She sat leaned against the furthest wall. Alone. Her expression focused. At the back of her mind, Lena could feel there was something wrong about both Supergirl and Kara being there. She tried grasping at what that feeling entailed. But it was no use. So she ignored it, meeting the hero’s blue gaze.

*Why isn’t she doing anything? She could easily break through those iron bars.*

They continued to look at each other. It felt as though forever passed by, but Lena didn’t mind. Somewhere in her mind, she felt that she had missed looking at Supergirl like this. That she should seize this moment where she could simply drown in those eyes. It was a strange feeling. Screaming at her that she might not have this opportunity later on. But she didn’t understand the meaning of it. *Why would she miss Supergirl if she saw her almost everyday?* It didn't make sense to Lena. None of this made sense.

Supergirl smiled, and Lena felt her heart skip a beat at that smile. She had missed that smile. Missed Supergirl's touch. Her kiss. *But why? Why do I miss her so much? We were just together this morning. Were we not?*

Lena felt as though her body moved of its own accord. Aching to be near the hero. But she felt soft fingers wrap around her wrist, stopping her from getting up. Lena looked beside her to the frightened blue eyes that were Kara’s.

“Lena? Please don’t leave me.” Kara whispered.
Lena felt her heart break at the terrified blonde. Every ounce of her being wanted to protect her from anything and everything.

Kara was the purest entity she had ever come across. A warm iridescent light in Lena’s cold ominous life.

But Lena turned her head to find Supergirl still smiling. Looking like the safest place to be.

Because Supergirl made her feel safe.

And in this place, locked up God knows where, she needed to feel safe. She needed the coldness of this cell to be vanquished by Supergirl’s warm embrace. Hide her face in the crook of her neck. Fill her lungs with the scent of rain. She wanted to go to her. No. She needed to go to her. To know if Supergirl was alright. Ask her why she wasn't doing anything.

But she also needed to protect Kara. Stay with her to make sure she felt safe. To make sure Kara was safe. Lena looked over to her wrist cuffed by Kara’s hand. The need and dependence lingering in that hold. Kara needed her. And Lena felt that need. She knew how it felt to need someone so much. She herself was guilty of needing Kara’s smile on more than one occasion.

Lena felt conflicted between the two of them. She couldn't choose. Couldn't bring herself to choose one over the other. One of them made her feel safe, the other made her feel needed. It was an impossible choice.

“Lena?” Kara whimpered beside her.

“Lena.” Supergirl muttered with a confident smirk.

I... I can't.

I can't choose between the two of you.

I can't. I won't.

“I can't!” she shouted bolting up from her bed. Her breaths were frantic as she registered she was back in her room. She felt her heart as though about to explode in her chest, beating heavily.

It was just a dream. It was just a dream.

Kara Danvers is Supergirl.

Supergirl is Kara Danvers.

Lena looked at her phone and saw that it was close to three in the afternoon.

Well I can hardly call it breakfast, it’s 2 in the afternoon. I can’t remember the last time I’ve slept this long.

She grunted as she placed her head back on the pillow and closed her eyes. Hoping this time, her refuge would be in recluse.

This time, Lena woke up to the sound of her phone ringing. She looked up at the ceiling feeling numb. As though it didn't matter if she got up from this bed today or not. A sigh escaped her lips as she made to grab her phone. She registered it was close to six and the ringing she had heard were messages from Kara.
She set down her phone beside her without bothering to open the messages. She couldn’t. Not now. She closed her eyes once more, hoping sleep would just take her again.

Sleep was not merciful enough to come. So she got up, sitting on the side of the bed facing the glass windows of her room. The drapes didn't allow any sunlight to seep through and Lena was thankful for them. She picked up her phone once more and read the messages Kara had sent.

Lena?

Are you ok?

Did you have a nightmare?

Lena, I know you said you needed space, but I just need to know you're alright. You haven’t answered my texts.

The messages were sent from Supergirl’s phone, and as much as she hated to admit it, it made Lena sick. She hated that Kara could easily figure out she had a nightmare just by the sound of her heartbeat. She was about to ignore the messages when another one popped up.

Lena, please don't shut me out.

Lena felt her heart clench at that last message. She sent a simple reply consisting of three words.

I am fine.

She got up and noticed she was only in her bra and underwear. After putting on an oversized shirt and her glasses, she made her way into the kitchen to make herself some coffee. Her body was sore, every muscle aching from so much sleep. But she didn't care. She failed to find any part of herself that honestly cared. It was as though her mind stopped making that extra effort to bother about anything.

She did however replay that dream in her mind. As odd as that dream might have seemed, it made her realize something. Something she had forced herself to avoid. It opened her eyes to a truth she had long ago buried very deep inside of herself. And with that truth in mind, she made some calls to arrange a few things accordingly.

As she took her coffee to the living room, she sat down on the couch and began typing out a text to Jess, letting her know she won't be coming in for work for the next two days. She then spoke to her head of security and made sure she had a team accompany her.

Now there's only one more thing to do. One more person to see.

Kara opened the door, and Lena was relieved she had control over her betraying heartbeat. This time, Lena knew Kara could hear it clearly.

“Lena?” Kara seemed just as surprised as when Lena came knocking on her door yesterday. Maybe even more.

Lena cleared her throat, her look piercing but emotionless. Nonetheless she still managed an exiguous smile, “Kara, I hope this isn't a bad time…”

“No, no. I am so glad you came. Come in.” Kara smiled widely as she moved aside to let Lena come in.
Lena took a step inside, her hands in her coat pockets, playing with the small box she held tightly, “I won't be long I just came to...” Lena trailed off when she noticed Kara’s sister getting up from the couch. She clenched her jaw. Yet another thing she didn't need right now. Confrontation with someone she deeply disliked. “Oh. I see you've got company. Forgive me, I'll come by another time then.” Lena turned around to head back into the hallway.

“Lena, it's fine. You don't...” Kara reached to grab at her wrist, and Lena flinched as though burned by the touch. As though electricity had shot through her body.

She registered the look on both Kara and her sister’s face. The calculated look of the DEO agent and the hurtful one of Kara. Lena looked at her hand as though expecting a burn mark. It was a reflex. She didn't mean to flinch away from Kara’s touch.

“I... I am terribly sorry. You just caught me by surprise.” she lied. And it was obvious it was a lie. It was obvious to everyone present. “Kara, we can talk later. You should be with your sister.” she gave a half smile, “Goodbye.”

Lena walked off into the hallway hurriedly. She needed to be out in the open. Needed to be able to breathe the cold night air. The last thing she needed was Kara running after her.

“Lena, wait.” Kara called out just as Lena pressed the elevator button. “Lena, please. You don't have to go. It's fine. Alex was just leaving anyway.”

“Kara, it's fine. I should have called first. It was inappropriate of me to just show up. I’m terribly sorry.”

“Lena, you're welcome anytime. You know that!”

Yes, but things are different now.

“Kara, you should go back inside.”

“Lena, you obviously came for a reason. Please, let's just go inside and talk.” Kara smiled warmly. It wasn't one of her signature smiles. The contagious ones. It was warm. The corner of her mouth slightly tilting. The way Supergirl smiled at her.

Lena looked at her for long lingering seconds before making up her mind.

“Actually, here's just fine. I came to give you something.” Lena suddenly felt weak. This wasn't how she planned on giving it to her. It was supposed to be a gift. A symbol of her appreciation to Supergirl. A token that resembled their connection. It was supposed to be memorable. She planned on giving her this gift on the balcony where they've first connected. Not in a neutral-colored hallway. She cleared her throat before speaking, “I had been working on this for quite some time ever since you and I...” What? Ever since we what? There's no fucking word for it! “Ever since we began seeing each other. Before...” she paused again, finding it hard to grasp at words. “Before you told me. I wasn't planning on giving it to you until later but I...” she swallowed down. She found it ironic how she had been practicing what she would say to Supergirl once she gave this to her for days now. Her semi-speech consisted of confessions of love and devotion. Nothing like this. She never expected she would give it like this. As though it were some kind of card she was signing to a colleague she barely knew. “But I have business out of town to attend to and I didn't want to leave without you having it.” She finally said as she pulled her hand from her pocket, exposing a small red box with a ribbon on top.

Kara took the small box, her expression confused, but nonetheless complacent. She slowly took off the lid to reveal a silver ring. The ring was special. It was crafted in a way that one side of the ring looked like a heartbeat that was usually seen on an EKG.
Lena read the shock on Kara’s face and immediately registered what this looked like. “Oh. This isn’t... This is not a proposal.” She quickly said.

“Umm no of course not. I didn't think it was.” Kara said slowly, her eyes glued to the ring in awe.

“I uhh made that ring myself. I programmed it to emit a recording of my heartbeat at all times. The sound is too low for anyone else to hear but you. It also emits low frequency pulsations that imitate my own.”

Kara seemed speechless, which was what Lena initially had hoped would be the reaction of Supergirl. But now... Now it was all just awkward. Kara took out the ring, feeling it thoroughly with her fingers. She closed her eyes, seeming to concentrate on something. She’s listening.

The blonde let out a small laugh. She opened her eyes, sniffing. “It’s a happy beat.”

Lena smiled looking at the ring in Kara’s hand, “I took the recording while thinking of you.” She admitted without helping herself. She quickly shook her head, fearing emotions would seep through. “Anyway, like I said, I have business out of town and I didn’t want to leave without telling you and giving you this. In case...” Lena paused, “In case you have another episode.”

“Oh, you mean...”

“Yes.”

“Thank you. I don’t... I don’t know what to say.” Kara looked up, finally meeting her eyes with her own glassy ones.

“You don’t have to say anything. The ring is more practical than sentimental.” Lena felt her heart clench at that last sentence. Because that ring was the most sentimental thing she had ever worked on. She cursed herself for the slip, knowing fully Kara could hear her heartbeat. “I also included a chain in there incase you preferred not to wear it on your finger.” Lena said casually, “I hated the idea of breaking the promise I made to you that day. And so I decided to give it to you before I left.”

“How long will you be gone for?”

“Just a few days.”

“Lena, this doesn’t by any chance have anything to do with...”

“Not at all. I need to be in Vancouver for the primary test runs of the first prototype I am building with Helena.”

“Oh.” Kara frowned slightly, “I hope you have a safe trip then.”

“Thank you, Kara.” Lena placed her hands back in her pocket to stop them from shaking. “Well, I should be going now. My flight leaves tonight. Have a lovely evening with your sister.” Lena pressed the elevator button once more.

“Wait.” Kara seemed reluctant. Her arm outstretched but not touching Lena, seeing the way she flinched the last time.

Kara took one step towards her. And Lena stood her ground, not about to back out. But a step was all it took for her heart to spiral out of control with fear. It drummed against her chest as though Kara was about to beat her to death rather than simply touch her. Lena stood her ground, her eyes wide with commitment towards not moving a muscle. She breathed through her nose. Short frightened breaths. Her chest rose heavily.
Kara dropped her hand and backed away, the hurt so very clear on her face.

“You’re...” she choked back on her words.

The elevator dinged and Lena slowly let her knees hold her upright to walk inside the elevator. She pressed the ground floor and looked up, meeting Kara’s crushed look as the doors closed.

Lena got out of the car, wearing black pants and a blue button-down, with her long black coat on top, the collar popped up over the back of her neck. She felt as though the color black was the only color fit for this occasion. She was no longer in National City and therefore she was no longer Ms. Luthor - CEO, do gooder, and philanthropist. Here, she was Lena Luthor. Cold. Cunning. Vicious. She was the daughter and sister to the world’s most notorious killers. Lena entered the facility as though she owned it, which was not entirely far fetched, seeing that half the people here were under her payroll. Four heavily armed security guards, two men and two women, followed her. She didn't bother taking off her pilot sunglasses, didn't respect anyone here enough to give them the satisfaction of eye contact.

“Lena Luthor” The old man standing near the reception area spat disgustingly. “Haven't seen your face in... How long has it been?”

“Not long enough, I assure you.” Lena gave him a cold Luthor stare.

“Well that's the understatement of the year!” He grunted, “so the rumors are true, you came here to...”

“Yes, I am afraid so. Now, let's get this over with, shall we?”

“Your men and women here are gonna have to surrender their weapons beyond this point.”

“That shouldn't be an issue. Only two will be coming with me. The other two will keep their weapons on them and stay here.”

“My men will be watching. One wrong move and I am ordered to shoot on sight.” The grey haired man muttered.

“There's no need to resort to make belief. We both know that's not true one bit.” She turned around not giving him a chance to reply. “Diaz and Wilson, you're with me. You two stay put. Stay alert.”

“Yes, Ms. Luthor.” all four said in unison.

They walked the long hallway to an elevator. As the doors opened, two armed men stood guard inside. They rode down seven levels until finally the doors opened. Five men and women came approaching, patting her down and taking a retinal and a fingerprint scan.

“All clear.” The woman nodded, gesturing for Lena and her two guards to carry on.

They were ushered into another elevator, this one going sideways. The doors opened to more security with even bigger guns. The walls here were all made out of steel, and Lena felt a sense of deja vu come to life from her dream. Her heels clicked loudly on the metal floors as she made her way across. A key card was swiped to allow her access into another sector of the level. One final door stood in her way and she watched as three superior officers type up three different passwords and were also given retinal and fingerprint scans. It was now her turn to give her own password.
Lena stepped closer to the bolted door, and typed up the password that changed everyday, twice on some days. It was always the same word, but written in a different language each time. She switched the keyboard to the language she remembered was today’s password in and began typing three letters.

أخبار

The doors automatically began opening and she watched as the room inside came into focus.

Inside, was a large clear cube. Large enough to allow one person to live there.

Or be held there.

Lena walked inside the room until she was inches apart from the clear wall. Her heart thundering in her chest as she laid eyes on the man inside slowly getting up from the small cot and walking up to her.

Green piercing eyes very much like her own displayed a salient smirk that the devil himself would be jealous of.

“Hello, sister”

Chapter End Notes

Look at the bright side! At least this time you were warned! Does it hurt less knowing there was a cliffhanger?

Also... I got the idea for the ring from a BoredPanda article...
You can see the ring there if you'd like.
Ok. Here goes nothing.

“I am Kara Danvers.”

Kara winced as she finally said it. The sentence feeling heavy on her tongue. Its meaning. The repercussions that were expected to come with it.

She felt as though her heart was about to explode in her chest. But she also felt a weight had been lifted. As though she can breathe without this secret pressing in on her chest.

Lena seemed speechless.

Kara watched as Lena’s eyes widened in horror. Which was to be expected, she thought. She listened to the sound of her rapid heartbeat. Its shock. It reminded Kara of the time Lena had fallen off the balcony. Pushed off the balcony. Her heartbeat now measured up to the same one she had heard that night. Frightened. But also shocked. Horrified. So many emotions rushing into that single beat. Kara gulped down, not knowing what to do with that information.

Lena said nothing.

Gulping down, Kara began to speak again, “Lena, I know this is a lot to take in, but please let me just explain. It wasn't supposed to happen this way. I was going to tell you. I was.” She tried. “It's just I guess... I guess I was scared. Of losing you. Of hurting you. Of so many different things.” Lena wasn't looking at her anymore. And Kara frowned at the unfamiliarity of it. She gulped down once more, worried maybe this wasn't going as well as she thought.

Long dragging minutes passed by and Lena still said absolutely nothing.

“Lena, please. Say something.” Kara pleaded as she took a step forward. As though suddenly awoken, Lena immediately took two steps back. Her eyes wide in realization and her posture retreating as though backing away from something. Or someone.

Is she backing away from me? But...

Lena was still not looking at her. Her eyes glued to Kara’s red boots, as though anticipating another move. “Lena. Please just let me explain everything. Please, Lena, just look at me. I can explain everything. I know that I might have made a mess out of this.” Kara rubbed the back of her neck, slowly getting more nervous with Lena’s silence. “And I know Lena. I know that I should have told you from the beginning. Before we became...” she paused, searching for a way to phrase it, “More than friends. But every time I tried I felt like it was all going to be ripped away from me. And I know that what I did is horrible. And that you probably feel betrayed, but...”

Lena still won't look at her. Her eyes now stared into a wall behind Kara. “Lena you need to know, me not telling you has nothing to do with your name. It has nothing to do with me not trusting you.”

Kara dug her boot into the carpet, kicking it a few times and staring at the floor. “it's just...” she sighed, her voice drenched in longing, “We became so much more. I care about you and I know you feel the same way. What we have is special and I didn't want to ruin it. I was a coward I know. It was stupid. I should have had more faith in you. It's just... Us and... and everything just got so complicated. I wanted to tell you, but I knew that you wouldn't like it.”

Kara was starting to confuse herself now. She needed to get her thoughts in order. She looked up
from the floor to find Lena still in her haze. Still motionless. She listened closer to her heartbeat and found that the fear and horror were no longer there. It still was speeding exponentially but at least the horror was absent. Kara did a mental sigh of relief at that small victory. But Lena was still not moving. Still not speaking.

“Rao, Lena. You're scaring me. Please just say something. Anything.” Kara took another step closer to her, and watched as Lena once more stumbled back fearfully, reaching the glass balcony door behind her. Why won't she let me come closer?! The fear and horror crawled back into her heartbeat and Kara clenched her jaw at Lena being afraid.

“Lena. It's still me. I'm not going to hurt you.” Why would she think I would hurt her? Why is she scared?! “I would never. Just let me come closer. Let me explain everything.”

She won't look at me. Should I try jumping up and down? No, bad idea Kara. You'll scare her even more. Then what do I do?! I can't even get closer to her!

Kara was getting desperate. She had expected Lena to be upset. Angry even. Not this. “Lena! Say something! Anything! Be mad at me! Please!”

It was slowly creeping in on Kara the possibility of Lena’s reaction going very badly. The possibility of Lena pushing her away. Being furious. Never wanting anything to do with her anymore.

“Lena? You haven't said a single word. Rao, yell at me! Do something!” Kara’s distraught voice echoed in the silence.

Kara wasn’t sure if she had seen something flick in Lena’s eyes or she had simply imagined it. One minute Lena look horrified and the next...Kara could read nothing from Lena’s eyes. They were distant. Cold. Emotionless. She tried looking for a hint of the woman she slept beside, the woman she loved, but it was as though these eyes belonged to someone completely different. Her heartbeat slowed down. Dangerously calm. Her green eyes finally met Kara’s blue ones. Kara wasn’t sure if she had imagined all of this. Maybe this was all Kara’s mind playing tricks on her. Conjuring up hallucination of something... anything happening but Lena’s constant state of silence.

Because Kara can take the yelling. She can take the anger and the rage. She knew she deserved it. But she didn’t know what to do with silence.

Silence was taunting.

It was loud.

It was frightening.

Kara felt herself shiver, her breaths uneven as she slowly began to realize that maybe Lena had just given up on her. That this would be their last moment together. That she would never get to kiss her again. Hold her. Touch her even.

“Lena. Say something. Please.” Kara whispered, a whimper escaping her lips.

And just like that, Lena finally spoke.

“Kara. I... I see.” Lena spoke slowly. But she spoke. And that was all that Kara needed to feel the air rush back into her lungs. To let the feeling of relief wash over her. “Forgive me for being silent, I was merely taken by surprise. But, it's... It's uhh quite alright.”

She said it was alright! For a moment Kara celebrated in her mind. But a moment was all that it
was. Because Kara knew Lena. She knew her being ok with it was too... It was too easy.

“Lena, please. I know I betrayed your trust. But I did want to tell you. I really did. I just didn’t know how.” She explained again. Hoping that now that Lena was speaking, she might hear her out.

Lena seemed to swallow down before speaking, “No. I... I understand. You weren't ready. In the end, it was your secret. You don't have to worry. I’m not... I’m not mad.”

_She’s not mad. How is she not mad? Why is she not mad?! She has every right to be mad!_ Kara tried again, “Lena...”

“Kara. It's fine.” Lena smiled, and Kara couldn't help but sigh in relief at seeing her smile. _A smile is always a good sign. Right?_ “You don't need to apologize for anything. I understand. You saw no reason to tell me at the time. I mean, why would you? And I see no reason to be mad at something that is your right to keep.” Lena smiled once more, walking to her desk. She began collecting papers and stuffing them inside a bag.

_Why is she suddenly packing her things? Did I miss something?_

“No, Lena look at me. I know you. Don't shut me out. You're upset, I could feel it.” Kara was so deeply desperate. Desperate to do anything to fix this. “Just tell me what to do. Tell me how to make this right. Scream at me. Shout at me. Rao, _anything_ but this! This, you being ok with everything! I know you're not.”

Kara stepped closer to her. Slowly. Fearing Lena might back away again. But she didn’t and Kara sighed in relief at the notion. She was finally close enough to touch her. To feel her. Just the simplicity of being near her diluted some of Kara’s worry. Lena was so close that Kara found herself involuntarily reaching to touch her. But Lena backed away then, and Kara cursed herself for being selfish.

“Kara, please. Let's not make this into something bigger than what it is. You're Supergirl. A Kryptonian. This doesn't change anything.” Lena was stating her reasoning as though she were in a business meeting. She was using the same tone that she used with board members and clients. One she had never used with her. Kara frowned at Lena’s usage of that tone.

“I don't see why this needs to be a problem between us. I fully understand why you kept it from me. I do. I am a Luthor after all.”

_What? No. No, this has nothing to do with..._

Kara tried to refute Lena’s claim, but Lena continued quickly.

“But I do hope you forgive me if I need a bit of time to myself. You've just taken me by surprise is all.”

_Time. I can do that. It’s the least I can do. As long as she forgives me._

Kara clasped her wrist in her other hand. Her bottom lip jutting out sadly at the idea of not seeing Lena, but she agreed to it nonetheless. “Of course, take all the time you need. This is a huge deal, and...”

“It's not that big of a deal, Kara, believe me.”

_Not that big of a deal? I can't tell if she’s being serious or sarcastic. How is this not a big deal?!_ Kara took off her glasses, suddenly realizing their uselessness at this point. She didn’t much like
them anyway. True, they were part of her identity, but they also reminded her of the lies she’s forced to tell on a regular basis. The lies she had told Lena.

“Lena, this doesn’t have to change anything between us.” she tried again.

“My thoughts exactly.” Lena concurred almost immediately, “I told you, this isn't some big revelation that will alter our friendship. Though I do need some time to...” Lena paused momentarily, “Get used to the idea, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course. Whatever you need.” Kara shook her head in reassurance.

“Thank you, Super... Uhh Kara. Now, I don't mean to cut this short, but I really must be going. I have a conference call with Dubai that I need to attend to in my home office. I can’t be late.”

*She almost called me Supergirl.*

“Would you like me to fly you...” Kara offered. She hoped. She wanted any excuse to touch Lena. To be close to her.

“No.” Lena said quickly. Too quickly, that Kara flinched at the response. “I... I just mean that my driver is waiting for me downstairs and I would hate to bother you.”

*She’s being too formal. Why is she being so formal? Just be mad at me for Rao’s sake!*

“Lena, you already know it’s no bother for me.” Kara replied, pressing her lips tightly.

“I'm still not very fond of flying.”

Kara looked sullen, “I won't let anything happen to you.”

“You can’t say that anymore,” Lena walked off to the small bedroom.

That sentence felt heavy on Kara’s chest. She knew exactly what Lena had meant. And it had hurt. But she deserved it. And she was going to take all that Lena was about to throw at her. If Lena wanted to react by making subtle comments such as this one, then Kara was going to be patient and accept them.

“What do you mean?” she asked, feigning confusion.

“Nothing. I just meant you never really know what could happen. Like I’ve said before, you can’t always be there to protect me, Supergirl. I... I meant Kara. Sorry. It just needs getting used to, I suppose.”

A memory of the both of them talking on the balcony popped in Kara’s head.

*I won't let anything happen to you.*

*You can't always be there. There are other people in this city that need you, Supergirl.*

Kara smiled warmly, “It's fine.”

She watched as Lena packed a few things inside a bag. *Why is she packing? Is she going somewhere? Can I ask her?* Kara looked around the room. Her eyes settled on the bed, remembering the night before. How happy they were. Lena laughing. Actually laughing. There was nothing more that Kara enjoyed than the rarity of Lena’s heartfelt laugh. Kara often times found herself coming up with ways to elicit such a rarity. Lena smiled more than she laughed. And her smile was stunning, but her laugh. Her laugh reminded Kara of a Cereus flower that chooses to bloom only once on the span of a year, causing people to appreciate its beauty even
more because of the rare occasion.

Kara remembered Lena’s laugh the night before.

_I said half an hour. I can't be late._

She had laughed at Kara claiming she had heard an hour and a half. And Kara felt her heart melt at the sound. The way it vibrated in her ear as Kara kissed her neck. The way Lena’s fingers dug into her hair.

Kara pulled herself from her thoughts only to notice Lena standing close to her. The expensive perfume she always wore filling her lungs. But the closeness only lasted a second before Lena stepped away and out of the room.

“When can I see you again?” Kara asked cautiously. She looked around the room, finding Lena’s coat on the coat rack. She casually grabbed it, not thinking much of it. When she made her way back to Lena and held up the coat expectantly, Lena froze staring at the coat intently. _Did I do something wrong?_ Kara looked at the coat thinking maybe she got the wrong one. She turned back to Lena seeing she was still transfixed by the item of clothing.

Then, just as suddenly, Lena took the offered coat from Kara's hands and put it on herself.

“I... I'm not sure. I just need a few days to gather my thoughts. I’ll probably be busy with work anyway. And you’ll be starting back at CatCo soon enough. I'm sure you’ll have much on your plate.”

Kara beamed, remembering CatCo, “I actually have a few articles about L-Corp that Ms. Grant wanted me to write. So, we might be seeing each other next week for some interviews.”

Kara had absolutely no articles about L-Corp that Ms. Grant wanted her to write. She wasn't sure why she lied. The only thing she was sure of was that she was growing more desperate by the second.

“That’s wonderful, Kara. I'm glad to hear that.” Lena smiled again. And Kara found herself staring at her lips. _She's smiling. Smiling is a good thing._

“So I guess we’ll see each other in the next couple of days, then.” Kara exclaimed hopefully. Even if the excuse to see Lena was business related, she didn't much care. All she wanted was a reason to see Lena.

“Of course. But Like I said, I just...” Lena hesitated.

“Time. Right! Sorry, it slipped my mind. I get it! I mean this,” she gestured to her suit, “This isn’t something you just get over immediately. I bet you have a lot of questions and...” _Please ask me questions. I'll answer whatever questions you have. Just stop being so fine with it all._

“I really don’t, Kara. Like I said, I'm completely fine with you not telling me.”

_There it was again. She's fine with it._

Kara felt as though Lena wasn’t in fact completely fine with everything. She knew Lena tended to hide her pain away. But she didn't comment on the matter. Lena needed space. That much Kara understood. That much Lena deserved and so much more. And Kara was determined to give Lena the space she needed. Pushing away her fears of the possibility of Lena just shutting her out. Never forgiving her. Because even if Lena was not entirely honest about being fine with all of this, it was better than what Kara had expected Lena’s reaction to be.
Kara had expected her to be mad. Angry. To yell at her. Make her explain why she didn't tell Lena she was Supergirl from the very beginning. And a part of her was relieved that Lena hadn't asked. Because Kara had no answer to that question. She had excuses. She had unconvincing reasoning. But never a direct answer as to why she had not told Lena sooner.

And so, she decided to give Lena space. Hoping this will be fixed all on its own. Hoping Lena would not leave her.

Kara had hopes.

And all Kara could do was hold on to every promise Lena has ever made to her and hope.

“Alex, she... She wasn't surprised. Or angry. I heard her heartbeat. I know exactly how it sounds when she's angry. She was just...” Kara croaked weakly.

They were seated on the couch in Alex's apartment, Alex in her Pj's and Kara still in her Super Suit. Kara had flown back from Lena’s office to Alex’s place. She needed to speak to her sister. Needed someone to explain how it was possible for Lena to be fine with all of this but also sound... Not fine at all.

“It's ok Kara. She's just processing. She'll eventually understand. Just give her time.” Alex comforted her as she rubbed circles on her back.

“You didn't see her, Alex. She was so... Ok with it. As though she expected it somehow. Not the idea of me being Supergirl. But the fact that I would lie to her. Her heart was just... Calm.” Kara furrowed her brows together. She didn't understand.

“Kara, if she's not angry, that's a good thing.”

“No. It's not. Not with Lena. I know her. She kept saying it was fine.” Kara stared at the ground remembering Lena’s words, “She kept saying that nothing’s changed, but I don't know. I have a feeling that everything's changed.”

“Kara, you can't judge the situation from her heartbeat. She was just told something huge. You can't expect her to react normally. Maybe she was too shocked to be angry. Keep in mind she knew two completely different sides of you and she thought you were two completely different people. That's not something you get over easily. Give her time.”

“Yeah, I know. That's what she said. She said she's fine with it, but that she wanted time alone to process everything properly.” She raised her head to the ceiling, thinking maybe the answers were there.

“Which is understandable.” Alex claimed.

“It is, I guess. It's just...”

“Just what?”

“I don't know. I'm just not used to not seeing her everyday.” Kara bowed her head back down again.

“Gosh, you're such a sap.” Alex rolled her eyes.

Kara opened her mouth in disbelief looking at her sister, “Says the person who visited five different coffee shops the other day to get her fiancé an apple fritter. It took you two hours to grab
coffee when it usually takes less than ten minutes.”

“She only likes the apple fritter, ok?” Alex said defensively


“I'm not sappy.” Alex raised an eyebrow.

“Sure. You have something that me, Winn, James, Vasquez, and J’onn like to call ‘the Maggie giggle’. It only happens when you’re either talking about Maggie or if she walks in.”

“I do not!” Alex pushed herself off the couch in frustration.

“I swear once I was injured in the medical bay and you were giggling because I was lying down on the same bed that you stitched up Maggie in. I was in pain and you were talking about how that was the day you found out she was gay.”

Alex scoffed, but her face showed she remembered that day, “Oh, shut up. You were fine, it was just a bruise. And you were on the same bed as that time I stitched Maggie up on. I was stating a fact!”

“You were Maggie giggling.” Kara heard the door open, and watched as Maggie came inside, grinning profoundly.

“Stop calling it that. I do not giggle when Mag...”

Maggie wrapped her arms around Alex from behind, kissing her cheek softly, “Hey, baby. I could hear you two from across the hallway.”

As if right on cue, Alex giggled as she placed a hand behind Maggie’s head and the other over Maggie’s hands on her stomach. “Hey, I missed you.”

Maggie kissed her again, “I missed you too. And I love you, but you do have something called ‘the Maggie giggle’.” She kissed her one last time on the cheek before jetting off to the kitchen.

Alex turned around, “Hey! I do not!”

Kara laughed as her point was easily made with a clear demonstration in front of her eyes, “You literally just did it.”

Alex thought about it for a second, then seemed to give in. “Ok, maybe I do. But it’s only because I love her,” she pointed at Maggie who was bringing three beers with her. “I mean look at her!”

Kara accepted the beer from Maggie, “See? Sap.”

“Fine.” Alex sat down on the couch beside Kara and patted the spot beside her for Maggie to sit.

“So. Did I miss anything?” Maggie asked as she flung an arm around Alex's shoulders.

They filled in Maggie and decided to call it a night an hour later. Both Alex and Maggie insisted that Kara stay the night, and Kara was more than happy to stay close to them.

Kara spent the whole night listening to Lena’s heartbeat. Her pulse was slow. Edging between both sides of consciousness. But she wasn't asleep. It was as though her heart took on a beat that wanted to sleep but simply refused to out of spite. At around 4 am, she noticed Lena finally going to sleep, and Kara herself drifted off as she was listening.
It had been a long day for Kara. Several bank robberies, a jewelry heist, a fire, and an alien angry at tax prices. All of that and it was only close to three in the afternoon. She came back to her apartment to find Alex already there with Indian takeout on the table. She was on the phone, and Kara figured it was work since she had her stern authoritative voice activated. Kara went and changed into sweats and a hoodie before going back into the living room and plummeting on the couch.

“Ok. Good.” Alex said, “Have it ready for me tomorrow morning, we’ll run a test.” she closed the phone and sat down beside Kara on the couch. “Tomorrow, you and I are going to try out the neurotransmitter stabilizers that I had my team work on.”

Kara opened a box of butter chicken, her eyes closing for a second, breathing in the beautiful smell. “Are those the ones that would help me incase I get affected by Fright again?”

Alex grabbed the other container, “Yup. We’re still working on something that would render you immune to the neurotoxins, but they’re a bit trickier. For now, if by any chance you get affected again, these stabilizers should help. If they work.”

“Well, that’s reassuring”

“They’ll work, don’t worry. I designed them myself.” Alex rolled her eyes, walking towards the kitchen to grab something.

Kara was reaching for the TV remote when she felt it. She felt it more than she had heard it. An ache in her chest. Sometimes, Kara would be listening to Lena’s heartbeat without even realizing it. Keeping the sound permanently playing softly at the back of her mind. And that was exactly what she was doing now. She was listening to Lena’s heartbeat, a calm lazy beat that clearly conveyed Lena was still sleeping. It had initially worried Kara. Lena never slept past noon. Rao, Lena never slept past morning! Even on weekends. But today, Lena’s heartbeat had been telling Kara that she had been sleeping all day. And Kara felt guilty for listening in. For knowing that Lena had surrendered herself to sleep to avoid thinking of what had happened yesterday. But as the sound played softly at the back of her mind, she slowly began realizing a small fearful tug at Lena’s heartstrings. It was small. As though her mind wasn't fully processing the fear. But slowly it kept building up. And as Kara tuned her hearing closer she noticed that although her heart was slowly picking up speed it was simultaneously still lazy. Which meant Lena was having a nightmare.

Kara wasn't new to Lena’s nightmares. She had heard them on more than one occasion after the Daxamite invasion. She had even heard them a few times after Lena had visited Lillian in prison. And after she was kidnapped. This was no different. She wanted to go to Lena. To wake her up. But she knew she couldn’t. Not now. Lena asked for space. And time. And Kara was going to give it to her. So she waited. Waited until she felt the ache in her chest at Lena finally waking up. She could feel the blood rushing to keep up with her heartbeat.

Kara squeezed her eyes shut at the excruciating feeling and squeezed her hands into a fist. It would eventually pass, but at that moment, she felt everything that Lena had felt from the nightmare. Horror. Fear. Anger. Confusion. All blended into her heartbeat. It took several minutes for Lena to calm down. Several minutes for Kara to calm down. But then slowly, Kara felt Lena slip back into unconsciousness. Finally sleeping peacefully.

“Kara? Are you ok?” Alex asked cautiously.

“Yeah, I'm fine.” Kara managed to utter.

“Tell that to the TV remote you just crushed in your hand.”
Kara opened her fist and watched as black powder and small pieces of what presumably used to be a TV remote fell to the floor. “Sorry,” she conceded.

“It’s fine. I’ll go buy a new one tomorrow. Are you gonna tell me why the TV remote suffered at your hands?”

“Lena was having a nightmare.” She admitted.

Alex frowned, “And you know this, how?”

Kara put her head down the same way a puppy would do after breaking something, “I was listening in.” she confessed.

“How many times have we said that the whole listening thing is creepy as hell, Kar?” Alex scolded.

“I know. I know. I’m just so used to it. It happens now without me knowing! I swear. One minute I would be thinking of her smile and the next minute I’m listening to her sleep.”

Alex rolled her eyes and sat down next to her, putting her feet up on the coffee table and taking a swing at her beer bottle. She eyed Kara thoughtfully, her brow arching. “You don’t by any chance do that heartbeat thing with her do you?”

Kara yelped at the question, “Uhh what heartbeat thing?”

She hadn’t told Alex about the panic attack. She hadn’t even told her that she’s been using Lena’s heartbeat to calm down more than Alex’s.

“And there’s my answer.” Alex scoffed.

“What? What answer? There is no answer. There was a question. You were supposed to give an answer to my question, because I obviously can’t answer your question with another question. That would be... pfft that would be ridiculous.” Kara rambled on nervously.

Alex took another swing of her beer before saying, “And there’s my proof”

“What are you...” both Kara and Alex’s phone rang, saving Kara from becoming a blundering mess.

“It’s the DEO. Alien attack on Radisson Street.” Alex said as she grabbed her gun, Kara already in her super suit.

Kara flew down into the DEO carrying a Dryad on her shoulder. “Got another one for you guys. She’s umm kinda unconscious though. Sorry about that. Careful her thorns are really sharp.”

Four DEO agents took the Dryad away in handcuffs, and walked off.

“Uuuuh Guys!” Winn called from his computer.

“What’s wrong?” Kara replied, coming over to where he was sitting.

Winn’s fingers darted across the keyboard, typing endlessly. “Uuuuh portal. Portal opened up. Here in National City. You know how I was monitoring small changes in atmospheric levels in case another portal opens up? Will one just did!”
“Where? Where Winn?”

“I'm looking, I'm looking give me a second, It's on...” more typing, “On... On... It disappeared.” He muttered, his fingers going even faster, “The portal opened for approximately five seconds. I couldn't get an exact location, but it was somewhere close to the west side of National City.”

*Nowhere near L-Corp or Lena’s apartment. Good.*

Kara leaned over his shoulder, trying to decipher half of what Winn was typing with no use. She instead waited patiently for him to explain.

“Ok, so I managed to zoom in on a particular district that the portal might have been...wait a minute. That’s not right. Hold on.”

“What is it Winn?”

“Just give...” he squinted his eyes at the screen, “me a second. That shouldn’t be...” he began mumbling to himself, his expression confused. “Well that’s interesting.” Winn suddenly wheeled his chair across to another screen beside him, typing even quicker on that keyboard. Kara saw that he pulled out images of fright with some sort of calculations, “Yup. That’s what I thought.”

“Winn!”

“Oh, right. Sorry.” he quickly replied, “Ok. So, a portal did open up just now. That much I'm sure of. But...” he pointed a finger at the screen, “Not by the same person. At least not by the person who opened the last portal for Fright. Portals leave behind frequency residue that gives you some type of signature of their owner. And the person who just opened up this portal, is definitely not the same one who opened the portal for Fright the last time.”

“So, it’s either someone else completely came here, or that Fright found someone new to open portals for her.” Kara crossed her arms thinking, “I’ll go canvas the area. See what I can find. Can you fill in Alex for me?”

“Got it.”

__Kara flew inside her apartment just as Alex had entered through the door. Both of them exhausted. Their shoulders slumped and they hadn't eaten much. Their Indian takeout was left on the coffee table where they last left it. Cold and untouched. They had searched the whole area Winn had given the coordinates to with no avail. Another portal opened and Winn mentioned that this one also had a different signature. They canvassed the whole West side of the city looking for any sign of Fright but found nothing. After changing and sitting down again on the couch, they both looked at their food, too tired to heat it up even."

“How am I *this* tired and it’s still eight O’clock?” Kara grumbled.

“Apparently *all* the bad guys thought it funny to all do bad things on Sunday since it’s their day off from their real jobs.”

“Bad guys have real jobs?” Kara turned to her, confused.

“Oh yeah. They live normal lives to avoid suspicion.” Alex’s eyes suddenly lit up, “Speaking of which, we *have* to watch Dexter tonight!”
“NO!” Kara retorted, “You’ve shown me the trailer and it was horrifying. I'm not watching it.”

“I'm sick of watching Gilmore Girls.”

“How does anyone get sick of watching Gilmore Girls?!” Kara asked just as the bell had rung. She turned to x-ray the door, and gasped when she realized it was Lena. Suddenly all the exhaustion left her body as she flew to the door in lightning speed. When she opened the door, Kara was still surprised Lena was there. Really there. As though it was too good to be true.


She heard Lena clearing her throat before speaking. “Kara, I hope this isn't a bad time...”

“No, no. I'm so glad you came. Come in.” Kara smiled widely as she moved aside to let Lena come in.

She's here. Lena's here. Did she suddenly get more beautiful? Is that possible overnight? I think it is.

“I won't be long I just came to...” Lena paused for a second meeting Alex’s eyes, “Oh. I see you've got company. Forgive me, I'll come by another time then.” Lena turned around to head back into the hallway.

“Lena, it's fine. You don't...” Please don’t go.

Kara reached to touch her wrist, wanting to just feel her skin once again. Wanting to use any possible chance she got. Incase I don't get another. But just as she began reaching for Lena, Lena flinched fearfully and backed away as though electricity had shot through her. For a second, Kara thought maybe she had hurt her. Maybe Kara had touched Lena. Held on too tight. Broken her wrist without realizing. Maybe she pulled too hard. Because that was what the look on Lena’s face told her. But when she looked down at her hand, she saw it had not reached Lena's.

“I... I'm terribly sorry. You just caught me by surprise.” Lena explained. But Kara could tell it wasn’t the truth. She hadn’t seen surprise on Lena’s face moments earlier. She had seen fear. “Kara, we can talk later. You should be with your sister.” she gave a half smile, “Goodbye.”

Kara stood frozen for a few moments. The reality of Lena actually being there barely sinking in. And for it to be stripped away from her just as fast. She shook her head quickly and went after her.

“Lena, wait.” Kara called out, following her all the way to the elevator. “Lena, please. You don't have to go. It's fine. Alex was just leaving anyway.”

Lena pressed the elevator button and turned to her, smiling weakly. “Kara, it's fine. I should have called first. It was inappropriate of me to just show up. I’m terribly sorry.”

Why is she being so formal with me?!

“Lena, you're welcome anytime. You know that!” Kara tried to explain.

Please, please, please don’t go.

“Kara, you should go back inside.”

“Lena, you obviously came for a reason. Please, let's just go inside and talk.” Kara smiled warmly. Desperately. She scavenged for any excuse to make Lena stay longer. Even if it were only for a little while.
Lena seemed to think about it for a few seconds before making up her mind, “Actually, here’s just fine. I came to give you something.” Kara sighed in relief at the notion of Lena not leaving.

“I had been working on this for quite some time ever since you and I... Ever since we began seeing each other. Before...” she paused, “Before you told me. I wasn’t planning on giving it to you until later but I... But I have business out of town to attend to and I didn’t want to leave without you having it.” She explained as Kara noticed her pulling a small red box from her pocket.

Kara had heard it. She had noticed it when Lena came close enough at the door of her apartment. A small sound. Mimicking Lena’s heartbeat. At first, she pushed it aside. Thinking it was impossible. But now, the sound was stronger. It was clearer. Though, it still confused Kara profoundly.

Kara took the small box, her expression puzzled, but nonetheless complacent. She slowly took off the lid to reveal a silver ring. A ring was not what she expected when she had heard the sound coming from the box, but a ring was what she found. She first noticed its unique shape. That of a heartbeat. And she felt her own heart react accordingly.

*Is she proposing to me?*

Kara’s eyes never left the ring. The beautiful concept behind it. The sharp edges. How it shined even in this dim lit hallway. She swallowed down, finding it hard to utter any word.

“Oh. This isn't... This is not a proposal.” Lena quickly said.

“Umm no of course not. I didn't think it was.” Kara said slowly, her eyes glued to the ring in awe.

“I uhh made that ring myself. I programmed it to emit a recording of my heartbeat at all times. The sound is too low for anyone else to hear but you. It also emits low frequency pulsations that imitate my own.”

Kara took out the ring, feeling it in her fingers. She closed her eyes and listened.

There it was.

*Lena’s heartbeat.*

It was as though she could breathe again. Because the beat that she listened to was happy. Vibrant. Joyful. Emotions that have been absent from Lena’s real heartbeat ever since she told her she was Supergirl.

She felt around the ring, pressing her fingers firmly on its surface to earn a small taste of those pulsations. With her eyes closed, the sound completely enveloping her mind, and those pulsations drumming against her fingertips, Kara imagined herself lying next to Lena, her ear close to her heart and her hand on her neck near her pulse point. She imagined the real thing. She brought back memories of their time together. The moments they laid next to each other.

She let out a small laugh as she opened her eyes, a single tear making its way down her cheek from emotions. “It’s a happy beat.” she whispered lovingly.

Lena smiled looking at the ring in Kara’s hand, “I took the recording while thinking of you.” She said. And Kara didn’t let the ring leave her sight. She turned it around and felt every edge as Lena continued to speak. “Anyway, like I said, I have business out of town and I didn’t want to leave without telling you and giving you this. In case...” *Out of town? Where are you going? When can I see you again? “In case you have another episode.”*
Oh. She means the panic attacks.

“Oh, you mean...”

“Yes.” Lena simply said.

*She could have just left. She could have just left without telling me. Rao knows I deserve it. But she didn’t. Just incase I have another panic attack and can’t listen to her heartbeat. She could have just left.*

Kara didn’t want to acknowledge the small hint of hope bubbling up inside of her at the notion of maybe Lena forgiving her. She didn’t want to let that hope simmer and build up until it made a wall of anticipation. But it was too late. She was hoping and she was anticipating. Because maybe just maybe if Lena refused to leave before giving her this ring, then... Maybe there’s a chance.

“Thank you. I don’t... I don’t know what to say.” Kara looked up, finally meeting Lena’s eyes.

*Rao, her eyes are so green. So beautiful.*

“You don’t have to say anything. The ring is more practical than sentimental.” Kara heard a slight clench of Lena’s heart. The pulse picking up slightly. It was small. But Kara noticed it. She didn’t think much of it. She was replaying Lena’s last sentence. *The ring is more practical than sentimental.* It had hurt. Kara frowned at the meaning of the words. As though the ring was just some gadget given to Supergirl by the DEO to help her fight bad guys. Maybe that’s how Lena saw it. Maybe Lena saw it from that particular perspective. One where the world would be a safer place for everyone if Supergirl could keep her panic attacks in check. But Kara saw it differently. Kara saw it as a life line. She saw it as coming back up from the water. The ring held something she cherished deeply. Even if Lena didn’t see it, Kara saw it that way.

“I also included a chain in there incase you preferred not to wear it on your finger.” Lena said casually, “I hated the idea of breaking the promise I made to you that day. And so I decided to give it to you before I left.”

And that there confirmed what Kara had expected. Lena saw the ring as an obligation. As though it was her duty to make sure Supergirl was alright before she left National City. *Because the last time Lena’s heartbeat was absent, Supergirl wasn’t exactly sane enough to save anyone.*

“How long will you be gone for?” Kara asked to keep her mind away from her thoughts.

“Just a few days.”

“Lena, this doesn’t by any chance have anything to do with...” Kara asked. She had to ask. Had to make sure Lena wasn’t leaving her life behind just because Kara had dropped something like this on her.

“Not at all. I need to be in Vancouver for the primary test runs of the first prototype I’m building with Helena.”

“Oh.” Kara frowned slightly. *I forgot she was still working on that thing with Helena. I forgot she was working with Helena to begin with. Why does she have to work with her anyway? And in Vancouver! They’re gonna be there! Together!* Kara rolled her eyes mentally. Even if Lena didn’t feel the same way as Helena, the british brunette seemed to not miss a single opportunity to flirt with Lena. “I hope you have a safe trip then.”

“Thank you, Kara.” Lena placed her hands back in her pocket, and Kara felt the confidence radiating from Lena at that simple movement. “Well, I should be going now. My flight leaves tonight. Have a lovely evening with your sister.” Lena pressed the elevator button once more.
“Wait.” Kara said suddenly without realizing. She didn’t know why she had said it. Just that she needed an excuse for Lena to stay longer.

*Please, please don’t go. Just stay here. We’ll just sit here in the hallway. Please don’t go.*

She took a step forward towards Lena, and for once Lena didn’t back away. And Kara felt relief flood her chest for the sole reason that Lena wasn’t backing away from her. She took another step, smiling as she was about to be close enough to Lena to feel her breath. But that step was all it took to shatter Kara once she heard Lena’s heartbeat. Because what she heard was the exact opposite of what was being played on the ring.

Lena’s heartbeat conveyed utter horror and fear.

Kara felt the air punched out of her from the sound.

*She’s scared of me.*

Kara dropped her hand and backed away.

*Lena’s afraid of me. Frightened of me. She’s...*

“You’re...” she choked back on her words. *You’re scared of me. But...But I... I never...*

Kara swallowed down as she watched Lena make her way into the elevator. Their eyes met for a brief second just as the doors were closing. And Kara saw that same fear in Lena’s eyes.

*She’s scared of me.*
Lena’s scared of me.

Kara sat on the roof of Lena’s building, her legs dangling off the side of the building as she unknowingly played with the ring on her finger. She was listening to Lena’s heartbeat. Lena’s actual heartbeat. True, she could easily just listen from across the city, but she preferred being close. Lena was sitting on her balcony, and Kara could make out the sounds of her movements from under her. It had been four days since Kara had told her she was Supergirl. And today, on a cold Thursday evening, Lena had returned to National City without a single word to Kara. But Kara had felt her heartbeat immediately. She had missed the sound of it. Missed everything about Lena. Her voice. Her touch. Her smile. Kara had not spoken to her ever since that Sunday night Lena had come to give her the ring.

Kara looked down at the ring. It had become a habit of hers. She would stare at it for long minutes remembering moments she shared with Lena. She would run her fingers on its cold metal to feel the small pulsation that imitated Lena’s heartbeat almost precisely. Almost. Because it would never be the real thing. It would always be synthetic. Merely a recording. But no matter what it was, it was one of two things she cherished most. One of two things that kept her grounded when she felt most alone. A ring and a pendant.

A siren sounded in the distance. More than one siren. Kara tuned her hearing and realized it was two ambulance cars. Nothing she could do to help.

“I believe that siren is your queue.”

Kara thought she imagined Lena’s voice. Rao knows she had been longing to hear it so much that she might have imagined hearing it. But then Lena spoke once more.

“Isn't Supergirl needed anywhere else in National City?” Lena asked from her balcony.

“How did she know I was up here?”

Kara hovered lower. She flew close to the balcony but didn't land. Lena was sitting at a chair, knees hugged to her chest, a cup of scotch or whiskey sat next to her on the table. Kara can never really differentiate between the two.

“May I...?” Kara asked.

“Might as well. Clearly I have no choice in the matter.” Lena replied flatly. Her eyes glued to the city.

Kara frowned. Lena’s words hurt. But from the smell of alcohol in the air, and the slight slur in her words, it was obvious that she was drunk.

She stood as far away from Lena as possible, taking in her posture. The CEO’s chin was rested on her knees, arms around them. She wore a black hoodie and gray sweats, with her large glasses perched up on her nose. Lena’s hair was in a messy bun and red socks covered her feet. It was cold outside. And Kara could hear the quiet rattling of Lena’s teeth. And it killed her not to comment on the matter. You should go inside. It's freezing out here. You're gonna get yourself sick. But it wasn't her place to say those things anymore. She knew she lost that right. So she turned her face to the city. Uttering the one thing that's been bothering her for a very long time.

“Your heartbeat’s different.” she simply stated.
“Mmm,” Lena hummed back, seemingly not interested to inquire about what Kara had meant.

Kara couldn't help it. She wanted to continue. Wanted to ask her. Wanted to explain her frustration for Lena's constant claims of being fine. She's obviously not fine with any of this.

“It’s... Different. Not as many emotions as it usually has. It’s just...” Kara tried to look for the right word.

“Senseless?” Lena asked calmly.

“No that's not...”

“Numb?” her calm tone was ice cold.

“Lena, I didn't mean it like...”

“Dead?” she scoffed as she let go of her knees and got up from her chair. She reached for her cup, drinking its content as she made her way to the balcony door. Not once did Lena meet Kara’s eyes.

“Lena, please let’s... Let’s just...”

“Goodnight, Supergirl,” Lena uttered nonchalantly, closing the door behind her.

Friday morning began with Kara being late to work because Supergirl was busy all night looking for another mysterious portal all over the city and therefore oversleeping. She barely passed the elevator door when she heard the roar of Snapper’s voice

“Danvers!”

She almost stumbled on her own feet, startled by the sudden shrill feeling of hearing that man, “I swear this guy has some sixth sense or something,” she mumbled under her breath. She raced to her office, putting down her bag before jetting off to Snapper’s office.

Snapper’s ‘chirpy’ mood did wonders to her already unchirpy morning. He lectured her for ten whole minutes about journalists always being on time and then used up less than two minutes to give her her next assignment. She sighed as she reached her office and sat down on her chair, deciding to start on it immediately and just focus on work today. Not on anything else. Not any particular...

Her phone chimed and Kara grabbed ahold of it to see who it was. It was a text from Lena.

I am sorry. I was drunk. I didn't mean to take it out on you like that last night.

Kara reread the text thrice, not believing that Lena had actually sent it. They haven’t spoken a single word to each other ever since Lena showed up on her door last week. And then last night Kara heard her heartbeat and couldn’t resist herself from going over there to see for herself that Lena was in fact back. She wasn’t planning on bothering Lena or speaking to her. Just sit close by. Be drowned in the feeling that Lena was there. Actually there. Another text came through and Kara all but gasped at what it said.

Would you like to have lunch today? We should talk.

Kara didn’t know what to reply with. She didn’t know what to think. For the past week she had thought about nothing but Lena being scared of her. Not fully grasping why. She replayed every
moment to see if maybe she had done something to frighten Lena. But she found none. She began
to type a text back, erasing it a few times before settling on a simple reply.

You have nothing to apologize for.

I would love to have lunch. Do you want to meet up somewhere or should I come to L-Corp?

Lena’s reply came back immediately.

How about Noonan’s at 12? I have an appointment with Cat Grant after lunch.

Of course. That would be great!

Looking forward to seeing you, Kara.

Kara shrieked at the last text. She’s looking forward to seeing me! Although Kara felt as though
the sentence was somewhat formal, she didn’t find it in herself to care. It was the first good news
she had heard for almost a week. Maybe she had misread the situation in the hallway. Maybe
Lena wasn’t scared but just tired. And emotional. It would be understandable.

Then there was Lena visiting Lex in prison.

Kara recalled a few days ago when she had found out that Lena didn’t really go to Vancouver.

Monday afternoon.

Kara walked over to Winn who was busy typing on his keyboard at the DEO. She dropped down
on the chair beside him, spinning it slowly in circles.

“Can I help you with something?”

“Nope. I'm just gonna watch you work.” She smiled.

“Watch me work while spinning in circles. Ok. Cool.” Winn frowned.

Kara continued going in circles, using her boots to push off the floor whenever the chair slowed
down. She noticed Winn looking her way every once in awhile when her circles would face him,
but didn’t think much of it.

Winn stopped his typing and turned to her, giving her his signature annoyed smile, “Ok, I guess
the very important work I was doing can obviously wait to some other time when I don't have a
dizzying planet revolving in on itself beside me.”

Kara stuck out her tongue at his comment.

“So what's got the sunny Girl of Steel so... unsunny?

“I'm not unsunny. I'm perfectly sunny.” Kara’s crinkle appeared.

Winn rolled his eyes at the obvious lie, “Ok. Then what's got you less sunny?” he asked.

Kara bowed her head down pouting, she pushed off with her boot and made another turn with the
chair. A slow sad circle. When she gradually came to a stop in front of Winn, she took a deep
breath before asking him, “You like Lena Luthor, right?”
Winn opened his mouth several times before managing to speak, “Umm Lena Luthor, genius IQ of 189, brilliant tech mind, CEO in her early 20s, currently owns patents for almost half of my favorite gadgets, and the one Luthor who is actually on our side, Lena Luthor? Uuuuuuuuh yeah! I like her! Like might be the understatement of the year, though. I'm probably her biggest fan...”

“Winn...” Kara tried to cut in.

“I mean when I met her at the gala, Gosh! My palms were sweaty! Could you believe I actually got to hide under a table with her?! I mean! The chances of that ever happening were very very slim. Well, we weren’t exactly hiding. But it was...

“OK, Winn, you've made your...” Kara tried again.

“And then I got to work on that device lead thing with her!! Now that was like a once in a lifetime...” Winn was making crazy gestures with his hand

“I told her I'm Supergirl!” Kara blurted out loudly.

Winn immediately closed his mouth, his eyes widening. His mouth formed an O long before he said, “Oh.” he tilted his head slightly processing the information, “huh.”

Kara watched as he nodded and said even more nonverbal words that conveyed his processing of what she had just told him.

“You told her?” Winn said very slowly.

“Mhmm” Kara nodded.

“So that’s why she left National City,” He mumbled mostly to himself.

“No, she has... Wait! Are you keeping tabs on her?!” Kara demanded.

Guilt washed over his face as he began to slowly push his chair away from the angry Kryptonian. “Uuuuuuuuuuh no. No, I'm not. But... But she's a famous person. Who does famous stuff. Aaaaaand when famous people tend to travel to the outskirts of Metropolis, it always reaches the local gossip news.” Kara could tell he was lying. Winn was horrible at lying and was easily intimidated.

“Winn, if you're keeping tabs on Le... Wait. What do you mean the outskirts of Metropolis? She's in Vancouver.” Kara was now confused. Lena said she’s going to Vancouver. Which means she’s obviously in Vancouver.

“Nope. Not according to my... Uuuuh to the... the gossip news channel thing. She's definitely close to Metropolis.” Winn stuttered

“What is she doing there?” Kara frowned.

“How should I know? But if I happen to follow up on said gossip news...” Winn began.

“Winn, it's very obvious there are no gossip news channels! Just tell me!” Kara was getting impatient.

“Ok. Ok. Fine. J’onn had me keep tabs on her for security purposes. It's not that he doesn't trust her! It's just in case... She leads us to where the Malachite is hidden.” He admitted.

“Of course.” Kara crossed her arms, frustrated.
“Anyway. Her private plane landed in Metropolis Airport. But from what I gathered from my intell, she took a helicopter to the borders of the city.”

“What's there?”

Winn rubbed the back of his neck, “Well... umm I mean it might be nothing. I mean maybe she’s sightseeing or just...”

“Spit it out, Winn!” Alex ordered as she joined them, arms crossed and clearly caught up with the conversation.

“Well the only thing that is in that particular area is... The prison.”

“What prison?” Kara asked him, fearing she already knew the answer.

“The prison where Lex is being held.”

All week, Kara didn’t know what to do with that information. It wasn’t illegal. Lena didn’t do anything wrong by visiting her brother. But... It just wasn’t something she would do. Lena has never visited him ever since he had been detained. And Lex has done nothing but send people to try and kill her. Why would she want to visit him? But Kara has already made up her mind. She was going to give Lena space. She wasn’t going to ask her about it.

Alex was much quieter about the situation than she was. She had expected Alex to connect Lena going to see Lex with Kara telling her she's Supergirl. Kara even expected anger. But Alex was silent.

Kara didn’t have a single doubt that Lena would never tell Lex her secret. However, if she was being honest with herself, it did worry her. The timing was too close for it to be a coincidence. Not to mention, Lena had lied about going there. Which Kara had not expected. Lena wouldn't lie to me. Maybe she did go to Vancouver. But just happened to drop by the prison and... And what? Say hi? Rao!

With one last look at the texts Lena had sent her, Kara turned to work on her assignment determined to finish her work before meeting up with Lena.

Alex Danvers walked into Lena’s office after Jess had ushered her in. Lena was standing behind her desk, piling papers over each other and scribbling down notes for a meeting she was about to head to. Her assistant had informed her that the agent had come to see her and Lena used the opportunity of being in a hurry to squeeze her interaction with the older Danvers sister and make the confrontation as limited as possible. It was a tactic she used with many of her less favorable clients. And since it was no secret she was not very fond of the agent, she used it with her.

“Agent Danvers.”

“Ms. Luthor.” the agent nodded. She was wearing her leather jacket once more, over a dark red shirt and black pants.

Lena continued looking over papers, leaning over her desk.

“How may I be of service this time, agent?” She said with a hint of sarcasm, not once looking up from her work.
“I’ll just cut to the chase, Ms. Luthor. The DEO was informed that you’ve recently...”

“Visited my brother?” Lena held up a paper, frowning as she noticed it wasn’t the one she was looking for.

“Yes. I came here to...”

“Question me on why I was visiting my own brother.” Lena picked up another paper, “Yes, I'm very much aware.” She was growing tired of how predictable the agent was.

“Just wondering why after all these years you suddenly decided to visit him” Alex quipped.

She knows. She knows Kara told me. Well, of course she does. She thinks that's the reason I went to visit Lex. Well she's not entirely wrong.

Lena scoffed as she took out a marker to make a circle on one paper, “Well, you must be absolutely baffled.” She muttered sarcastically. “Ironic, how this also doesn't fall under DEO jurisdiction now, does it? But of course no one really knows where the DEO jurisdiction really ends. Especially when it comes to Luthors.” Lena raised her eyebrows at that last sentence, emphasizing her point.

Alex crossed her arms, “This has nothing to do with you, Ms. Luthor. This concerns your brother and our responsibility to...”

“Please. Let’s not circle around what this really is about. This has everything to do with me. If it did only concern Lex, then you would have noticed when Fright visited him in prison. Might have actually caught her before this whole mess that she had created. But somehow you weren't keeping tabs on my brother then were you? It was only when I visited him that the DEO suddenly began to show interest. Shall we move on from the pleasantries, now?” Lena was beyond being patient and gracious around people who despised her. It didn’t matter to her anymore.

Alex Danvers said nothing. Her jaw clenching in defeat. Lena went back to organizing papers on her desk.

“Although, this doesn’t concern you at all...” Lena looked up, facing the DEO agent, “But I'd rather save myself from further headache of you people going back and forth to crack this baffling mystery of what it is that I have to speak with my brother about. I do hope Kara doesn't come pretending to write a story about it like she did with my mother.” Lena hit a nerve with the older Danvers sister. That last statement was a low blow, even for her, but she couldn’t help herself.

“So, in order to simply avoid all of that...” She pointed at a small flash drive at the edge of her desk, closer to the DEO agent, “That is a copy of the security footage for when I visited Lex. Both video and audio. You can watch the footage if you’d like to see what Lex and I talked about while I was there. I'm sure you can make a movie night out of it of some sort. You can also rest assured, it hasn’t been tampered with.” Lena jutted her chin out in conviction.

Jess’ voice came on the intercom, interrupting them, “Ms. Luthor, they’re waiting for you in conference hall 2.”

Lena pressed the button before speaking, “Thank you, Jess. I'll be right there.”

Agent Danvers looked surprised that Lena was leaving, “Wait, I'm not...”

Lena tapped the papers once on her desk, “Yes, I do realize you're not quite finished. But that tends to happen when you drop in unannounced. I do have a company to run, Agent Danvers.” She paged Jess to come inside.
Her assistant came rushing in, “Take these papers to the conference hall. And Jess, could you please have my notes opened up on my tablet?” Lena handed her assistant the papers.

“Yes, Ms. Luthor.”

“Thank you, Jess”

Lena turned back to her desk, opening up a drawer and taking out a bundle of papers. She faced the DEO agent once more, “Now, before I leave. I know you're also here to make me sign some nondisclosure agreements regarding recent events.” Lena gave her a knowing look, stressing her last two words. “I've had my legal team draw up basic NDAs and I've added on to them what I expect the DEO would deem necessary. You'll see my signature in all the required fields. Please, read it over. If you see something you don't like, then you can tell Jess and she'll be happy to fit you in my schedule. Now, I'm terribly sorry but I do have to go to the meeting. Thank you for passing by, Agent Danvers. I wish I could say it’s been a pleasure.”

Lena walked off after handing the papers to the puzzled woman, not giving her a chance to reply.

Lena got out of her car as it came to a complete stop right in front of Noonan’s. She could see Kara from the window, talking on the phone. Laughing. And Lena stood there for a second to savor the image of her laugh. The way Kara readjusted her glasses although they were perfectly fine.

Lena was so caught up with looking at Kara that she hadn't noticed a man coming closer to her. The flash of a camera slightly blinded her and she closed her eyes at the feeling. Several other camera flashes were pushed in her line of sight as a man continued taking pictures of her.

“Everyone might have forgotten about the unethical experimentation you do down in those labs at L-Corp, but not me! Care to comment on why you have a substance known as Radium X in your possession, Ms. Luthor?” the reporter demanded aggressively.

Lena hid her face with her palm up as she walked away from the man and made her way into the restaurant. She heard her driver call out to the reporter.

“Hey!” he shouted, grasping the man by his collar.

“Let him be, Daniel.” Lena ordered. “I don't want any trouble. Just make sure you take the memory card.”

She opened the door to the restaurant only to find Kara about to leave. Her blue eyes trained on the reporter that was cursing at Lena’s driver. The look she wore was deadly. Anger simmered in her eyes as she glared at the man. Lena recognized that look. In Kara’s clothes and glasses, the look seemed foreign. But that was only because it was a Supergirl look. Not a Kara Danvers one. And Lena wondered again how she had never noticed.

“It's alright.” Lena said softly, clearing her throat at the sight of Kara. “It was just a misunderstanding.”

Kara stood her ground. Not once did she blink. Not once did her eyes leave the man’s sight. The man was complaining as he watched Lena’s driver take out the memory card, drop it to the floor, and crush it with the heel of his shoe. Lena heard a low growl coming from the blonde as she barely kept her heat vision in check.

“Hey,” Lena side stepped to the left until she was in Kara’s line of sight. “Let's just go inside. He's
not worth it.”

Kara slightly nodded and finally met Lena’s eyes. It bewildered Lena how her eyes immediately changed from the searing anger she had just witnessed, to warm and loving as she looked at her.

They were too close. Too close that Lena didn't like it. Didn't like how asphyxiated it made her feel. What once made her breathe deeper, now simply sucked the air out of her lungs. Kara seemed to notice their closeness. She probably even noticed the way Lena’s heart treading, since she backed away a few steps and made way for Lena to walk inside.

Lena sat at the table just as Kara had in front of her. She was relieved there was no awkward greeting hug involved in their encounter. It was the only thing she could think about on her way over.

“T’m sorry that man was...”

“Kara, I told you, it's fine.” Lena reassured her, giving a small smile. She intertwined her fingers over the table, clasping her hands together.

They both sat in silence. Lena hated awkwardness. It wasn't something she embraced. Some people could easily laugh off the awkward atmosphere and say that life was too short to feel awkward. Others didn't even seem to notice when things were awkward. But Lena despised it. Just as she despised small talk. Two things she had never thought she would encounter with Kara or Supergirl. It was funny how she never was forced to make small talk with either of them. With Kara, Lena was too transfixed by her, by her kindness and her friendship, that she immediately opened up to her about her family. Told her she was adopted. Spoke to her about L-Corp’s projects and Kara’s articles. With Supergirl, Lena immediately laid out her fears in front of her. With Supergirl, Lena found someone who could argue with her. Challenge her. They talked about dreams and wishes. They spoke of Supergirl’s fears and her weaknesses. There was never small talk between them.

But now...

“So how’s work been treating you?” Lena asked suddenly. Wanting to kick out the elephant in the room.

“Oh umm it's fine. I have a few stories lined up this week.” Kara replied, frowning.

“Wonderful. I'm looking forward to reading them.”

“Well, they're not too interesting. Nothing that is in your area. One about agriculture. The other about hybrid aliens. One that's about...” Kara readjusted her glasses once more. “I... I just mean they’re mostly boring topics. You don't have to r...”

“Nonsense, Kara. I always read your stories. Whether or not the topics interest me.”

Kara looked baffled, “You do?”

Lena smirked, “Well it's only fair I keep tabs on the one reporter that seems to be giving me good press.” she joked.

Kara blushed, “You don't have to. I only ever write the truth about you.”

“Some may disagree.” Lena smiled.

The silence enveloped them once more. And they both sighed when a waitress came over to take their order. Lena ordered a black coffee, her hangover headache lingering at the back of her mind.
ever since she had woken up.

When the waitress brought in their coffee and juice and left, Lena leaned over the table, holding her mug with both hands. Looking at the steam rising from its contents. She swallowed before speaking, “I’m sorry. About last night.” She said softly. Not taking her eyes off the mug. “I was clearly out of line. And I know being drunk is no excuse but it had been a long day and you were there. I took it out on you. And I shouldn’t have.” She looked up to meet Kara’s concerned eyes.

“Lena, you have nothing to apologize for. Rao, I should be the one apologizing because...” Kara continued speaking but Lena suddenly stopped listening. It was the first time Kara had said ‘Rao’. Something that was exclusively for Supergirl. “And I know that it might take time to fix thi...” Kara carried on speaking. And Lena felt herself once more drowning out the sound.

Something in Lena’s chest tightened and ached. Kara saying the simple three lettered word turned the gears in Lena’s mind. Replaying that Saturday night she had tried to push out countless times. Replaying all the times she had heard that small word uttered from the blonde hero.

That night in her office, before... before everything. Before they were anything to each other.

*Oh Rao, he gave me twenty dollars worth of change all in one-dollar bills!*

When they yelled at one another on the side of the street.

*Rao, you’re so careless! Don’t you even care what happens to you?!*

Their first kiss.

*Rao, you’re unbelievable sometimes!*

Their last one.

*Rao, you’re beautiful.*

Lena gazed as Kara’s lips moved in front of her and all she can think about were the times Kara was forced to exchange the word *Rao* for *God* just so she wouldn’t give her identity away. Just so Lena wouldn’t know. Wouldn’t suspect from such a simple word.

“Lena?”

“Hmm?” Lena looked up, her thoughts coming to a halt.

“I asked how the prototype testing in Vancouver went?”

Lena stayed silent, looking at Kara for a few seconds before answering. Wondering how she should play this. There was no doubt in her mind that Kara knew she had visited her brother. One thing she knew for sure is that the Danvers sisters rarely kept things from one another. But Kara hadn’t asked about that at all. She asked about Vancouver. She specifically asked about Vancouver. Which meant either Kara expected Lena to come clean or that she didn't want to give out that she knew. Or both

“Oh, yes. It was quite alright. Remarkable actually. Helena had really outdone herself. We managed to find a solution to a problem we were working on that day in the labs...” *When you had a panic attack because I was too stupid to realize those levels were lead-lined.* “Of course that was only one problem out of many we’ve encountered. But it was a win. And I’ll take what I can get.” Lena took a sip from her mug, “Helena and her team are still working on a few issues with the algorithm so she had to stay back in Vancouver.”

“Well, I'm glad.” Kara smiled. Then her eyes widened when Lena frowned in confusion, “No, no.
I mean, I'm glad you managed to fix the problem.” Kara stuttered.

“Oh, yes. So am I.” Lena replied, smiling.

She looked back at her mug. *You need to tell her. You came here to talk. Not to make pathetic small talk about nothings.*

“Kara, about what happened Saturday night.” Lena started. She needed to do this. It’s what’s best for the both of them. “I know I said I was fine with it all. With what you revealed to me.”

Lena could see the hurt slowly creep in on Kara’s face. It reminded her of when she told Supergirl that she had been in love with someone else.

*When you were foolishly admitting you had feelings for the same person.*

But this wasn’t the same thing.

“Oh, Kara. I'm not backing out from what I had said. I assure you I *am* fine with it.” *It's not completely a lie. I am fine with it. I just simply don’t cater any feelings towards much to think otherwise.* Lena held Kara’s eyes, “Kara, I made a promise to always be by your side no matter what and I intend to keep it. I'm a woman of my word and I would never break a promise I made. Especially to you.”

Lena watched as the smile slowly came back. The anticipation is what made the next part even more difficult.

“But I hope you won’t mind if it’s just as friends.”

It was as though watching a rollercoaster of emotions going up and down. Hurt turned into joy turned into confusion. A frown turned into a smile turned into a pout. Lena watched as the words seemed to sink in with Kara.

“You want to...” Kara’s frown deepened. “You want to only be friends?”

“Precisely. I know it’s somewhat of a step back from... from what we’ve...” *From all the times we slept with one another!* “From what we were. But I just don’t think I can manage a romantic relationship at the moment. Especially since I'm taking on much more work load at L-Corp.” Lena took another sip of her coffee, letting the bitter taste blend in with her bitter words. She met Kara’s eyes from the brim of her mug.

Kara seemed confused still. Puzzled.

“Sure.” She finally said, which was not what Lena had been expecting. Lena had expected she would need to argue her stance.

Kara cleared her throat, “I also intend to keep my promise of staying by your side. Whether it was as a friend or more. Whatever you will have me as”

*I promise you I will never leave your side. Whatever you will have me as. Whether it was as a friend or something more. I will never leave you.*

The words echoed in Lena’s mind as she remembered lying next to...

She pushed them away. She didn’t need them clouding her judgement.

“Kara, I just need you to understand that my friendship to you is much more important to me than anything else. I won’t jeopardize it over some silly misunderstanding regarding my feelings.”
“But it wasn’t a misunderstanding” Kara blurted suddenly.

Lena was taken back by her bluntness, “Well, it was on my part.” Lena simply said.

She noticed the ring on Kara’s finger, noticed how her heart slightly picked at the notion of Kara wearing her ring on her finger. More precisely, on that finger. It gave her a picture of an alternate reality where things were different and simpler.

“I haven’t taken it off ever since you gave it to me,” Kara said, noticing Lena looking at the ring.

Lena swallowed down, “Is it... Is it helping?”

“More than you can imagine. I haven’t had another... Umm episode. But it had helped me get through some days. I can never thank you enough.”

“It’s no trouble at all. Like I said it was a...”

“Practical gift.” Kara smiled, but her smile wasn’t warm. It was an irritated smile. As though plastered onto an indirect meaning. “Yeah, I remember what you said.”

Lena didn’t know what to make of the statement. But she didn't find it in her to ask. She didn’t find in her to care about much anymore.

“So, what’s your next article about?” She smiled as she asked, gripping the mug a bit too tightly from the reality of sitting through small talk with someone she had loved.

Still loves.
Kara pushed her way through the doors of Alex’s lab at the DEO, her cape hovering behind her and her mind racing. Alex wasn't there.

**No. No. No. No.**

“Have you seen Agent Danvers?” she asked one of the assistants.

“She's in the training room”

Kara rushed to the training room. She needed to see Alex. Ask her if what she heard was true. Because it couldn't have been. It wasn't possible. Something like this shouldn't be possible. She reached the training room, and as she pushed her way inside, she saw Alex training with another recruit, teaching them basic defense moves. Kara approached them seeming frantic and Alex immediately noticed.

The older sister looked at the recruit, “go practice these in the other room. I'll come by to check in later.”

“Yes ma'am.” and with that the young recruit left.

Kara stood there looking at her sister whose chest was heaving from training. She wore a gray DEO tank top and black sweatpants.

“Kara, what's wrong?”

Kara didn't know how to approach the subject. She frowned, replaying what she had heard one of the agents gossiping about.

“Alex, if you were having problems you'd tell me right?”

“Well, yeah. I guess I would.” Alex arched an eyebrow and crossed her arms, coming to stand by
“What's wrong Kara?”

“I know you told I shouldn't listen in on people. But today I did, and it was an accident and it just sort of happened and there were these agents gossiping and I...” Kara halted her ramblings when she realized what she was about to say.

“Kara, tell me. What were they saying? Was it about me?”

Kara sighed, looking at her boots. “They said that you and Maggie are breaking up.”

“What?!” Alex demanded, eyes wide.

Kara’s head went back up in surprise, “Ok. So, you're obviously surprised. Which I'm going to take it as a good thing. You two are not breaking up?”

“No, of course not! Why the hell would those idiots say that?!” Alex then narrowed her eyes dangerously, “Which idiots said that?”

“Ok. Calm down. They just said something about you two arguing about something today morning. And that you both stormed off from each other.”

Alex’s face fell, recollection registering on her face. “Oh.”

“So that did happen?”

“Yeah it kinda did.” Alex admitted sadly. “But we're not breaking up over it!” she said as she made her way to the training mat. She sat cross-legged on the mat, playing with her fingers.

“Ok. So tell me. What happened?” Kara followed her sister and sat beside her.

“It's nothing. It was a silly argument we had over having kids.” when Kara’s eyes lit up, Alex held up a finger, “Neither of us is pregnant Kara!”

Kara pouted. But she continued to listen.

“We were arguing. It got intense. And I guess I shouldn't have let it get so big. Especially not here at the DEO out of all places. But I was so caught up, I didn't notice where we were and how loud we were.”

“What was the argument about?”

“She doesn't want kids.”

“Oh.” Kara found herself being surprised. How could someone not want kids?

“No, it's not what you think. It's not that she doesn't want kids. She just doesn't think she would be a good mother. She thinks she'll screw it up because she had a screwed up childhood.” Alex explained sadly.

Kara held Alex’s hands in hers, listening intently to her sister. She squeezed her hands softly to encourage her to go on.

“And I told her. I told her that's ridiculous. She would be a great mom. But she didn't believe me. She wouldn't listen. She said that I deserved someone who could give me what I wanted.” Alex bowed her head down.

Kara felt her heart clench for her sister. She didn't know what to say. How to comfort her. She wanted to do everything in her power to make this right for her sister, but there were things even
Supergirl wasn't capable of.

Alex lifted her head up, looking at Kara with glassy eyes. “Kara, she’s it. She's what I want.” Alex confided, shrugging at the obviousness of the statement. She spoke with such intense conviction that it melted Kara’s heart. “She's everything I want.”

“Then, tell her.”

“I...” Alex choked back, as though taken back by the simplicity of the solution. “I should have just told her. I shouldn't have let her just leave without telling her.” Alex’s eyes widened as she suddenly stood up. “Oh God. I have to tell her.”

Kara stood up as well, excited. “Yes! You really should!”

“I should tell her now! Can you fly me there?”

“Yes! To the precinct?”

Alex already began walking to the door, “No, she's working a case at our apartment.”

“Let's go then!” Kara followed her trying to keep up with her hurried paces.

Kara flew to the apartment, with Alex holding tight to her neck from the back. She chuckled at giving her older sister a piggyback ride but didn't dare mention it to Alex.

They landed on the fire escape and both made their way into the living room, with Kara stumbling inside lacking a graceful entrance. She had one foot tangled in her cape while the other was stuck on the windowsill.

“Did your window suddenly get smaller?” she mumbled to no one as she tried to unravel herself from the situation she was in.

“Danvers?” Maggie looked up from the files spread out on the coffee table in front of her, seeming tired.

Alex made her way to the couch, sitting beside her fiancé, “Maggie,” she smiled softly, tracing the back of her hand on Maggie’s cheek. “I...” she suddenly stopped talking.

Alex turned to Kara. Her eyes wide and her expression nervous.

Kara looked at her in confusion, “Why did you stop?” She whispered from near the window.

“Well, I am nervous.” Alex whispered back. “I don't know what to say.”

“Just tell her what you told me. It was pretty good. I think she'd like it.” Kara replied back in a whisper.

Maggie raised an eyebrow, “Do you guys realize that I can hear you?” she asked the two whispering sisters.

“You think so?” Alex continued whispering to Kara as though Maggie hadn't even spoken.

“Yeah yeah she'd like it. But maybe sprinkle a few more romantic things here and there. Oh! Tell her she's beautiful. That worked once when Lena was mad at me.”

Maggie looked at both of them in disbelief, “I am right here. I can hear the both of you.”

Alex frowned, “Why was Lena mad at you?”
“I made her late to some meeting. Long story. Anyway, stop stalling. Tell her.” When Alex nodded, Kara asked, “Do you want me to leave?”

“No, of course not. She's more likely to agree with me if you're here.”

Alex finally turned to Maggie, giving her the signature Danvers warm nervous smile. Maggie looked like she wasn't affected by it, but Kara heard the slight pick up of her pulse at Alex’s smile. Kara smiled secretly at the detective’s inability of resisting her sister's smile.

“Maggie.” Alex said slowly, looking deeply in her eyes, and blowing out air before continuing “You are the most beautiful thing in my life right now. I can't imagine doing anything without you beside me. You told me I deserved someone that can give me everything I wanted.” Alex gave her a small smile. “Well it’s you. You're everything I want. Actually, no.” Alex frowned, shaking her head, “You're everything I need. And I know that sounded cheesy and we don’t do cheesy,” Alex rolled her eyes when she heard Kara scoffing, “but... It's just because...” she sighed as though breathless, “Because I can't do this without you. Any of this.”

Alex looked at their joined hands, at the two rings symbolizing their love. “I don't believe for a second that you're not going to be a good mother. And I will spend the rest of my life proving to you how loving and warm and perfect you are. Because you deserve someone who reminds you of that. Someone who will never let you forget the effect your smile has on people. And I hope...” Alex paused, suddenly finding the next part a bit difficult to articulate, “I hope that you would accept me as that someone.”

Maggie sniffed before speaking, “Alex Danvers. Are you proposing to me? Again?” she asked, her voice groggy with emotion.

Alex blushed profoundly, “Umm well I didn't do the whole love confession thing the last time. So I'm doing it now.”

Maggie brought their hands closer on her lap, squeezing them tightly as her expression became more serious, “Alex, I never once doubted how much you love me. Or how much I love you. But this is big. Bigger than our love for each other.” Kara found herself frowning at that sentence. "What could possibly be bigger than loving someone? “Alex, you deserve someone who...”

“I don't want anyone else.” Alex whispered softly, “I want you. And I want my kid to be raised by your love and your warm touch and your horrible horrible singing,” Maggie laughed through her tears. “I want my kid to grow up being observant like you but also sarcastic as hell. I want them to have that same dimple that kills me everytime.” Alex bit at her lips before continuing. “I love you, Maggie Sawyer. And if you think you're not ready to have kids right now, then I'll wait with you. We'll wait together. And while we wait, I'll show you all the ways you're going to be a great mother to our kid.”

Kara felt a warmth spreading throughout her chest at the intense feelings these two had for each other. *We Danvers girls definitely have a way with words.*

Maggie sniffed once more, “Our kid?” she whispered, smiling.

“Our kid.” Alex whispered back. “I promise we’ll figure this out together.”

Maggie nodded, leaning her head to kiss Alex softly on the lips. Alex brought her hands to Maggie’s cheek, holding her and returning the kiss affectionately.

When they broke the kiss, Maggie looked at Kara, “I'm guessing you had something to do with all this?”

“Me? Oh, no. It was all Alex. I just flew her here.” Kara raised her hands to emphasize it wasn't
“I’m sure you had more to do with it than you think. So, thank you, Kara. For bringing her to me.” she said looking at Alex. She gestured to the open case files on the table in front of her, “I’ve been trying to work on this case all day and I’ve been too distracted to crack it.” she looked back at Alex. “I hated how we ended things.”

“So did I.” Alex admitted.

Maggie smiled, her dimple showing and therefore causing Alex to sigh with affection.

Kara raised her hand in the air to get their attention, “Can I just say...” She brought her hand back down suddenly feeling nervous. “That I also think you’d be a great mother because you always take care of me and help me with my problems,” Kara’s voice gradually became lower and lower as she continued reciting her reasons. She concentrated on tapping her two index fingers while speaking, “and you give really nice hugs and your smile is really warm and I really really look up to you and I know that you’re,” at this point, most of what Kara was saying was a series of mumbling that only she understood, “That you’re Alex’s fiancé but I really like having you in the family and I really look up to you and did I mention you give really nice hugs and that...”

“Kara!” Maggie called, breaking Kara off from her incomprehensible mumbling.

“Hmm?”

“Come here,” she extended her arms and Kara gladly squeezed herself in between the couple, hugging them and ignoring the painful grunts they muttered.

“You know you guys can always practice on me right?”

“I think you’re more of a puppy than a kid, little Danvers.”

Alex was the first to notice, her eyes widening knowingly, “No! Don’t mention...”

It was too late.

Kara turned to Maggie, forcing the detective into a tight - but still safe - hug, “Can we get a puppy???!?!?” She screeched as she added the element of excited shaking to the hug.

“Puppies...” Alex trailed off, sighing at all the things Maggie has yet to learn about Kara.

“What? No, Kara! No puppies! Let go, Kara!!”

“Ms. Luthor, Ms. Danvers is here to see you.”

“Let her in, Jess. Thank you.”

Kara smiled at Jess’ third attempt at showing gratitude for the soy latte Kara had gotten her. She made her way into Lena’s office, finding her sitting behind her desk, hair pulled up in a sophisticated bun and wearing a black fitted blazer. The CEO didn’t lift her head up from her work when Kara walked in. And Kara found herself drowning in that small detail. Drowning in painful realization at how different that small detail was.

It was the little things that hurt. Because so many little things were different. And yet they both still insisted that nothing has changed.
Lena would always drop everything as soon as Kara walked in through those doors. However busy she would be. Several times, Kara noticed her ending a call just before she walked in her office. It was such a small gesture, but it meant everything to Kara.

But now, as she walked through those same doors, she found Lena scribbling down notes and crossing out lines from endless paragraphs. It was only when Kara reached her desk, did she notice her standing in front of her.

“Kara.” she smiled, as though happy to see her. *As though* happy to see her. Because her heartbeat did not even hint at the aspect of happiness. And Kara found herself imperceptibly frowning at that small detail. At that small but deadly detail.

“Lena, hi.” she smiled back, sitting in her usual chair opposite Lena. “Are you sure you’re ok doing this interview? If you’re busy, we can...”

“No, not at all. Work can wait, Kara. You know, I always have time for you.” Lena replied, looking up just as Jess entered the office handing her some files.

“These are the Project Credo files you asked for, Ms. Luthor.”

“Thank you, Jess. I also want the files for the kids that will be enrolled in the project. Can you have them sent over from Legal?” Lena said, momentarily looking over the files she was just given before placing them on her desk.

“Do you want them now?”

“Oh, no. After Ms. Danvers and I are through.”

“Of course.” Jess smiled to Kara as she left the office.

Lena finally gave Kara her attention, smiling again in her direction as though everything was absolutely normal between them. And Kara told herself that maybe this was the new normal. Maybe if they simply began building this friendship between them, everything would feel normal again. They would be friends just like they used to be.

An hour later, they went through most of the interview questions regarding the city’s rebuilding efforts that L-Corp has been invested in. When interview questions were through and awkward small talk took place, Kara felt as though it was probably time for her to leave.

“Well, I should probably let you get back to work.” she said as she got up from her chair.

“Oh.” Lena looked disappointed, “Do you have to get back to the office right away?”

“Umm no but I don’t want...”

“Stay for lunch.” Lena suddenly uttered, smiling weakly as she stood up. It wasn’t a question. There was obvious hesitancy in her words. As though she herself was surprised of what she just said. “I had Jess order some lunch for us. Unless, of course you have to get back...”

“No. I mean yes! I mean I don’t have to get back to CatCo right away. We can have lunch.” She smiled back.

The whole interaction was rather awkward, as though they were both tiptoeing around each other. And it seemed that they were both aware of this. Both aware of how thick the air between them was. Both aware of things that had happened here in this office that were rather non platonic.

“Kara, I know this is...” Lena paused, looking for the right word.
“I know.” Kara let out a small laugh, looking down at the chair beside her and adjusting her glasses.

“I really do want this to work between us. Us being friends.” Lena admitted, clasping her hands together, “I know it might be somewhat awkward, with what we...” Kara heard her swallow down, “with everything. But I don’t want to lose a friendship with you simply because of some unresolved romantic feelings between us.”

There’s nothing unresolved between us. We feel the same way about each other.

But Kara held her tongue. Not wanting to make matters worse. Keeping to her promise that she would stand by her even as a friend.

“Neither do I. Let’s have lunch” she smiled, back. And noticed Lena sighing in relief.

Jess had brought in fried goodness for Kara and some healthy food options for Lena that were too green for Kara’s taste. They ate at their regular place on the couch. Both ignoring the memory of what had happened between them not long ago on this exact piece of office furniture. Kara found herself fidgeting, the memory replaying at the back of her mind as she distractedly listened to Lena talk about meeting Cat Grant when she was young. They laughed about Winn fanning himself when he met Lena for the first time and his incoherent ramblings. Kara told her about the time he met Superman and almost fainted. They even spoke about Alex and Maggie getting married. Lena mentioned she’d be happy to help and Kara commented on how nice that is of her. Because that was what their relationship was now. Small talk.

It was to both of their relief that Kara’s phone rang. Her Supergirl phone. She picked it up, switching to her more serious tone, which Lena seemed to immediately notice from her expression.

“Winn?”

“Fright. Fright is here. She’s here. She just opened up a portal. And security cameras show...”

“Where Winn?!” Kara was already getting up from the couch.

“31st and 2nd. Near the harbor area.” sounds of a keyboard being tackled came from the other line.

“I’m on my way.”

She was making her way to the balcony, when she stopped for just a second, turning back to Lena.

She found herself frozen in her spot at the notion of changing from Kara Danvers to Supergirl right in front of Lena. The weight of that simple, but oh so complicated, action.

Because the last time that happened, everything changed.

And they keep saying that nothing had changed. But they both know it has.

Kara heard the slight pick up of Lena’s heart as she noticed the first three buttons of Kara’s shirt undone. Her green eyes piercing as they stared at the symbol on Kara’s chest. But that slight pick up went away as soon as it had emerged.

Lena lifted her eyes to Kara’s, smiling. “Please, be careful,” she simply said.

“I promised I would.” Kara replied, taking off her glasses and flying off into the sky.
Kara landed in front of the blonde woman. It was only when she actually saw her that she believed Fright was actually here. When Winn had told her, she thought that maybe he was somehow mistaken. They’ve been searching for Fright and trying to come up with ways to defeat her for so long that the idea of her simply showing up was far-fetched. But now, Kara stood in front of the woman who caused some of her most haunting nightmares.

“Hello, hello, hello, Superblonde” Fright smirked, her tongue darting out lazily across her lips. She spoke in that same slow manner. As though each word was dangerously emphasized.

“Fright!” Kara growled.

“Miss me, baby?” She wore that same revealing outfit she wore the last time. Knee length red boots, a leather jacket that barely reached her mid thigh, and what looked like a red corset underneath showing a copious amount of cleavage.

Kara gritted her teeth. Bending her knees slightly in preparation to bolt with her fullest speed towards the other woman. She was prepared. She was going to do this. She was also hesitating. Calculating. How to fight her without getting near her.

“Tell me, Superblondy, how did you like the taste of my paranoia? Was it... delicious?” Fright began to slowly walk, placing each red heel carefully in front of the other. “Hmm?” her wide grin showed all her white pearl teeth.

They both circled one another, moving at opposite directions without breaking their stare. Kara’s thinking was distorted. Ricocheting anger and fear with hatred being the primary advocate. All the adrenaline rushed through her as she gulped down, readying herself to strike.

“Or maybe you didn’t really get to savor it properly. How about you come here for another taste?” Fright’s smirk grew at her last remark.

Kara trained her eyes on Fright, not daring to blink. They were stepping around each other like lions in a cage, each waiting for the other to make one wrong move.

“I'm taking you in Fright! You’re surrounded!” Kara shouted.

“Oooh lucky me! But be honest Superblonde, do you really want anyone else coming close enough and going through what you went through? Especially if they were human. They probs won’t survive, now would they?”

Kara breathed heavily, every step she took calculated, every move thought of beforehand. She couldn’t risk making any mistakes this time. She watched as Fright took out her Magnum from behind her back. That same gun she had shot Kara with the last time. Kara gulped down but showed no hint of the trepidation in her heart. Fright casually loaded it with six green bullets she took out from her coat pocket. Even from a far distance, Kara could already feel the Green Kryptonite’s pestilent effect.

“I'm super curious, Superblonde. How did you manage to survive my little treat?” She twisted the revolver’s chamber before flinging the gun sideways to close the cartridge, smiling as it slid easily with a click .

“I have people by my side that help me. Your neurotoxins didn’t affect me as you thought they would.” Kara lied, hoping her face showed no hesitation.

Fright smiled dangerously, once again showing her teeth, “Oh, but we both know they did. Come
on Supes, you don’t need to pretend with me. We both know even if the toxins are out of your system...” She continued circling around with Kara, putting one heel in front of the other, giving her step a flirtatious swing. “There’s still some... leftovers. Hmm?” She continued to speak slowly. Every word enunciated clearly. “Tell me. Have the nightmares stopped yet?”

Kara clenched her jaw, growling at the ease at which the woman in front of her was intimidating her.

Fright seemed to notice. Her eyes lit up with excitement, “Oh, this is good. It’s worse than nightmares, isn’t it? Oh this is so good. Tell me, please. What is it? What’s got blondygirl so tense?” When Kara stayed silent, Fright continued, “Is it panic attacks?” She stopped in her tracks, grin plastered on her face.

Kara tightened her fists at the memory. She needed to focus. Fright was trying to get inside of her head and was succeeding. Kara refocused her eyes on the woman, determined not to falter at the mention of her terrors.

Fright’s grin only became wider, “It is isn’t it! Oh those are fun! The claustrophobia, the lack of air, the jumbled thoughts. Panic attacks are a doozy. I have to admit, they weren’t my favorite when Scarecrow used to shoot me up with new formulas of his fear chemicals. They weren’t nearly as fun as hallucinations. Did you get those yet, blondy? Now, *those* are something else!” Fright laughed in excitement as though given a pleasant gift.

“That’s enough Fright!” Kara shouted, her frustration reaching its limit.

Heat vision shot from her eyes as she aimed at the woman, but Fright took one step to the right, merely inches from the scorched spot on the road that Kara had just hit. The agility that Fright possessed was profound. It wasn’t her speed that was astonishing, it was the ease of it. When she avoided the Kara’s heat vision, she didn’t jump to avoid getting burned. She didn’t even flinch. She side stepped, slowly. Easily. As though she knew Kara would do it before Kara herself did.

“Ok, Supes. I have a proposition for ya!” Fright taunted, “You see, it’s no fun when you don’t come any closer and I don’t get to see that pretty face of yours. So I’ll promise to not use my special treat with you, if you promise we get to play together more... intimately. Deal?”

Kara didn’t respond, instead shot her heat vision again at Fright, aiming just a bit to the right in case she side stepped again. But Fright was again a step ahead of her. She twirled herself backwards as though dancing and landed a few paces to the left this time.

“Oh this is no fun! Come on baby, come play with me. I promise I don’t bite.” the corner of her mouth lifted as she extended her index finger and made a *come here* gesture, “Not much anyway.” Fright took a step closer, the Magnum in a firm grip. “How about I convince you a little bit more?” She asked just as she raised her arm and fired a shot. Kara felt the effects of the Kryptonite seep through her veins just as the bullet left the muzzle. She dashed away, but just as last time, Fright had predicted her move and aimed slightly towards where she dashed. The bullet struck her left arm.

Searing, seething, boiling pain shot through her and she hissed as she gripped her arm to keep the blood from pouring. The bullet went through and through and she immediately hovered to distance herself from where it was discarded on the floor.

Kara flew up to the sky, bolting at her maximum speed and shot her heat vision twice more from two completely different spots, meters away from each other. Fright looked as though she was playing a game. Crossing her wrists behind her back and stepping in between each laser beam.

“You remind me so much of bats. Except you’re just more colorful and fun to mess with. He seems to lack in the emotional department. Which takes the fun out of it.” She said as she dashed
away from another shot from Kara’s heat vision.

Kara heard her earpiece coming online, Alex’s voice concerned.

“Supergirl, are you ok?”

“Yeah. I'm fine, Alex”

Alex began shouting orders to her agents, “Alpha team. Stand by for my orders. Keep your aim at
the target.” Kara could see her sister move in with her team, guns perched in front of them.

“Supergirl,” Winn’s voice came on the line, “The heat vision isn't working.”

“I know that Winn. Do you have any other ideas?” Kara’s frustration was growing more by the
minute.

Kara could hear typing from his end, “So J’onn just informed me that his contact in Gotham said
Fright’s abilities are agility and strength. How about we try freeze breath. Maybe she's susceptible
to the cold.”

“Got it. I'll give it a try.”

Kara flew around Fright, speeding in circles and using her freeze breath while circling the blonde
woman. Fright seemed taken back slightly at the use of freeze breath, straining to maintain her
stand with the frozen air pushing against her.

Kara heard Alex give the order to fire and watched as tranquilizer bullets flew past her towards
Fright. She pushed further with her freeze breath, hoping to distract her from the oncoming bullets,
and thus creating a dense cloud of frozen air around the woman. Kara couldn't see past the cloud
anymore, but stopped blowing as soon as she realized the tranquilizer darts reached their mark.

“Alpha team, move in!” Alex ordered into the comms, and a swarm of DEO agents surrounded
the cloud of frost, guns aimed ready, waiting for Fright to reappear.

Kara was the first to notice it. And she felt her chest clench at what she noticed.

Because just as the cloud began to die down, everyone registered that Fright had disappeared.
Nowhere in sight.

“Where’d she go?” Alex demanded. “Supergirl? Can you sense her?”

“She's gone.”

“What do you mean she's gone?”

Winn was the one to answer. “Another portal was opened. She used the portal to escape.”

“Dammit!” Alex quipped.

Kara’s whole body felt heavy. She flew over National City feeling as though she was carrying
bricks of concrete with her. The Kryptonite bullets only grazed her but they had the undesired
effect nonetheless. Whatever form of Kryptonite Fright had, it tended to last even after the
Kryptonite was gone. And Kara found herself drowsy from the aftereffects of the bullet. She
didn’t quite realize where she was going until she landed on Lena’s office balcony. Even then, she
didn't quite realize what she was doing as she opened the door and let herself in, her shoulders
slumping in exhaustion.

“Kara? Oh, thank God.” Lena’s relieved look completely disappeared when she laid eyes on Kara’s defeated form, “Kara, are you alright?” Lena stood from her chair, her green eyes held concern.

It was only when Lena called her by her name that Kara realized what she was doing. She had come to Lena’s office to lie down. Something that had become a habit for her whenever she was tired from a fight or when she wanted to see Lena’s face. She also noticed how she had came into the office with the intention of kissing Lena before heading off into the lead-lined bedroom and taking a nap. Something that she probably shouldn’t do.

It was all so confusing. And Kara stood there at the door of the balcony, taking in the reality of what used to be and what actually is right now. The differences. The little things she couldn’t do anymore. She couldn’t just come in whenever she wanted, kiss Lena on the forehead, and head into a bedroom to sleep.

She couldn’t do that anymore. And it made her inconsolable. It made her so very angry. Not at Lena. But at herself.

Lena stepped closer, still confused at Kara’s frozen state, “Kara? Are you alright?” she asked, worried.

Kara swallowed down slowly, irritation clear on her face, and a sour taste in her mouth, “Sorry, I... I didn’t mean to. I must have...” Kara looked around the room as though the answer was there. She turned back to Lena, “Sorry I meant to go to my own apartment but I got confused I guess.” She began making her way back onto the balcony. “It was good to see you, Lena. Sorry again for interrupting you.”

Lena’s heels clicked closer, “Kara? Wait.”

But Kara couldn’t wait. She couldn't stand looking at Lena and not want to kiss her senseless. So she flew off before making another stupid mistake as showing up in the first place.

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Kara?

Kara? Are you alright?

If you get these, can you please call me back.

Kara looked at the messages from Lena. She was on the couch in her apartment, has been for the last hour. In a white tank top and gray sweatpants, she was cross-legged on her couch trying to calm down herself.

Fright slipped away again. She’s out there. Somewhere. For all I know, she could be planning her next move to hurt Lena.

Kara wanted nothing more than to go to Lena. To stay by her side until Fright was caught. But Alex gave her strict instructions to rest at home. Fright seemed to be using a highly concentrated form of Kryptonite and it somehow made Kara tired even after she was far away from it. Even now, sitting on her couch, she felt drowsy. Her head was pounding and she couldn’t even remember the last time she had an actual headache.

Kara was still on her couch, trying to wrap her mind around how to beat Fright, when she heard
Lena’s voice.

“No, I can’t just show up unannounced again.”

It was coming from the hallway. From the elevator actually. She heard buttons being pressed and the ding of the elevator in the apartment lobby. Kara x-rayed the building, finding Lena back on the ground floor making her way to the door of the apartment only to suddenly stop. The CEO was wearing her long red coat and she sighed as she went back into the elevator.

“This is stupid. She’s probably fine. I could just call her again. I can’t just show up at her doorstep every time...” the elevator dinged again on her floor and Kara pulled herself from the couch. She opened her front door, stepped outside barefoot, faced the elevator at the end of the hallway and crossed her arms. Lena’s face was priceless. Her eyes widened as though remembering that Kara had super hearing and probably heard everything she had just said. The elevator doors began to close again and Lena woke up from her trans only to push the open button on the panel before stepping outside and walking towards Kara.

“Hi,” Lena said weakly. She seemed nervous. Hands clasped together. Kara was learning how that gesture was part of her nervous habits.

“Hey,” Kara replied, not putting too much effort into it. She told herself that it was the Kryptonite that made her greeting less warm. That it was because of the Kryptonite that she failed to put on a smile on her face as soon as she saw Lena. She was happy to see her. She just was also still angry at herself.

Kara walked back into her apartment and stood by the door gesturing for Lena to come in. Lena’s heart was racing and Kara made no comment about it. It was no longer her place to comment on such things and she was growing tired of the constant reminder of her mistake.

Lena stepped in but didn't go into the apartment as Kara had expected. She instead faced her, looking Kara in the eyes intensely. Her expression was worried, lips pressed tightly as though holding back words. Kara was ultimately confused.

“Are you...” Lena began, swallowing down before continuing. “Are you alright? Did she...?” Lena sighed heavily, her breath becoming faster. Her eyes searched Kara's, looked around the apartment, then back to Kara.

Kara was now even more confused.

“You were fighting Fright. I saw it broadcasted on the news. And then you suddenly showed up at my office but left right away. Did Fright...?”

Lena seemed to have a difficult time sounding out words. And it took Kara a few moments to understand.

“Oh. You mean the paranoia?”

“Yes. Kara, are you alright? Tell me what to do. Tell me how to fix it. I don’t know how...”

Kara remembered the two nights that Lena had saved her life by uttering those same words.

In Vancouver.

Tell me what to do. Supergirl you’re scaring me. Tell me what to do to make it alright.

And in Lena’s office.

Tell me how to make it alright. Tell me what to do.
And both those nights, Lena somehow managed to make everything alright again. She tamed every voice in Kara’s head, every ounce of paranoia and every hint of fear in her heart. Lena had made her feel safe those nights. And Kara stood in the doorway of her apartment thinking that maybe this wasn’t any different. Maybe if she just stayed silent, Lena would do just that. She would just make everything go away. Maybe if she just stood there, she could pretend for just a little while. Pretend that everything was ok. That nothing had changed. That Lena would make everything alright just like she did those other two nights.

“Kara, I don’t know what to do. Should I call Alex?”

Kara stood looking at her and thinking maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if she just lied and said Fright had affected her with Paranoia. At the very least she would get to hear Lena’s heartbeat with one emotion. Any emotion. Lately Lena’s heart had been so quiet. So...

Senseless?

Numb?

Dead?

Kara hated to admit it, but Lena was right. Her heart was all of those things. Lacking any emotion whatsoever. But now, as she listened, she noticed fear. Actual fear. She noticed worry and concern. Lena’s face didn’t possess that fake smile she seemed to plaster on these days. It was genuinely concerned. And Kara liked it. She felt guilt at the pit of her stomach for liking it, but she did.

“I’m calling Alex.” Lena pulled out her phone from her pocket, and instantly pulled Kara out from her thoughts.

“No,” Kara was about to stop Lena, but immediately halted her movement at touching Lena with her hand. She remembered what it did last time. Lena seemed to notice, because now Lena was looking at Kara’s hand that was clearly pulled back from touching her.

Kara cleared her throat and made her way into the kitchen, “I’m fine, Lena. Fright didn’t get me. She just got away.”

Kara heard the front door close and Lena’s heels make their way further into the apartment. “Are you sure? Your arm...” she asked. Still sounding worried. Still sounding concerned. Still sounding to Kara as though she cared more than a friend.

“Yeah. I'm sure. That's nothing, just a graze. And trust me, I would know if I was affected with paranoia. It's not exactly subtle.” Kara took out two mugs and placed them on the counter, “Hot cocoa?” she turned to Lena.

Lena looked at the two mugs before looking back at Kara, as though the notion of having hot cocoa with Kara was much more than simply having hot cocoa. “I don't want to impose, I mean I'm sure...”

“You see, you don't get to do that!” Kara interrupted, her frustration clearly showing in her voice, which was an octave louder than normal, “You don't get to say that we're friends and then act so formal with me.” she pointed at Lena in anger.

The shock on Lena’s face was all it took to make Kara realize just what she had said. And how she had said it.

Kara placed both her hands on the counter in front of her bowing her head down and sighing. She
ran her hand through her blonde hair as she looked back up to Lena, who managed to keep her shock in check. “I... I'm sorry. It's just... It's been a long day. I have a lot on my mind.”

“No, you’re right. I said I wanted to make this work. And I do. I just don’t know... I don’t know how. I don’t know what’s acceptable as friends and what’s...” she paused gesturing to the both of them, “more.”

“I get it. This isn’t exactly a normal situation.” Kara’s frustration simmered down. But it was still there. “So, what now?”

“How about we pretend I didn’t foolishly decline your offer for hot cocoa and you tell me what’s on your mind?” Lena tilted her head slightly, smiling. Her smile still wasn’t the same. But it wasn’t fake either. Kara found herself getting lost in that slight head tilt.

Kara smiled back. She nodded, “That would be perfect.”

Lena took off her heels and her coat, and Kara noticed the dark green sheath dress Lena was wearing. She had a weakness for those dresses. How short they usually were. How tight. The way they hugged Lena’s every curve perfectly. Once again, she found herself remembering that night on the couch in Lena’s office. The way the dress was easily pulled up and...

“Kara?”

“Hmm?”

Lena’s mouth twitched in a secret smile and Kara hoped she wasn’t obviously staring at the dress just moments ago. She brought both mugs into the living room and handed one to Lena who had her legs tucked under her on the couch. Kara sat next to her in the middle.

“I can’t remember the last time I’ve had a beverage that included so many mini marshmallows.” Lena exclaimed.

Kara feigned a gasp, “What kind of hot cocoa do you drink?!?”

“The caffeinated one,” Lena replied.

Kara shook her head sighing, “I can’t believe you.”

Lena took a sip from her mug before placing it on the coffee table in front of her. “So, what’s on your mind?”

Kara dreaded this next part. She wanted to tell Lena. Tell her about everything that’s been going through her head. But there was so much of it. So much that she didn’t know where to start from. She took a sip of her drink, hoping the warm chocolate would calm her down.

“It’s Fright isn’t it?” Lena whispered.

Kara nodded. Relieved for not being forced to say it out loud.

“You got scared?”

Kara nodded again, placing the mug on the coffee table in front of her before accidentally breaking it from her tight hold.

“Kara, you know it’s alright to be afraid, right? It’s perfectly fine, even for Supergirl.”

“That's just it. Supergirl isn't supposed to be scared. She's supposed to protect and be there for people when they're scared. She shouldn't be scared. People don't...”
“People don't know Supergirl the way I do.” Lena said. She looked down as though suddenly realizing the double meaning behind her words.

“Nobody knows Supergirl the way you do.” Kara couldn't help but say.

Lena smiled, her eyes still looking at her hands in her lap, “I just mean that people don't know the real you. They think you're this mighty being that shouldn't feel any sort of weakness. But you do. It’s what makes you human.”

“But I'm not human.” Kara claimed bitterly, her words heavy with meaning, leaving a sour taste behind.

“You are, Kara. Maybe not by DNA. But your humanity is what makes you good. Your humanity is what makes you do the things you do. Constantly save people. Risk your own life for the sake of others. That's your humanity. I know that you think it's a sense of duty that drives you to put on that cape. That you were sent with a purpose. That having these powers is some sort of responsibility. And I don't doubt any of that. But I also know that there are people who if given the same powers would not make the same choices as you. Would be more inclined to selfishly use them for themselves rather than help people with them.” Lena looked down at her hands again, “I would know, I practically lived with the likes of such people.”

“But you’re not like them.”

Lena scoffed, smiling. Kara knew that smile. She saw through that heartbreaking smile. The one Lena used when she was in pain.

“You’re not, Lena.”

Lena looked back up at Kara, pushing away the hurt that was just seconds ago evident in her expression, “Tell me. About what’s on your mind.”

Kara noticed Lena changing the subject but didn’t mention it. “I don’t know how to defeat Fright. She scares me like nothing ever did before. The things I experienced under the influence of paranoia were a nightmare. And the panic attacks...”

“I think the reason why you can’t seem to defeat Fright is because you’re doubting your every move. I think you were hesitating and that’s why Fright got away.”

“It is. Today I had an opportunity to strike her down if I flew towards her while using my heat vision. But... I just... I got scared.”

“Kara, but this time you have something you didn’t have last time. You have me.” Lena tilted her head slightly trying to meet Kara’s eyes that were aimed at her lap, “If, and only if, you get affected by the paranoia, it won’t be as bad as the last time. Because this time I’ll be here, and I’ll help you get through it. You can listen to my heartbeat to calm yourself down. Also, today you told me that you and Alex tried those stabilizers. And that they worked. This time Kara, you have people who are willing to help you through it.”

Kara looked up to meet those emerald eyes, “You’re right.”

“I usually am,” Lena smiled conceitedly. But her smile switched back to being warm as she continued, “It’s ok to be scared Kara. No one expects you to always be fearless.”

Kara held Lena’s gaze in complete silence. It was a comfortable silence. Both of them putting the past week behind them if only for a little while. They were so close. Somehow during their conversation, one of them had gotten closer. Kara wasn’t sure which of them was the culprit of the
action but she didn’t much care. She was too busy noticing how Lena’s chest began to rise heavily. The cherry redness of Lena’s lips. Kara’s eyes burned into Lena’s like wildfire. She noticed Lena’s heartbeat picking up slightly as Lena’s eyes stole a quick glance at Kara’s lips. Kara tried to capture the emotion behind the pulse. But there didn’t seem to be a clear one. Because just as sudden as Lena’s heartbeat picked up, it suddenly went back to its calm tempo. Lacking any emotion.

Lena broke their gaze to reach for her mug. She took a small sip and made a small gesture to move a little further against the armrest of the couch just as she was putting the mug back on the table.

“Have you told Alex about the panic attack?”

Kara felt her heart clench in her chest. The spell was broken. Words hanged between them, heavy and unexpected. Kara could feel their weight in the air, though she wasn’t entirely sure if Lena was even aware of the it. Because Lena looked unaffected by it all. She looked...

Empty.

“Umm no. I haven’t’” she replied somberly.

“Kara, you should. You said so yourself, you’ve never had a panic attack before. Maybe Fright’s toxins are still present.”

“I know. It's just... Alex has had her whole life revolved around protecting me. Making sure no one finds out about my secret. Making sure I can control my powers. She barely ever has something to herself. And now she does. She has Maggie and she’s building a life with her. I... I don't want to...”

“I'm sure Alex doesn't see it that way, Kara. She's your sister.”

“Yeah. I guess so...”

“And I think we've both learned that keeping things from those we love is not the brightest of ideas.” Lena had a mischievous smile on her lips.

Kara let out a small laugh, “Definitely learned that one.”

Kara took a sip of her mug before placing it back on the table and leaning back. “You know when I first came to Earth, I went through sensory overload. There were all these powers that I suddenly had...” Kara had expected that Lena would ask her about her powers. About why she didn’t have them back on Krypton. But Lena just quietly listened, and Kara hid her disappointment by continuing, “My powers come from the Earth’s yellow sun. Back on Krypton, we had a red sun.”

Kara could feel the gears in Lena’s mind turning with the look she had on her face.

“The first couple of months, maybe even the first year, I was a thirteen year old girl who suddenly had these powers that she couldn't begin to understand.” Kara looked at her mug, the memory of her first year replaying in her head. “These powers that I suddenly had would completely overwhelm my mind, making it hard to focus on anything.”

Kara’s eyes gazed at the brim of her mug on the table, remembering that first year she had arrived on Earth while she recited the events to Lena.

The x-ray vision was the easiest to control, thanks to Jeremiah who had given her the lead lined glasses. Flight and heat vision didn’t pose much of a problem, since they needed to be triggered. But the super strength proved to be the most difficult dispute. She almost broke everything she touched, not knowing how much effort to exert. For months on end when she had first arrived,
she was too scared to hug anyone at all. Even after learning basic control of her strength, she still refused to hug anyone.

It was Alex who one day forced a hug from her, claiming “You can’t be my sister and just decide not to hug me. It doesn’t work like that”. And so, Alex had hugged her, wrapping her arms around her shoulder blades and tightening the hug when Kara would not hug her back. “Here’s the thing. I'm going to stay right here and continue to hug you until you actually hug me back. I don’t care if this takes all night long.” Kara remembered standing there for what she was told was twenty whole minutes, her new sister’s arms around her neck, her own arms at her sides, slowly and gradually diminishing their fists.

She felt her heart pick up when she lifted her arms to place at her sister’s lean waist. Her arms hovered there for a few moments, not quite touching her sister, her mind still screaming at her that this was a mistake. That she would hurt her. That she would crush her. She clenched her sweaty palms, still in the air, and sighed deeply, taking in the smell that she would forever remember as her sister’s from then on. As she buried herself in Alex’s neck, she finally placed her hands at the small of her sister’s back, looping her arms around and clutching for dear life. “There you go, Kara. That wasn’t so bad, was it? You actually give quite nice hugs. For an alien.” Kara remembered Alex chuckling, her quiet laugh reverberating on Kara’s head. And Kara found her heart relaxing to the sound.

“Who knew Agent Alex Danvers was fond of hugs?” Lena exclaimed, smiling when Kara laughed wholeheartedly, drawing her head back towards the back of the couch.

“Yeah, I guess she can come off as... unhuggable sometimes.” Kara joked.

“Well, that sure is one way to put it.”

Kara turned her head still leaned on the couch, studying Lena’s expression, “I know you and Alex haven’t exactly seen eye to eye, but she really is just looking out for me.” Kara furrowed her brows together, “And I know it’s no excuse for the things she had done or said to you but it’s just her way of being the protective older sister. Even though I’m the alien and she’s the vulnerable human.”

“I think Agent Danvers is a bit far from vulnerable, don’t you?”

Kara laughed again, “Ok, yeah. Maybe vulnerable wasn’t the right word.”

“I’d be happy to provide you with a more suitable word using that thesaurus brain of mine,” Lena narrowed her eyes in sarcasm.

“You’re never letting that go, are you?”

“Not a chance.”

“Didn’t think so,” Kara smiled looking at her hands, “Alex has always been the one person there for me. Even before I became Supergirl. She cares about me and worries about me a lot.”

“She and I have that in common,” Lena held her gaze as she said those words.

Kara was about to ask her about what she meant when her phone rang.

“Winn?”

“Supergirl...”

“Did you find her?” Kara immediately asked.
“What? Oh you mean Fright. No, no. She's still in hiding. But any chance you could help the police with a hostage situation at a small convenience store.”

Kara’s shoulders slumped in disappointment, “On my way. Text me the address.”

Kara watched as Lena immediately began picking up her mug and heading into the kitchen. The idea of her leaving suddenly causing Kara to panic. She superspeeded into her suit before walking over to where Lena was stepping into one heel, shimmying her foot to fit it in place.

“Please don't go.” Kara blurted.

Lena looked up to Kara, “Kara, it's getting late. I really should be going.”

“Lena, Fright is still out there. Please just stay. This won't take long. I promise. I...” Kara looked down at her boots, “I liked talking to you. It really helped me get through some of the things on my mind.” Kara pouted, looking up at Lena. “Please don't go. Stay. Just for a little while longer. And then you can go home if you'd like.”

Lena looked conflicted. Her eyes softening up a bit at what Kara had said. She smiled warmly and Kara felt her heart drop at the slight tilt of her lips.

“Ok. I'll be here when you come back.” she finally said, once again disposing of her heels.

Kara could feel her grin grow bigger at the idea of Lena staying. She pressed her lips together to keep her excitement at a minimal.

Lena gestured to the window, “Go! There are people who need you!” she laughed.

“Oh. Right!” Kara took one last look at Lena before super speeding out from her window.

When Kara came back to her apartment, she found Lena peacefully asleep leaned against the armrest of the couch. The image alone was breathtaking. She was delicately beautiful, as though poised to perfection. And Kara thought that if she ever needed a definition for perfection, this would be it. A small strand of raven hair had made its way onto Lena’s face and the strand moved ever so slightly every time Lena breathed out. Kara noticed Lena’s phone discarded on the floor beside her, the screen lit up with an opened document that was filled with endless paragraphs.

Kara thought about how different this image could have been. The image of Lena waiting up for her. Greeting her with kisses. Waking up next to her. Her lavender lotion being the scent that Kara would wake up to.

But this wasn't it. This wasn't Lena waiting up for her for any goodnight kisses.

They were friends. And Kara thanked Rao she was given friendship as opposed to nothing at all.

She walked over to her, crouching in front of the couch and basking in the feeling of being able to simply look at Lena like this. For the past week, it had been only fleeting glances that were purely platonic and it was driving Kara crazy. But now, she sat crouched in front of this mesmerizing woman, and watched as her face displayed nothing but peace. Every guard completely disregarded in her features. Which was a rare look for Lena.

Kara slowly pushed the strand of hair away from Lena’s eyes and tucked it softly where it belonged. She kept her hearing tuned to Lena’s heartbeat as she slowly pushed one arm under her knees and another under her shoulder blades picking her up. Lena was normally a light sleeper, but Kara had noticed how she hadn't been sleeping lately the past week. Kara knew Lena had not been sleeping properly since she herself would be wide awake tossing and turning with her. Every
night, Kara had waited for Lena to sleep before sleeping herself. So she definitely noticed how right now, Lena was obviously passed out from exhaustion. Her heartbeat conveying as much.

As she picked her up, Lena moved slightly, burying her nose further into Kara’s neck and breathing deeply. Her breath tickling Kara’s neck and sending a trail of fire in its wake. It was a small movement, but Kara had learned that it was the little things that had the biggest effect. She stood motionless for a few seconds, her eyes closed, taking in the feeling of Lena close in her arms. She had been telling herself that this friendship could work. Drilling it into her mind like a mantra that would eventually convince her if she repeated it enough times.

_Lena and I are friends. We can be friends again. Just like we used to be. This can work._

But she doubted friendships involved hearts physically aching with longing. Because that was what she felt. Pain. Plan and simple. And she found herself wondering why they both continued to pursue a friendship that pained them so immensely.

Feeling as though she was crossing some line pertaining to their new found friendship, Kara walked to her bed and gently placed Lena down. She quietly pulled at the covers until they reached just below her collarbone. The look on Lena’s face still infatuated Kara. Complete serenity evident there. Features relaxed rather than focused.

Kara placed a faint kiss on her forehead, lingering longer than necessary, “khuhp zhao rraop” she whispered, conveying her love in the only way she deemed worthy, before turning around to head back into the living room.

Four words whispered back to her made her stiffen.

“khuhp zhao rraop lizrhom,” Lena mumbled sleepily. Kara wouldn’t even have caught it if it wasn’t for her super hearing. It was spoken so softly with such a fragile voice. The words of the language so perfectly pronounced, Kara thought she had imagined them. Not at all seeming foreign rolling off of Lena’s tongue. Kara turned to find Lena still sleeping, the slow tempo of her heart confirming the notion. Those words echoed in her thoughts, her mind still processing the possibility of their utterance.

_khuhp zhao rraop lizrhom._

Kara felt the blood rushing in her veins, her heart pounding in her chest. It shouldn’t have been possible, but Lena had said those words with such precision that even Kal-El himself sometimes lacked.

_Lena spoke Kryptonian._

Chapter End Notes

_Sherly, the fresh baked smell of cliffhangers. There was a mention of Lena knowing Kryptonian in some of the early chapters. Could anybody guess where?_
A Stubborn Friendship

Chapter Notes

Nothing but platonic feelings here...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena woke up to the smell of rain and mint, a scent her mind often associated with a certain blonde superhero. But this time it was mixed with a hint of citrus and mangoes, a scent she normally associated with Kara. Her mind was hazy, not remembering when she went to bed or how she got there. Something at the back of her mind was pushing towards a conclusion to be drawn by those two scents mixing together. Prodding her to recognize the meaning of their combined dynamic.

But she couldn't fully grasp at it.

The first things she noticed were the sounds of cars. Birds. A bus beeping. Construction drilling. That's odd. She opened her eyes wider, trying to refocus her mind on why she was able to hear all those sounds when she lived on the top floor of one of the highest buildings in National City. She swallowed down as she brought her hand to rub at her face and eyes, still trying to fill in the pieces of last night.

Last night.

Lena bolted up. Last night she was with Kara. She looked around her. This is Kara’s bedroom. Last thing I remember was editing the Credo files on my phone. I must have dozed off. Lena studied the room she was in. She had only been to Kara’s place a few times, not including those times she didn't quite make it past the door that included love confessions and gift givings of friendship rings.

The room felt... Cozy. Warmth seeping from every detail present. Family pictures lined the walls and some unfinished painting leaned against it. The covers of the bed were blue and green with similar colored pillows around her. Exposed brick covered one wall and was interrupted by a tall window, letting ample amounts of sunlight into the room. Probably the main reason Lena had woken up. She was used to a dark room with her very convenient blackouts. But Kara seemed to like nothing more than to have huge amounts of sunlight perfectly directed at her bed. It makes sense.

Lena made her way into the doorless living room and found Kara on the couch. Or what looked liked a blonde woman in a supersuit. Kara’s lower body was safely on the couch but her head had made its way to the coffee table and was cushioned by her arm. Her other arm was outstretched across the table. Kara’s hair and suit and, probably even face if Lena could see it, were all covered in what looked like soot. The smell still lingered in the air and Lena noticed a couch pillow on the floor that was tragically charred. Lena suspected this was a normal thing for Kara.

She decided to make breakfast for the sleeping Kryptonian before going back to her own apartment as a way to show her gratitude. It was the least she could do.

A way of saying ‘thank you for letting me take over your bed even though you could have easily slept beside me, it wouldn't exactly have been the first time we've slept beside one another without sleeping with each other, but thank you for choosing to sleep on the couch anyway.’
Lena shook her head and rolled her eyes at the thought. She opened the fridge and gasped. It was devoid of anything resembling proper healthy food. Leftover pizza slices, multiple takeout boxes, and three milk cartons - all chocolate. There was a drawer filled with chopsticks and ketchup packets. Does she think chopsticks need to be refrigerated? Lena sighed when her options were limited to bacon and eggs.

Halfway through her cooking, she found a box of pancake mix and added it to her breakfast menu. She had always loved cooking. It was therapeutic. It reminded her of the time she was young at the Luthor mansion when she would watch Susan, one of the chefs, put all her passion into her cooking. But she had certainly never cooked something like this. Good thing it's all simple enough. Lena looked over at where the hero was sleeping and saw that she had somehow completely dragged herself on the coffee table. Kara was now face down on the coffee table with her arms wrapping around and hooking under the edge as though she were hugging it. Lena shook her head as she mixed the pancake batter. She frowned when she got some on her dress. This would all have been easier had she not be wearing a six hundred dollar dress, but she made do.

Half an hour later, the kitchen island was covered by tall stacks of pancakes, sizzling bacon, and well done eggs. Cups of chocolate milk and some chopped up bananas that she managed to find in that fridge were also neatly placed. Lena was just grabbing the coffee pot when she heard something breaking and a loud thud on the floor.

“Ow!” Kara cried, from inside what used to be a coffee table “Oh Rao, not again! Why was I sleeping on the table?”

The coffee table legs had completely surrendered and Kara had made herself a whole in the center where she was now sprawled on the floor over table remnants. Lena saw Kara close her eyes after inspecting the breakage around her. The blonde seemed completely content on going back to sleep. Like that. But then there was a sniff. Kara’s nose scrunching just slightly. Lena held her coffee mug to her chest as she leaned against the kitchen island and watched the woman in front of her. Kara sniffed once more, short sniffs as though smelling something. It reminded Lena of a Golden Retriever. Kara then took one long sniff as she suddenly dragged herself off the floor, her eyes still closed.

Lena smiled as she watched Kara walk over table pieces, with her eyes closed and her nose perched up in the air. The blonde stopped in the center of the open floor apartment. Blue eyes finally showed themselves. Sleepy, tired, and smiling blue eyes. Kara looked at Lena first in confusion, as though not remembering why Lena was in her apartment.

“Morning?” Lena asked slowly. She had never seen Kara waking up before. Just Supergirl.

Kara gave her a goofy smile as she stole a glance at the food behind Lena.

“G’morning, beautiful” Kara mumbled sleepily as she rubbed her eyes. “You didn’t have to make breakfast.”

Lena stood there for a moment looking at the disheveled hero and not at all thinking of that endearment Kara just said and the way her voice was still groggy from sleep. “I wanted to.”

“Thank you.” Kara said as she made her way onto one of the kitchen island stools.

“Go wash up first. You reek of fire.”

Kara looked down as though not even realizing she was still in her suit. She looked back at her food, then to Lena, jutting out her bottom lip in a pout, “But...”
“It takes you less than five seconds. And that’s not even an exaggeration” Lena raised an eyebrow to make her point. She sat down on the other stool and took a sip of her coffee mug. When Kara decided to stay and pout even more, Lena scrolled through her phone and pointed towards the bedroom with her other hand.

“Fine,” Kara grunted like a teenager being grounded.

She made it back in three seconds. Smiling proudly and already finishing up three pancakes.

Lena was busy going through her morning emails, but she didn't miss the hungry and eager woman beside her. “Chew, Kara.”

“It's not my fault it's so good,” Kara mumbled through a stuffed mouth.

Lena looked up from her phone, giving Kara a once over at how fast she was eating. At one point, Kara began eating with the fork in one hand and using her left to pour rather than simply dribble some syrup over her pancakes. Lena was sure the ratio of syrup to pancakes was a mind blowing one, with pancakes on the losing end. Just as Lena was about to return to her phone, she noticed Kara’s arm.

She frowned, “Kara, you're bleeding.”

Kara looked over at her arm, “Oh, it's just dry blood. From yesterday.”

Lena got off her stool, inspecting the bandage and trying to peel it off. “You shouldn't be bleeding at all. I thought the effects of Kryptonite stop as soon as you're not in its proximity.”

“It does. But Fright seems to be using a very concentrated form. Alex took the bullet to test out the Kryptonite in her labs. But I’m pretty sure it's concentrated. It makes me drowsy even hours later.”

_Lex. He's supplying her with this form of Kryptonite._

Lena peeled off the whole bandage. “Do you have a first aid kit here?”

“Yeah. The bathroom cabinet. But Lena, it's fine, you don't have to...” but Lena was already walking into the bathroom. She was mad. At Lex. At Fright. At Kara. At herself most.

Always at herself the most.

She came back into the kitchen finding Kara still eating her pancakes eagerly. She took out the antiseptic from the kit, ignoring Kara’s protest that it won't do anything. Lena began cleaning the wound thoroughly, while Kara was content to go back to her eating.

Kara gulped down, “I was just saying that it's not my fault that your cooking is so good. Where did you learn how to cook?”

“Kara, you could hardly call this cooking.” Lena creased her eyebrows in focus.

Kara pointed with her fork, “If it didn't come ordered with a receipt, then it's cooking.” another pancake devoured, “Do you know how to cook other things?”

“Yes, I suppose I do.” Lena thought back to the Luthor mansion as she took out her frustration with Kara getting hurt by cleaning the wound a bit too thoroughly.

Sundays were when Lionel and Lillian went out to dinner parties or spent the day at the beach house entertaining guests. They rarely stayed at the mansion on Sundays. Lena remembered those days. She and Lex would spend the day doing whatever it was they wanted. On many of those days, they would cook with Susan. Lex was barely fourteen at the time and he would always
make the biggest mess. Most of the time involving ample amounts of chocolate. Brownies were always their favorite. Although Lena always preferred something with vanilla, Lex loved chocolate brownies, and Lena in turn loved them too. It wasn’t so much the brownies that she liked as much as the idea of them. Making them with her brother. The one person who made her feel welcome in the Luthor mansion. She smiled at the memory.

“Where did you learn how to cook?”

“Hmm. Oh, I…” Lena paused, the memory of Lex’s laugh replaying in her mind, “I took a course abroad.” she simply said, as she finished cleaning the wound and took out a new bandage.

It wasn’t a lie. She did take a course. She just omitted more than she shared. Telling Kara, or even Supergirl, about things in her past felt… Different now. Bitter. Lena didn’t want to share that part of her with Kara anymore, it made her blood cold. It felt tainted. Lena couldn’t explain why, but after Kara had broken her trust, she no longer felt the need to prove herself by giving snippets of her past that contained small amounts of human attributes. That excused the way she was. She didn’t crave for Kara’s affection by reciting sad sobbing stories of her family issues.

Kara was completely oblivious to the hurricane of thoughts going on in Lena’s mind, “Oh that’s amazing. You’re really good. No one ever cooks in this place. Alex is the worst cook. Winn treats cooking like a science experiment. And he fails most of the time. James does cook but has never cooked here. Only Maggie has cooked here once or twice.” Kara scraped off the last of the pancakes on her plate and the plate next to it. She immediately started on the eggs.

“And you?” Lena asked as she firmly pressed the new bandage in place.

Kara shook her head dramatically, “Oh, I don’t. Nope. Definitely don’t cook. But I do help Eliza sometimes with heating or freezing stuff. Oh yeah! Eliza cooks here when she visits.”

Once satisfied with the new bandage, Lena reseated herself on the stool and they ate in silence for a few minutes, the only sound between them was Kara’s eager munching on a helpless piece of bacon.

Halfway through her plate, Lena remembered something. “Did you know that chopsticks don’t need to be refrigerated?”

Kara didn’t look taken back by the question at all, “Yeah, but they’re special.”

“Special?” Lena arched a brow.

“Well, unique.”

Lena shook her head, “I still don’t follow.”

Kara managed to sneak in another bite in before explaining, “They belong on a higher plane than regular utensils. Hence the fridge drawer. And it’s more convenient for when we’re eating leftovers.”

Lena was genuinely baffled at how different they were. “If you ask me, half of the contents of your fridge needs to be thrown out.”

Kara gasped dramatically, “Don’t say stuff like that!”

“How old is that pizza?” Lena quipped.

Kara shrugged, “Not that old. Just a couple of days.

Lena looked up from her plate, “Just… Just a couple of days?!”
Lena looked up from her plate, “Just... Just a couple of days?!”

Kara found Alex in the armory, filling up a duffel bag with numerous weapons. The older Danvers looked ready to go into battle, clad in full DEO uniform with two guns attached to both thigh straps, and one in her back holster. She slid a Swiss army knife in each boot before adding another rifle inside the bag and zipping it up.

“Woah. You look ready to storm the white house.” Kara frowned, “What's with all this?”

“Hey.” Alex greeted her as she buckled on another holster belt. “The DEO is working a drug smuggling operation with the NCPD. We think aliens are also involved in getting this new drug out on the streets. It's called White Ash. And it's been giving people some sort of sensory overload.”

“Oh. Well why didn't you tell me?”

“This is a standard operation, Kara. We can handle ourselves without Supergirl. Besides, I need you well rested and ready for when we find Fright.” Alex placed a silencer in one pocket of the belt and two ammo clips in the other.

Kara pouted, “I’m rested. And ready. Let me come Alex. It'll be easier for you.”

“Kara, the operation is well planned out. Maggie has a team that has been tracking these people for months. She's calling the shots on this one.” Alex strapped in her bulletproof vest, “I promise, we'll call you if we need help.”

“Ok.” Kara then remembered what she wanted Alex for, “Hey, can you let me know when you get off the mission?”

Alex frowned immediately, “Why what's wrong?”

“Nothing. Just something I wanted to talk to you about.” Kara dismissed. She didn’t want to open the topic here, with Alex being in a hurry for a mission.

“Well, what is it about?” Alex crossed her arms, the agent look shed and replaced by the older sister.

Kara thought she might as well let her know what it’s about, “It’s about Lena. I... I think she knows Kryptonian.” Kara admitted.

Kara expected shock. She expected suspicion. She sure didn't expect Alex’s reply.

“I know.” Alex gulped down. Kara knew that face. It was Alex’s guilty look.

“What do you mean you know, Alex?” Kara narrowed her eyes at her older - known to do stupid protective older sister things - sister.

Alex uncrossed her arms, placing her hand on the table and standing closer to Kara, keeping her voice to a whisper. “Look, I wanted to tell you. But I knew you’d be a bit mad. And then Fright happened and we both got caught up with finding a way to...”

“Alex, what did you do? How do you know that Lena knows Kryptonian?” Kara demanded.

Alex sighed defeatedly, “After she came back to National City, I...” Alex looked down at her hands before looking back up to meet her sister’s eyes as she said her next words, “I went over to her office to ask her what it is she talked about with Lex.”
“Alex! Again?!” Kara’s frustration showed on her face.

“Hey, I didn't do anything! I just went over there to talk. She on the other hand wasn't exactly in the mood for talking. If I thought that woman was cold before…” Alex trailed off.

“She's not cold! She just…” Kara tried finding an excuse. “She just has a lot on her mind”

“Anyway, she gave me a flash drive that contained security footage of her visit. Kara, there were times they spoke Kryptonian. Lex would say something and she would respond perfectly. I mean, I don't know Kryptonian, but I'm pretty sure it's almost like the way you speak it.”

“It is the same way I speak it. Last night I heard her say something Kryptonian in her sleep. It was pronounced perfectly.” Kara creased her eyebrows in thought.

“I need to show you the footage so you can translate what they're saying, but right now I have to go.” Alex flung the duffel bag over her shoulder and across her chest. “The mission might last one or two days if everything goes according to plan. I'll text you when I’m done.”

“Ok.” Kara hugged her sister, “Be careful. And call me if you need me. I mean it, Alex.”

“I will. Promise. And you rest up. Winn is working on finding Fright. You'll be ready when he does. This time we're gonna catch her.” Alex winked.

Kara nodded. Not daring to mention how much she wished Winn would not be able to find Fright. She needed to get her mind off of things. Needed to forget so many things. Needed to forget certain newly formed friendships that were anything but platonic to her. She found Winn huddled over his computer, sipping on a slushie and typing with one hand.

“Winn! How about you and I go out tonight?”

Lena walked into her office, ready for the long day she knew she was about to have. She had back to back meetings all the way until late afternoon and none of those meetings were with people she took kindly to. But when she walked into her office, her eyes immediately went towards the white couch in front of the coffee table. She stood at her doorway, scrutinizing the couch. The way it had felt against her back. The way Supergirl... The way Kara kissed her against the armrest. Lena felt herself drown at the memory that had occurred after the gala.

The night of the gala.

Lena excused herself from the fifth legal firm that had approached her that night, all thinking they had her best interest and that she should sign with them. All were snobby men who hated taking no for an answer. It was well into the night, and she walked off to the bar picking up a flute of champagne and looking down at her phone. Her security team had sent updates on everything being clear. There was a message from Supergirl.

Is it later yet?

Lena smiled. Supergirl always made her smile.

Later for what?

You said we can pick this up later once we both finish our jobs. I think your guests have been
spoiled enough.

Lena looked at the sky, trying to pinpoint where the hero was.

_I think you might be right. Meet me in my office?_

_Can you do me a favor?_

_Sure._

_Turn off the cameras in the building._

Lena frowned at the request. _Why on earth would she...?_

_I promise I won’t rob the place._

_I know you won’t. But why..._

_Don’t you trust me?_

Lena didn’t answer that question. It was a much too complicated question. Because she did. She trusted Supergirl with everything in her. Supergirl had been the one person who had not deceived her in any way. Who had wanted to help her rather than use her. And Lena found herself unwillingly - but also willingly - relinquishing her trust to the blonde hero. Fully. Something that had never occurred before. Not even with Lex.

Lena made a few calls and turned off all the security cameras at L-Corp. She then bid her farewell to a select few whom she respected enough to say goodbye to before going back inside her building.

She made her way into the elevator, pressing the top floor for her office. She watched as the doors slowly closed and only caught a glimpse of red before she was carried and pinned against the elevator wall, mouth devouring hers. Supergirl kissed her fiercely and Lena laughed into the kiss at how desperate the blonde was.

“So is this why you wanted...” Lena couldn’t finish her question with Supergirl refusing to let go of her mouth. She deepened the kiss using her tongue and Lena moaned at the feeling, winding her arms around Supergirl’s neck and digging her fingers in blonde hair at the back of her head.

Supergirl broke the kiss to let Lena catch her breath, and Lena felt as though her heart was about to jump out of her chest. They held each other’s gaze, a smile on both their lips.

“For a few minutes the air between them was sensual rather than electric. Both of them looking into the other’s eyes with adoration and respect. Lena thought about the fact that she barely ever looked at anyone like this. Ever. Supergirl allowed the moment to linger only for a few more seconds before kissing Lena once more, this time picking her up as she did. Lena circled her neck as she kissed her back equally.

The ding of the elevator was barely heard by either of them, but Lena felt the absence of the elevator wall for a mere second before a rush of wind sped around her and she was pinned onto what felt like her office door. Supergirl pushed against her body, causing friction in all the right places and Lena’s mind completely lost all thought except for this woman. Supergirl felt so good. Her body pressed against Lena’s own. The way strong but gentle hands roamed over her thighs,
skidding the dress higher.

Supergirl fumbled around with the door handle, until she finally managed to get it open. She carried Lena with both arms, her mouth never leaving Lena’s hungrily, and kicked open the door to the office.

“Baby,” Lena broke the kiss to catch her breath again, noticing the door kicked closed and Supergirl pinning her against it. Lena held onto Supergirl’s arms, sighing at the feel of ripped muscles beneath her fingers. Supergirl bit at Lena’s neck, eliciting a hiss from Lena. “Baby, what’s gotten into you?” Lena laughed at Supergirl’s desperate attempts at pressing her body closer.

“I missed you.” Supergirl mumbled before biting at her neck again, her hands scratching the skin at Lena’s thighs.

“I did too. But it’s only been a few hours since we’ve been apart.” Lena’s breathing was faster. Heavier.

Supergirl suddenly stopped, backing her face a bit to look at Lena, “You don’t...”

“Oh no, darling, I do. I love it. I’m not complaining at all. I’m just making sure this isn't something else.” when Supergirl didn't say anything, just held her gaze, Lena arched her eyebrow. “It is, isn't it? What's wrong, tell me.”

Supergirl sighed before letting her go to stand upright. She placed her palm flat against the door behind Lena and looked at her boots, eyes focused and brows furrowed together. Lena knew that troubled look well. It didn't look like it was anything life threatening, but it was still something serious. Lena gently nudged the hero’s chin with her thumb and fore finger until their eyes met.

She smiled and found a similar smile on the corner of Supergirl’s lips, “Tell me.” she whispered.

“You weren't happy tonight.” Supergirl simply said.

Lena frowned, “I don't quite follow.”

“All night at the gala, I could feel you were uncomfortable. Especially when you had to talk to those men,” Supergirl’s face contorted into disgust, “They kept talking down to you. And I... I hated it. Hated that you have to put up with it. Hated that all night your heartbeat wasn't happy. It was so guarded.” Supergirl looked down at her fingers intertwined with Lena’s, her eyebrows still furrowed in frustration, not at all noticing the smile on Lena’s lips. “And then that guy was way too close to you. He was trying, I could feel it, he was trying to touch you. He did a few times without your consent.” her jaw clenched as she looked back up to Lena.

“And this is what’s got you slightly mad and worked up?”

“Yes.” Supergirl said as though not believing Lena couldn’t see it either, “They shouldn’t get to talk to you like that.”

“Darling, this is what I do. And I do it constantly everyday. This isn’t the first nor the last time I had to put up with misogynists that think quite highly of themselves. Unfortunately the business world is filled with them.” Lena rolled her eyes. “But you know I don't much care for that. The gala was for a good cause, and if those men weren’t donating huge amounts of money for this cause, then I would’ve had them thrown out by security.”

“I know. I know you can handle yourself, and I shouldn't get involved, but I still don't like it.” Supergirl held her frown.

“Well, if it makes you feel any better,” Lena bit at her lip, “I rather enjoyed just how much you
didn't like it.” she smirked mischievously.

Supergirl immediately caught her meaning and leaned closer, faces inches from Lena’s. “Well, I was feeling even more worked up after dealing with that last guy.” Supergirl smiled, drawing her lips closer to Lena’s

Lena stopped her with a hand on her chest, “I beg your pardon.” she said sternly.

Supergirl woke up from her daze of staring at Lena’s lips to look at her eyes, “That guy who was touching you. You don’t have to worry about him. I took care of him.” she mentioned casually.

“You did what?!” Lena removed herself from between Supergirl and the door, walked a few paces away and faced the hero, “What did you do?”

“I had a talk with him.” Supergirl shrugged.

“About what?!” Lena demanded.

“Basic ethical stuff. I told him that women weren’t his right and that he didn’t own them. Gave him a long lesson about consent. And told him that L-Corp isn’t interested in anything he has to offer anymore.”

Lena’s face was drenched in complete shock with her eyes wide and her mouth gaped open. “Supergirl, that man was a very important client!”

“But he was a jerk.” Supergirl seemed confused.

“But he was important!” Lena was so frustrated, she walked the length of the room and back.

“Lena, you have other clients. You don’t have to put up with him.” Supergirl stepped closer to her, reached her hand to soothe her, but Lena wasn’t having it. She backed off and stopped her with a hand of her own.

“No, you don’t understand. That man was invested in a project that’s very important to me. A project that would eventually help kids in the foster care system. And you just pulled the plug on it!”

Supergirl opened her mouth to say something, then closed it again when she slowly began to realize her mistake. “Well, can't you get someone else to invest? Someone who’s a lot less handsy?”

Get someone else! Sure!

“Oh, you’re absolutely right! Let me just open my big book of potential clients that are willing to invest three million dollars in the next week!” Lena threw her hands in the air.


Lena pinched the bridge of her nose, trying to find a solution to this new problem. She looked back up at Supergirl who looked defeated, “Supergirl, you can't do that. You cannot interfere with my job like that. What we do privately does not give you a say in my professional life.”

Supergirl nodded, “You're right. It doesn't. I should've asked first.”

“Yes, you should have.” Lena quipped, “In fact you shouldn't have gotten involved at all!”
“Mhmm” Supergirl took a step closer.

“And as a matter of fact, I can handle myself when it comes to men like him. I don't normally just stand by and put up with it. But this man is investing... What are you doing?” Lena asked when she saw Supergirl unclasping her cape.

Supergirl held her cape and took another step closer to her, “You're mad.” she stated.

“Yes, I’m mad! I thought that was quite clear!” Lena stretched her arms to emphasize just how mad.

Lena saw the mischievous smirk just before she felt the rush of wind and speed around her. Supergirl reappeared again in front of her, a goofy smile on her lips. Lena felt the weight of the cape around her shoulders, tied in a knot just over her collarbone. She looked down to find the knot, touching the red cape with her fingers.

“Now, you’re super mad!” Supergirl exclaimed excitedly.

Lena’s shock was unfathomable.

“I... I beg your pardon?” Lena’s mind was going back and forth between ‘maybe I understood wrong’ and ‘I swear to god I might kill her’.

“Well, you were mad before. But with a cape...” Supergirl grinned, “You’re super mad!”

Lena’s expression was still astounded. But her anger was subsiding for some reason. She tried reaching for it, reaching for all the reasons she was mad at Supergirl, but they slipped away.

Supergirl smiled, “You're cute when you're mad.” she stepped closer, standing right in front of Lena.

That incited to bring some of the frustration back, “Don't do that. I’m serious.” Lena said as she tried hiding her smile.

“So am I.” Supergirl smirked, playing with the knot of her cape. Using it to pull Lena closer to her.

“Stop it.” Lena’s last traces of frustration were slowly fading away, but she held on. Her stubbornness coercing her stance. She jutted her chin out in determination not to lose.

Supergirl continued to smirk, her eyes showing the victory she knew she was slowly grasping, “You look good in my cape.” She leaned closer to whisper into Lena’s ear, “Hot, actually.”

Supergirl brought a hand over Lena’s waist, pulling her closer to her body. She took Lena’s earlobe between her lips, playing with it seductively, clearly enjoying Lena melting in her arms.

“But you know what would be even hotter?” she continue to whisper.

Lena didn’t think it was possible for her to form any words at this point, “Hmm”

Supergirl placed a small kiss at Lena's neck before whispering in her ear, “If it was the only thing you were wearing.”

Lena heard the sound of a zipper. She felt her dress suddenly becoming loose around her shoulders. Her mind was too hazy to even register it falling to her feet. Supergirl was kissing and biting at her neck. One hand clutching the knot of the cape, the other hand kneading her breast through her lace bra. Lena dug her fingers in blonde curls and arched her neck to give Supergirl more access. Supergirl brought her wandering mouth to meet Lena’s. She broke the kiss and
rested her forehead on Lena’s, something Lena had come to know as her way of being affectionate.

“I’m sorry. For getting involved.” she whispered.

“It’s alright. I might have overreacted. The guy had it coming, if I’m being honest.” Lena brought her hands to rest on the symbol on Supergirl’s chest. She traced the symbol with her fingers.

“So, you’re not mad?”

Lena couldn’t help the smile playing in her lips, “Oh no, I’m not mad at all...” she narrowed her eyes in mock seriousness, “I’m super mad.”

Supergirl chuckled at the term, capturing Lena’s lips once more in a heated kiss. She brought both her hands to cup Lena’s face as she kissed her deeply. Lena felt the love in the kiss. She felt the heat. She felt it all. Supergirl made her feel things no one ever did.

The kiss quickly became more fierce, as Supergirl bent down running her fingers along Lena’s thighs before picking her up easily. She placed Lena on the armrest, her back to the couch. Supergirl deepened the kiss even more, parting Lena’s lips with her tongue and running her hands on Lena’s back, unhooking the bra and disposing of it. She hooked one finger onto Lena’s underwear before tearing it completely and flinging it behind her.

Lena smiled, “I liked those ones.” she uttered between kisses. She felt those hands on her waist, pulling her closer, as Supergirl continued to kiss her fiercely.

Supergirl suddenly broke the kiss and stood back to look at Lena. Her eyes feasted on every curve, every stretch of alabaster skin. The hunger in those eyes made Lena’s heart race. It was always the hunger that turned her on. The way Supergirl looked at her. Lena then realized that Supergirl got what she wanted. Her, with just the cape on.

“This is a thing for you isn’t it?” Lena repeated Supergirl’s earlier question.

Supergirl wasn’t listening. She was too distracted looking at Lena standing there in front of her with nothing but her cape on. She managed to nod, her chest heaving.

Lena got off the armrest and dragged her hands from straut abs up towards a heaving chest. She smiled seductively, leaning in to whisper in the hero’s ear, “Have you fantasized about me in your cape?”

Supergirl still wasn’t able to form words. Her face seemed focused, determined. As though ready to jump at her prey. She nodded again, still looking at Lena’s skin.

Lena raked her nails onto the material of the suit, dragging them from Supergirl’s chest to her stomach again. “Do you like me wearing nothing but your cape?”

Supergirl nodded once more.

Lena bit her lip at the unsated hunger present in those eyes. She leaned in, whispering, “Do you want to fuck me in nothing but your cape?”

Lena could feel Supergirl’s breath bounce off on her own lips. Those heavy breaths that were filled with such hunger for her. Only for her. She felt herself get even more wet at the thought. She took Supergirl’s hand, leading her to the couch. She stole a quick kiss before pushing at her chest until Supergirl dropped down on the couch. Lena cupped one of her breasts. Pressing it harshly and raking her nails of her other hand down her cleavage to her stomach.
She watched Supergirl watch her.

It was a marvelous sight. An aphrodisiac that she just might overdose on.

Supergirl’s eyes never left her hand, watching as Lena touched herself. Lena dropped her right hand between her thighs, watching Supergirl's eyes watching her. The hero fisted her hands on the couch, Lena could see there were marks beginning to form on the white piece of furniture.

Lena dipped one finger inside, finding herself dripping wet. She played with her clit, not once releasing her hold on the other woman. Supergirl chest was still heaving. She looked about ready to lose every ounce of control left in her as she watched Lena's finger circle around her own clit. Lena thought maybe Supergirl had had enough teasing. She took out her finger, bringing it to her mouth and making a show of sucking at it as Supergirl watched that finger closely.

Lena smirked. She held onto Supergirl's shoulders to balance herself as she straddled her lap. Supergirl's hands immediately came to her waist, holding her firmly as though afraid she'd run away. She brought her mouth down to Supergirl's, wanting to kiss her. Taste the hunger on those lips. Supergirl kissed her back desperately, her tongue darting out between Lena’s lips and running along Lena’s own tongue.

Lena moaned into the kiss, taking Supergirl's hand in her own, pushing it to where she needed it to go. She hissed when the hand reached between her thighs, cupping her firmly. Supergirl used one finger to gather wetness before entering her slowly. The kiss became even more heated, electricity surging through the both of them. Lena could never get enough of kissing Supergirl. She tasted so good.

Supergirl took her finger out to replace it with two fingers instead. Lena inhaled sharply as she broke the kiss, held on to strong shoulders, and lowered herself onto those two fingers. She trembled, shivered at the feeling. Lena raised herself, only the tips of those fingers inside of her, and pushed herself down again, moaning at the feeling of being filled. Supergirl seemed to be watching her with a hunger so fierce, that Lena thought she might come undone right there that quickly.

Lena continued to grind herself and lower herself onto those fingers until she felt Supergirl carry her once more, feeling the couch against her back, the cape in between. Supergirl undid the knot with one hand, making sure her other hand never stopped what it was busy doing. She parted the cape away and brought her mouth to Lena’s neck, biting harshly and then soothing with her tongue. Her fingers began to go faster, pumping in and out of her at unbelievable speed. Lena panted in her ear, fingers tangling in blonde hair pulling her closer. She arched her hips, pushing against those fingers as much as they pushed into her.

Lena was so close, and she moaned loudly conveying as much.

“Baby, I’m so close.” Lena’s desperate cries filled the office, the only other sound was Supergirl’s fingers.

“Come for me,” Supergirl whispered as she met her eyes.

Lena did. Her body going rigid for a few seconds before her orgasm took over her whole body as Supergirl continued to pump her fingers to draw out every last bit of pleasure left in her. She let out a silent scream as she felt her body ripple in ecstasy. Supergirl bit down on her breast just as Lena came, adding pain to pleasure in the most erotic way possible.

Lena’s mind was blank except for the pleasure that was coursing through her body. She closed her eyes, humming her content, feeling Supergirl lazily suck on a nipple. She needed time to catch her breath, time to gather her thoughts. Supergirl kissed her way up Lena's jaw until she hovered just a whisper above her lips. Her thumb grazed Lena’s cheekbone warmly, barely touching the corner
of Lena’s lips. Lena opened her eyes to dark blue orbs looking at her with such love, it stole her breath away even more than before.

Time and time again she told herself that it wasn’t possible for someone to look at her this way. It wasn’t possible for someone to be this perfect. To look at her with such love and devotion. To be honest with her. To want her without simply using her. She told herself it wasn’t possible.

But somehow Supergirl was there.

She was real.

So, maybe it was possible.

She was wrong.

It wasn’t possible.

Lena stood there motionless, staring at the couch. Staring at a silhouette of herself and Supergirl on that couch. She had flipped the couch cushion to hide those marks, but they were there. Supergirl's marks. The memory of that day replayed fresh in her mind as though it had happened yesterday. So much had happened. So much had changed. She could feel Jess standing behind her, probably confused. Lena made her way towards her desk, settling on her chair, her face showing none of what had been replaying in her mind.

“Are these the Credo files I asked for?” She said robotically, as she opened a file that had been previously been placed on her desk.

“Yes, Ms Luthor.” Jess replied. “Ms. Bertinelli also wanted me to inform you that she will be landing in National City tomorrow morning. She said that all the necessary arrangements have been taken care of.”

That caught Lena’s attention. She raised her head, meeting Jess’ eyes, “Did she say anything else?”

“Only that she will be calling you tomorrow after she lands to meet with you.” Jess replied.

Lena nodded thoughtfully, “From now on, any updates from Ms. Bertinelli are to be sent to my phone immediately. Anything that has to do with her.” Lena requested.

“Of course.”

“And reschedule my meetings for tomorrow. Helena and I will be working all day and I won’t have time to fit in any meetings.”

“Umm even your lunch date with Ms. Danvers?”

Lena flinched at the prospect of forgetting about her lunch with Kara. “Yes, please.” She replied before she directed her attention back to the file opened on her desk, looking over the numbers thoroughly.

“Of course, Ms. Luthor. I’ll make sure to reschedule everything.” Jess made a note of it on her tablet.

“Good. Could you please move my first meeting to conference room B instead?” she said without looking at her assistant. She was reading the finance reports for the project. Something doesn’t
seem to add up.

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.” Jess began to walk towards the door.

“And Jess?”

Jess turned around, “Yes, Ms. Luthor?”

“That couch. Get rid of it.”

It was close to midnight when Lena heard her phone ringing. She hadn’t realized the time until now, rubbing her eyes from lack of sleep and exhaustion. She should have gone home hours ago, but she never found the courage to call her driver. Work kept her mind busy. It kept her mind quiet. This way she felt useful. She felt needed.

Work didn’t make her feel lonely.

She grabbed her phone, finding Kara’s number, and sighed before she answered.

“Ms. Luthor?” Lena frowned at the voice of a man.

“Yes, this is her. May I ask who this is?”

“Hi. It’s uhh Winn Schott. I’m uhh I’m a friend of Kara’s. Honestly I really really wished the first time I got to talk to you on the phone was for something completely different. Something preferably more techy. And I tried calling Alex, but she’s on a mission. And no one else is picking up. And I really really don’t know who else to call. And Kara mentioned that you and her are friends now and that everything is super duper...”

“Mr. Schott, I suggest you get to the point of why it is you are calling.” Lena didn’t acknowledge the worry that was building up at why it this person was calling from Kara’s phone.

“Right! Well uhh you know how Kara is super strong and like super... Super” he emphasized his last word.

“Yes, I’m quite aware.” Lena tapped her fingers on the desk.

“Well, I took her out to get her mind off of... Well, some things. And she's kinda sorta drunk and is refusing to go home. And she's doing some umm super things that are making people suspicious around us. And I know that you two have been...”

“Send me the address, Mr. Schott. I'll be right there.” she hung up.

Lena sat silently in her dark office, squeezing her forehead with her fingers, her elbow rested on her desk. This is what friends do for each other. They show up.

Lena knew she was skilled at hiding her feelings. She did it so well that sometimes her feelings - the feelings she doesn’t dare show - just simply wither away. But she can only keep this facade for so long. Because deep down - very deep down within herself - she knew she wasn’t keeping this friendship for moral reasons. But rather, she was keeping it because of her stubbornness.

Her stubbornness. That small attribute about her that often led to both her success and her demise simultaneously.

This friendship she was grasping with the ends of her fingertips was all simply just a mere
outcome of her being too stubborn to admit defeat.

Supergirl said that she knew how Lena would react. That Lena would push her away for keeping this secret from her. The words reiterated in her mind as she remembered that night.

_in fact, I know exactly how you would react. Which is why every time I gather a hint of courage to tell you, my mind refuses to think of anything else but you pushing me away._

It was true. It was exactly what Lena would normally do. She would accept the fact that Supergirl... that Kara was simply another person out of oh so many that had lied to her. And Lena would simply place Kara within the pile of names on Lena’s list. She would regard Kara as simply that. Just another person. And then she would shut her out, never speaking to her again.

It irritated Lena so much that Kara knew her so well. That she knew exactly how she would react. Which is why she created this whole friendship ruse. Her way of getting back at Kara. It was childish she knew, but she reveled in that small victory that Kara was wrong. That she could in fact put this whole ordeal behind them and be the bigger person. Her stubbornness drove her to suppress every urge to push Kara away and prove her wrong.

Her reasons for staying in Kara’s life were simply that. Her being stubborn.

She would never deny that her friendship with Kara was genuine. Because it was. It truly was. *Is.* What she has with Kara, their friendship, is a rarity in Lena’s life, and she knows that. But what she had with Supergirl can never happen. That required trust. Which is something she vowed to never give again.

She can easily be friends with Kara and not trust her.

She can.

I *can.*

Twenty minutes later, Lena’s driver pulled over at a bar she had never once heard of. But from the looks of the type of people walking into the bar, it seemed to not be any ordinary bar. She got out of her car and walked to the entrance, the clicking of her heels muffled by the concrete.

Lena scoffed at how ironic it was that she was at an alien bar but was the most one alienated there. A Luthor at an alien bar. All eyes were on her. Some conversation even died down at the sight of her. With the corner of her eye, she saw some of those who were bold enough to stand up from their tables, fists at their sides, ready to give a Luthor what they deserved. She noticed some aliens looking fairly human, while others clearly portrayed a whole other species. Lena kept her head up, chin jutted and eyes focused. She was quite used to people’s opinions of her, human or otherwise.

She spotted Kara at a booth with Winn Schott, who she remembered helping her both at the gala and during the Daxamite invasion. She didn't know much about him, only that he had a brilliant mind and she would have liked to snatch him for L-Corp if he had not been working for the DEO. She walked towards them and saw the relief on the man’s face as soon as he saw her. He jumped from the booth, meeting her halfway.

“Ms. Luthor. Oh God, you’re actually here. I really am sorry for calling you this late but I had no one else to call. Alex is on a mission. James is doing... Umm well umm he’s doing s-stuff. And Maggie isn't picking up. And I have to go help James with his... His umm stuff. And Kara. Gosh. Kara is just...” he looked back towards the booth where Kara was supposedly sitting. His eyes widened comically, “Where’s Kara?” he yelped. He turned his head from side to side looking for the drunk Kryptonian.

Lena spotted Kara on a table with a much bigger alien. Arm wrestling him. Or it? Lena wasn't
sure what species the alien was, but it was definitely not human. His build was twice as Kara’s. A
muscle chest shown from under a black muscle shirt. Bluish green skin made his appearance
seem less human, in addition to the pointed ears under ear length black hair. Both he and Kara had
their palms in a vice grip as they arm wrestled on the table between them. The alien was clearly
losing. The larger alien that is.

Lena made her way to Kara and heard Winn Schott follow her as he also noticed what Kara was
doing. Kara didn’t even seem to be breaking a sweat, while the larger alien was grunting in effort.
The grin on Kara’s face was causing the alien to be even more aggravated, his muscles flexing
trying to even slightly move Kara’s grip. Kara was humming to the song playing in the
background of the bar, moving her head to the beat and occasionally closing her eyes in complete
enjoyment of the song. Lena wasn’t sure if Kara was doing it simply to spite her opponent, but she
was fairly sure it was because Kara was momentarily distracted by the song.

Kara suddenly opened her eyes wide, her head perched up as though suddenly hearing something.
The action reminded Lena of a puppy again, just like it did this morning.

“Do you hear that?!” Kara shouted to the alien, overly excited and emphasizing her vowels way
too much.

The alien seemed confused, still grunting in effort though.

“That’s Lena’s heartbeat.” Kara whispered a bit too loudly to the alien. “Sheee’s here. Shhhhh.”
Kara placed her finger on her lips. “Don't tell her I’m here.” she then placed that same finger on
the alien’s lips. “Shhhhh. She won't find us if we're loud enough.” Kara giggled after a hiccup.

Lena moved closer towards her, “Kara, darling I think it's time to go home.”

Kara’s eyes widened even more, still looking at the alien who remained grunting and growling in
any effort to move Kara’s hand. “Uh Ooooh,” she whispered to her opponent. “She found us. We
weren't loud enough.” she chuckled, “but she did call me darling.” she leaned in towards the alien
struggling in front of her. “She hasn't called me darling in twelve days. Someone’s getting lucky
tonight,” she sang her words rather than just simply say them. She was still, however, whispering
very loudly.

“Kara. Let's go home now. I think this fine gentleman is capable of arm wrestling someone else.”

Kara pouted, “But... But... But he was so close to winning.” she turned to Lena and gasped in
shock, “You're so beautiful.” she said as though absolutely surprised at the idea. “Oh Rao. You're
too too beautiful.” her eyes widened even more as she poked Lena’s cheek. “I think...” She
looked back at her opponent. “I think I’m gonna go with her Mr. It's nothing personal, she's just
waaaaaaay prettier.” and with that Kara pushed against the alien’s hand. Slightly. So slightly. Until
it moved all the way to the other side and was stomped on the table in front of them.

Kara gave him a giddy smile that she tried to hold by pressing her lips together and shrugging her
shoulders. She stumbled off the chair and Lena caught her by wrapping her arms around her
waist. Lena found herself nuzzled on Kara’s cheek, the scent of rain somewhat lingering in
between the smell of a type of what Lena supposed was alien alcohol. She breathed in feeling as
though air was suddenly not able to reach her lungs.

“Uh ooh,” Kara laughed, pointing at herself, “Someone's really getting lucky tonight.” she
suddenly stopped laughing, “Oh. N-No nevermind. I just remembered we're just friends.” Kara
looked at Winn, her expression sad, “I’m sorry, Winny. I know you were... Were rooting for us
but Lena doesn't like me that way anymore.” Kara pouted in her drunken state, which seemed just
as lethal as her normal pouts. “We're just friends now. Friendsy friends. Yup. I can't do that thing
to her with my... “
“Ok, Kara.” Lena interrupted as she realized where Kara was going with that sentence. “I’m quite sure Mr. Schott would rather be kept in the dark on such matters. Let’s go.” she pulled Kara closer to her and felt her wrap her arms around her shoulders.

Kara turned her face and buried her nose in Lena’s neck, “Why do you always smell so nice?” she mumbled sleepily.

Lena began walking towards the exit after listening to Winn make up excuses to go help James with a few things, which were quite obvious to be Guardian related. She had just recently discovered who was under that silver metal armor. It didn’t take much to be honest. Her PI informed her that it took less than two days of following the vigilante until he figured out who was under the helmet. Lena thought she’d be surprised, but she wasn’t. Not that anything surprised her anymore.

She made her way to her car and saw Daniel, her driver, open the door for them. As she helped Kara inside, Lena couldn’t help but notice her ring hanging on the chain around Kara’s neck. It was alongside a golden pendant that she had once or twice noticed around Supergirl’s neck, though she had never asked.

Lena circled around the car and climbed in the car beside Kara.

“Where to, Ms. Luthor?” her driver asked, looking at her from the rear view mirror.

Lena looked at Kara before answering, “To Ms. Danvers’ apartment, please.”

He nodded and Lena closed the partition between them, just in case Kara happened to say something regarding her other identity. Kara had her head leaned back against her seat. She was facing Lena with her eyes closed. Lena had the smallest urge to run her fingers through her hair, but just like that, the urge immediately disappeared and left behind it a sour taste in her mouth. She faced the window and drowned in the sight of passing cars.

They reached Kara’s apartment and Lena soon discovered just how heavy Kara was when she wasn’t carrying her weight. I guess the whole Girl of Steel thing is quite literal. Lena had one of Kara’s arms flung over her neck while the blonde held her own hand from the opposite side where it dangled off Lena’s shoulder.

Kara was awfully close. And it seemed the drunk blonde was very much aware of it, nuzzling her nose on Lena’s cheek as they rode the elevator.

“You smell so nice.” she slurred her words, “Why do you always smell so nice? Is that one of your superpowers?” Kara gasped. “I want that superpower! How come I didn't get it?!” she went back to nuzzling her nose on Lena’s cheek. Eventually Lena felt a small kiss being planted on her cheek. Another one soon followed.

“Kara.” Lena warned.

“Shhhhh I’m not Kara. I’m Supergirl now.” she whispered. “We can do this if I’m Supergirl.” she kissed Lena’s jaw softly.

The elevator doors opened and Lena all but dragged a distracted Kara all the way inside her apartment. Just as she closed the door behind her, Kara pinned her against the door, kissing her neck.

“Kara, you need to stop.” Lena said sternly.

“But you like this. You like it when I kiss your neck like this.” she mumbled, feathering kisses onto Lena’s jaw.
Lena pushed against her shoulders, finding it intriguing how Kara’s touches didn’t have the same effect as they used to, “No. I don’t. Not anymore” she whispered.

Kara looked confused, as though not understanding Lena's refusal. It took a few minutes for realization to show on her face. The confused look replaced by a somber one, “Friends,” she said simply. But the word was a whole chorus of sad lyrics by itself. Kara said the word as though it explained everything. As though it fully explained the tragic lines drawn on her face.

Lena nodded, “Friends,” she repeated. Using the word to sing her own chorus. To convince her own mind.

Kara closed her eyes tight as though in pain, then simply rested her forehead on Lena's shoulder. Lena didn't know what to do with this. Kara just stood there. Her forehead on the tip of Lena's shoulder, breathing deeply. They stayed there for long minutes, Lena was almost sure Kara had either fallen asleep or was not planning on moving.

When Kara finally raised her head, she looked at Lena with a sad smile. “Friends,” she said. This time with more commitment, as though she believed it.

Lena smiled back, “Come along. Let's get you to bed.”

Chapter End Notes

I figured it's been a while since you guys have gotten some smut... God knows I miss these two together!
Also, I think that stubbornness part broke me.
Bare with me here, this note got a bit long. So, the comments on the last chapter were... Interesting. I went back and reread some of the latest chapters to see if what you guys were saying was true. Honestly, as someone who occasionally writes (writer might be out of my league) hearing that the story is being dragged on is probably the worst thing you could hear. So I apologize for that. But I reread the last couple of chapters and didn't feel like it was dragged at all. Horrible grammar, yes. Inaccurate punctuation, probably. But not dragged on. This story is clearly a slow burn. I care more about staying true to their characters and their feelings than having them suddenly fall back in love just for the sake of it. One thing I can tell you is that they will end up together. It won't happen suddenly, though. How it’ll happen honestly I still have no idea. I just write chapter by chapter and am usually surprised and tortured by those cliffhangers just as much if not more than you guys! Which is another thing to keep in mind. It’s not an exaggeration when I tell you that I don’t control where the story goes. Sometimes I would have a thought in my head of them getting back together and a perfect way to make them both happy, and I try to fit it in the story. But it just refuses to fit. And that’s what happens most of the time with writing. You have a specific idea of how the story is about to play out, but that idea is immediately flung out the window as soon as you start writing. The only difference here is that I am not one of those who plan ahead. I have a few ideas floating about, but absolutely no plan whatsoever. I wish I did, because it would make it easier to answer most of the questions you guys have for the plot. But I really don’t know. So, I just wanted to apologize for those who felt that the story isn't what it used to be. I am just writing how I feel the characters would react. From my point of view, this is how Lena would have reacted. I honestly downplayed it. I think she has every right to react even worse. Keep in mind, that sometimes the characters also deny their own feelings. Especially Lena. She says that she's only going through the friendship out of stubbornness, but if you’ve noticed anything from the last 26 chapters, it's that she depends on Kara/Supergirl more than she'll ever admit. But writing that in is difficult since she herself completely denies it. And I have to stick to what she's feeling and what she's thinking rather than what I personally think she's feeling and thinking (I am not sure if that makes any sense). I agree with all of you that Kara has every right to be angry too. And she will, I promise. But her character takes more time for the frustration to settle in. She doesn’t just up and give up on a friendship just because she felt it wasn’t working. Her pushing for this friendship is part of who she is. And Lena being selfish and guarded is also part of who she is. Another thing to keep in mind that the timeline of this whole story isn't that long. All 26 chapters happened in less than 3 weeks. And in those 3 weeks, Lena fell in love with two people and had that ripped away from her. She didn't take months to heal. In fact it's been less than a week since the reveal. But it seems more since the chapters are really long. Which I understand might get annoying for some. I won't keep you from the chapter any longer. I just wanted to apologize and hope to clear out a few things. This chapter seems to be turning into one of my favorites, to be honest. As always, Enjoy :)
Lena stood motionless studying her brother. Her eyes fixed to the man who stared back at her. A thin glass wall separated both their worlds. Emphasized the difference between freedom and captivity. Lex’s eyes shown bright green like her own. But his were colder. Even colder than she can ever make hers out to be. She never denied her ice cold demeanor, she was a Luthor after all, but where she lacked simple affection towards people’s opinions and their companionship, Lex lacked any sort of affection towards anything at all.

The prominent Luthor children.

They were known for their genius. Their distinct intellect. They were known to be heirs to one of the biggest fortunes in the world, putting the likes of Bruce Wayne and Maxwell Lord to shame. Granted, Bruce Wayne used to hold the title of the greatest fortune, but what Wayne lacked was a next generation of geniuses to uphold the fortune and sustain its growth even more. Such as the Luthors.

Lena looked straight into emerald eyes so much like her own. Further proof that Lionel was in fact her father. They both had not spoken after Lex’s concise greeting. Both too stubborn to utter any word. Lena took the chance to study her brother since last she saw him. He had lost weight. But also seemed healthier. Tired, but healthy. His arms bigger than she remembered them to be. More ripped with taut muscles. His shaved head showed none of the orange hair she remembered from when they were kids. It was funny how she had always associated the ginger hair with a smiling, more loving Lex. The one she had loved dearly.

She kept her eyes on Lex as officers brought in two chairs and placed them facing each other inside Lex’s glass cube prison. She heard the door close behind her. They had strict orders to leave her with her brother, though Lena suspected they were all watching the show from the security cameras. It’s not everyday the Luthor children are reunited after all.

She let go of Lex’s eyes to walk over to the entrance of the glass cube. Taking her hands out of her pocket, she sat down in one of the chairs. Back straight, hands in lap, eyes focused ahead. That was how Lillian taught her to be a Luthor. Always composed. Never falter. Not even in front of each other in the Luthor Mansion.

Lex kept his piercing eyes on her as he sat down on the opposite chair. His posture also composed, but not as much as Lena. He was the only one who would sometimes get away with slumping his shoulders, or crossing his legs. It was no secret that Lillian had a favorite among them, and it sure wasn’t Lena.

They sat there studying each other. Stubbornness was probably an attribute they had most in common. Their commitment towards not showing any sign of weakness. Neither of them wanting to speak first and lose. It was a staring battle between two people that had nothing but time. Both hardly cared about anything else.

Lena stared at a brother she once loved. She still wasn’t entirely sure that her love for her brother ever stopped. It had long been accompanied by hatred and disappointment, but a small hint of love still lingered in her heart. It’s not something one simply turns off. Not when Lena had hardly had anyone to compare him to. He was the only one. The only one who defended her, taught her, and made her smile. Lena preferred remembering those first couple of years she spent with her ginger haired brother than the one staring coldly at her now.

It was Lena who broke the stare, looking down at her clasped hands, and proving once again that Lex will always be more stubborn. She cleared her throat to wipe away the emotions stuck in there, but it was Lex who spoke first. His way of asserting his power into the atmosphere around
“Auribus teneo lupum,” He smiled, his voice detached and clinical.

Lena felt her heart ache at the Latin phrase. *Holding a wolf by its ears*. An unsustainable situation. Risky whether or not one tries to solve it. A proverb she remembered reading about with Lex, when they were young. Lex was particularly fascinated by the phrase, claiming the power that someone might have in their grasp if they were able to create such a situation. Seeing the events that had unfolded since then, Lena realized just why Lex was so fascinated by that particular proverb.

“I assure you Lex, you're no wolf.”

“Neither are you, dear sister. Wolves need packs. We prefer solitude.” He paused, studying her. “Or have you found someone to settle down with?”

Lena pressed her lips, clenching her jaw, not knowing how to answer such a question. If she had been faced with the same question a few days earlier, she would have easily said yes. Two people actually.

Kara and Supergirl.

Both perfect in their own depiction of perfection.

But now...

Lex smiled, already obtaining his answer, “*The true genius shudders at incompleteness — imperfection — and usually prefers silence to saying the something which is not everything that should be said.*” Lena remembered just how much Lex idolized those who had made and written history, quoting them whenever he could. “I thought as much. Luthors are destined to be alone. They're too good for anyone. No one is ever deserving of us, dear sister.”

That there was one of the most evident distinctions between the two of them. Lex thrived on the Luthor name. Lena loathed it. Lex thought himself superior to other people because of his name. Lena felt she didn't deserve any sort of love to begin with. It might have had to do with Lillian’s favoritism, or the fact that Lena was adopted. But the truth always came down to Lex smirking in the light of the cameras while Lena always hid away from them.

Lex was raised a child genius who was encouraged to seek knowledge as a weapon. Lillian further coerced that mentality by encouraging his xenophobia and egocentrism. Lena, on the other hand, Lillian hated. She was made to feel like an outsider growing up. Unlike Lex, Lena’s pride was never allowed to develop. So, while Lex was raised to feel like a God, Lena was specifically and intentionally raised to feel like an indiscretion, like a mistake.

That there was one of the most evident distinctions between the two of them.

And somehow, as kids, none of it mattered. It was only when they had grown up, did their differences pull them apart.

“You look quite well, Lena.”

“Why thank you. Your new assassin has obviously failed, seeing that I'm alive and well.” Lena retorted sarcastically.

“Oh, do you mean Ms. Friitawa? What is it she is calling herself these days?”

“Fright,” Lena replied disgustingly.
“Fright.” He repeated, smiling as though proud of the name, “Did you think I sent her to kill you?”

Lena raised an eyebrow, her brother’s denial not surprising her at all. “Did you not?”

“No, I did not. Fright was given strict orders to leave you unharmed, Lena. I don't meddle with assassinations anymore. I've come to realize you are worth more to me alive than dead.” he pointed a finger, “I do admit I sent Corbin to kill you, though. But that was simply because I was holding a small grudge at the time. I've long gotten over that.” Lex spoke slowly, as though each word was calculated. His voice was always amused, the whole notion of someone attempting to kill his younger sister somewhat entertaining. “I assure you, if Fright wanted to hurt you, you wouldn't be here. She’s not one to falter.”

“Then why send her after me? Why send her at all?

“Well, from what I’ve gathered, you seem to have already figured out my plan in building my gun. Think of Fright as simply my lackey to fetch a few items for me that are simply difficult to procure from behind bars.” he paused, rubbing his chin, “But I do admit. I did ask her to... Frighten you somewhat by breaking into your home. Just a small gift for all the years you've neglected to see me and the years before that when you've spoken against me in court.”

“When are you going to let go of the past, Lex?”

“Look at the stars, Lena. Some of them have been extinguished for thousands of years, but their light is only reaching us now. The past is always influencing the present. I can't change that. All I can do is try to understand it.”

“You do more than try to understand it Lex. You try to control it.”

“That I do.” he agreed, “You’ve been on the news lately.” Lex spread his hand to mimic a headline in front of him, “Youngest Luthor on the mend of the family name. Do they really think you’re a good Luthor? That sanctimonious image of yours might have fooled everyone, but I assure you it doesn’t fool me. Because I know you. I know you, Lena. You may keep your darkness at bay but it still lingers within you, ready to rear its head when provoked. It’s only a matter of time until your facade withers down.”

Lena said nothing.

She was quite aware of her constant failure of comebacks when it came to her brother. Against anyone else, she would almost always have a response to blatant remarks about her. In the end, to everyone else, she is Lena Luthor, CEO of L-Corp, and a Luthor by blood. That alone gave her confidence to stand up to anyone who faced her. Anyone but Lex. Because when it came to Lex, she was withered down to the younger sister. The helpless orphan. The indespicable daughter. And it had always been Lex that had picked her up. Even if it were he who had pushed her down.

“Do you remember the Luthor ancestral home?” Lex suddenly asked.

“The one lionel had shipped over from Scotland stone by stone all the way to Smallville?” Lena remembered that house. It wasn’t the Luthor Mansion, that one was in Metropolis. The Luthor ancestral mansion sat on the corner of the small town of Smallville, where Clark Kent grew up. Where Lex and Clark became friends. Where they became enemies.

“Yes, that very one. I believe you’ve only ever visited it maybe once or twice. Did you know Lionel never had any intention of living there. He’s never even stepped through the front door.”

“Yes, I quite recall his incessant complaints about that place” Lena remarked, remembering Lionel go on about how much he hated it and the town it was in.
“Do you know why he had it shipped there?”

“Why of course.” Lena arched an eyebrow at the obvious answer to that question, “Because he could.”

Lex’s smile grew remarkably, “Correct.” he looked at her with a hint of pride in his eye, “Remember the old factory a few miles from it? The one you and I discovered when we were young? The one you were quite frightened of.” Lex asked in a voice Lena found hard to decipher.

Lena remained quiet, her mind focused. Slowly starting to realize what he meant.

Lex furrowed his eyebrows in question, “What kind of factory was it again? Lead? Plastic? Oh, I can’t recall. I do hope it was lead though. We had such fun running around that place. Climbing up old machines and reading Whitman and Keats on metal beams.”

Lena continued to listen to words having more weight than they should.

“I remember quite well the malicious attitude you brought to the factory. This raw malice that you constantly kept hidden from others. Especially our parents. I was quite proud of you then. The way you defied the morals we were taught. The way you kept your promise of not informing anyone. We both knew the consequences if you so happened to... Tell someone.”

Lena listened intently to every word Lex was saying, trying so hard to memorize the way they sounded.

Lex’s eyes left no room in them for warmth. Cunning and focused. “What was it that the priest had written.” he paused, his question depicted anything but him not recalling the words of the priest. “Oh yes.” He said his next words with quiet intensity, making eye contact with Lena and holding her gaze sternly. “On God's green earth, this flower was the thief in the temple, the silent temptress that, with a single sneeze, brought out the basest instincts in men and drove them to violence. " his smile showed complete pride in the ability to quote at will.

“I've always pictured the flower being red.” His brows furrowed together in question, “Oh, don’t tell me you don't recall any of this dear sister?”

“I do.” defeat crept into her voice as she pressed her lips together, her eyes never leaving his. An understanding settled between them.

“Good. I thought you would. You do have a brilliant mind after all.” Lex smirked.

They silently stared into each other's eyes, the weight of the words lingered in the air. Lena cleared her throat, wanting to get some sort of answer out of her brother.

“Why are you hurting Supergirl then? Isn't Superman your top priority?”

“He is. He definitely is. It's quite entertaining, actually. You have to admit she's more...” he paused, searching for a word by rubbing his fingers together. “Dramatic than her cousin is. A bit reckless in my opinion.” Lex straightened a crease on the leg of his jumpsuit. “Besides, I wanted to meet this new super that everyone has been talking about. See if she's just as self righteous and egotistical as her cousin.”

“You should be one to talk.” Lena scoffed, as she rolled her eyes. “But why make more enemies for yourself?

Lex continued to smile, studying her with cold piercing eyes. “If you look at history, darling sister, you’ll see that the great men and women of the world have always been defined by their
enemies.”

“That’s simply because you were only ever interested in history when it included war.”

“Maybe.” he simply said, nodding. “Tell me, Lena. Why did you come to see me after all this time?” he asked slowly.

Lena found herself unable to find an answer to the question. She had come here to seek observation. Because she was so close to losing the last remnant of belief that conveyed she was a good person worthy of love. So many people have lied to her that slowly her mind was convincing her that she was the problem. That she was not good enough. So she came here. To lay her eyes on someone who truly was the depiction of the opposition of good. She needed to see if her mind would deem her worthy of the same fate as her brother.

But she also came here because...

Because she needed to simply see his face. She would never deny how much she missed her brother. The one she knew when they were young. Not this one. Not this brother. A confluence of events had led her to this exact spot, hoping to grasp at a past sibling that no longer existed in this world.

She gulped down, thinking she should say the things she came here to say. It wasn’t as though it mattered anymore.

“I missed you.” she simply said.

For the first time since she had come here, Lex’s smile seemed to wither. Mouth turned up a fraction of an inch into a confused frown. He studied her for what seemed long dragging minutes, Lena’s heart thundering in her chest in the silence that stretched on between them.

“I must admit,” he paused, “I did not expect that at all.”

“Neither did I,” she replied. “Believe me, no one is more surprised than I am of this predicament. But...” Lena paused, trying to find a way to explain something without revealing something else. “I just missed the brother I used to know. A life we once shared barren of any lies or deceit between the two of us.” her voice trembled, “It was the both of us against the world, once upon a time.”

“Once upon a times are for children who don't know any better.”

“We were children.” she quipped.

“We were never children.” he shook his head.

“You utter it with pride.” her lips twisted in a scowl.

“I do.” Lex arched an eyebrow.

“It seems you've forgotten. But I haven't. There was once a time when my brother, all with his curly ginger hair, loved me.” she looked at him shaking her head in defeat, “But you. You, I don't even recognize.”

More silence obscured the air around them. When Lex finally spoke, his eyes were less cold, “He who does not understand your silence will probably not understand your words.” he said, quoting Elbert Hubbard. “Your words tell me one thing but your silence speaks volumes, Lena. There seems to be more to you than simply missing me.”

“There is.”
“Care to elaborate?”

“I’d rather not.”

“Afraid I might use it against you?”

“I’m quite certain you would.”

Lex’s smile returned, “You always knew me so well, dear sister.” he narrowed his eyes, “And I you.”

Lena wasn’t sure what he meant by those words. But the fear began to procreate within her chest. *What if he had been watching me? That would mean he knows about...* She cleared her throat from the thought. From the fresh wounds on her heart of Kara’s confessions.

“Ah, yes. I am quite aware of the friendship you’ve managed to form with Supergirl. It’s all over the news.” his mouth twisted in a snarl, “It’s only a matter of time before you open your eyes to the truth, Lena.” he arched an eyebrow, “Luthrz uigir zhadif ehth vot kryptahnium. Vot nim. Kryp nahn ath uwe. Duahz udol rth zhadif wai krep chao zhehd.” his voice hardened as he spoke words belonging to another species.

Lena stared at Lex as her mind deciphered the words easily, not at all surprised that he had switched to Kryptonian. It was something he had always been proud of. Learning the enemy’s language was an accomplishment he often boasted about. As the years passed, he taught the language to Lena. He taught her firmly, everyday until Lena spoke, read, and somewhat wrote the language. It was his way of maintaining the power he had over the Kryptonians. He hated the fact that he couldn’t understand their language. Hated the fact that Superman had something he didn’t. It always came down to who had most for Lex. And so he became obsessed with the language and the knowledge that it brought with it. Lena only learnt the language because at the time she was slowly realizing she was losing her brother. How little she saw of him lately. And so, she took the opportunity to spend time with him. Even if it was to fuel this obsession he had with the supers.

She cleared her throat, “She rraop nim dhugh.” she admitted coldly, “gehd zhadif irstun shokh khuhp zhao zhehd. Zhehd nahn bysh.”

She saw the anger flash in Lex’s eyes at what she had said. She expected it. Lex doesn’t take kindly to those who befriended supers. And to hear that his sister, out of all people...

“Pathetic,” he muttered, his tone walked the line between bitterness and incredulity. “Time and time again, you fail to realize the venom that these creatures bring to our planet. They walk among us as Gods and act just as so. When in truth, they wreak havoc and bring nothing but chaos. Don’t you see, it’s only a matter of time before they wipe us off the face of this Earth and settle down to nurture a whole new race of Kryptonians.”

Lena felt her anger bubble at Lex spitting out horrid words about Superg... about Kara. “Supergirl saves countless lives everyday without asking anything in return. I don’t know much about Superman, but Supergirl doesn’t act like a God. She’s good.” Lena swallowed down her emotions, letting her words convince her troubling thoughts. “She’s a good person. She’s done nothing but...” Lena paused, emotion caught in her throat, “nothing but help people ever since she arrived.”

“Hmm.” he studied her thoroughly, “You say it with astonishment, mixed with a hint of dread, yet with a hopeful finish. As though you’re not too sure of your own words. Has the younger super done something to make you think less of her?”
“No.” she denied.

“Doubtful.” even after all these years, Lex could easily read her.

Silence encased them once more. They sat there looking at one another. Green eyes met their matching color as they settled into a heavy silence of reminiscence.

Lex looked up as though remembering something, “I celebrate myself, and what I assume, you shall assume...” he paused, looking back at Lena expectantly.

The words rolled off of Lena’s tongue on instinct, “...For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you”

“Now, that sounds like a description of a family.”

“Not ours.”

Utterances freighted with wit and irony. The heavy nostalgia of throwing poetry lines at one another made Lena sick to her stomach. It felt wrong doing it with this Lex. Not her brother Lex. But this undefined version that stands against everything she remembered her brother to be.

She felt the tears burn behind her eyes, but she refused to let them go. There were so many emotions going through her. Yesterday, her whole life had changed and she felt herself being flooded with uncertainty. She loved her brother, but she hated him. She loved Kara, but she didn't trust her anymore. She was angry and frustrated. Her heart broken and her trust shattered. Disappointed in herself and her blindness. Barely keeping her sanity in check with all the voices floating in her mind. In fact, she was sure it was her lack of sanity that drove her to come and see her brother. Lex was once the single most important person in her life. Once. A lifetime ago. But now, she couldn't picture the idea of him anywhere else but locked up. It was unintentional when she began comparing Kara to Lex. Because at one point, during the last couple of weeks, Supergirl and Kara were the single most important people in her life. But that also felt like a lifetime ago. And now... Now she couldn't help but wonder if Kara would take the same place as Lex took in her heart. A love that came with its own baggage of hatred.

A memory made its way into Lena's thoughts, bringing with it realization and dread. Lena remembered a night she had been home from boarding school. Lex had been in Smallville, so she decided to go and visit him as opposed to staying in Metropolis with the bitter company of Lillian and Lionel. She remembered overhearing an argument from Lex’s office just before she went in. So she had stood in the hallway listening in.

“Don’t do this. I’m your friend.” Clark had warned.

“Oh please.” Lex had scoffed, “You think I don't see the way your parents look at me? The way half the town looks at me? You're no different. Friendship's a fairy tale, Clark. Respect and fear are the best you can hope for.

It was the beginning of the end of their friendship.

Lena couldn't help but wonder if it were the same for her and Kara. Fate was playing around and repeating the same events with her. Clark’s family had looked at Lex like an outlier. A Luthor. So did the rest of Smallville. The same way Alex Danvers looked at Lena. The way James Olsen looked at her. The way the whole of National City looked at her. It was no different.

Fate was playing a sick joke of repeated events. Laughing as both Luthor children made the same mistakes. As both made their descent into a ceaseless void of madness.

Lena felt her heart ache at the notion of ending up like her brother. An image of herself in an
orange jumpsuit formed in her mind, locked away for the rest of her life to keep the rest of the world safe from her Luthor madness.

No! I won’t end up like him! I’m better than Lex!

Lena found herself pushing away any thoughts of her future being anything similar to that of Lex’s present. She vowed to try. To try and at the very least salvage some kind of friendship between her and Kara.

Lex lost his sanity just as he had lost his friendship with Clark. I won’t let the same happen to me.

“Tell me, how’s mother?” Lex asked, pulling her out of her thoughts.

“I should be asking you. Don’t you two have weekly family reunions and bond over the next exciting attempt on my life?”

Lex laughed, finding the idea of an attempt on Lena’s life amusing, “Stop being dramatic, Lena. If I recall correctly, she saved you from that horrid Daxamite ship.”

“Saved me? Is that what she told you?”

“Yes. She complained about how saving you disrupted some of the Cadmus projects she had planned for that day.”

“By all means, next time the two of you have one of your family reunions, please let her know not to waste her time. I’d much rather her focus on very crucial Cadmus matters.” Lena narrowed her eyes in sarcasm.

Lex smiled even more, tilting his head slightly, “Sarcasm, Lena? When have you picked that up?”

“Psychotic. That’s a three syllable word for any thought too big for little minds.” he smirked.

Lena sat across from her brother, both of them not daring to break the other’s stare. But it was Lena who did. She looked away from Lex’s cold eyes and instead laid her eyes on just below his ear.

The scar.

She slowly pushed herself to the edge of her chair, her eyes never leaving the scar. Her fingers trembled as she reached across and softly touched it, feeling the rough edges on it that were still present. She remembered that night so clearly, as though it had happened yesterday, when in truth it had happened years ago.

“Do you remember how you got this?” she asked softly, her eyes glued to the scar.

“How could I forget?” Lex simply said.

“I never thanked you.” she whispered. “You protected me from him.” Lionel’s grunts echoed in her mind, “We never talked about it.”

“There was nothing to talk about. It is what it is.”

“It shouldn’t have been.” she replied, “Don’t you sometimes wonder about all the immoral actions we were brought up by? The things that they did and said to us.” Lena didn’t need to clarify who she meant by they.
“They did what they had to do to make sure we would grow up into the most superlative that this race has to offer. Look at us now, Lena. Geniuses walking among sycophants.”

“You really do see yourself above everyone else, don’t you Lex?” she brought her hand back down, her brother’s words making her remember he was no longer the brother who had protected her from Lionel.

“And you don’t? You sit in your office high and mighty looking down at the rest of the city beneath you. Don’t you sometimes find yourself thinking how pathetic their lives are? Doing mediocre everyday things. Putting less than their minimum effort into what would be life altering for them. Constantly complaining about their problems and the fact that their coffee order was not right. Don’t you find yourself wondering about how it is they can stand being themselves when their mind is on a constant loop of absolute nothings. They obsess over the lives of celebrities and fictional characters and they never truly live their own actual lives. Don’t you ever think of the greatness that humans can accomplish if they would actually simply and merely train their minds to focus on real life issues.” Lex scoffed disgustingly, “We were brought up to do great things in this world. You choose to deny it but I choose to embrace it. The people around us, beneath us, would never understand what it truly means to be a Luthor.”

Lena stood motionless, listening to the words that her brother uttered. The words that spoke nothing but the truth. Although she might see it differently, but in the end he was right. She was brought up to do great things in this world. Her mind was trained ever since she was adopted to be more capable than that of others’. But Lex’s view was misguided. Where he saw others as merely beneath him and simply took advantage of that fact, Lena sought to help others reach her intellect. She worked to give others the opportunities that she was privileged with as a child. The opportunities that shaped her mind to what it is now. Lex thrived on the notion of being above the rest of the world. Lena wanted the rest of the world to thrive with her.

“I suppose you do have a point. But you see, the difference between us, Lex, is that I don’t see other people as sycophants . I see them as people. Capable of achieving the genius we were given but without the harshness that came with it.”

“Remember Lena, there is only one throne fit for a king or a queen. It cannot be shared. You of all people should know that.”

“I never said anything about sharing my throne, Lex. I don’t expect anyone beside me. Luthors are meant to be alone, recent events have proved the notion. But I also won’t have a kingdom that is nothing but brainless simpletons. Somewhat similar to the likes of yours.”

Lex looked irritated at her response, “You sure have grown quite remarkably, darling sister.”

“I have. I’ve grown to realize many things about who we are.”

Chapter End Notes

I don’t know if it’s obvious, but Lex Luthor is probably one of my favorite fictional characters (after Lena of course)
For anyone that’s a Lex fanatic, you’ll notice that some of the lines of this chapter are actually canon lines of his. Things that he had said either in the comics, or Smallville, or the movies, or the animated tv shows. The fight between him and Clark, the psychotic line, the words of the priest, the line about the stars, and the ancestral home are all actual lines of his. I just tweaked them a bit to fit the story.
“Kara, what did they say in Kryptonian?”

“She... It’s...” Kara watched Lena’s face on the screen in front of her. Replaying the words perfectly pronounced by both Lex and Lena in her head. “It’s not that important. It’s nothing he hasn’t said in English, to be honest. But the way they speak it... The pronunciation.”

Kara was mesmerized. All this time she thought the language was about to die with her. Kal spoke Kryptonian but he sometimes lacked proper articulation. Lena and Lex, though, they pronounced it perfectly. Uttering words she had longed to hear from someone else.

*But how? If Lex learned it from Kal and from his research, how can he speak it better?*

“What did they say?” Alex asked again. It was well into the evening and they were both sitting in Alex’s lab, watching the footage on two stools and a laptop.

Kara sighed, “Rewind it.” When Alex did, Kara translated the words he uttered on the screen, “Luthors have never gotten along with Kryptonians. Nor will they ever will. We are destined enemies. Fated to loathe each other and fight for a planet that does not cater to both our species together.”

There was a long silence stretched between the Luthor siblings before Lena spoke again. Kara felt her breath hitch when Lena spoke, the way her lips moved to form letters not even present in the English language.

“Lena says...” Kara choked back on her words at the first thing Lena had said. “She said, ‘maybe you’re right. But it doesn’t change the fact that she’s a good friend to me and I respect her.”

_Friend. She called me her friend._

Alex’s eyebrows came together in a thoughtful frown, “She said that?”

“Yes” Kara nodded, noticing the tone Alex had switched to.

“I see.”

“Don’t Alex. She doesn’t mean it.” Kara tried to defend Lena, “Any of it.”

“I just don’t know how I feel about her after watching that footage, Kara.”

“Rao, not this again.” Kara rolled her eyes at her sister.

Alex gestured to the screen, “Kara, even _you_ have to admit she has a dark side!”

“So? We all do!” Kara shrugged her shoulders.

“Not like hers, Kara. Hers is more... It’s just darker.”

Kara shook her head in frustration, “Alex, I’m not having this conversation with you.”

“Don’t you think it’s odd that she says ‘maybe you’re right’ to her brother proposing that this Earth doesn’t cater to Kryptonians and that they should all be kicked out? A bit convenient also that she happened to have that opinion right after...”

“Alex, can we _please_ not do the whole ‘she’s a Luthor, she’s evil’ thing again?” Kara furrowed
her brows as she felt her anger linger in her voice. Her anger had always been fueled by the notion of people speaking ill of Lena when she had done nothing wrong.

“That’s not what I’m doing Kara! She’s obviously hurt. And vulnerable. And probably even mad. All not a very good combination together. Especially when your first decision after finding out who your best friend is, is to go visit your lunatic of a brother who’s in prison for trying to kill hundreds of people simply for a vendetta against an alien.” Alex was pacing now, her frustration seeping from her, “Kara, she’s not thinking straight. She’s sympathizing with him! Seeing him as her loving brother again. That’s a not a good thing.”

“She’s not sympathizing with him, Alex. She went to see him. All they did was argue, if you haven’t noticed!” Kara tried defending again, her argument seeming less potent.

“Did you not hear the part where she said she missed him, Kara?” Alex pointed at the screen in front of them, “She misses a xenophobic murderer who is hell bent on killing every last alien on this Earth even from behind bars.”

Kara had about enough of this, “Don’t you miss Jeremiah?!” she shouted.

Alex was clearly taken back, the shock registering on her face as her eyes widened at the question. She said nothing.

Kara pushed further, “Hmm, Alex? Don't you miss Jeremiah even though he stole the alien registry and just handed it over to Lillian Luthor?”

“That’s not fair, Kara. There's a difference between doing something under duress and being transparent about your belief that it's the right thing to do. And don’t forget that dad did the right thing in the end.”

“Yes, but we both missed him even when we thought he had gone rogue and was working with Lillian. I won't deny it, Alex. I missed Jeremiah every single day. And that's how Lena feels. She just misses her brother.”

Alex sighed, crossing her arms and taking on a calmer tone. “Look, Kara. I’m not suggesting we go arrest her for simply seeing her brother. All I’m saying is that Lena might do something reckless simply because she’s hurt about you telling her you’re Supergirl. I just think that we should keep an eye on her. Something we should’ve done when Rhea was here.”

“Really, Alex?! Are you really going to blame this whole thing on her because she was tricked by Rhea?!” Kara threw her hands in the air, “Rao, no wonder Lena has a hard time not blaming herself!” Kara walked off to exit the lab. She had enough of people blaming Lena for something that wasn’t her fault to begin with.

“Kara, wait. I didn’t mean it like that...” Alex was running after her, trying to keep up with Kara’s long angry strides, “Kara. Slow down.” They reached a hallway, and Alex all but jumped in front of Kara. She placed both hands on Kara’s shoulders, “Hear me out.” She paused, waiting for Kara to look at her. Once Kara met her eyes, Alex continued, “I know, I know you love her. And I’m sorry that I said we should keep an eye on her. I didn’t mean it like that. I just...” Alex held Kara’s gaze, seeming hesitant to carry on. “I just think that sometimes when we’re hurt, we can make reckless decisions. And I’m worried that since Lena doesn’t have any family, she might end up trusting the wrong people.”

“I know you mean well. I know you do. It’s just...” Kara looked up to the ceiling before looking back down to meet her sister’s gaze, “I feel like I’m losing her, Alex. She says she’s fine with all of this, but...” Kara held back her tears. “Do you know how long I’ve wanted someone to speak Kryptonian to?”
“Yes. Of course I do. Ever since I can remember you've wanted to talk Kryptonian to someone else.”

“Yes. Of course I do. Ever since I can remember you've wanted to talk Kryptonian to someone else.”

“Exactly. All my life, Alex. All of it. Imagine being the only one in the world speaking English and not being able to talk to anyone using it. A language is not just words. It’s a whole culture. In this case, a whole planet. Back on Krypton, we had colors that you don’t have here, and there are words that describe those colors. Words that don’t have an equivalence in English or any other language.”

“I know, Kara, I know.”

“Kal doesn't even like speaking Kryptonian. He prefers English. And I get it. He grew up here. But I didn't. And now Lena can speak it too. But she never told me.” Kara clenched her jaw at the secrets between her and Lena. She pushed the thought away and focused on asking about something else, “What I don’t understand is how Lex and Lena can speak Kryptonian better than Kal.”

“Well, that's easy.” Alex raised a finger to emphasize her point, “Motivation. The brain can be trained to do almost anything as long as motivation is excessively strong. Lex was motivated to learn the language of his enemy. Kal on the other hand only learned the language out of curiosity of his origin. I don’t really believe he had motivation as strong as Lex.”

Kara thought about it for a few seconds. It was true. Kal only learned Kryptonian to learn about Krypton, which, yes could have been motivation enough, but not as much as the motivation that Lex had for learning the language.

“Lena, on the other hand, I would say it had something to do with the age factor.” Alex continued, “The younger you are, the more capable your mind is at acquiring a new language. Lena was much younger than Lex when she learned it, so I have to guess that her understanding of the language is probably even better than Lex’s. Don’t forget that both Lena and Lex have high IQs. Both their minds are open to challenges other people may see as impossible.”

“You’re right.” Kara remembered, “There was a few times, Lex misused some of the grammar. But Lena didn’t. It’s just...” Kara paused, her lips trembled, “She never told me.”

Alex remained silent, but her expression clearly depicted her frustration with the Luthor hurting her sister. Kara ignored it.

“She never once told Supergirl that she knew Kryptonian. She could have. But she didn’t. Rao there were so many secrets between us, Alex.”

“I really think you two need to talk. Whatever denial you both are living in, it's just causing you both more heartache. I think...”

“Agent Danvers?” both sisters were interrupted by Agent Vasquez running towards them.

“What is it?” Alex’s tone instantly changed.

“Both of you might want to see this”

They made their way to where Winn was huddled over his computer. All the screens in the DEO suddenly turned on, showing Fright’s face. Kara fisted her hands beside her at the face. Fright seemed relaxed, amused even.

“Supergirl.” Fright spoke from all the screens in the DEO. “Don't you think I've been nice long enough?” She spoke in that same slow manner she always used.
Alex was immediately leaning over Winn’s shoulder, whose fingers were drumming on the keyboard, “Talk to me, Winn. How and where is she broadcasting this?”

“It’s being broadcasted all over the city. I’m trying to pinpoint where it’s coming from.”

Fright seemed as though she was looking directly at Kara from the screen, a smirk playing on her lips, and Kara noticed herself shivering at that smile. “I’m a patient woman, Supergirl, but even I have my limits. And now I’m bored. And I’m known to be deadly when I’m bored.”

“Winn?” Alex looked over his shoulder at the map displayed on his screen, watching as Winn got closer and closer to where the signal was coming from.

“She’s... Give me a minute.” A bead of sweat made its way down the side of Winn’s face.

“So, Supergirl.” fright continued, “I have something you love and you have something I want. How about we propose a trade?” she tilted her head slightly, making her look somewhat less sane.

“Got it!” Winn shouted, “She’s on the rooftop of L-Corp!”

*No! Lena!*

Kara’s mind stopped thinking of anything else. She turned around to head over there as fast as she can, but felt Alex’s hand on her arm.

“I’m not going to stop you, but please be careful. And turn on your earpiece so we can hear you. My team and I will take the chopper and meet you there.”

Kara nodded to her sister and sped away.

*Please be ok. Please be ok.*

Kara landed on the rooftop of the building and felt the ground rumble beneath her. She tightened her fists at her sides as she faced Fright.

The woman was calmly sitting cross legged over the silver ventilation opening of the building, that same smirk remained permanent on her lips. Kara noticed her portal-opening partner standing next to her, silently. His long blonde hair covering his eyes and a red scar running down his cheek. Kara realized she had only once heard him speak, his voice no longer familiar to her even.

“Nice of you to show up Supergirl. Hope you didn’t get lost on the way.”

“Just tell me what you want, Fright!” Kara couldn't hold back her anger. Couldn't pretend to be calm.

“I have to admit, it does something to me when heroes are close to losing their nerve around me. It feels...” she bit at her lip thoughtfully, “Powerful.”

Kara looked down to x-ray the building. She found Lena sitting on her desk, signing some documents. Kara sighed as she listened in on her heartbeat, a beat she noticed to be frustrated. But alive.

*She's fine. Lena's ok.*

“Don't count your blessings just yet, Superblonde.” Fright said slowly, as though reading Kara's thoughts. “Remember my special paranoia treat that I so generously shared with you? Well, I kept
a vial of the formula that Scarecrow used to shoot me up with back when I was his little lab rat. I kept a few vials actually. One of which is dangling from a very thin string from the inside of this vent.”

Kara instantly squinted her eyes, and found a cylinder looking object hanging from the lid of the vent Fright was comfortably sitting on. Fright continued speaking, “Did you know that the batsy uses Silver Fulminate in those annoying smoke bombs of his? It’s actually very clever of him.” Fright leaned both hands back on the lid behind her and rested her weight on them. Kara felt the string slightly move and with it she held her breath until it stilled.

Fright seemed unfazed by any of it, continuing to speak slowly. “The silver fulminate causes a small ignition. It gave me the idea to make my own version of the pretty bomb. But instead of smoke, mine is paranoia. Mine is tastier.” Fright took a deep breath, looking to the sky and enjoying the night view for a moment before continuing. “The silver fulminate is pressure activated. If the string happens to break and the canister falls inside the vent, it releases enough paranoia toxin to affect the whole building.” Fright’s smirk grew at her next sentence, “Starting with the top floor.”

Kara clenched her jaw at the impossible situation she was in. She couldn’t even tackle Fright incase the lid slightly moved and caused the string to break. She could hear the weight of the canister taking a toll on the thin string. It was only a matter of time before the string broke. Her mind began playing out different ideas to get to the poison but she found nothing plausible.

“It's super simple, Supergirl. You come with me and my friend here and I don't drop the vial. Your friends can then come and work on retrieving it.”

“Supergirl, we're almost there. Don't go into the portal.” Alex’s voice came through her earpiece. Kara remained quiet. Trying to find a solution that doesn't endanger anyone.

“What's it going to be Supes? Come willingly, or watch as the this whole building suffers through paranoia the same way you did.”

Kara watched as Fright tilted her head slightly as she walked two fingers over the lid of the vent.

“Did I mention how thin the thread is? Any...” she pressed her fingers a bit more firmly on the lid of the vent to make her point and Kara heard the crease of the metal. “movement can rock it down into the ventilation of the whole building.”

“Wait!” Kara shouted as Fright’s fingers stopped moving.

“Supergirl!” Alex warned from her earpiece. “Do not walk into that portal!”

“You'll find me,” Kara whispered. “I'll be fine, Alex.” she turned to Fright, “I'll come willingly. Just please don't release the paranoia.”

“Good girl,” Fright smiled fully. She got up slowly from the vent and nodded to her partner. The man extended his hand and a portal of blue rays appeared in front of them.

Fright gestured for her to enter and Kara made her way towards the portal. The last thing Kara heard before walking into the portal was the sound of someone entering Lena's office and speaking with her. Kara recognized the voice. It was Helena Bertinelli.

It both hurt and relieved her that Lena had someone else besides her now.
Remember the old factory a few miles from it? The one you and I discovered when we were young? The one you were quite frightened of.

Lena stood facing the factory door. A factory she had never been to.

Not when she was young.

Not ever.

She took a deep breath, sensing the smell of the Kansas wheat in the air and the lack of the city polluted one she had gotten used to. She had always hated Smallville. Hated the idea of the small town. The rivalries that were built here. It was in this very town that Luthors became enemies to Supers. In a way, Lena blamed this town for the shadow of the Luthor name that she is forced to live under. She knew she shouldn’t, but somewhere deep inside of her she did.

Rust had formed on the brown door, its red-orange-brown color resembling iron oxide, and the weed that had covered most of the entrance told her that the factory had been shut down for a very long time. Exposed brick covered the factory walls and were embraced by endless amount of green vines. The factory stood alone, nothing for miles and miles ahead. Lena looked up at how high the factory went, noticing movement on the roof of the building. She found herself being calmed down by the notion.

We had such fun running around that place. Climbing up old machines and reading Whitman and Keats on metal beams.

The second indication at Lex’s words having a hidden meaning. Lex hated Keats and often chastised Lena for reading his work. He called his work naive. Lex preferred poets who wrote about war and strength. Keats on the other hand loved writing about love and nature.

Lena walked closer to the door, extending her hand to feel the rust beneath her fingertips. For all she knew, this could be her last day if things didn’t go smoothly. For a few seconds she let her mind wander off to the past couple of days. At the mess that was her life. She had always known for a fact that she would live a short life, one that would be ended by some family member of hers. But facing this door at that moment and realizing how close she is to that fate...

She felt a sense of dysphoria.

With all the riches in the world at her fingertips, she found herself uneased with the life she lived. The only time she truly remembered feeling happy was with...

Kara.

Lena sighed as she pushed away her thoughts and focused on the task ahead.

I remember quite well the malicious attitude you brought to the factory. This raw malice that you constantly kept hidden from others.

Lex had used the word malicious. Stressing on the fact that she hid that malice from everyone. Which meant he was referring to the Malachite. At the time, Lena remembered mentally scoffing at how obvious he was making it to be. She had thought that by handing the footage to Agent Danvers, the agent would immediately figure out what Lex was hinting at. It was part of the reason why she had given the footage to the persistent, but predictable, older Danvers. However, seeing that no DEO army is surrounding the factory, Lena realized her hopes were not materialized.

Her hand brushed off some dirt that had gathered over some engravings on the door.
LuthorCorp Fertilizer Plant V

*Of course.* Though, Lena wasn't entirely sure if the factory was owned by Lex or Lionel. Seeing that it said LuthorCorp and not LexCorp, Lena suspected this was one of Lionel’s early plants that had been shut down.

Lex’s words continued to replay in her mind. Every word uttered with a hidden meaning. Especially his warning.

*We both knew the consequences if you so happened to... Tell someone.*

Lex’s eyes had shown a murderous spark as he had spoken those words. Especially when he spoke of the flower.

The Nicodemus flower.

*On God's green earth, this flower was the thief in the temple, the silent temptress that, with a single sneeze, brought out the basest instincts in men and drove them to violence.*

Lena was quite familiar with the flower that had been extinct for over a hundred years, but that had the poisonous effect of bringing the worst in people. She remembered reading about it in Lex’s journals. It was before Lex had surrendered to his madness, during the years where he had moved to Smallville but still kept in touch with her. Which was why she had only read about the flower in his journals and not had witnessed it herself.

Years ago, Dr. Hamilton, a geologist that Lex had hired to study Kryptonite, discovered the flower’s resurrected abilities when mixed with the green meteorite rocks that Lex didn’t even know where called Kryptonite at the time. Lena remembered reading Lex had written down astrological theories about what those rocks were. His journal entries made it clear how obsessed he was with them, theorizing of their origin and their strange power.

Lex had written that the origin of the name of the flower is that of Nicodemus in the Bible. He was a Pharisee who came to see Jesus by night. Jesus told him he must be "born again", which is what the flower does. It causes a "rebirth" of a new personality.

The flower had the ability to change someone’s personality, more often times to the worse. Lex had written how Jonathan Kent, Clark’s father, and Lana Lang were both affected by it, rendering them both as though completely different people. Lena wasn’t sure what Lex had meant when he mentioned the flower, whether or not he still had access to it and would not hesitate to use it if she so happened to tell someone. But it was when he mentioned the color that almost knocked the air out of her lungs.

*I’ve always pictured the flower being red.*

Which only meant one thing. *Red Kryptonite.* If her suspicions were correct, Lex used the flower as a metaphor for Red Kryptonite, although she can’t be too sure. From what she had seen on the news, Red Kryptonite made Kara’s personality completely change to the worse. Which only meant that Lex had access to Red Kryptonite just as he had access to green. Maybe even in the same concentrated form as well.

Lena sighed as she pushed open the heavy metal doors, the rusty hinges of the door let out a loud groan of a grim entrance into the unknown. Lena stepped inside with her chin jutted out and her cold Luthor mask worn, making a silent prayer for the first time in her life in hopes that Kara was alright and everything goes smoothly.

Her heels echoed against the empty factory walls, her hands fist inside the pockets of her long white coat, and her face displayed none of the ache in her chest at seeing Kara.
Kara was cuffed to a thin metal beam, which Lena only guessed used to be part of the building's infrastructure but was conveniently cut in half. Lena continued walking, she lifted her head high up noticing three high powered lamps hanging from another horizontal metal beam close to the ceiling just above where Kara stood. Red light emitted from all three lamps which were all directed at Kara.

Lena frowned in confusion at the purpose behind red light being directed at Kara. She didn't remember reading anything about Red light regarding Kryptonians in Lex's journals and therefore found herself unsure of their effect on Kara.

Fright stood her ground at the center of the room, a sly smirk playing on her lips and a glare filled with resentment and bitterness.

Lena stood a few meters away from Fright, giving the blonde woman her own deadly stare. It was the first time Lena had been this close to her. She took the chance to study her, noticing first and foremost that the woman was an albino. Except for the blonde hair that was clearly dyed, Fright had no skin or hair pigmentation whatsoever. Her eyebrows were almost clear white, eyelashes practically nonexistent and skin similar to a cadaver's. Lena realized that she had never seen Fright in the sunlight.

“Well, well, well if it isn’t baby Luthor, come to play with me.”

“Hello, Fright.” at the sound of her voice, Lena noticed Kara raising her bowed down head, and Lena cursed at the state that was her face. Blood drooled from the side of her mouth and covered just over her eyebrows. Her bottom lip seemed to be split and her whole face covered in black dirt. Kara’s eyes widened at seeing Lena, she tugged at the handcuffs only to hiss at the pain on her wrists. Lena noticed the cuffs having a slight green glow to them.

“Pleasure to finally meet you, baby Luthor.” Fright said, drawing Lena's eyes back to her. “Mr. Luthor has told me so much about you, I feel like we've known each other for years.”

“The feeling’s mutual.”

“You know,” Fright spoke slowly, wearing a grin on her face as she began slowly taking a few steps closer to the Luthor. “He initially told me to leave you unharmed. But it seems after your visit, he’s had a change of heart.” her grin widened, “He said I could play with you a bit, so long as you’re alive in the end.” she pulled out her tongue and made a licking gesture with it as she reached behind her. Lena saw the revolver being pulled out from behind Fright’s back. A long silver revolver. “Alive, not sane.”

Aimed straight at her.

This was where the chapter was supposed to end. At a cliffhanger yet again. I didn't have the heart to do it.

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No, no, no, no. What is she doing here?!

Lena looked at the woman with coldness Kara had never once witnessed her use. It was terrifying. Kara felt her breath hitch at the look, fully knowing what Luthors were capable of when provoked. She tugged again at her handcuffs, determined to reach Lena. To shield her. To erase that look. Because Lena didn't look scared as she stared into the barrel of the gun pointed at her. She didn't show any hint of fear at the prospect of dying. Her face conveyed a searing rage. Her eyes challenging. Her eyebrow arched high. Jaw clenched tight. Kara looked at Fright holding the
gun and felt the tightening of her grip. Three Red sun lamps encased the room in red light that completely took away Kara’s powers. The handcuffs around her wrist were laced with Kryptonite and they were eating away at her flesh. She couldn’t hear their heartbeats. Couldn’t hear if Fright was hesitant or scared or intimidated by Lena’s stance. But Kara hoped. Because she knew Fright was not one to shy away from doing what she wanted. Especially when provoked. Lena’s gaze never left her sight, emotion completely lacking from her eyes. Kara felt as though Lena was challenging Fright to pull the trigger. As though she knew she wouldn’t do it. But she would!
Piercing green eyes were determined to not show a hint of fear in their final moments.

Lena stood with a gun pointed at her head, with Kara cuffed to a metal pole, and refused to show any form of fear.

“Fright! Please! Please just don’t hurt her!” Kara screamed at her, her face covered in blood and dirt. “Fright please just look at me! Please! I’m begging you! You have me! You have me instead of her! Look at me! Fright! Look at me, please!” Kara’s shouts were desperate. She was pulling at the handcuffs, the Kryptonite eating away at her skin, “Fright!!”

It was no use. It was as though both women failed to hear a single word she said, determined to carry out their silent battle until the end.

“You Luthors are something to enjoy. Oh, I’m so curious to know what my little paranoia treat might do to you.” Fright smirked, stealing a quick glance at Kara, “Or maybe, you’re greatest fear is here all along.” She reached behind her and pulled out another revolver from behind her back, aiming it straight at Kara.

Lena looked at the woman in front of her with frigid eyes, ones that hardly faltered at their situation. Kara noticed how Lena’s expression when she spoke was the same one she used at board meetings.

“As dangerous as you think you might be, you pale in comparison to what I am capable of if you so choose to hurt her.” Lena looked bored.

“Feisty! I like it!” Fright squealed with happiness, “Oh how I wish I can play with you more. Too bad Mr. Luthor wants you alive.”

Kara knew that Lena was holding on to the notion that Lex wanted her alive. That Fright wouldn’t shoot her. It doesn’t matter. Fright is crazy and might just easily change her mind. Kara tugged again at the handcuffs.

“Did you get me what I wanted?” Fright asked.

“You mean the Malachite? Unfortunately I did.” she gestured her head towards Kara, “Let Supergirl go and I’ll hand it over.”

Fright smirked, “Not a chance.”

“The Malachite is safely secured in the trunk of my car. Only accessible with my fingerprint.” Lena fumbled around in her jacket pocket as she spoke. Kara frowned, wondering what she was doing. What is she...? “Let Supergirl go and not only will I give you the Malachite but you and I could also do business together. I assure you I have much more resources and money than my brother.”

Fright didn’t seem at all convinced.

And Kara heard the hammer of the gun being pulled. She looked up to see Fright’s smirk to take on a rather less sane demeanor. The hammer of the gun pointed at Lena pulled down and was ready to fire.
“Fright!! No, no, please!! Please don’t do it!! Please!!” Kara continued to beg but to no avail.

Lena continued to stare down the barrel of the gun. She refused to move. And Kara wanted to shake her. Shout at her. Ask her why she didn’t care. Why she wouldn’t move.

Two things happened as time seemed to slow down.

Kara watched as Lena took out what looked like a smile device from her pocket, pressing the button on top of it.

Two arrows were shot in response, diving deep into the shoulders of the portal-opening man. He wailed in pain and fell to the ground immediately.

Another arrow was shot, this one closer to Fright, and dug itself in the concrete just a few inches away from her. This one emitted a high pitched loud whistling sound. Fright tightened her eyes in agony, using the back of her hands to try and cover her ears. Kara noticed how the sound seemed to affect her the most. Fright hissed as the sound pierced through her ears. When she opened her eyes again, fear was evident in them. A deep searing fear that Kara has never seen before.

“‘You!’ she pointed at Lena, beginning to come closer.

“Sorry to disappoint, but it was actually me!” someone called out from the other side of the factory.

Kara turned to see a short brunette walking towards them, a crossbow in each hand and a bow strapped to her back. Black boots with three buckles strapped in tight reached her mid thigh over black pants. A long black leather jacket matched the black underneath it and the black mask covering the vigilant’s eyes. Crystal blue eyes. The woman’s lips were cherry red and Kara racked her brain to remember where she had seen that exact shade of red lipstick.

“Who are you?!” Fright shouted, the smirk wiped off her face.

The vigilante smirked, “I’m what’s about to hunt you down.” she said in a sultry tone. It almost sounded flirtatious. Kara recognized that lazy British dialect.

**Helena!**

Kara saw Lena run towards her just as two more arrows flew straight in front of Fright. Kara only had a second before Lena cradled her head onto her shoulder to cover her eyes and hold her tight. A blast sounded, which Kara only guessed was from those last two arrows. Kara heard Fright scream in pain, the blast seeming to blind her, but she saw none of it. Lena held her close, shielding her from any blast that might harm her eyes. All Kara could think was it should be the other way around. She should be the one protecting Lena. She should be the one shielding her from harm. It shouldn’t be this way. But it was. Once again, it was Lena saving her.

Once silence took over the factory, Lena moved to look at where Fright had been. Kara did the same and found the blonde covered in soot, with her hair disheveled and her eyes closed tight in agony.

"Say, goodbye, now." Helena said as she looked up and nodded
Kara looked up as well, finding another woman sitting on one of the building’s metal beams. One second the woman was there, the next she was jumping through a portal that she had created under her. Another portal opened up right behind Fright, and the woman wrapped her arms around Fright’s neck from behind her and pulled her inside. They then both disappeared and the portal closed.

Kara could hear her heart thundering in her chest. But it was only her heart that she could hear. It confused her. She tried focusing on Lena’s heart, on the sound of the ring around her neck. Nothing. She couldn't hear any of it. But then she remembered the Red sun light. *No wonder I didn’t hear any of their heartbeats.*

Two seconds later, the portal opened again and only the second woman came through, smiling with victory. Helena went up to her, hugging her closely.

“Are you alright, Gypsy?”

“Yes, I’m fine. She didn’t have time to poison me.”

Helena walked towards them where Lena was trying to break the handcuffs around Kara’s wrists.

“Lena, are you alright?”

“Yes, I am. But these damn handcuffs won’t...”

The doors of the factory burst open, flooding in countless DEO agents armed with rifles. Kara noticed that the agents were led by Alex.

“Everyone get down on the ground, now!” she shouted, aiming her gun at Helena and the other Woman, Gypsy, as Kara recalled was her name.

“We should go, Hel,” the woman took her hand.

Helena turned to Lena, “Will you be joining us?”

“I’m fine. They won't arrest me.” Lena replied hurriedly.

Helena nodded before turning to Gypsy, whom Kara still had no clue of who she was, and together they escaped through a portal.

“No!” Alex shouted in frustration as she reached just where Helena and the woman were seconds ago. “Search the building for anyone else. Make sure you cuff him before he gets away as well,” she ordered her agents before making her way to Kara. “Kara, thank God!”

Lena was still tugging at the handcuffs around Kara’s wrists, “Alex, we need to get these cuffs off of her. They have Kryptonite in them.” she grunted in effort.

Alex looked above her to where the sun lamps were shining. She aimed her rifle at each of them, shooting three precise bullets and destroying them. She looked back at her sister, “Now, Kara”

Kara wasted no time at all. She shot her heat vision onto the handcuffs and destroyed them. Alex took the pieces of the handcuffs and ran towards Agent Vasquez, ordering her to retrieve the lead box.

Kara sighed in relief at the absence of pain for the first time in the last couple of hours. The dizziness was there, the headache too, but the full on crippling pain was gone. Out of habit, her ears tuned in to Lena’s heartbeat, seeking the calm that it brought with it. Kara noticed Lena’s muscles move slightly before she steadied herself back into her place. Her fists at her sides tightened and her jaw clenched. It was as though Lena was about to throw herself into Kara’s
arms before she remembered something.

Kara didn’t much care at this point.

She walked towards her, wrapping her arms around her waist, hugging her firmly and lifting her slightly above the ground. She needed to reassure herself that Lena was ok. That she was real. Lena wrapped her arms tight around Kara’s neck, hugging her back with just as much warmth.

Kara buried her face into the crook of Lena’s neck, sighing at the smell of expensive perfume and lavender. “You’re ok. You’re ok.” she whispered.

“So are you,” Lena whispered back, sighing also.

Kara couldn’t let go. She couldn’t believe that Lena had been staring down the barrel of a gun only minutes ago. And she’s alright. She’s in her arms. They’re both ok.

She closed her eyes, burying her face deeper and felt Lena's hands run through her blonde hair. She's ok. Lena's ok. Her mind understood the concept that Lena was really in her arms, but her heart refused to calm down. It reminded her of the night she had the panic attack. When all she could do was repeat words to calm herself down.

“You're ok.” she breathed in once more, “Thank Rao, you're ok.”

Kara noticed Alex running back to them, and it was only because of her sister that she let go of Lena. Otherwise, she would have been content with holding Lena for much longer. Kara turned to face her running sister, making sure she held onto one of Lena’s hands. Firmly. Because she could feel Lena wanting to escape.

Alex wound her arms around Kara’s neck, hugging her closely. “I was so worried, Kara.”

“I know. I’m fine, Alex, I am.”

Kara felt Lena try to untangle her hand from her own, attempting to walk away from the two sisters. But Kara tightened her grip slightly, silently conveying she doesn't want her to leave. Lena squeezed her hand back. What she meant by it, Kara wasn't too sure, but she was glad Lena was there. She was ok. Lena’s ok. She's fine.

Alex finally let go, “What happened here? Where did Fright escape to?”

Kara suddenly realized she had no idea how to answer that question, “I... I don’t know.” she turned to Lena for answers.

Lena looked at both of them with calm but frigid eyes. “Fright is being held at one of the very secure holding cells present at Star Labs, where she can't hurt anyone. Mr. Ramone was more than happy to supply us with a custom made holding cell that can withhold superior strength such as the likes of hers. The Flash mentioned that he will contact you regarding whether or not you would like to keep Fright at the DEO or at Star Labs.”

“How did you even manage to get close to her?” Alex asked

Lena cleared her throat, “Fright’s powers are strength and agility, aside from that horrid paranoia poison of course. She could easily dodge any lazers you aim at her. But when you used the freeze breath, she faltered a bit. That’s when I realized she only dodged what was aimed at her. None of the arrows shot were aimed at Fright, only near her.” Lena looked at Kara, “The sound you heard from the first arrow, that was the same sound Scarecrow used when he would shoot Fright up with some of his formulas. A... friend of mine found out that it was somewhat of a trigger for her and therefore it gives rise to a fear response within her, even if she herself isn’t aware of it.”
Alex seemed intrigued by what Lena was saying, “Which I’m guessing threw her off.”

“Precisely. So did the second arrow, which moderately blinded her.”

Alex crossed her arms, “And who were the other two that were here minutes ago? Were they with Fright?”

“I assure you they are not. They’re merely allies.” Lena replied, not directly answering Alex’s question.

“They helped take down Fright.” Kara mentioned. Not wanting to mention Helena’s identity to her sister without her consent.

She looked at Lena once more, having so many questions floating in her mind. Why didn’t you tell me about your plan? How could you risk your life like that? Why weren’t you scared of Fright shooting you? How did you find... The last question she decided to direct it to her sister.

“How did you find us?” she asked Alex.

Alex looked over at Lena, her eyes fleeting to their joined hands before looking back up to Lena’s eyes. “I rewatched the security footage of Ms. Luthor’s visit to her brother.”

Kara looked at Lena, confusion on her face. Lena cleared her throat before speaking, “My brother can be quite theatrical when he wants to. There was never a factory that we went to as kids. It was his way of telling me to bring the Malachite here.”

Alex furrowed her brows, “Something seemed off when I first watched that part. There was no recognition on your face. Granted you don’t show much emotion on regular days,” Alex ignored Kara’s warning, “but something wasn’t right when he talked about the factory. You had the same look as when he began speaking Kryptonian. Focused. As though you were concentrating on something. When he said the word ‘malicious’, I figured it out. There was no factory.”

Lena pressed her lips together, “No, there was not.” she said calmly.

Kara turned to Lena, her face a mixture of confusion and frustration. “So, you knew?”

Lena looked at her with green eyes devoid of any sort of emotion, “I did.”

She said it with such ease, and made Kara’s blood boil. Made her want to... “Why didn't you tell me?!”

“He would have found out and hurt you.” Lena said simply.

“As opposed to hurting you?!” Kara argued, her voice holding every bit of anger that was the outcome of Lena once again not caring what happens to herself.

“Lex has no problem killing you, Kara. I wasn’t going to take that chance. I apologize if you don’t agree with my tactics but I saw no reason...”

“You could’ve gotten hurt!” Kara interrupted, “That’s a reason!”

Lena said nothing. And Kara felt even more irritated by the absence of any kind of emotion on her face. The notion of her own safety not holding much worth to Lena. That was what frustrated Kara so much. She felt Lena pulling her hand and Kara finally let her go.

“I suppose so.” Lena swallowed down, her eyes glassy with emotion, “If you'll excuse me, I don’t believe I’m much needed anymore. Take care of yourself, Kara. I’ll see you soon.” She said
before attempting to walk away.

Kara wasn't having it. “Wait! We're not done talking about...” She tried to follow her, but the
dizzying effects of the concentrated Kryptonite flooded her mind and made the ground tilt beneath
her.

Alex caught her immediately, “Woah, Kara. Easy.”

Kara felt Lena’s arms on her other side, “She needs to get under the sun lamps.” Lena’s voice
sounded in her ear.

But the dizziness was taking over and the voices became echos. Kara tried to stand upright but her
limbs were heavier than she had expected. Her eyes rolled back as her head slumped forward, too
heavy for her to carry anymore. She realized that she had been exposed to this form of Kryptonite
for longer than usual and it was making her feel even more drowsy than she expected.

“Help me get her in the chopper. We need to get back to National City.” Someone said.

Everything then became black.
How Dare You Dare Me to Dare Fall in Love with You

Chapter Notes

A very wise person once called this chapter as the throwdown, hoedown to end all showdowns! I think that's description enough of what you should expect!

I'm honestly very sorry for what you are about to go through.....

Lena felt the first rays of sunlight shine from behind her through the large windows of her office. She sat in the darkness, her desk illuminated by the lamp she had on and the light of her computer screen. Holding up the curriculum report for some of the fields that will be included in Project Credo, she read through the topics that will be covered and made sure they correlated with L-Corp’s future projects. She was thinking of adding another topic when she felt the ground rumble beneath her feet as she heard someone stumble rather than land on her balcony. She turned to see Kara opening the door to her office.

“We weren’t done talking.” Kara stomped her way into Lena's office.

“Kara?” Lena was surprised to see her.

Last night after Kara had lost consciousness, Lena helped her sister get her to the chopper. The hero was immediately placed on a stretcher and multiple agents began working on her cuts and bruises. Lena guessed they were looking for any Kryptonite remnants. She had stood there as she watched them take her away, the chopper lifting off and heading to National City.

“Shouldn't you be under the sun lamps?” Lena got off her chair, shocked to see Kara flying in her state.

The blonde looked extremely exhausted. Lena noticed the burns on her wrists still haven't healed. Her hair didn't have its golden glow and perfect curls. Kara's forehead creased as though even walking required concentration. She stepped closer to the desk, placing her hand on its surface to balance herself.

“I'm fine.” she replied angrily, even her voice sounded tired and ultimately denying what she had just said.

“Kara, you're not fine. You should be...”

“No! I'm not going anywhere!” Kara's voice was still groggy but it was a bit louder, her anger seemed to increase. “What were you thinking Lena?! You could've gotten hurt!”

Lena swallowed back her concerns, seeing that Kara clearly came here for confrontation and not pity. She jutted her chin out pressing her lips together and gave the blonde a calm look lacking any sort of concern.

“Relax, Kara. I’m alive aren’t I?” Lena dismissed her calmly. She walked towards the water pitcher.

“No!” Kara shouted angrily, “You were reckless! You could've gotten shot! For what?! All to prove a point to your brother?!”
Lena stared at the water pitcher in front of her, thinking that this looked like it was about to become a very long argument. She instead opted to grab the bottle of scotch, pouring herself a glass.

“Why didn't you tell me?!” Kara was still shouting. Her anger radiating off of her.

Lena didn’t answer her. She simply took a sip of her scotch, letting the alcohol burn through her throat. Trying to keep her own anger buried.

“Answer me!”

Lena turned around abruptly, “Because we don't tell each other things!” she shouted back, her voice louder than she had expected it to be, "Because I saw no point of including you in something I wasn't even sure would work! But it did! It did, Kara! So how about we simply focus on the fact that Fright is defeated rather on me not telling you a small detail in my plan!"

Kara looked at her in disbelief, “Small detail?! You never even told me you had a plan to begin with! You endangered me as well as yourself!”

“I'm sorry, Kara, but I couldn't risk Lex finding out and hurting you.” Lena downed her cup, and turned around pouring herself some more.

Kara scoffed sarcastically, “I'm pretty sure you would've found a subtle way to tell me. You don't strike me as someone who just stands down when threatened.”

Lena turned back around, looking Kara in the eyes, “I do when the threat comes from my brother. I don't think you understand how serious his threats are.”

“Which is why you should've told me to begin with!” Kara threw her arms in the air.

“Well sometimes we keep things from each other!” Lena shouted back. She clenched her jaw, calming herself before continuing, “I suppose that's just how our friendship works.” she said, the alcohol clearly washing away the restraints on her words.

Kara frowned, her eyes showing a hint of surprise at Lena’s words, but she said nothing. Her anger still lingered on her face, but she was no longer restless. She ran a hand through her blonde hair, looking down at her boots.

“I...I can’t. This...” Kara paused, gulping down. “This friendship that we both are trying so hard to keep... It's... It's not working, Lena. I can't pretend anymore.”

Lena remained silent, pressing her lips together, and listening to Kara utter words that had been echoing in her own mind.

Kara walked the length of the office, stopping abruptly as she laid eyes on the new couch, “What happened to the...?”

Lena still refused to say anything, not giving any reason whatsoever for changing the couch in her office. Jess had ordered one similar to it but black, and somewhat bigger than the last one. Lena watched as Kara shook her head and sat on the armrest, facing Lena who leaned against her desk with her glass.

“Lena, talk to me. Please.” Kara looked desperate, as though finding herself devoid of other options.

“Kara, I don’t know what you’re...”

“Please don’t do that.” Kara interrupted, “Lena, it’s me. Stop putting up walls. Talk to me. Rao,
Lena didn’t respond. She couldn’t. She stood there, holding Kara’s blue eyes that were filled to the brim with desperate sadness. It broke her heart. Surprisingly, she still had what resembled as a heart. And it ached to see Kara in so much pain. But she lacked that other ingredient. That feeling of wanting to do anything to make it better. The urge to fix it. Kara’s sadness once incited her to do the impossible in order to erase it. But now… Now everything just became numb.

Kara sighed when Lena didn’t answer. They both remained silent, looking down at the floor between them and avoiding each other’s eyes. When Kara finally spoke, her voice seemed to tremble, “Did you know that your heart used to skip a beat as soon as you saw me?” she smiled sadly at the ground. “It’s real. The whole skipping a beat thing. It’s physically real. It’s just such a small change in a heart’s rhythm that not even machines could pick it up. But I did. I first noticed it with you.” she let out a small laugh of disbelief, memories brimming in her eyes.

Kara crossed her feet, her eyes never leaving the ground, “As soon as you would see me. Me as Kara. Your heart would flutter slightly. The first couple of times I missed it, thinking that the change in your heart’s rhythm was just you being surprised, or you not liking me, or it was because I was a reporter.” Kara’s brows came together in concentration, mimicking the same expression as the memory, “But then it slowly became clear to me. It would suddenly stop beating for less than a millisecond and then I would hear this quiver as it would begin to beat again.”

She closed her eyes as though remembering the sound. She opened her eyes, smiling, as though had actually heard it in her mind. “And I kept thinking, how is it that someone like her would be so happy to see me that her heart would actually stop pumping blood into her veins for less than a second?”

Lena listened intensely, her chest aching even more from Kara’s words. Because she knew what Kara was talking about. She had felt it. It was something that only happened with Kara, never with Supergirl.

Kara made her heart stop beating.

Supergirl made it beat faster.

“For months, I became obsessed with the sound. I would drop by for lunch just to hear it. I would text you from across the city to catch it. It was a sound that was only for me.” Kara finally looked up to meet Lena’s eyes. Their eyes locked and it was as though they both were replaying memories in their minds.

“Heartbeats are so complex. I don't think I could ever properly explain the concept to anyone. But...” she paused, seeming to not know how to properly phrase her words. “Alex’s heartbeat has always been one I knew very well. I started learning its rhythm ever since we were kids. And one time,” Lena watched as Kara’s eyes once again were glued to the ground, memories brimming in them.

“One time Alex snuck out of the house. And I was mad she didn’t take me with her. So, I told Eliza. When Alex found out, she stopped talking to me. And for weeks, I couldn't really properly decipher her heartbeat. It was like...” Kara pressed her lips together in thought, looking for a way to describe what she was saying, “It was like I could hear it, but the sound echoed as though her heart was encased in a glass box. It sounded... It was muffled. I don’t think I’m explaining this right.” Kara frowned at her inability to put her thoughts into words.

“Later I discovered that when you break someone's trust, they stop trusting you with their emotions. They become more guarded. They stop showing the full power of each of their feelings, which disrupts the normal rhythm of their heartbeat. For weeks, I couldn't understand why Alex’s
heartbeat was so different. But it's the suppressing of emotions that changes someone's heartbeat. When you feel happy but remember that you're mad at that person so you push your happiness down to avoid showing it. That. That changes the whole rhythm. The almost happy emotion.”

Lena listened to the fascinating concept being explained to her. Her intellect hung on every word Kara said, trying to understand such a concept as this. Thinking of ways it can be used in a project she had been working on. But the other side of her, the heartbroken emotional side, knew where Kara was going with the story.

“That's how your heartbeat sounds like.” Lena heard the words she expected whispered sadly. “Ever since I... It just hasn't been the same.”

Lena cleared her throat, “I suppose it's... It’s not fair for us to pretend as though nothing had changed.”

“It's not.” Kara replied.

Once again they were drenched in silence. Memories of them a lifetime ago played in the shadows of the office. Taunting them of the notion of what used to be and what is now.

Kara looked down at her clasped fingers, her frown evident. “Lena, can we talk about what happened?” she looked back up to meet Lena’s eyes, “I don't want you to tell me that everything is fine. Talk to me.”

Lena held Kara’s gaze, the emotion in them scaring her. She looked down at her cup, realizing the fear she felt from such emotions, “Kara, I don’t know what to tell you.” she lied blatantly.

Kara got up from the armrest, walking the distance between them but not coming too close. Her face showed a hint of frustration, whether it was from pain of her injuries or from Lena’s words Lena didn’t know.

“Tell me how you really felt the day I told you.”

Lena gritted her teeth at the memory. The singe of that day still fresh in her mind. The pain still throbbed.

Stay calm. She doesn’t need your anger right now.

Kara’s brows creased, “Tell me if you’re really fine with all of this,” Kara demanded sternly. Her voice was still calm, but held an edge leaning towards anger.

Just nod and tell her that you’re fine with it all. You're fine.

Lena felt her chest beginning to rise somewhat heavier than before. She tightened her hold on her cup, her fingers reddening at the tips from how tight she held on to it. She opened her mouth to speak, to deny, to defend herself.

To lie and say everything was fine.

But no sound came out. As though her mind couldn’t form a lie such as this.

And it further worked to irritate her. Lying was the one aspect she can do easily. With no effort whatsoever.

Kara sighed, her own frustration simmering, “Lena, I know you’re upset that I didn’t tell you, but...”

“That’s just it Kara! I didn’t care!” Lena shouted. She wasn’t quite sure how she lost control of
her anger, but Kara’s words kept pulling at her emotions until she couldn’t stand idle anymore. She calmed herself down before speaking again, “Kara, I didn’t care. To me, both of you were perfect, each in her own way. I wouldn’t have cared if Kara Danvers was a Kryptonian, neither would I have cared if Supergirl was simply a reporter. None of it mattered to me.” Lena looked down at her cup once more, finding its contents empty and wondering when had she finished her drink. She turned around towards her desk, placing her cup down and using the excuse to keep her emotions under control.

She faced Kara again, coming closer to the blonde and holding her eyes intensely. “What I did care about were the lies. The lies that were told to me by my best friend and the woman I slept beside, both of whom I was in love with. Look around you Kara! Do you see anyone else?!” she opened her arms wide, emphasizing her point. “That’s because there are no other people in my life. It’s just you. You were the one I let inside. You were the exception.”

She paused, finding the guilt in Kara’s eyes. She stepped closer to her, her eyes cold with anger, her voice now calmer, but sounding more dangerous. “I have never questioned Supergirl’s identity. Never. I respected you too much to do that. Because it didn’t matter to me. And I never questioned why Kara Danvers would sometimes abruptly leave, or how she ate ten times what a normal woman her size would ever eat, or why it was that the first time she showed up in my office it was coincidently with none other than Clark Kent out of all people. My brother’s former best friend.” Lena scoffed, “And yes, after the events of last week, I came to realize that he also happens to look very similar to a certain superhero.”

Lena caught the clenched jaw reaction of Kara’s at the mention of Clark Kent’s identity. She made the connection between Kent, Kara, and Superman on the airplane heading to Metropolis. So much had made sense. Her brother’s feud. The fact that their friendship had ended so abruptly. Which only meant that Lex obviously knew.

And that was when Lena felt her anger seethe inside of her. Because she found herself in the exact same situation as her brother. But just double the complexity. Because Lex had found out his best friend was his worst enemy. But Lena had found out that two different people who she was in love with were one and the same. And she found herself wondering if maybe fate had a dark sense of humor of throwing the same scenario on both Luthor children. Her anger burned through her even more at the idea that Kara came to her as both her identities even though she had absolutely no intention of telling her.

“Why did you pursue a relationship with me as Supergirl?” Lena suddenly asked, her curiosity taking hold of her words.

Kara seemed taken back by the question, “I...” she choked back on her words.

Lena felt her rage boil, seeping through her like molten lava, “I pushed you away! I pushed and pushed and made it clear I didn't want anything to do with you. I was fine on my own. If you had kept your identity a secret from me while only being my friend as Kara Danvers, I would have understood. I’m a Luthor afterall, I don’t expect you to...”

“You being a Luthor has nothing to do with this!” Kara shouted back, “I have never seen you as your name. As a Luthor! Not as Kara and not as Supergirl!”

“Fine.” Lena decided to pick her battles, going back to her initial argument, “But why pursue a relationship with me as Supergirl if you had no intention of telling me? I pushed you away and you showed up as some caped crusader pushing back until you blatantly made me fall in love with you!” Lena replied as she stepped closer, pointing an angry finger at the blonde.

Kara’s shock displayed on her face, her eyes wide with angered disbelief. “Made you fall in love with me?! I didn't make you do anything! I didn’t exactly plan any of this!”
“So why come to me as Supergirl?! Why pretend to be two different people with me?!”

Kara’s chest was heaving, as though barely controlling her own anger, “I don’t know, I...I didn’t think you would...”

“Why not just tell me, Kara?!” Lena shouted.

“Because I was jealous!” Kara shouted back suddenly, a deafening silence following her outburst.

Lena’s surprise showed on her face, not able to form any response, and so Kara continued.

“I was jealous of Supergirl. Of myself. You liked her. You told her things you didn't tell Kara Danvers. Which I get. Everyone is always amazed by her.” she said sarcastically mocking herself in the process, “But you were the only one who was friends with Kara Danvers without knowing she was supergirl. You liked me.” Kara jabbed a finger at her own chest, “Not because I had powers. Just me. Your heart skipped a beat for me.” her lips pressed together to stress on that last word.

With each sentence, Kara took a step forward towards Lena, “But then you became friends with Supergirl and you began to completely ignore me as Kara. And it hurt, Lena. It really hurt.” Lena saw the hint of sadness mixed with Kara’s anger in her words, “It was like throwing away an old toy after getting a new one. And what was I supposed to tell you! Oh I’m sorry, I know you like your new toy and all but guess what? It's the same old one. It just has a damn costume on!”

Lena looked at her frowning in confusion, and slowly shaking her head in denial. “You... You thought I began ignoring you because I started befriending Supergirl?!”

“That's exactly what happened.” Kara pointed at her accusingly.

“No, it’s not.” Lena replied, immediately. Desperate to explain the reason to Kara. “I avoided you because I didn’t want you being involved in the mess that is my life. Assassinations and public humiliations are a normal thing for me, but I hated the idea of dragging you into it. I would never have forgiven myself if something had happened to you.” Lena frowned, remembering that night in her office when she decided she would close herself off to the rest of the world and simply focus on work. “Kara, look at the city out there.” she waved her hand towards the balcony, “All the destruction, the deaths, the destroyed homes.” She held Kara’s eyes as she jabbed a finger on her own chest “Those are all on me. I did that. It was only a matter of time before I was prosecuted for the part I played in all of this. So, forgive me if I had wanted my best friend, my only friend, to stay as far away from me as possible!”

Kara narrowed her eyes, looking at Lena mockingly, “Rao, this again! Lena, when are you going to stop blaming yourself?! You saved everyone!”

“From something I created!”

“We all make mistakes, Lena!”

“No! This isn’t me forgetting my keys, Kara! I brought a whole fucking army from outer space into this city! Do not downplay how much I screwed up!” Lena pointed at the city outside her balcony door.

“But you also drove them away!”

Lena narrowed her eyes, “Tell me something, Kara, how did you feel after the Red Kryptonite incident?” Lena narrowed her eyes, stepping closer to the surprised blonde. “Hmm? Did you go about your merry way after hurting the people in your life?” When Kara didn't respond, Lena scoffed bitterly, “I didn’t think so either. But you see, people died because of my mistake. You
were lucky enough to dodge that bullet, but I wasn’t.”

“Then why did you begin lying to me as soon as you started being with Supergirl?” Kara crossed her arms, her argument withering down quickly.

“Because I wanted you to forget me!” Lena dug her nails into her palm, trying to let out her rage in some way, “I wanted you to be with your friends who are good to you! Who don’t constantly have people trying to kill them!” Angry tears began falling down her face, “Who are fucking normal, Kara!”

Kara stepped closer to her, equally angry, “I don’t want to be just your friend!”

“Neither do I!” Lena shouted back.

“Then what are we doing?!” Kara gritted her teeth.

“I don’t know!” Lena threw her hands in the air, “All I know is that I’m fighting every fibre of my being not to just give up and run away. Not to just shut everyone out,” she paused, shaking her head and scoffing, the notion of ‘everyone’ hilariously pathetic. “Not to shut you out. Do you know how hard that is, Kara?! Because you don’t seem like you do. I’m fighting myself! I’m in a constant argument with myself about not giving up. And one day...” Lena choked back, emotion evident in the tremble of her voice. “One day, I’m simply going to lose.”

Lena held Kara’s eyes as they both breathed heavily. The silence between them was deafening, screaming at them to say something. It was Lena who broke Kara’s gaze, turning around and walking away to pour herself another drink. She made it halfway across the office only to be stopped by the House of El crest in front of her.

Lena sighed, “Kara, get out of my way.”

“No. I’m not having this argument with you while you’re drunk.” Kara replied.

Lena closed her eyes, sighing deeply. She turned away, wanting to put a distance between them. Wanting to calm herself before losing control over her anger once more. She walked the length of the room, running her hand through her hair and keeping it there, her elbow outstretched. Neither of them spoke as they we both thought of the words they spoke, and if Lena didn’t know any better she would have thought Kara had left from how soundless she was. Lena dug her nails into her scalp, ignoring every nerve ending that screamed for her to escape the room.

“How is it so easy for you?” Kara suddenly asked, her voice hoarse with emotion.

Lena chose to stay silent, her back still to Kara. She felt her heart betray her calm. Betray the denial that was about to be uttered by her lips of not knowing what Kara meant.

But she did. She knew exactly what Kara had meant.

“I was terrified at how easy you made it seem. Switching from being in love with me to simply just being friends.” Kara was speaking as though the whole concept confused her immensely and she was trying to find a solution. “I heard your heartbeat. It stopped skipping a beat. It stopped picking up around me. When it comes to your heartbeat, Lena, I have its rhythm memorized. And it terrified me at how quickly it changed. As though, you were simply changing your mind about something.”

Kara’s brows creased together in confusion, “And I thought it’d be like Alex. It would only last a few days and then it'll get back to normal. But... It hasn't. Not for a long time.” Kara’s voice trembled, and Lena heard her sniff.
“I’m trying,” Lena simply whispered, her back still to Kara. She couldn’t find the strength to form more words to explain her utterance. Her heart walked a thin line between anger and sadness. Both mixed with guilt and betrayal. Opposite feelings ripping her apart. She no longer knew what she felt, only that it all poured down on her in a spill.

“Lena, for Rao’s sake just tell me what’s bothering you!” Kara demanded, her voice groggy no longer shaking.

Lena turned back around suddenly, her face flush with rage. “I still think of you as two people, Kara!” she shouted, her frustration finally reaching its limit. “I can’t...” she paused, her breath coming in ragged short puffs of air.

“I loved two different people. Two. Do you know how hard that is for me, Kara? How rare? Do you know how hard it is for me to love one person? And somehow I ended up loving two people. Two completely different people from completely different worlds. Only to find out that the two people that I loved were both lying to me.” Lena pinched the bridge of her nose, closing her eyes tight at her confession.

She calmed herself down before whispering, “You were the only one who made me think that being alone maybe was a mistake. That I was wrong for thinking that being alone suited me. That I liked it. Because when I was with you, with either of you, I was genuinely happy.” Lena let out a small sardonic laugh, “Happy.” She repeated, looking at the ground, the notion of happiness unfamiliar to her. Something that once she pictured as unimportant. Unreachable. And only when she finally got a taste of it was it stripped away from her.

She looked at Kara once more, deciding to try a new tactic at making her understand. “Imagine waking up one day only to find out that Mr. Olsen and I were the same person just in different attire? How would you feel knowing that those two people constantly lied to you during your time with them.” Lena asked, switching the tables around. “Hmm?”

Kara’s mouth remained open for a few seconds before she spoke, “I...I would...Well, umm it would... It would obviously be very confusing.”

“Confusing, Kara, really? Is that the best you could come up with?” Lena replied sarcastically, “Maybe you really need to picture it, hmm? Just imagine me going down on you late at night and making you scream my name, only to greet you with a friendly smile as your boss at work who also happens to be your friend. I make out with you in an elevator on a certain evening, and call you up to my office to discuss upcoming articles for CatCo on some morning.” Lena pushed further as realization mixed with guilt washed over Kara’s face. “I let you fuck me on my very own desk,” she pointed beside her to the desk, “only to be your Monopoly partner on one of your game nights.” Lena arched a brow in question, “I’d say that’s a bit more than confusing isn’t it?”

Kara sighed, “Ok. I... I guess it’s a little more than confusing.” Kara looked at her with such desperation, “So tell me how to fix this.”

Lena’s shoulder slumped as she leaned back against her desk and shook her head slowly, “I don’t know how. I truly don’t. Which is why I asked for space. And time. Not because I wanted to avoid you. But so I can figure out a way out of this.”

They were doused in silence once more. Lena noticed the crinkle between Kara’s eyebrows. She studied her posture, how she always leaned on one side as though unable to stand upright. Lena also noticed the way Kara’s eyes sometimes blinked for longer than they should. Kara was clearly in pain. She was exhausted to a point she couldn’t even hide her pain anymore.

Lena felt the concern creep into her heart once more. This dire need to ease her pain. She found herself walking towards her before deciding to. Before even thinking anything of it. She took
Kara’s arm and laid it across her shoulder ignoring Kara’s protests of her being fine. She circled Kara’s waist with her own arms and carried some of Kara’s weight.

Just like she did that night in Vancouver. The night when everything between them had started. The night that changed everything.

“You need to be under the sun.” Lena whispered as she walked Kara over to the balcony. They stepped outside and Lena heard Kara softly sigh just as the sun rays touched their skin.

“Is that better?” she asked.

“Much,” Kara replied, half her weight leaned on Lena.

Lena looked around her balcony. She had Jess get rid of the balcony chairs with the couch. They also had the habit of enticing memories she thought she wished to forget. They reminded her of the day Kara lied down on her balcony floor. Taunting her.

The day they first kissed.

Lena swallowed down the memory and walked over to lean slightly on the white brick railing. They stood in silence, imitating the silence drenched upon the city just before it began to wake up. It was barely after sunrise, probably around quarter to six if Lena had to guess. Last night, after everything had gone down, Lena couldn't stand going back to her apartment. So she came back here, deciding to once again drown herself in work. But she had ended up on the couch for over an hour simply staring at the ground. Processing everything that had happened. Lifelessly playing back the night in her head, the words her brother had uttered, and the notion of Kara being ok. Later she found herself function on autopilot as she opened up quarterly reports and legal documents that needed her approval.

Lena felt Kara shift beside her, taking back her arm and instead using the railing to steady herself. Kara cleared her throat before speaking, “Taa- rviv zhahif rip ehvor khap?” she asked sternly, her eyes glued to the city.

A sudden ache formed in Lena’s chest at Kara’s question, causing her heart to pick up pace. She hadn’t expected Kara to confront her about her knowing Kryptonian. It had been almost a week since Lena had given that footage to Agent Danvers. A week since Kara and her sister probably had watched it. Finally piecing together that she knew Kryptonian. But Kara never said anything. Even that day they sat in Kara’s apartment. Kara never once mentioned it. She never once brought it up.

Kara turned to look at her, her eyebrows furrowed together in both confusion and hurt, but also anger, “Taa- rviv zhahif rip ehvor khap?” she repeated. Why didn’t you tell me?

“Khap...” I... “Khap rriv zhahidif raozh” I don’t know. Lena dug her nails in her palms that rested on the railing surface. She didn’t know why.

She heard Kara utter a series of words that she recognized as the equivalent of her cussing. She turned to her shocked. She had never heard Kara - nor Supergirl - cuss. Ever.

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Kara turned her back and walked the length of the balcony, her cape fluttering behind her as she paced back towards her. Her hands fist on her hips, “rip zhahif ehvor iovis rip ehvor Kryptahniuo!” You never once told me that you spoke Kryptonian! “Rriv rrip raozh ta- Khap Kehp Som shehd ehvor Kryptahniuo? Zehtiahr kav khap :gaolom shed khap :zhao ehwor -luo khap wem non :dhehriv vot khap!” Do you know how long I’ve wanted someone to speak Kryptonian? Imagine my surprise when yesterday, I find out that the woman I’m in love with speaks the language I thought was going to die with me!
Yesterday? So, she hadn't watched the footage this whole time...

Lena pondered over the reason why Kara had waited so long to watch the footage. Whether she refused to watch it or simply that her sister never told her about it. Lena realized she still hadn't replied. “Khap nahn... Khap nahn doshai. Khap...” I'm... I'm sorry. Lena clenched her jaw. She was harboring so much of her own anger, she didn't expect to be the one apologizing. “Khap -si khep ehwor rrip” I should have told you.

“Khap shim raozh ta!” I want to know why! Kara faced the city once more and held onto the railing tightly, her fingers making slight indentations on the frail white bricks.

Lena thought about the real reason she hadn't told Kara. “gehd non ,lehks, :gaolom khap -iuo. Khap wem, izo rrip ahvrig faos rrip wem khap non bokh fis i ehrosh.” It was Lex who taught me the language. I suppose, in a way I was afraid that if you found out you'd think I was following in his footsteps.

Kara remained quiet, watching the city closely. Her lips pressed in a firm line.

Lena suddenly felt a sudden desperate need to obtain Kara's forgiveness. She was still bitter about everything, but she hadn’t expected this feeling of to creep up on her.

“Do you know what Ehshov is?” Kara asked switching back to English.

Lena recognized the Kryptonian word, “Yes. I can’t say I’ve ever seen it though.”

“When I first arrived to Earth, Eliza gave me a canvas to paint on. She said that art had the ability to calm even the harshest of storms within us. And when I realized that here on Earth, they didn’t have the color Ehshov, I felt the weight of losing my family and my planet come back even worse. Such a simple concept as not having a color made me feel like I’ve lost everything. And at the time, I had. Everything I knew was gone.”

Kara smiled, looking down at the railing, “I even tried to mix blue and yellow together to make the color. But I kept getting green,” she laughed, as though the concept of getting the color green from those two primary colors was ridiculous.

Kara’s laugh died down, replaced by a look of calm concentration. Her eyes scanned the city in front of them as though seeing more than what was there. Lena watched her features, finding herself wonder once more how it was that she never saw it. That beauty that was common between the two women she loved. How had she not noticed the similarities. How was it that their differences had shown brighter to her than anything else. Everytime she looked back at the memories, she rememberred comparing the two women. Weighing their differences. Reading into the unlike reasons she loved each of them.

“Do you still love me?” Kara whispered hesitantly, pulling Lena out of her thoughts.

“So much that it hurts.” Lena simply said. The words escaped past her lips before she had a chance to stop them. Because her stubborn mind wanted to hold onto her denial. Wanted to clasp onto the mantra that she constantly repeated of not being in love with Kara. But her heart had won that battle long ago.

Kara nodded, “As long as you still do, I can wait.”

“I think me loving you is what makes this so much harder.”

“But you still do and I'm going to hold on to it.”
“Kara, I don't think...” Lena choked back on her words. She tried again. “Maybe...” She failed once more, swallowing down. “Maybe this isn't meant to be.” She whispered.

Kara remained silent, avoiding her eyes.

Lena tried again, “Kara, maybe we’re just not meant to be together.”

Kara walked closer, the shuffling of her cape made to be much louder in the silence. Lena watched as Kara stood close to her, her eyes never leaving Lena's green ones. She slowly reached her hand for Lena's but made no move to touch her before giving Lena a chance to back away.

After Lena stood motionless for a few seconds, Kara took her hand gently, brushing her fingers at the back of her palm before taking it. She pulled her hand and brought it over the El symbol on her chest. She laid their hands on her heart.

“Do you hear that? You are the only one who does that to me. And I know for a fact that it’s the same for you. That doesn’t just go away. I know that I hurt you, Lena. And I am so sorry for it, but I will not accept that you think we’re not meant to be.”

Lena tasted salty liquid on her lips and wondered when the she had allowed a single tear to fall. She had promised herself she wouldn't cry over anything anymore. Anything or anyone. But here she was now, once again. She told herself she shouldn't be surprised. If anyone was going to get past her walls it would be Kara.

She felt her heart thundering inside her chest for the first time in a long time. She wasn't quite sure of what feelings it was speeding for but her guess was that Kara knew more than her. She wiped her tear with her other hand, not once breaking the hold Kara's eyes had on her.

She swallowed down before whispering, “I'm scared.” she admitted hesitantly. It was something she had never admitted before. Luthors didn't get scared. They took their fear and weaknesses and molded them into hatred and power.

But the notion of letting Kara in once again made her tremble in utter fear.

“So am I.” Kara inched closer, her forehead now only inches from Lena's. But she didn't dare rest it on Lena's forehead. “I'm terrified of losing you. Of going back to when I didn't know you. With no one to argue with.” Lena sniffed as she let out a small laugh. Kara smiled at the notion of her smiling. “We didn't fall in love with each other overnight. It took time. And so will this. If you're willing to forgive me someday and trust that I will never hurt you like that ever again.”

Lena nodded. She lacked the ability to voice an answer to the indirect question. A question she herself didn't know the answer to. But somehow in her heart, she knew that there was a chance. A chance to someday get back what they had lost. So she nodded, hoping it would be enough to reassure the blonde.
This chapter took me by surprise. This was not what I had in mind a few chapters ago, but somehow this is how it turned out. This chapter is different than the others. I don't know how, but it is. So, I guess we'll see where this takes us.

Enjoy ;)

Kara reread the paragraph she had just written once more, frowning at the blunder that were her verb tenses. She puffed out air in frustration and rubbed at her temple. It has been two days since Fright had been defeated. And she still felt on edge. She had spoken to Barry about everything and he had told her about the whole plan. He also told her that Lena Luthor gave him the jitters and that she needs to smile more. Kara had chuckled at the frightened face he had made when mentioning Lena. It seemed she had made quite an impression on the Flash team. Both her team and the Flash team agreed it would be best if Fright was returned to this Earth. And the DEO was building a customized chamber for her in their holding cells until they figure out their next move. Barry had agreed to help with the transportation and maybe even hang around for a day or two before going back to his own Earth. Kara was fairly excited to see her friend again.

“Ms. Danvers?”

A soft knock on her door caused Kara to look up from the article she was looking aimlessly at.

Kara frowned, “Jess?”

Seeing Lena’s assistant anywhere else other than L-Corp guarding Lena’s office felt unfamiliar. Kara looked over at the petite woman standing at her door, wearing a short white sheath dress under a dark green coat. Kara noticed how Jess’ style mimicked Lena’s but in a less expensive way.

Jess looked reluctant, seeing Kara on her desk working, “Oh, I’m sorry you seem busy, Ms. Danvers, I can...”

Kara waved her hand dismissively, “No, no, come in, Jess. And please, call me Kara”

Jess smiled politely, making her way inside and sitting on the edge of one of the chairs facing Kara’s desk, “Kara, I'm sorry for dropping by like this...”

“No, don’t worry.” Kara rushed to assure her. But a thought caused her eyes to widen, “Wait... Is Lena alright, Jess?”

Jess pressed her lips together in a firm line, “Umm that’s what I came to talk to you about.”

“What’s wrong?” Kara asked immediately as she stood up from her chair, ready to fly out the window even if it meant revealing herself.

Is Lena ok? Is she hurt? Kara had been trying to avoid listening in on Lena's heartbeat, sort of her own way of giving the other woman some space. I should've been paying more attention to her heartbeat! Lex is still after her!
Jess gestured to Kara with her hand, “No, no. She’s fine. In a way, I guess. But I’m... I’m worried about her.”

“How so?” Kara frowned, relaxing a bit to sit back down.

Jess looked hesitant, seeming unaware from where to begin, “It’s no secret that Ms. Luthor tends to drown herself in her work.

Kara chuckled, “That might be an understatement.”

There was a slight pause from Jess, she pressed her lips as though not at all comfortable. Kara guessed the woman didn’t very much like speaking about her boss behind her back. The whole aspect of meeting her boss’ best friend without letting her know was probably making her feel as though she was betraying Lena in some way. Kara felt a hint of pride form in her chest at Jess’ loyalty towards Lena. She tried to avoid making any more comments like that.

Jess cleared her throat, “She does it even more so when she’s trying to avoid something. For the past week or so, she’s been working past midnight. Yesterday, I received a work email from her at 3 am. And when I called her doorman, he said she never came home. She’s been sleeping in the office and doing nothing but work all day. I’ve tried talking to her about it, but I hardly even see her anymore. And when I finally did see her, she said it wasn't my concern.”

Jess frowned, looking at the desk for a few seconds as though contemplating what she was about to say next, “Before working for Ms. Luthor, I worked at LexCorp in Metropolis. I wasn’t Mr. Luthor’s assistant, but I’ve seen him around. He wasn’t very nice and he often stayed in his office most of the day. Lately...” she paused, looking down in somber silence, “Lately, Ms. Luthor has been reminding me more of her brother. Acting the way he used to. Working just as long. Avoiding everyone. I'm just afraid that...”

Kara brought her eyebrows together in confusion, “Jess, Lena is not Lex. She would never...”

“And I know that.” Jess interrupted defending herself, “I know that more than anyone. But I'm also worried. This was exactly how it had begun. It started out as simply overworking himself. Just as Ms. Luthor is doing right now. And it worries me. I know, I know that you and Ms. Luthor are going through some sort of disagreement at the moment.” Kara flinched at the last sentence, “But I just wanted to tell you that Ms. Luthor, with all due respect to her, can be quite stubborn. Even when she knows she’s wrong.”

Kara thought about those words, about what they meant to her. Lena wasn’t wrong in this situation. She had every right to ask for space. But Jess didn’t seem to see it that way.

“Kara, don’t listen to her when she pushes you away. For the past year, I’ve sat on my desk and watched hundreds of people go through her doors. None of them left her with the smile she usually has after seeing you. I know for a fact, that you are one of maybe three people that make her happy. Even if she doesn’t admit it.”

Three? Kara searched her mind for who could be the other two. She guessed the second person might be Supergirl. But who was the third person. Lex? No, Lena made it clear how she felt about him.

Kara fidgeted with her glasses, pushing them up the bridge of her nose before speaking. “Jess, it’s not as simple as you think. I... I lied about something. She still hasn’t forgiven me for it.”

A sad knowing smile formed on Jess’ lips, “Luthors don’t forgive. Nor do they forget. They don’t know how. But Lena is different. She can learn. You need to show her how to forgive you. Right now, she probably thinks you betrayed her just like everyone else has.” Jess paused once for, clasping her hands tightly in her lap, “All her life she's been told to never forgive. To hold a
grudge and to seek revenge. I don't know if you've ever met Lillian or Lionel, Kara, but they are not your average loving parents.”

The ice cold look of Lillian's eyes materialized in Kara's mind. Kara had only ever stood before that woman a few times, and in every time she felt herself almost shiver from her coldness. She couldn't imagine Lena growing up with her. Couldn't imagine how it was that Lena didn't become her.

It was just another thing she loved about Lena. She grew up raised by notions of wickedness and wrong doings, and yet she came out of it wanting to do nothing but good in the world.

*Rich and raised by wolves.* Lena had once put it.

“Have you met them?” Kara asked reluctantly.

Jess nodded, “I started off as an intern in the mailroom at LexCorp. I saw Lionel more often that I did Lex. He was more... Social than Lex.” Kara heard Jess swallowing down, as though she was only uttering half her words. “Lillian had visited Lena a few times at L-Corp, but she was much more radiant back when she used to walk the halls of LexCorp. I don't know if you've ever met her, but she's...” Jess paused, looking for an adequate word.

“Cold” Kara muttered.

“I suppose that word describes her well.”

Kara sighed, “Jess, I don’t know what you expect me to do. She said she...”

“All I’m asking is that you don’t give up on her. On the friendship or anything more that you have with her. That you don’t listen to her when she pushes you away.” Jess looked desperate, her eyes holding a sadness for a woman she called her boss, “That’s all I’m asking.”

Kara nodded sincerely, “I promise.”

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Lena gracingly got out of her car, hair tucked back in a neat bun and wearing a knee length black coat over her work attire. She looked over at the house she had come to visit often. A smile played at the corner of her lips as she noticed movement in one of the trees on the front lawn of the house.

Lena walked over to the tree, leaned her back against it and watched as cars passed by on the road.

“So,” she slowly uttered to the small figure sitting on one of the branches, “How much trouble are we in this time?”

The young girl replied knowingly, not surprised that Lena had seen her, “Big trouble.”

Lena narrowed her eyes, still looking ahead, “How much are we talking about?”

“Dinoso' big,” a mumble came in reply, the letters barely spoken properly.

Lena crossed her arms, noticing a squirrel climbing up another tree across the tree, “Hmm. And what exactly did we do this time?”

“Buncha stuff,” came the guilty reply, followed by a loud sigh.

“Let's hear em.” Lena asserted.
“We ran in the house with muddy shoes. We put sprinkles instead of bird food for Twinky.” Oh God, that poor bird! “We also scared Charlie. And he might have peed himself.” the girl continued to mumble, “Which was not our fault! We don’t control his pee!” she quickly finished defending herself.

Lena’s head tilted slightly in shock, “Oh boy, we've been quite busy it seems.”

“We also stayed up way past bedtime reading a book about plants.”

“I see.” she raised her eyebrow. “And did we apologize yet?”

“Nope.”

“Why not?” Lena smiled, fully knowing the answer to that question.

“We're too scared.”

“That seems reasonable enough. I think it's quite possible that we wouldn't be as scared if we happened to apologize together. What do you think?” Lena proposed.

“I dunno. It seems a bit fetched far.”

Lena chuckled at the reverse of the phrase, “We could give it a try? What's the worst that can happen?”

“I guess.” A small sigh came from the tree, “Fiiiiine. We could try it your way.”

“Alright then.” Lena leaned forward, patting down her coat, “And in the future, if we do get in trouble again, I doubt sitting in a tree when we know we're not allowed up there would help our case.”

She heard the little grunting from above, “Yeah, yeah I know. You don't have to say the obvious, rich lady.”

Lena looked up at the young girl sitting on the branch, “Are we still calling me that?”

“Yup,” she replied, nodding her head.

“You know perfectly well I have a name.”

“I know. You gave me my name. So I give you a name too.”

“I gave you a very nice name.”

“Wa’s wrong with rich lady? It's nice.”

“There's no winning with you. Come on.” Lena reached her arms up to catch the girl, “Come here.”

Wavy ginger hair bounced on the six year old girl’s head as she jumped into Lena’s arms. She caught the young girl, who was wearing an oversized hoodie that reached her mid thighs, making it seem more like a dress on her small form.

Lena smiled at her warmly, thinking how much she had missed her. How much she

“Hey, rich lady.” the young girl smiled back, winding her small arms around Lena’s neck.

“Hey yourself, tiny person.” Lena touched her nose with hers.
The young girl scrunched her nose at the name, her light green eyes narrowing playfully.

“May I ask whose hoodie is this?”

“Mine?” A guilty smile formed on the girl's face.

“Try again.”

Trembling lips pouted heavily, “Charlie’s,” she mumbled.

Lena arched her eyebrow, “So not only did we scare him but we also took his hoodie?”

The little girl tried for a charming smile, but slowly switched to the guilty one again when the charm seemed ineffective on Lena.

“Shall we go inside?” Lena asked.

“It's probably the last time we do. You sure you're up for this?”

Lena laughed at the girl's dramatics, “I’m sure we can handle it together.”

“Okey dokey then.” there was a slight roll to her eyes before the girl agreed, “Le's go.”

Lena put her down. The kid slipped her hand in Lena's and they walked to the door alongside one another. When Lena rang the bell, the girl looked up at her in bewilderment.

“You know you don't have to ring the bell. I live here. And you used to. Didn't you say Granny G was your granny too?”

Lena smiled. “She was. But I didn't live in this particular house. It's still polite to knock, though. Especially since we're both somewhat in trouble”

“Oh, right.”

The door opened up to the sight of an old woman with gray hair tucked neatly into a French twisted hairdo. Her features, although wrinkled, still held a sort of elegance to them. The old woman wore a white dress, it's collar neatly folded and the sleeves looking as though just recently ironed. The dress had a thin black belt wrapped around the waist, and it fit perfectly onto the old woman’s form all the way just below her knees. She smiled at Lena, but also managed to slip a stern look at the child.

“Lena, dear. So nice of you to join us. I see you've managed to find a young troublemaker on your way here.”

“Granny, I think Leia has something to say,” Lena held the girl's shoulders warmly in front of her.

Leia looked up from her spot, lowering her voice so as only Lena can hear, “I thought we were doing this together.”

“We are,” Lena whispered back, looking down, “You just start and I'll jump in.”

The young girl grunted before giving in and addressing her guardian.

“I'm very sorry Granny for putting sprinkles instead of food for twinkly. I just wanted to share my sprinkles with him because they're more colorful than his food. And I'm sorry for scaring Charlie. But he really shouldn't be scared from me. I'm much shorter than...”

“Leia,” Lena warned.
“Oh. I mean, I'm sorry for scaring him. That's it. No excuses. Also...” Leia thought for a few seconds, “For staying up past my bedtime. And for taking off the vent thingy in the wall. Even thou...”

Granny's eyes widened, “You did what?”

Leia stopped in her tracks for a few seconds, her mouth forming an O at the old lady's reply, “Oh. You didn't know about that. Hmm. Ok. Nevermind.” Leia rubbed her chin with her small fingers. She started counting on her fingers, mumbling to herself, “Sprinkles for twinky, past bedtime, scaring Charlie...” she suddenly looked up at Granny, “Do you know about the cats?”

The older woman looked as though she was barely keeping it together, but still managed to do so. Calmly, but sternly, she said, “Yes I'm quite aware of the family of cats that seem to have taken residence in my backyard.”

“So, no.” Leia replied, and Lena looked down in shock. The girl went back to counting on her fingers, mumbling to herself, “What else?” she looked back up to Granny, “Oh! And for climbing up the tree! I'm sorry for that too. It was not responsible...”

“Irresponsible.” The old lady corrected.

“It was irresponsible of me. I promise to be better. Me and...” Lena cleared her throat loudly. The girl noticed her mistake. “Ms. Rich lady and I will be more careful from now. Right Ms. rich lady?”

Lena tried to keep her smile in check at the snarky smarter-than-her-age little girl, “Of course. Leia and I will be more careful. Nothing like this will ever happen again. I am also sorry for not coming to see you more often. There's no excuse. We apologize sincerely. We hope you can forgive us, Granny.”

Granny Goodness also had trouble hiding her amusement, but she was much more trained than Lena. “You are both forgiven. Only because you've apologized. But I do have one condition. For each of you.” she extended her wrinkled index finger pointing at the young girl, “You, child, are to stop going up that tree and giving me quite a scare.” she then pointed at the young Luthor, “and you, young lady, you need to promise me to start coming at the very least once a week for dinner here. You look like one of the undead, dear. And I won’t have it.”

Both Lena and Leia pouted their lips for the scolding.

“Yes, Granny.” Leia began.

“Yes, Granny.” Lena repeated.

“Good. Now come in the both of you.”

Lena walked into the house that she had come to know as Granny Goodness’ foster home. It was quite different from the one back in Metropolis. Smaller. Warmer. Seemed more loving.

But maybe it wasn’t so much the house, but rather the circumstance.

She was around four when her mother had died. Her biological mother. Lena barely remembered her face. Barely remembered anything about her but her voice. Her voice was something Lena could never forget. Her mother had the most pleasant voice. A soothing one. She remembered bits and pieces of her mother singing while doing anything around the house. Even when she would be reading a book, Lena would hear her humming a low consoling song. Lena remembered falling asleep to that voice. To songs that she would sing in a siren’s melodic voice.
But then, she had died. And Lena was left with complete silence.

Lena was then taken to Granny Goodness to stay at St. Louise's Orphanage for young girls. The house always seemed dark, even during the day. Lena had spent about a year in the orphanage before the Luthors to sweep her up. Though sad about the passing of her mother, Lena had come to love it there. Granny Goodness lived up to her name. She was good to all the children. She ran a tight ship where the rules of her house were simple yet efficient. She had patience beyond Lena could ever dream of. At first, Lena wasn't able to see much of anything other than the fact that her mother was gone. But Granny Goodness somehow managed to help her through it.

Unfortunately, it had only lasted for a year.

Now, as a grown woman, this house seemed... Less harsh. More loving. She stepped further into the house, taking in the hardwood floors and walls. Plants sat at almost every corner of the house and Lena noticed how each plant had a name plastered onto its pot. She smiled as she remembered Granny Goodness telling her as a child, ‘if you can take care of a plant, you can take care of yourself. And only then, can you take care of others.’ The old lady used the notion of taking care of plants as a sort of discipline and a way to teach responsibility to the kids. Lena remembered having her own plant that she had to water everyday as a child.

The open entrance area faced the stairwell of the house leading up to the bedrooms of the children. Ebony hardwood floors stretched throughout the entire house, providing a warm intimate feeling to whomever stepped in. The kitchen stood directly to the right of the front door and on the left was the living room. The place had a personal touch from everyone living there; sports medals hanging on the wall, sophisticated looking paintings that Lena could guess belonged to Granny, some hand drawn sketches on the fridge, and the substantial amount of shoes lined up beside the door. Lena smiled when she saw only one small pair of shoes neatly lined up beside all the other ones. She could almost savor the sweetness of some of the happy moments and the bitterness of the sad ones that had occured in this house.

_I was right to bring Leia here._

The blonde twins who Lena remembered were merely thirteen skidded past her trying to catch each other and Lena laughed as she noticed one jump over another boy to avoid falling.

“Don't run boys!” Granny Goodness called out to them.

“Yes, Granny.” They called back in unison as they continued to run but slower.

Granny placed a hand on Leia’s shoulder addressing her, “Leia, dear, how about you go along and find Charlie and apologize. I might’ve just finished baking a fresh batch of cookies if I hear that Charlie has forgiven you.”

Lena immediately noticed the sparkle in the widened eyes of the young girl. Her eyebrows shot up and her upper lip was sucked in as her display of utmost joy. It was something she discovered about Leia when they had first met. The mention of cookies or donuts always drew an expression of excited anticipation from her.

“Yes, Granny.” she called out halfway up the stairs as she climbed them on all fours like a cat.

Granny turned to Lena, “And you, dear.” she smiled, as she began making her way into the kitchen, “How about you go catch up with the kids while I prepare something for you to eat.” Lena was about to protest but was shut down as Granny continued, “And don't even think of arguing with me about it. I could easily tell you haven't eaten a thing all day today.”

“I swear you have some sort of sixth sense,” Lena mumbled under her breath as she followed her into the open kitchen.
“I don't need a sixth sense to see how frail you look, dear.”

“I do not...” Lena clapsed her mouth shut when she saw the look Granny gave her. “Fine.”

It was odd being treated just like the foster kids who lived here. Granny Goodness still saw her as that little orphaned girl who was brought to her two decades ago. The Luthors never really allowed Lena to go visit the orphanage; Lillian in particular would get frustrated whenever Lena had asked to see Granny. But when she was old enough, Lena had on more than one occasion snuck out of the Luthor mansion and visited the older woman. They would have tea and talk about anything and everything. Granny wasn’t much on board with Lena deceiving her adoptive family, but neither did she want to put an end to Lena’s visits. So she allowed it.

But then Lex went into his downhill spiral. And Lena was left to pick up the pieces. She was expected to carry the Luthor name. The company. The backlash.

She sacrificed her dream of continuing her education in physics and instead went into business school. During the time she was studying, she also took to learning the ropes around the family company. She stopped seeing Granny altogether, and forced herself to forget about their nice little tea talks.

It was only after Lena had moved to National City did she track the old woman down. To her luck, she had discovered that Granny was also in the same city, her home opened up to foster kids now and the orphanage was no longer there. Lena tried to visit as often as she could but she found herself coming up with more excuses than greetings.

They sat at the front porch of the house on rocking chairs, drinking Granny’s famous elderberry tea. Leia was comfortably seated on Lena’s lap, munching on a chocolate chip cookie and humming a song Lena didn’t recognize. Her little legs rocked back on forth and her fingers crunchied up the cookie in her hand before devouring it. Lena looked at the young girl, smiling at her. Though she had only met the girl close to two months ago, she found herself missing her so much. She regretted not coming over as much to visit them.

After the Daxamites were driven off, Lena had walked the streets of National City. She walked aimlessly towards L-Corp, watching the city around her that had fell to the ground. She helped those who needed help, ordering her driver to fill the car with as many people and drive them to the safer zones before coming back and taking more. She herself tried to help as much as she could, but she could only do so much.

Until she found Leia.

A young green eyed girl huddled in an alley beside a dumpster. Lena had heard her weeping and followed the voice until she found her. Curly ginger hair stuck to her face from the rain that night, and dirt smudges scattered across the girl's face and arms. It looked like the girl had slept there. The girl was barely six at the time. No six year old should have to go through that. But Leia did. Lena had guessed that the Daxamite soldiers might have taken her parents away, but she never found out what really happened. Leia never talked about them. She never talked about anything in the past.

That night, it took a few attempts before Lena could come closer to the girl without her flinching.

*It’s ok. I’m not going to hurt you. My name is Lena. What’s yours?*

The girl had stopped her sobbing, looking at Lena with wide forest green eyes as though terrified.
of her. Lena had taken a few steps closer until she was close enough to crouch and reach out her palm to the girl.

*Take my hand. I promise I won’t hurt you. Everything’s going to be alright now.*

Slowly, the young girl had let go of her knees and got up from her spot. She had suddenly rushed over to Lena, burying her face in her neck, holding on as tight as possible.

*Shhh it’s alright, darling. It’s ok. Everything’s going to be alright. I promise.*

Lena had stroked the girl’s damp hair as she carried her off and got into the car. Not once did the girl let go of her neck, sobbing at times and whimpering at others. They sat in the back of Lena’s car for an hour before the girl finally released her hold enough to wipe away the last of her tears and look into Lena’s eyes.

*Can you tell me your name?*

Lena had tried over and over, but the girl refused to talk. She remained silent in Lena’s lap, looking at her, her expression somber. And Lena had seen herself in the young girl. She had noticed the same emotions that had gone through her when she had lost her mother plastered on the girl’s face.

And there was only one place at the time where her sadness had subsided. And so, she told her driver to take them there. Because if there was anyone Lena trusted enough to take care of a young girl who had just lost her whole world, it was Granny Goodness.

*How about we give you a new name for the time being until you feel ready to tell me your name. Would that be ok with you?*

For the first time, the girl formed a response. Granted, her response was nonverbal in the form of a nod, but it was a response nonetheless. Lena thought carefully of a name and only one came to mind.

*How does Leia sound?*

Once again the response had come in the form of a nod, and Lena smiled as the girl went back to hugging her tightly. Minutes later, Lena had noticed the girl’s breathing to even out enough until she had drifted off to sleep.

Blinking heavily, Lena found herself back in the rocking chair, watching the girl muster in happiness at the cookie. There was no trace of the terrified child Lena had found that night. This child held all the joy in her hand just by simply having a cookie to eat.

The notion reminded her of Kara.

Memories of their confrontation two days ago surfaced in her mind and Lena felt her smile falter and be replaced with a frown.

“Mind telling me what's on your mind, dear?” Granny asked, her eyes admiring the garden in front of them.

Lena cleared her throat, “I don’t know what you mean.”

From the corner of her eye, Lena could see Granny smiling as she picked up her mug. Her smile told Lena she had expected that exact response. “Oh, Lena. You have the same look that you had when you were first brought to me twenty years ago. A turmoil hidden behind an expression of strength about to snap. I know that face well. Raven haired young girl clutching at a stuffed white
teddy bear.”

“It was a duck.” Lena protested poorly.

“Well, you were clutching the poor thing so tightly that at the time I honestly couldn’t tell whether the thing was a bear or a duck or even a turtle.”

Leia chuckled loudly, covering her mouth with her small hand, “Turtles aren’t white, Granny.”

Lena found herself letting out a small laugh at Leia’s reasoning. She brought her hand up to push a few loose strands of ginger hair behind her ear, “No, they aren’t, sweetheart.”

Leia was too busy licking off the chocolate off her fingers and letting out non verbal approvals of the pleasant taste. She suddenly jumped off Lena’s lap that for a second Lena reacted thinking she might have fallen off. But the girl wiggled her way back inside with a spring in her step.

Lena cleared her throat once more before speaking, knowing fully well Granny wouldn’t let go of the question, “I had a falling out with a friend is all.”

Granny had a sparkle in her eyes, “Would it be too forward if I say I’m glad you found yourself a friend your own age for once, dear?”

Lena rolled her own eyes. Granny knew very well she had a lack of friends and a tendency to wrap her life around her work.

“What happened between the two of you?” She asked patiently.

Where do I begin?

“I’d rather not speak about it, Granny.” Lena replied, her eyes gazing at the steam coming out of her mug in her hand.

The old lady took a sip of her tea looking out into the front yard, “Well, it's a good thing I don't take kindly to what you'd rather do or don't do, young lady. Now, out with it.”

Lena turned towards her, her eyes wide in disbelief. She told herself she shouldn’t be surprised though. Granny treated her just as she treated the rest of the children. The same rules of this house applied to Lena. There were no exceptions when it came to her.

“Haven’t got all day, dear. What did you do, Lena?” she took another sip.

Lena opened her mouth, now shocked even more. “I didn't do anything!” she tried to defend herself.

“I'll be the judge of that. I know how hard-headed you can be after all.” Granny said calmly, taking another sip.

Lena scoffed, looking back at the yard, “You're no better,” she mumbled under her breath.

“Pardon?”

“I said, you know better, Granny.” Lena feigned a smile.

“That's more like it. Now, tell me what happened.”

Lena stayed silent for a few minutes trying to figure how to say what happened without revealing Kara's identity.
She settled on telling Granny the truth, without giving out any details. “She simply lied about who she is to me.”

“I see. Lying is not easily forgiven in your books I suppose.”

“No, it's not the lying as much as what she lied about. I won't go pretending that I haven't lied to her about certain things. But she...”

“She broke your trust.”

“Yes.” Lena swallowed down.

“And your trust was already broken even before she made to break it.”

Lena stayed silent, focusing her eyes on the road before her.

“Because of everyone else in your life. Because of Lex.”

“It's not just him. There were others. Others I never told you about.”

“Does it by any chance have anything to do with that horrid alien invasion?” Granny asked matter-of-factly.

Lena turned to her, finally meeting her eyes, “You knew?”

“Not entirely. But, Lena after the invasion, you brought Leia to me. Your face was guilt ridden. The way you spoke about her, the way you looked that night. I suspected there was more to the story than you let on. And I pieced things together when you would accidentally leave small clues behind whenever you spoke about what had happened,” Granny explained.

Lena faced forward once more, not able to look Granny in the eyes while uttering her next words. “I brought the army here.”

“I have a feeling there's more to the story, Lena.”

“I was tricked into it. I built a machine thinking I would return someone to their home planet and end famine here on Earth. Instead, I made famine the least of out problems.”

“I see. And how did Supergirl manage to defeat the army?”

“I helped build a small device that would disperse lead into the atmosphere making it toxic for the Daxamites.”

Granny stayed silent.

Lena frowned, “I know what you're thinking. And you're wrong. It doesn’t in any way excuse what I initially did.”

Granny took another sip, “I believe it does.” she said calmly. As though it was the simplest thing in the world, when those words held so much complication in them.

It was Lena’s turn to remain silent now.

“Look at it from a practical point of view, Lena. You made a mistake. You fixed it. It's that simple. Your mistake had consequences, and you're working on fixing those as well.”

Lena wanted to deny what Granny was saying. She wanted to give her all the reasons that she felt she should be prosecuted for what she had done. But nothing came out of her lips.
“What happened to Leia is not your fault.”

Isn’t it?

“It saddens me how you fail to see how good you are, Lena. How much good is inside of you.”

Lena still refused to say anything, pressing her lips tight and focusing on a particular tree across the street.

“You’ve known sadness your whole life, dear, and while it may have broken parts of you, it made you kind. You have a kind and generous heart, you can't help it.”

Lena frowned as she finally spoke, “I have no such thing.”

Granny shrugged her shoulder slightly, “Deny it all you want. Your heart is pure and you at times think others are similarly pure.”

Lena recoiled back into her silence.

“I understand you've gone to blaming yourself for this whole ordeal, when in fact you were manipulated into doing so.”

Lena put down her mug on the table harder than she meant to, “But I shouldn't have been!” she snapped. Granny gave Lena a look, and Lena immediately understood from the corner of her eye to mind her tone.

“Sorry,” she muttered

“Look at me, child.” Granny ordered. Lena dragged her eyes to look into old hazel ones. Granny pointed a stern finger at her, speaking slowly, “You are not to blame for any of this. Do you hear me?”

“You don't...”

“No, Lena. I will not have it under my roof. You are not to go on blaming yourself for something that isn't your fault. I taught you better than that. You are to blame the people who are truly responsible and work to make everything better with this,” Granny leaned and tapped the side of Lena’s head, “You have a brilliant mind Lena. Do not waste it on self blame. Use it. Use it to help this city thrive. Use it the way your brother never knew how.”

Lena nodded sadly, not able to say no to the woman who rescued her more than she cared to count.

“What did I say about nodding. You have a voice, don't you child?”

Lena sighed, “Yes, Granny.”

“Promise me there will be no more blaming yourself for this. I want to hear none of such things.”

“I promise.”

“And that you'll forgive that friend of yours.”

Lena furrowed her eyebrows and clenched her jaw.

“I hope you don't expect me to repeat myself, young lady”

“I promise, Granny.”
“You need to be with people who aren’t an old lady and a six-year old.”

“What’s wrong with the six-year old?” Leia’s voice suddenly came, as she marched holding onto another cookie.

Lena smiled at the girl, “Well, for one she eats too many cookies and not enough veggies.”

“If veggies tasted like cookies, I would eat more veggies then.” Leia stated.

Lena shook her head in amusement as she watched the young girl place the cookie on the small table before trying to climb Lena’s lap. Lena helped her up and gave her the cookie in the process.

“Whatever happened to that other one you liked?” Granny suddenly asked just as Leia had finished comfortably seating herself with her cookie.

Lena turned to the old lady, her eyebrows raised in question and shock as she was ready to deny such a thing.

Granny saw the look Lena had on and she raised a finger before speaking, “Don't you dare tell me there’s no one. The way you smiled last time you came over. Never seen you smile like that dear.”

Lena tried to hide her smile, “How did you know it was about a person? I could have been smiling about anything.”

Leia swallowed down thickly a chunk of her cookie before saying, “Granny has a fif’ sense.”

The old woman gave a tight smile, “Sixth sense, dear.”

Leia looked up thinking about it, then began counting her senses on her fingers, “Nose, taste, eyes, and fingers, and...” she frowned trying to remember the fifth one. Her eyes brightened when Lena pointed at her little ears, “Ears. And...” she pressed her lips together thinking, “Foot?”

Lena laughed softly, “No, sweetheart. They're only five.”

“But Granny said she has six.”

“Granny has no such thing.”

The young girl narrowed her eyes at the old lady, “You shouldn't lie, Granny.” She crossed her arms and gave the older woman a stern look that made Lena's heart melt in her chest.

Granny looked at the younger girl with softness Lena remembered very well being used on her once upon a time, and still is up to this very day. “You're absolutely right, Leia. I'm very sorry.”

The girl continued to glare, “You're forgiven. But only because you apologized.”

“Thank you, dear. Now back to this woman you've been seeing.”

Lena arched a brow at the return of the subject. Granny never let anything go.

“Well? Don't tell me you've driven her away, Lena. I know you. If you've taken a liking towards her than you would most probably try to drive her away from you. Just like what you're doing with your other friend.”

_They're the same person._

“It's complicated.”
“I’m sure it's simpler than you think.”

“She...” Lena bit back her words.

Leia held her face with her two small hands, squishing Lena's cheeks slightly as she narrowed her eyes, “Use your words, dear.” she said, imitating the old lady in her most serious voice.

Lena laughed through her pain, “You are too smart for your age.” She looked at Granny, “We had a misunderstanding about something.”

“Do you love her?”

“Yes.”

“Does this misunderstanding change the way you feel about her?”

“No, but...”

“Does it change who she is?”

“Not in the way you would presume.”

“Then fix it, Lena.”

“Granny, it's not as...”

“I know how much you like holding onto your anger. You need to pick your battles, dear. If this misunderstanding isn't something large enough to make you question your feelings towards her then you bloody better well fix it.”

Lena looked over to the yard once more, noticing the squirrel climb down a tree to pick up an acorn that was on the grass. Bit by bit, the cogs in Lena’s mind turned trying to decipher the simplicity that was Granny’s reasoning. Because somehow, Granny was right. She still loved Kara. Both of her personalities. She loved them both. So why can’t she find it in herself to simply love them again as one person? It should be as simple as how Granny had put it.

And Lena found herself pushing away all the reasons she drilled in her mind as to why she couldn’t be with Kara. Starting with her stubbornness.

“You're right. It's not complicated.” she said.

“That’s what I like to hear.” Granny picked up her mug, taking a last sip.

“I'll fix it.”

“Good girl.”

“I'm 24,” Lena blurted out, sounding more like the six year who was in her lap than a grown woman.

“Then act like it.” came Granny’s reply as she got up and made her way inside.

Leia turned Lena's face towards her, “Granny says if you like someone, you should tell them.”

“Well, you should always listen to what Granny says.”

“I try. But sometimes she says things that are impossible.”
Lena smiled knowingly, “Like what?”

Leia leaned over to Lena and whispered, “Like making my bed everyday.”

Lena laughed, “That's impossible?”

“Mhmm.” she nodded, “It's harder than you think.”

“You wanna know a secret?” Lena asked placing her index finger on her lips and leaning closer to Leia. The girl nodded enthusiastically. “I don't make my bed everyday either.” she whispered back.

“I knew me and you understand each other good.”

“Try again, darling.” Lena arched a brow.

“You and I?”

“That's better.”

Leia shifted on Lena's lap until she was facing her and her small legs were crossed together.

“Give me a new word, rich lady”

“Hmm, let’s see. How about petrichor?”

“Wa’s that?”

“It’s the smell of rain.” Lena said simply before fully explaining, “The actual smell comes from plants. When plants don't get enough water, they get a bit sad and they start letting out oils.” Lena’s heart warmed when she saw the sad expression on Leia’s face after hearing that plants get sad.

“When it finally starts raining, the plants become happy and they release these oils in the air and the smell of that oil is what we call the smell of rain.” Lena finished explaining.

“Petrichor.” Leia exclaimed brightly.

“Yes. Petrichor.” Lena smiled at the girl’s excitement, “Now you give me one.”

“Hmm. I also have a plant word.”

“What is it?”

“Photo-” Leia paused remembering the pronunciation of the word, “Photosynthesis.”

“Oh, wow. That's a long word for someone so short.” Lena tapped her small nose playfully, “And what does photosynthesis mean?” Lena smiled proudly.

“It's food for the plants.” she grinned at the mention of food.

Lena narrowed her eyes, “Funny how all the words you've given me are related to food.”

“Nu’uh,” Leia shook her head.

“Yes they are.”

“I think we should disagree to agree.” She pressed her lips tight.
Lena laughed at the reversed words spoken by the 6-year old. “It's agree to disagree.”

The young girl spent most of her time with either Granny or some of the other foster kids, which explained why her way of speaking was somewhat older than her age. Lena then took note of that piece of information and asked her a question she was afraid to ask.

“Are you happy here, sweetheart?”

Leia nodded, “Mhmm. I like Granny. She gives me a hard time, but we try to get along.”

Lena let out a small laugh, shaking her head amused.

But then the young girl's bottom lip quivered and jutted out in a pout, “But sometimes I get lonely.”

“I'm sorry, darling. I know this is a foster home for teenagers but I wanted you to stay with Granny. If you're not happy here we can...”

Leia suddenly placed both hands on Lena's mouth, her expression stern. Lena's eyes widened in amusement barely breathing through her nose.

“I don't want to go somewhere else.”

Lena remained silent not able to form a response with her mouth covered by small hands.

“But I think I would be less lonely if you come visit me more. Ok?”

Lena nodded in agreement, feeling the guilt at the pit of her stomach.

“What did we say about nodding. Use your words. You have a voice don't you?” The girl imitated Granny once more barely keeping a straight face before chuckling and finally removing her hands.

“I'm sorry I don't come visit often.”

“S’ok. You can make it up to me by getting me another cookie from the kitchen later.”

Lena rolled her eyes dramatically and caused the little girl to chuckle once more.

“Granny said that some of the fosters are gonna start studying with you.” Leia’s eyebrows went up in question.

Lena laughed, “Well not with me. But they’ll be coming to L-Corp to study so they can help me later on.”

“Can I come to study too? I know I'm short, but I can learn. You said that I'm smart.”

“No, I said you were the smartest.” Lena narrowed her eyes and made Leia smile widely, “But this is only for those who are much older than you are. How about we just wait a few years before we bring you in? Is that ok with you, darling?”

“I guess.”

“This has nothing to do with how smart you are, Leia.”

“I know.” The girl pouted.

Lena used her index to raise the girl's chin and meet her eyes, “Tell you what. How about you
come over to L-Corp tomorrow and I can show you around?”

Leia gasped, “Can I!!”

Lena smiled at the girl's heartfelt happiness, “I'll talk to Granny and see if we could arrange it. Maybe, we can see if...oh!” Lena wasn't able to finish her sentence as two small arms wound around her neck tightly in an excited hug. She sighed, bringing her own arms around the girl's back.

The hug reminded Lena of that day. The day she found a small little girl crouched beside a large green dumpster. The girl had hugged her just as tight as she did now. The only difference is, that previous hug had transformed from one of despair to one of joy. It warmed her heart that she was able to make that transformation possible. To be able to make Leia happy.

“Would it be ok if Jess picked you up tomorrow?”

“Who’s Jess?” Leia mumbled on Lena’s shoulder.

“She's my assistant and a very very sweet person. Do you mind if she comes over tomorrow to bring you over to L-Corp?” Lena hesitated. She knew how the child felt around other adults.

Leia broke the hug and tried to put on a brave face. That in itself broke Lena’s heart. No child should ever feel forced to put on a brave face. Children should feel comfortable expressing their fears. The young girl bit at her bottom lip and she began to nod her approval before Lena cupped her face in her hands.

“You know what? I'd much rather I come to pick you up myself. Besides, this way we could stop by our donut place to pick up some of those donuts you like so much.”

The relief on the girl’s face broke Lena’s heart even more. She then finally nodded before burying her face on Lena’s shoulder once more.

“Now, about my cookie.” Leia said, her voice stern and authoritative, “I want none of that raisin stuff that Granny gets. Fresh chocolate chip only.”

Lena rolled her eyes, “Of course.”

Leia broke the hug and met Lena's eyes. She scrunched her nose as she touched the tip of it to Lena's nose, “Did you know I was named after a princess?”

Lena feigned a gasp as she barely managed to keep a straight face, “Really? I had no idea.”

“Want me to tell you the story of Princess Leia?”

Lena smiled warmly, “Please do.”

Chapter End Notes

Almost forgot to mention that this version of Granny Goodness is nothing compared to the one in the comics as well as the one in Smallville. She's actually just a sweet old lady here. She's not evil in any form at all.
I figured we should probably end this year on a good note....

Lena stood in front of the elevator, holding a box of donuts in one hand and Leia’s hand in the other. Leia squeezed her hand as someone approached beside her to wait for the elevator. Lena made to casually take a step to the left pulling Leia closer to her. The young girl was uncomfortable around other adults, never giving an explanation to her fear. And Lena never expected one from her. She respected her decision and made so she wouldn’t be put in any situation where she felt uncomfortable. Until she was ready that is. She had gone through enough as it is afterall.

The elevator doors opened, drawing people in and out. Lena took a step back, allowing all her employees to pass her. She looked down at Leia whose eyes were focused like prey expecting to flee at any moment. A small ache found itself inside Lena's chest at the sight.

“Ms. Luthor?” One of her employees called from inside the elevator, holding the door open for her.

“Oh, it's quite alright. I'll take the next one.” she dismissed him, noticing the confused frown on his face.

The ding of the next elevator immediately sounded and Lena stepped inside and closed the double doors before anyone can join them. She let go of Leia's hand and opened a side panel on the elevator wall. She punched in her access code and scanned her fingerprint.

“Wa’s that?”

“This, darling, makes the elevator into a private one. So, no one can stop the elevator and ride it with us.”

The girl nodded. But said nothing. They rode the elevator in silence for a few seconds. Three floors later, Lena felt a tug at her coat sleeve. She looked down at the pout on the young girl's face.

“Thank you,” She uttered. She tried for a smile, the dimple on her left cheek showing itself. The smile came out broken, as though she was apologizing to her rather than thanking her.

Lena's heart all but melted at the defeated look in the girl's eyes. She crouched down, coming to eye level with her and smiling warmly, “You're welcome. If you feel scared or uncomfortable in any way, just let me know and you and I will go somewhere else. Ok?”

Leia nodded before Lena heard the ding of the elevator and straightened back up. The elevator doors opened up revealing her floor, and as Lena made her way to her office, she noticed Jess immediately get up to greet her.

“Good morning, Ms. Luthor,” Jess seemed flustered, her smile hiding unspoken words. The woman didn't even seem to notice Leia walking beside Lena.

“Good morning, Jess. Is everything alright?”
“Yes, Ms. Luthor. It's just Mr. Williams is here to see you. He said that he is willing to renegotiate a new offer with L-Corp.”

Lena clenched her jaw at the name. It was no secret that she was not very fond of the man. She remembered when Kara dealt with him and informed him that L-Corp won't be needing his money. Lena was infuriated at what she had done, simply because the man invested a huge sum of money into Project Credo. And she needed his money. She needed this project to happen. Needed the kids to have some sort of future. So when Kara interfered she had gotten mad.

*Now, you're super mad.*

Images of certain events that had happened that night floated in her mind without her consent. But this time, she didn't try to push them away. She welcomed them, letting the memories fill her thoughts.

“Ms. Luthor?” Jess interrupted her thoughts, “Would you like me to set up the conference room?”

“That won't be necessary, Jess. It won't take long. If he wishes to come talk to me without an appointment, then he shouldn't get the luxury of sitting down at all.” Lena didn't want to talk to him. She didn't want to soil her mood with his lack of personal space and his misogynistic behaviors. But as a professional courtesy, she needed to hear him out. “Jess, would you give me a second?”

“Of course, Ms. Luthor.” Jess immediately retired back to her desk.

Lena crouched down beside Leia, looking the girl directly in the eyes, “Do you mind waiting for me a little while so I can go talk to someone? You can stay in my office. I'll have Jess close the doors and she won't let anyone in. Would that be alright with you?”

“Gonna take long?”

“I hope not. But this man sometimes talks too much.” Lena smiled when the little girl chuckled.

“You don't like him.” It wasn't a question.

“And you're very observant for someone so short,” Lena touched her nose playfully.

“I can wait in your office.” Leia turned around, pointing at her backpack, “I have my plant book with me.”

“Oh, you've come prepared then, haven't you? Which reminds me, one of my teams is working on a special project downstairs with plants that I think you might love.” Lena found herself letting out a small laugh at the gasp and the excitement that followed that statement, “Let me go deal with this man and then we can go check it out.”

Leia nodded, and Lena took her hand to show her into her office. After making sure she was comfortably seated on the couch with her book and her donuts, Lena closed the doors behind her and went to her assistant to inform her not to allow anyone in.

She made her way to where Mr. Williams was waiting and sighed before plastering on her fakest business smile.

“Mr. Williams,” she addressed him, “I wasn't expecting you today.”
Kara almost dropped the box of donuts in her hand as she flew towards L-Corp. She had handpicked each type personally, making sure she added at least three of the vanilla glazed blueberry filled donuts. She realized Lena had never actually tasted them and that it was a crime all on its own of her not to. They were the best donuts this Earth has to offer after all. Probably even the best donuts in the whole galaxy too!

_Hey, Lena. I was just in the neighborhood and I happened to pass by this donut place. Did you have breakfast? Oh, you didn't? No, no, no. That's too obvious._

She zipped through buildings making a sharp turn and almost colliding with a poor bird from how distracted she was.

_I just thought maybe we could share a donut together. As friends. I realized you've never tasted these yet. The ones I told you about that night. The night we..._

_Oh! No, no, no. Don't mention that night. That night was not friendish at all!_

She frowned, thinking. _Is friendish even a word? I think I used it once in one of the articles I handed over to Snapper. He didn't say anything. Must be a word then._

She landed on the balcony floor, still distracted in her thoughts but noticing that Lena wasn't in her office. She went inside, planning on waiting for Lena to come back. Kara found herself relieved that Lena wasn't there, it gave her time to sort through what she would say to her.

_Maybe I could create an excuse! Hey, Lena. I'm just passing by to let you know that I talked to Barry - The flash! I talked to the flash! Don't mention his..._

_“Hello, Supergirl.”_

_“Aah!” Kara jumped a few inches in the air, almost hitting her head on the ceiling. She was so deep in her own thoughts she didn't check for someone else in the room._

_But I would've noticed a whole other person in the room with me!_

Kara turned her head left and right, looking for the source of the sound. Arching a shocked eyebrow, she finally found it.

_A tiny human girl sat on the couch, her form too small for Kara to have noticed her. Her head barely reaching half of the back of the couch and her little legs crossed inside, making her look even smaller._

_“Umm hi. Didn't see you there.”_

The little girl didn't respond, her eyes not leaving Kara as though she was watching her closely. Kara put down the box of donuts on Lena's desk. She listened in and found the girl's heartbeat to be rapid, not normal for someone who was calm. To a normal person, the girl didn't seem afraid at all. But Kara noticed. The girl's breathing was done by small short breaths through her nose. Her pulse fast, but slowly calming down. Kara frowned. Hardly anyone, especially kids, displayed any fear towards her.

_“You din’t knock,” The girl suddenly blurted out._

_“Huh?” Kara was taken back by the sudden words that she didn't think she heard right._

_“You din’t knock when you came in. Tha’s not very polite.” The girl simply said, her voice portraying a sense of someone much older. “You shouldn’t say huh too. I’s also not polite.”_

_“Oh, uhh yes you’re right. I’m sorry I didn’t knock. It won’t happen again.”_
“I forgive you. But only because you apologized.” the girl replied.

“Umm thanks?” Kara was utterly confused. She had so many questions but didn’t know which one to ask first.

“There something you wanted?” The girl asked. The way she voiced the question felt familiar. As though not at all wanting her to stay. Kara was impressed the girl kept calm on the outside. Her heart, although much slower now, still showed a hint of fear.

_But... Kids are always happy to see me!_

“I was just here to see Ms. Luthor. Have you seen her?” Kara decided to ask.

“Rich lady went to talk to rich guy. I’ll tell her you that you came in without knocking and asked about her.” The girl replied. She then went back to reading the book she held in her hand. A book that Kara noticed seemed much larger than her head.

“Rich lady?” Kara’s confusion hit another level.

The young girl didn’t bother lifting her head from her book, “Yes. It’s a long story.”

Bending down a bit, Kara tilted her head slightly, reading the title of the book, “Are you reading a biology book?”

“Mhmm. Photosynthesis.” again the girl replied from behind the book, her face no longer seen.

“How old are you?”

Who is this girl?!

“I’m six.”

Kara’s eyes widened in shock at the response, “I’m so confused,” she mumbled under her breath. So many questions floated in her mind at the absurdity of the situation. She chose to ask the simplest one, “So, what’s your name?”

No response came from behind the book. Kara frowned, stepping closer to repeat her question. She stopped in her tracks when she saw the book suddenly drop on the girl’s lap. Kara heard the heartbeat. This time, the little girl’s fear showed on her face. Her eyes widened and her chest rose heavily.

“Hey, it’s ok. It’s ok. Calm down.” Kara put out her hands to reassure the girl. But it didn’t help. Kara heard the way the girl tightened her fingers on the edges of the book. “Ok, ok. I won’t come any closer. I’m just gonna go sit over here on the floor.”

Kara slowly took a few steps backwards and sat cross-legged on the floor with her box of donuts. She gave the girl a smile in hopes of reassuring her. The girl’s frightened face slowly calmed down and so did her heartbeat. Kara was surprised she got a smile back.

“Do you know when Ms. Luthor is coming back?” she asked as a way to change the atmosphere.

“She said she won’t take long. She has to talk to this other rich guy.” she said matter of factly, “I don’t like him”

Kara tilted her head to the right, “Why not?”

“Because Rich lady doesn’t like him.” the girl simply replied.

“Oh.” That makes sense actually. _I wonder who it is._
“Granny doesn’t like you very much.” the girl suddenly blurted out.


“No, silly, Granny is not my grandma.” The girl chuckled as though what Kara had said was completely ridiculous, “She doesn’t like you because she says you need to be more careful. You fall down a lot.”

Kara opened her mouth to deny that claim, raising a finger to make her point. She immediately closed her mouth when she realized the girl was right, her argument as well as her demeanor slumping down.

“She says you should wear a helmet, because helmets keep you safe.”

“Yes, but you see that’s not entirely true. I don’t need...”

“Oh, so we don’t have to wear helmets?” The girl gave Kara an intrigued look, her head slightly tilting to the left in thought.

Kara realized what she had just told a six-year old, “What? No I didn’t say that. You definitely should wear a helmet. Please don’t tell your parents I said that.”

The girl suddenly fell silent, not replying. Her bottom lip whimpered but her eyes held an expression of strength as though holding back the tears. Kara felt as though that look was familiar to her, although she couldn’t quite place it.

“Tha’s a box of donuts?” The girl seemed to use the question in order to change the subject. Kara felt another twinge of familiarity.

“Umm yeah! It is! Not only is it a box of donuts, but these are the best donuts you could ever taste in your life!”

The girl arched an eyebrow, as though she didn't quite believe Kara, “What kinda donuts?”

“They're vanilla glazed blueberry filled donuts!” Kara said proudly.

“Nope,” the girl simply said, her lips pressing tightly at the last sounding letter.

“Nope?” Kara once again found herself taken back by the sudden response. She arched her eyebrow and tilted her head trying to fully understand the meaning behind one word.

“Nope,” she simply said again, as though it explained everything.

“What do you mean nope?”

“They’re not the best donuts in the wo’ld.”

Kara gasped, not believing what she was hearing, “Yes they are!”

“Nope.” came the casual reply once more.

“Yup!”

“Granny says you shouldn’t say yup.”

Once again, Kara found herself opening her mouth to argue but found herself speechless with any comeback of her own.
She pouted, “But you said nope.”

“Nope is fine.” The girl said and casually went back to reading her book.

Disappointment etched on Kara’s face as she pondered over how such a small girl can shut her up so easily. *These are the best donuts in the world and one six-year old isn’t gonna change that!*

Kara made it her very own superhero mission to convince the girl of the validity of these donuts, “How about you taste them? Maybe then you’ll see how they’re the best donuts in the world!”

“I don have to. I know they’re not.”

“Ok, then, tell me. Which donut is the best donut in the world?”

“The ones in this box.” the girl mentioned without looking away from her book, her hand patted the box beside her.

Kara quickly zeroed in on the box, her anticipating taste buds already waking up, “Can I have one?”

The girl looked at her, thinking over her answer.

“Only if you give me one of you’s.”

“But I thought mine aren't the best.”

“They're not. But I still need to try ‘em. I can't give you one of my donuts if you don give me one back.” she smiled deviously, “do we have a deal?”

Kara grunted at the reasoning she was given. *This girl has a comeback for everything!* “Deal.”

The little girl set her book down after making a small flap at the corner. Another action that was familiar to Kara. It was driving her nuts trying to figure out where she had seen these small things being done.

Kara watched ginger orange hair bounce as the girl carried the box to the floor. She then hurried off to Lena's desk, stepping on the tip of her toes and gripping the edge of the desk, she felt around the desk with her other hand. Kara grinned as the girl's eyes were barely above the height of the desk. She continued to feel around with her hand, her eyes focused.

*What is she trying to...* “Do you want me to help you?” Kara asked, shifting slightly to get up.

The girl suddenly backed away again, looking straight into Kara’s eyes. “No. I’s ok, I can do it myself.”

Kara frowned, but sat back down quickly. The girl clearly wasn't comfortable with people coming close to her. Kara watched the girl grunting as she once again stood on the tip of her toes and reached a hand over Lena's desk. She finally sighed when Kara saw she managed to pull the pile of napkins that Lena placed on her desk from the donut shop.

*This whole time she's been trying to get the napkins! Oh Rao!*

The young girl came back and sat across from Kara, two boxes of donuts between them and a backpack. They both sat cross legged, holding the other's gaze.

This was not how Kara pictured her morning would go.

The girl wore a side smile, “Are you su’ you’re ready?”
Kara furrowed her brows in utmost seriousness, “I was born ready,” she replied.

“I doubt it. But ok.”

Kara shook her head quickly in shock, looking at the six-year old who had the boldest comebacks Kara had ever heard from someone her age. She watched closely as the girl opened the box, revealing four chocolate covered donuts, each of them unique from the other.

“I don share my donuts. But we're doing this for science.” The girl said as she picked up one particular donut from the right. She held it up to Kara, raising a small left eyebrow. “Can't come back from this. I'm gonna ask you again, Sunny Lady. Are you su' you're ready?”

“Ready to be disappointed,” Kara smirked, finding herself at the same mental level as a six-year old. She was determined to prove her donut was the best, feeling as though it was the most important task she had ever been granted.

They exchange donuts and both give a serious nod before taking a bite of the other’s donut. Kara tried to keep a straight face while savoring the first bite. A face that said ‘this donut tasted just like any other donut’. Rao knows she tried. But she failed miserably.

Kara was immediately shaken by an intense number of flavors. The taste on her tongue starting off by a strong salted caramel crunch, that eventually died down only to be replaced with melted milk chocolate which only was replaced with yet another flavor. Her eyes began to slowly close out of sheer delight. Her nose was enjoying the smell of the donut just as much as her mouth was enjoying its taste. Everything about the donut was perfectly made. As though crafted with precise ingredients to result in the absolute greatest taste to satisfy every taste bud.

The girl didn't even wait until Kara said anything, Kara's face told her everything she needed to know, “Told ya.” she shook her head and rolled her eyes, “Old people never listen.”

Kara was still in her haze of confusion at how delicious the donut was, “But... But... How?” she asked, stuttering. “Where is this donut from?!”

“There's a small coffee place that rich lady took me to when we first met. They're the only ones that make this kind of donut.”

It took a few minutes - and a few more bites - for Kara to come back from her haze. Although she was still somewhat perplexed by the donut in her hand, the mention of Lena reminded her of some of the questions she had floating in her mind earlier. She hesitated before asking, “So umm how did you meet Ms. Luthor?”

“She save me.” The girl simply said. She had a habit of saying things as they are. Direct and simple. No explanations as though she expected the person to immediately understand.

Kara brightened up, gulping down a huge bite of her donut before speaking, “She saved me, too!”

The girl's head perched up from her donut, her focus now on Kara as her eyes widened, “Oh!” she exclaimed, her voice hitting the high notes. “How did she save you?”

“Oh Rao, how do I explain all of this to a six year old.

“Well, umm you could say I was scared one day and she saved me by making me feel better.” Kara put it as simply as she could.

She didn't expect the excited expression on the girl's face at all, “What?! She save me like that too! That's prospetoros!”
“Do you mean preposterous?!” Kara was taken back. “Rao, you use big words for a six year old.” she mumbled under her breath.

“She found me and took me to Granny G. She take you to another Granny?”

“Is Granny G a person? Or is there more than one of her?” Kara noticed she had more questions than she started out with.

“I dunno.” the girl shrugged both shoulders.

“Me neither.” Kara did the same.

They both finished off their donuts before the girl smirked. “Ready to try somefing better than my donuts?”

Kara gasped at the impossibility of what she had heard, “Is that even possible?”

The girl nodded. She opened her backpack, setting aside a bag of thinly cut carrots and cucumbers, a small container of what Kara guessed were sliced black olives, and a juice box. A small tongue darted out over her upper lip in concentration as she finally took out a rectangle plastic container underneath all the healthy food and set it down on the floor carefully as though the contents were fragile.

She opened the lid and Kara was immediately engulfed with the smell of freshly baked cookies. Her eyes widened in admiration and she felt her mouth go dry at the anticipation of tasting the cookies.

The girl smiled politely, “Don’ be shy, dear.”

Dear? This kid talks like she's ten years older than me.

Kara grabbed a cookie, immediately taking a big bite of it. This time, Kara's eyes didn't drift closed but rather widened in awe. The cookie was warm, soft, reminding Kara of cold winter morning in Midvale when she was younger. It melted rather than crunched in her mouth and she couldn't help but take another bigger bite. Saying that her very soul was filled with delight and her heart consumed with incredible cookie crumbs would absolutely be an understatement. It wasn't an exaggeration. The cookie was everything. At that exact moment, everything else didn't matter.

“H... How?!” Kara took another bite, making sure that the cookie was real.

“No one knows how Granny makes her cookies. I's a secret.”

Kara pouted. Her bottom lip coming over her upper in genuine sadness at this revelation. At that moment she would do absolutely anything to know how these cookies were possible.

Leia Smirked, “But I do. Only I do.”

Kara gasped, hanging on every word of the little ginger haired girl sitting across from her. “How?!”

The girl leaned her head and lowered her voice, whispering the next word, “Scotch.” she said, looking both ways as though someone might hear them,

Kara's attention snapped away from her cookie to look at the girl in disbelief, “Did you just... Did you just say scotch?”
“Mhmm,” she nodded.

“Granny puts scotch in these cookies?” Kara pointed at the cookie in her hand, “and she lets you eat them?”

“She tries to tell me not to eat from ‘em. But I always sneaky take some.” she smiled proudly.

“Scotch?” Kara asked again, still helplessly shocked. “The liquid stuff that Rich lady always drinks?”

The girl giggled, placing her small hand over her mouth and scrunching her eyes, “No, silly, you can't drink scotch!”

*Who is this girl and why is she eating scotch cookies?! Why is there such a thing as scotch cookies to begin with?!*

“Are you sure it's scotch?”

“Mhmm.” the girl nodded once more, “I tasted it once. It's very sweet and very yummy.”

Ok, that is definitely not how scotch tastes like.

“What color was it?”

“Light brown.”

So is scotch. This isn't helping.

“Wa’s liquid?” The girl tilted her head slightly in question.

“Umm well liquid is well like water. It's umm like...” Kara proceeded to shake her whole body in hopes to imitate how liquid wiggles and moves, moving her arms in swirly gestures in the air, “And its not...” She used her knuckles and knocked on the lid of the container on the floor. “Does that make any sense....?”

The girl was speechless, clearly more confused than before.

Oh Rao, I made it worse.

“Umm ok let's see. Liquid is like water. If water falls down, does it break?”

The girl chuckled, her small crooked teeth showing themselves with her chuckle, “No, silly. Water doesn't break!”

“Exactly! So water, and... And coffee! And juice! What else?” Kara paused to think of more examples.

“And tea?”

“Yes! Tea! All of those are liquid! If they fall down they don't break. They spill.”

The girl nodded thoughtfully, “Ok.”

Kara was satisfied. It felt great teaching someone something. “Wait... Why are we even talking about liquids in the first place?” she asked, her eyebrows coming together to form her crinkle.
The little girl shrugged, “I dunno.”

Kara searched her brain as to how they got to the liquid discussion. Her eyes lit up after remembering, “The scotch! Yes, that's right! So, when you tasted the scotch, was it liquid like water?”

“Nope,” came the simple and innocent reply.

“Then what in the world could it...” Kara's eyes suddenly widened as she gasped, “Oh Rao! Do you mean butterscotch?!?” she asked instantly.

“Mhmm. What did you fink it was?” came the casual and laid back reply.

“But you...” Kara was now the speechless one, “You said... And I just thought...” She sighed in defeat, there was no explaining the immense difference between scotch and butterscotch to a six year old. “So, Granny puts butterscotch in her cookies?”

The girl nodded innocently, completely unaware of the dizzy spell she caused Kara with her failure to include the most crucial part of that word, “I don't know what that is, but it's her secret ing... Ingre...”

“Ingredient?”

“Mhmm.” the girl lowered her voice a bit, “But don't tell her that we know.”

Kara nodded, “Ok, I won't.” Not that I know who this Granny is or if I'll ever talk to her.

Lena walked towards her office, her mind going over the offer she was just presented with and her fingers typing away on her phone. From the corner of her eyes, she could see Jess getting up from her desk and coming towards her.

“No one was allowed into your office, Ms. Luthor, just as you requested.”

“Thank you, Jess. Leia doesn't take so kindly to being around people she doesn't know.”

“I understand, Ms. Luthor.” Jess gave a polite smile.

“Could you have the level 7 botanical laboratories emptied out. Tell everyone to take an early break until lunch. I want to take Leia down there and I'd rather not have so many people walking around. She won't enjoy herself so much. Only those who are crucial for operation may stay.”

“Yes, Ms. Luthor.”

“And Mr. Williams just proposed another offer for the Credo project. Could you call Richard from Legal and have him meet me in the evening so we can discuss it?”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena already began walking towards her office after thanking her assistant once more. The offer that was given to her by that horrid man was more than generous. It was more money than she could ever think to receive for this project. But it would mean that she would have to put up with that man's entitlement and inappropriate flirtation, not to mention his lack of understanding for personal space, his misogyny, and his smoking. She sighed and pushed the thoughts to the back of her mind, as she continued to finalize a small paragraph on her phone before sending it in.
Lena walked into her office typing away at her phone, “Sweetheart, I'm so sor...” she looked up from her phone at the sound of Leia giggling loudly.

“Wait, wait. The cat's gonna try and jump over the cow to sit there.”

“That's a silly cat.” came Leia’s voice.

Lena took in the scene before her. Leia and Kara - who was dressed as Supergirl - both sat on the floor in the middle of her office, their heads huddled together watching, what Lena presumed, were cat videos on Kara's phone.

They both didn't even notice her, both too preoccupied with whatever it was the cat was doing. Lena stood frozen at what she saw. Leia was sitting close enough to Kara. Laughing with her. Speaking to her. Lena noticed the box of donuts she had bought with her this morning. She shared her donuts with Kara.

Lena felt herself frozen by the scene in front of her, lips hovering in mid-sentence, and thumbs hovering over the touch keyboard of her phone. She watched as Kara explained something related to the video, her eyes squinting in delight, whereas Leia's eyes were wide in excitement.

When Lena first found her, the girl had refused to speak. For almost the first whole week, Lena would visit her at Granny's place and she would do all the talking for the both of them. Lena told her stories about her childhood, mentioned that new animated movie that they could go see, even tried bringing games and gifts. The girl never once replied. But Lena never minded. She continued to speak to the girl, visiting her at the very least once everyday whenever she can.

It took almost a week and a half before Leia finally spoke up. It was a cold evening and Lena had visited Granny to propose the idea of Project Credo. Granny had been baking cookies for Charlie's school bake sale, and Leia had followed her nose downstairs until she stood right in front of the plate of cookies that sat farther than her reach over the counter.

Cookie? She had said. Uttering one word that took both Lena and Granny by surprise that they stood staring at her for a few minutes. Granny had been the first to break out of the spell, Of course dear, you can have a cookie, Leia.

Lena had watched in awe as Leia accepted a cookie given to her by Granny and began munching on it enthusiastically. A smile playing on her lips for the first time ever since that day Lena had found her. Although Leia had grown to speaking, she never got over her fear of being near too many grown ups, or any at all. Granny mentioned she fostered a child once with a similar case. The notion of a child feeling helpless around so many people able to overpower them was a common fear among children who had suffered a trauma. She had told Lena not to worry, and that eventually Leia will begin trusting another person just as she had trusted them.

Lena had never expected that person to be Kara.

She felt her heart clench at the notion of Leia opening up to Kara out of all people. You bloody better well fix it, Granny had ordered her.

Her heart raced with the feelings flooding her. It hammered against her chest as she watched Kara's face scrunch in concentration at what it is they were watching. Her eyes sparkled with joy and warmth whenever they gazed upon the younger girl beside her.

But what really knocked the air out of Lena's chest was Leia's laugh. How close she sat beside Kara. How she held her head up with her hands on her two cheeks and her elbows resting on her crossed legs. How her tongue swiped over her upper lip in focus. How she seemed unafraid. Safe. Happy.
Pure and fierce warmth blossomed within Lena's chest and wrapped around the ice cold walls of her heart.

*Leia was comfortable around Kara.*

Kara’s head suddenly lifted slightly as though had caught Lena’s heartbeat before she turned towards the sound and found Lena with her eyes. Her smile was hesitant but still there.

Lena realized she hadn't moved since she entered her office. But she couldn't find it in her, fearing she might damage such a divine sight in front of her.

“Ms. Luthor,” Kara said, as she got off the floor abruptly. “I'm sorry. We were just umm...” Kara looked back at the floor, finding boxes of donuts, bags of carrots and a juice box scattered all over, “Sorry, we shouldn't have been...”

“Supergirl, it's fine.” Lena smiled, her hands shaking from the emotions going through her. She stepped closer to the worried woman, wanting to stop any other form of apology from her. Wanting to let her know she shouldn't apologize at all. *I should be the one apologizing to you.* Lena swallowed down, feeling old habits of nervousness around Kara begin to resurface. The blonde had an effect on her and it was slowly coming back full force. “I didn't realize you would be passing by today.”

“I umm... Well, I had some important uhh business to discuss with you,”

“With donuts?” Leia asked, her voice hitting the high notes with her mocking. She giggled when Kara's eyes widened in guilt.

“Well I live by the rule that all business should be conducted with donuts,” Kara tried for a serious reply.

Leia giggled again, “I like that rule!”

“Well, I sure am glad the future of my company is not in both your hands,” Lena muttered.

“I'll have you know, I think I would make a great business partner,” Kara shrugged, jutting her chin out in the air.

The act of confidence shown by Kara warmed those same ice cold walls Lena had around her heart. The playfulness in the hero’s features, the sparkle in her eyes. It was all coming back to Lena.

*I missed you. Goodness, I missed you so much.*

Lena looked at her shoes as she took another step forward, biting her bottom lip and giving the other woman a daring look, “Is that so? And what do you say would be your first official co-CEO business decision?”

Kara raised a finger in the air to make her point, “Each conference room should not only include a box of donuts but also a puppy.”

“A puppy!” Leia exclaimed happily, her eyes bright and wide.

Lena noticed how Kara's eyes brightened in the same manner, “Or a kitty!”

Leia almost fainted from her excitement, “Yes! A kitty!”

“And what exactly would a conference room need a puppy or a kitten for?”
“For morale. Obviously.” Kara shrugged and opened her palms up, emphasizing just how obvious her reasoning was, “Happy people make more money. People are always happy around puppies or kittens. Which means more money. I'm surprised they didn't teach you this in Business school, Ms. Luthor,” Kara replied, smirking.

Lena kept her lips pressed tight trying to hide her smile, “Hmm. And may I ask where do all these puppies or kittens happen to go once everyone has left home for the day?”

Kara looked up at the ceiling in thought, her lips moving right and left.

“You can take them home!” Leia suddenly shouted.

Kara's eyes brightened up, “I can take them home!”

Lena smirked and stepped closer to the caped hero, “So what you're proposing is that you'd be willing to take 87 puppies or kittens with you home every night and then have them back here in the morning?”

Kara's excitement immediately died down, “87?”

Lena smirk grew bigger, “Mhmm. As your business partner, I should probably inform you that we have a total of 87 conference rooms in this building alone.”

Lena watched the emotions playing on Kara's face. The excitement that was completely replaced by overwhelming regret. The blonde was obviously in an inner struggle with herself.

Leia got off the floor and tugged at Kara's cape. “Supergirl? Maybe you can take half and I can take half.”

Lena pictured Granny’s face and laughed at the image. “Oh sweetheart, I don't think Granny would be too happy about that.”

“I'm sure we could figure out the details later,” Kara reassured the pouting six-year old.

Lena scoffed, “That's one way of running a business,” she uttered sarcastically, unaware she was helplessly biting at her bottom lip.

She noticed Kara watching her, her eyes darting down to her lips before hurriedly forcing them back up.

“You know,” Kara started off, only to trail off as her focus went back to Lena’s lips, “If we’re going to be business partners, we need to establish some ground rules,” She said casually.

Lena smiled arching her brow, fully knowing the absurdity that would be uttered by the blonde, “Ground rules?”

“Mhmm. Like the lip biting.” As soon as Kara mentioned it, Lena couldn’t help but find herself biting at the corner of her bottom lip, “It’s not good for business. Distracts people too much. Especially your business partner. We don’t want that, now do we? There are a number of things that you need to keep in check if we’re gonna be partners.” Kara mentioned casually, using her feigned serious voice.

“A number of things?” Lena was unable to control herself around the blonde, she let out a small laugh at Kara’s dramatics.

“Yup. Like that.”
“Like what?”

“That small laugh that you do. It’s off the table.”

“You want me to not laugh?”

Kara shrugged nonchalantly, “No, you could laugh if you want to. But I just think you could choose a different laugh. More annoying and less dreamy.”

“You think my laugh is dreamy?”

Kara shook her head in denial, her blonde locks moving with her, “I definitely don’t. I’m just saying it’s not very appropriate at the workplace. It’s too... I think dreamy is the word.”

Lena scoffed, unable to form a response to Kara’s casual comments.

“You could smile if you want.” Kara shrugged, then hurried to say, “But no smirking.” she shook her head, “Oh no. The smirk does something to me. So none of that either.” she barely kept her own smirk hidden.

Lena held Kara's eyes. They both smiled knowingly, a silent understanding settling between them. They stood there drowning in each other's eyes. The intense emotion seeping out of both their features was intoxicating. It was making it harder for Lena to breathe. Lena wanted to close the distance between them. She wanted to talk to Kara. Tell her she wanted to start over. Tell her she wanted to work things out. To try and...

“Supergirl?” Leia tugged on Kara's cape once more, bringing both of them out of their chaotic thoughts.

“Hmm?” Kara looked down.

“Will you ex’use us for a little while?” Leia asked politely.

Kara seemed surprised by the question, “Umm sure. Of course.”

Lena felt one of her fingers encircled by a small hand, and she looked down to Leia who was gesturing for her to follow her. They walked towards the couch and Lena crouched down and leaned closer as Leia brought her mouth to her ear to whisper.

“It's her isn't it?”

Lena narrowed her eyes in confusion, “What do you mean?” she whispered back.

“Supergirl. She's the one you... You know...” Leia nodded her head noticeably towards the blonde hero, who Lena noticed was trying to hide her smile, clearly listening in on the small conversation.

“Oh, you mean... Yesterday?” Lena asked.

Leia nodded, “Mhmm.”

“Umm well...” Lena didn't want to lie. It wasn't something she wanted Leia to pick up on. Or to see her doing. She sighed before replying honestly, “She is.”

“Good. Did you... You know?”

Lena laughed softly, shaking her head, “I don't exactly follow.”
“What does Granny always say?”

“Oh. You mean…” *Granny always say if you like someone you should tell them.*

Leia let out an exasperated sigh, “Yes!”

“Oh, no. I can't. It's not... It's much more complicated than...” Leia placed a hand over Lena's mouth before she could continue.

The young girl held Lena’s eyes in a genuinely serious look, “I think if we do it together, then it won't be so hard.”

Lena breathed through her nose in amused frustration at the six year old who had a habit of copying everything she hears.

“Now,” Leia demanded sternly, “We gonna go over to her and tell her. Wa’s the worst that can happen?” Lena rolled her eyes at the words she herself had spoken to Leia just yesterday.

After taking her small hands off of Lena's mouth, Leia proceeded to take Lena's hand and began walking, causing Lena to stand up straight and be pulled by the six year old. They stood right in front of the blonde and Lena could see the effort it took for Kara not to let out the grin she had hiding.

“Supergirl?” Leia brought Kara's attention down to her.

“Yes?” Kara replied innocently, clearly confused by the whole ordeal but still very much amused.

“Rich lady has something to tell you.”

Lena clenched her jaw at what Leia was asking her to do, “Leia, I'm not just going to...”

Leia wasn't listening. She walked around her and began slightly nudging Lena towards the blonde hero. Lena was surprised and slightly stumbled forward, coming a bit more closer to Kara than she had intended.

“Just tell her. It's only three small words. Wa’s the worst that can happen?”

The brunette sighed, “Alright. Alright. I will.”

Lena finally met Kara’s ice blue eyes, that were filled to the brim with amusement. The blonde was barely keeping her grin hidden, pressing her lips together in effort. Lena smiled back at her, feeling her pulse pick up slightly at the look in Kara's eyes.

*And that you'll forgive that friend of yours. I promise, Granny.*

She stood holding Kara’s warm eyes, suddenly feeling nervous all of a sudden, “Hi,” She whispered.

Kara's eyes smiled even more, “Hey, Rich lady.”

Lena rolled her eyes at the name. She really needed to find a way for Leia to call her by her real name. But she liked the way Kara used it. As though it was some sort of endearment.

“So what's this thing you have to tell me?” Kara asked, the corner of her mouth never going down.

Lena wasn't sure why she was so nervous. She felt like a teenage school girl, whose mother was pushing her to make new friends. It was awkward but exhilarating. She was nervous but excited.
And although her pulse was racing and her heart was betraying her, she had a feeling this was the right thing to do. That it was the start of something new for them.

*I know how much you like holding onto your anger.*

Realization was slowly creeping in.

*Granny was right. What the hell was I thinking?!*

“I like you.” she suddenly blurted out.

Kara remained frozen for a few seconds, the half grin still plastered on her face but was now mixed with shock. She let out a small surprised laugh that melted Lena's heart. “Oh,” she simply said. Her mouth opened to sound out more words but nothing came out. She breathed out another small laugh, “Umm, I... You...” Kara breathed deeply and let it out soundly, as though she was getting frustrated by her lack of ability to form words. She grinned again intending to try once more.

Lena decided to rescue her from speaking, “Granny always says if you like someone, then you should tell them. And... I...” Lena bit her lip, her smile reaching her eyes for the first time in... in so long. “I like you, Supergirl.”

Kara held her gaze, her eyes still smiling, “Oh. I... Umm I didn't...” Lena found herself falling helplessly back in love with the stuttering mess that was this woman. Kara let out another long breath and finally seemed to make up her mind, “Thank you, Ms. Luthor.” she whispered back. They both clearly wanted to say much than those words. Do much more. But for now, a six-year old’s version of a love confession would have to do.

Leia wiggled her way in between them, looking up at the both of them and smiling brightly, “See? Now that wasn't so hard was it?”

Before Lena could think of a proper answer, her phone began to ring, “Granny is probably checking up on you, sweetheart.” she handed the phone to Leia, who had to drag the green answer circle a few times before it could reach its destination.

“Hi, Granny.” The girl perched up, holding the phone that was practically bigger than her palm. “Yeah, I'm ok. I made a new friend. But I won't tell you who it is.” the girl paused, her forehead creased as she listened, “No i’s not Jessie. Rich lady's work friend is nice but we're gonna give her time.”

Leia paused once more, “No, Granny I don wanna tell you because you have biased opinions about her.” a guilty look crossed the girl's face, she slumped her shoulders and mumbled her next words “I heard it when I was sneaky watching Law and Order from behind the couch last night when you were watching it.”

Lena looked at Kara who was shocked from the words coming out of the young girl. It must be surprising to Kara, especially since Leia was only six and she knew more words than most twelve-year olds. Her pronunciation was sometimes a bit off, but her memory for vocabulary was astonishing. She enjoyed learning new words just as much as kids enjoyed running around each other.

Leia was too deep in thought at Leia’s upbringing that she failed to notice Kara’s focus back on her rather on the child until she found the smirk playing on her lips.

“So you like me?” She asked charmingly.

“I might,” Lena wasn’t about to fully admit to making a fool of herself just minutes ago.
“I see,” Kara replied, the charming smile never leaving her lips. She crossed her hands behind her back, looking down at her boot as she traced it back and forth on the tile beneath it. When she finally looked back up, holding Lena’s eyes, that same smile was still there, only it held warmth, “I happen to like you too.”

The small statement made Lena’s heart react suddenly. Her pulse quickened and she watched as Kara smiled knowingly obviously having heard the effect her words had on Lena. She cursed herself for the slip up and she was damned before she showed the effect on her face, “I see,” she repeated Kara’s words casually.

Kara’s looked as though barely able to keep a full grin be plastered on her face, “Just saying. You know. For umm... In case you were wondering.”

Lena gave her a tight lipped smile, “that’s good to know I guess.”

Leia was going in circles around them, talking to Granny about the new type of donut she tasted. Lena looked at Kara once more, wanting to ask her to come by tonight. So they could talk. So Lena could fix things between them. So she could at least try. Lena braced herself to say the words, but nothing came out. She was still too scared. Not able to voice words she so wished she could say.

There was that same smile again, the one that told Lena that Kara knew more than she was letting on, “Rrip non mov vo ehwor Tagehd” You were about to say something, she stated using her own tongue.

Lena wasn't surprised at the change of language. She was surprised that Kara noticed her reluctance. “Ta-?” How?

“Ni Khahsh Irstun rem rip nim mov vo ehwor tagehd” Your breathing changes when you're about to say something. She chuckled, “kir tagehd khap khep nahn shod nahn uwe ,rth,” Little trick I picked up from a vigilante from another Earth.

Lena felt her face form a scowl, “Iovis riz shod Khap wim?” That green arrow guy, I suppose? She remembered quite well just how much he was fond of Kara and her smile.

Kara let out a small confused laugh, “Rrip rrvzh adif shovuh zhod” You don’t like him?

“Zhadif zha” Not really, n o


“Khap kehp i zhalish.” I have my reasons.

Kara smiled, shaking her head, “Voi izo rip razh, zhadif. Ghao non zhadif zhod. sheh uwe. Mehl, Khap wem.” Well, if you must know, no. It wasn’t him. Someone else. A lawyer, I think. Kara didn’t seem sure, which meant this friend was more distant than that green arrow man. The new information seemed to calm Lena down a bit. Kara’s mouth lifted in a warm smile, “Rrehd non ghao rip sem vo ehwor?” So, what was it you wanted to say?

Lena suddenly felt nervous, “Khap sem vo kulahn rip vo zhgam vot dehdh kryp si ehwor osh kir?” I wanted to ask you to come by sometime so we could talk for a bit? Lena said hesitantly. Her forehead immediately creased in anticipation of some sort of expected refusal, “Rrip rrv zhadif... Khap... Khap nim raozh rip nim...” But you don’t... I mean, I’m sure you’re quite...

“Khap nim zhgam vot dehdh” I’ll come by sometime.
Lena smiled, the nausea in her stomach subsiding at the notion that she wasn’t asking the impossible from Kara. That Kara was willing to come see her, even after all...

“Granny, did you know rich lady spoke Japanese?” Leia suddenly asked, looking up towards both women, “Mhmm she’s speaking it right now to the sunny lady friend I made.” Leia’s eyebrows came together as she listened to what Granny was saying. “Yes Granny, my new friend is a lady.” she paused, “No, she's not six like me.” Lena laughed when she saw Leia face palming her forehead dramatically. “Granny you know kids my age make me bored.”

Lena stood gazing at the small heap of ginger that tired herself enough to a point where she passed out on the couch, a cookie barely clutched in her hand dangling on the side of the couch. Leia had insisted on inviting Supergirl to go on the tour with them, mentioning that Supergirl didn’t know much about plants. Lena had watched the both of them gush over her new rare and endangered nocturnal plant that her team was trying to preserve. Their faces were glued to the glass wall as they watched the plant isolated in a dark room emitting rays similar to that of the moon’s. The plant was alluring, possessing colors and shapes of leaves that were uncommon to other plants. Lena was quite proud when her team managed to recover the plant.

Lena’s employees had all been baffled, staring blankly at the notion of Supergirl randomly walking the halls of L-Corp. None of them dared take out their phones, though. They cherished their jobs too much to do that, knowing their boss was also there, but Lena wouldn’t be surprised if the press had a whiff of it from somewhere.

She smiled as Leia’s unconscious hand finally let go of the cookie and it fell to the ground. She crouched down, picking it up and placing it on the coffee table just as she heard her office door closing.

Kara walked in flipping through the research paper that one of the lead researchers had given her, “It’s true! Plants **do** have feelings.” she exclaimed. She kept reading as she made her way across to where Lena stood. Her eyes jumped from one emotion to the next as they read the lines on the page.

Lena found herself selfishly taking the opportunity of Kara's distraction to gaze longingly at her lips. Kara's lips were moving ever so slightly as they silently read the paper. Lena felt her pulse pick up at the notion of touching them. Of feeling them.

“It says here that experiments have been conducted in regards to plants having an emotional entity. One scientist conducted his experiment by placing a plant in a room filled with...” Lena’s mind stopped registering what it was that Kara was saying. Her focus completely transfixed by Kara's beautiful features.

*I'm sure it's simpler than you think.*

Lena thought about how simple Granny had said it was but how complicated it truly was. Or maybe she just thought it to be.

Kara was completely unaware of anything else but the paper she held in her hand, “I remember back on Krypton, we studied how certain plants can react to emotional stimuli, but this... This comes really close to some of the things I was taught in school. Listen to this: Dr. Hoffman believes that if plants were to be...” She continued reading. Lena smiled at her excitement. She smiled at her eagerness. Her passion.

*Do you love her?*
She traced the line of Kara's jaw, how it clenched in focus as she read the words.

*Does this misunderstanding change the way you feel about her?*

The crinkle that Lena had always come to love appeared as Kara frowned in concentration. Lena took a powerless step closer. Because that's what it was. She had no power over her actions at that moment.

*You bloody better well fix it.*

She could now feel her heart hammering against her chest. For what reason, she wasn't sure. She hadn't said anything nor had she done anything for her heart to beat so heavily. So rapidly. Her mind was a blundered mixture of what she ought to do and what she was about to do. Granny's words echoing, taunting her at her failure to do it already.

Kara suddenly stopped reading, her head lifting up to meet Lena's eyes that were glued to her lips. Her eyebrows furrowed together, confusion settling down on her features, “Lena? Are you ok? Your heart’s...” Kara trailed off, realizing that Lena was staring at her lips, “...racing” she whispered.

Lena didn't think about it. She didn't even give Kara a chance to realize why her heart was racing. She stepped even closer feeling her chest beginning to hurt from how hard her heart was pounding. Lena never took her eyes away from Kara's lips. Never once searched Kara's own to see what the blonde was thinking. Never even realized what she was doing before she placed a single hand on Kara's chest and lifted herself slightly.

She kissed her.

Her lips pressed ever so softly onto Kara's own, unmoving. It felt like a first kiss. Both of them motionless, both too scared to move. Lena could feel Kara stiffen, and for a second she thought maybe she had made a mistake. But a second is all it took for Kara to relax into the kiss. Lena heard Kara take in a sharp inhale of breath before kissing her back and Lena smiled as she remembered the taste of those lips.

*I missed you. I missed you so much.*

Lena breathed her in and she immediately recognized the scent of mint mixed with a hint of musk that was Supergirl's. But this time she also registered the citrus and vanilla that were Kara's. It intoxicated her. This new scent that was neither of them but also both of them.

Lena kissed her conveying her apology into the kiss. Trying to tell Kara just how sorry she was. When Kara brought her hands up, cupping both of her cheeks, Lena could feel the slight tremble on her fingertips. The way she was hesitant at touching Lena. The way she didn't step closer, giving Lena complete control of the kiss.

Lena broke the kiss gently, noticing how Kara chased her lips with her own, her eyes looking dreamy never leaving Lena's lips as she whispered, “You just kissed me.” it wasn't a question, it was a statement. But Kara breathed it out as though she was questioning the kiss ever happened.

Lena was speechless, her breath coming in short uneven breaths. The kiss didn’t last long. It was merely a touch of lips, a taste of the other, but somehow Lena felt as though not enough air was reaching her lungs to keep up with the pace of her heart. “I did.” she whispered breathless, “I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it,” her hands were shaking as she held on the hem of Kara’s cape, “How’d you like it?” she asked, still breathless, still unable to calm her heart down.

Kara grinned, “It was pretty good. But it felt a bit rushed.”
Lena felt her nerves slowly calm down at the banter, “Yeah I thought so too. Maybe next time I'll try with a little more tongue.” she teased.

Kara nudged her head onto Lena’s, breathing her in with a smile on her face, “So there’s a next time?”

Lena smiled back, biting her lip as she felt the blush form on her cheeks.
Lena’s elbows rested on the railing of her home balcony. She held her cup of scotch dangerously over the railing with nothing beneath it. She breathed in the cold night air and watched the city before her. It was quiet. Something she had always loved about National City. Metropolis would still be buzzing even in the deepest hours of the night. However, National City chose to embrace silence instead. It quieted down to an almost near silence during the hours just after midnight.

Lena took a sip, her lipstick smudging the rim of her glass. She had almost forgotten that she was still in her work attire. Her black pencil skirt felt too tight for comfort after the long day she had. Her long red coat buttoned up to keep the breeze from coming in. She had been too distracted talking on the phone with Richard to go change.

Richard had called to try to convince her one more time to take the deal. Although she and he clashed at times, Lena trusted his legal judgement. The deal that Williams had proposed would grant her enough money to open whole STEM field institutions under the L-Corp name, something Lena had been wanting to do for quite some time. And she would have complete control of it, being able to only cater the institutions to foster kids who truly needed it if she wanted to. But that would mean being tied to that man for a very long time. He had specific conditions, none of them making him any sort of anonymous donor. Which only meant he was doing none of this out of the goodness of his heart.

She took another sip as she kept her eyes glued to the city beneath her. The city that had done so much to her and not much for her.

You really do see yourself above everyone else, don’t you Lex?

And you don’t? You sit in your office high and mighty looking down at the rest of the city beneath you.

Lex’s words echoed in her mind as she remembered him remarking on this exact position that she so often stood in. Maybe she really did enjoy having the whole city beneath her. Maybe it was a Luthor thing. She won’t deny she took pleasure in being so far away from everyone else.

She smiled when she heard something familiar above her. She had noticed it a few minutes ago but hadn’t said anything, expecting the blonde to touch down and join her. But it seemed as though the blonde hero preferred to simply stay on the roof of her building instead.
It reminded Lena of that night she had arrived back in National City. How different she had felt upon noticing the Super sitting on her roof.

*I believe that siren is your queue.*

*May I...?*

*Might as well. Clearly I have no choice in the matter.*

That night Lena had felt nothing but distaste. There was gravel in her voice, a burdensome weight on someone who felt completely dispassionate. Completely numb.

But now, now things had changed. She tried to pinpoint the exact moment her feelings had shifted. The moment where she couldn’t hold on to her resentment anymore.

Maybe it was when she thought Kara had been affected by the paranoia again.

Or maybe it was just her stubbornness at thinking she can be friends with Kara.

Maybe it was when she visited Lex. Saw another version of herself in him.

When Granny explained just how foolish she had been. Just how simple it could be.

Or maybe it was when she saw her with Leia. Saw how Leia sat close to her. Trusting her.

She wasn’t too sure which moment it was. All she knew for certain was that she no longer felt dispassionate. Still slightly numb, but she had long ago accepted that it was part of her normal. She no longer tasted the gravel in her voice when speaking to Kara.

Now, as she listened to the fluttering cape of the women who sat above, she felt some sort of fervor at her presence.

It baffled Lena how they both enjoyed the other’s company even when they weren’t together. Lena simply felt herself at ease just by the thought of Kara being close by. She felt safe. Not because Kara was Supergirl or that she had powers. It was just because she was Kara.

Lena thought about the last couple of weeks. The sting of Kara’s lie was still there, but it had immensely subsided. Like a cut throbbing but was slowly healing. There was so much that they had gone through and Lena at times found herself questioning if whether they should even give it a try or not.

And maybe it was one of those moments that made her slowly fall back in love with Kara. But it was the smile that had the most impact.

She would picture Kara’s smile. The tenderness behind it. The affection even though it would be met with Lena’s nonchalant demeanor. Its brilliance even though Kara had gone through tremendous pain. Its persistence at tugging on the strings of Lena’s heart and the corners of her mouth. That smile of hers. It changed everything.

And then there was the fact that Lena was never able to see herself with anyone else. Even when she held on to her resentment towards Kara, Lena never once pictured her life with anyone else. When she had slightly given up on being with Kara, on being with Supergirl, she had simply accepted that she was one of those people who were built to be alone. That she never needed anyone. It wouldn’t be the first time she had accepted it as a given in regards to her life. Neither did it ever bother her. Accepting something and coming to terms with it meant that it was a part of her. And so, she wasn’t bothered by the idea of it.
Memories of that night in Vancouver flooded her mind. At the time, seeing Supergirl - who she had thought she knew as indestructible and fearless - coming to her for help stole the breath away from her. It had been unthinkable. Impossible. And yet it had happened. And Lena had understood that even the most fearless of people became short of breath at times.

She cleared her throat before speaking into the night, knowing the hero would hear her, “‘With shortness of breath, you explained the infinite. How rare and beautiful it is to even exist,’” she recited the words she knew by heart. She looked down at her cup, swirling its contents before continuing, “You know it was only after you came into my life that I came to really appreciate that line.”

Lena heard the flutter of the cape once more, felt the wind shift behind her, listened to the hero landing behind her. “That night in Vancouver, you were short of breath. And yet you explained that even the most infinite of people like Supergirl, can have their vulnerable moments.”

Lena felt Kara’s arm brush against hers as she came up beside her and leaned over the railing. Goosebumps traveled down the length of Lena’s arm at the closeness of the woman beside her. It was all coming back to her: the nerves, the anticipation, and the spike in her heartbeat whenever Kara was anywhere close to her.

If Kara noticed her heart skipping a beat, she didn’t mention it.

Lena swallowed down her nervousness and continued speaking to the city, “Then there’s the way you smile. You've gone through excruciating pain, and yet your smile rivals the sun itself. You are the last daughter of a whole planet,” Lena paused, shaking her head at how unbelievably rare it was, “The last daughter of a whole nation of people and you have the most infectious smile I've ever witnessed.”

She paused once more, picturing that modest moment when Kara's eyes would smile a second before she would. The way her smile would sometimes pause as it grew, as though that there was her smile. But Lena always knew that it would grow profoundly brighter. And it always would. Her smile would be gleaming with joy, her eyes squinting in warmth. Her smile made it exceptionally impossible not to smile back, “Your smile is its own portrayal of how rare and beautiful it is to even exist.”

“You saved me that night,” Kara whispered.

“You saved me just as much,” Lena replied simply.

The cold wind blew against them, and Lena was met with a strong scent of white musk that forced her eyes to drift closed as she breathed it in.

“How do you always know I'm up there?” Kara whispered, looking towards the city.

Lena’s lips lifted at the blonde’s curiosity. “Your cape,” she answered, “It has this fluttering sound. I tend to search for the sound whenever I'm out here. I suppose it became a habit.”

“Sometimes I don't even hear your cape. I can simply…” Lena suddenly noticed how cliche the words she was about to say were, “It’s nothing.”

Kara turned towards her, “What? What is it?”

It's just Kara. It's alright. Besides, she’s the queen of cliches.

Lena cleared her throat, “I can simply feel you. Whenever you’re up there or even just close by. Your presence. It's calming.”
Kara turned her head back to the city and said nothing. Lena wasn’t sure what had the blonde so quiet this night. She usually had much to say, but today she seemed content on simply listening.

It was a strange thing. Seeing someone vibrant become so distant. It was odd. Distorted. Lena thought about all the times Kara had to switch her vibrant cheerful personality to the smug confident one of Supergirl in front if her. All this time she had blamed Kara for being two different people with her when she had never truly thought about how difficult it must have been to be two people. To change your whole demeanor. To change your self.

“What's your name?” Lena suddenly asked, not noticing she was about to ask until the words tumbled out of her mouth.

Kara turned her head to face her, Lena could feel her frown from the corner of her eye.

“Your real name. The one you had back on Krypton.”

Kara stayed silent, every second more making Lena's heart react faster.

Lena played with the glass in her hand, circling her finger on its rim, “I fell in love with both Supergirl and Kara Danvers as two separate people. And I suppose that may be part of the reason why it was so difficult for me to get past my resentment.”

Lena looked down, ashamed of her actions the past week. Though she knew they were justified, she couldn't help but feel ashamed. She swallowed down her guilt and built up the courage to turn fully and face the blonde hero who stood beside her.

“I want to know you. Not Kara Danvers and not Supergirl. But the real you.”

Kara still remained silent, unmoving and speechless. Lena’s mind began to fill with paranoid thoughts of not being worthy of knowing Kara's real name.

Oh God, What if she doesn't want to tell me. I shouldn't have just pressured her into...

Lena immediately stumbled for an apology at being too forward, she was trying so hard to fix things and now she might have just made things worse.

“Forgive me, I didn't meant to be so...”

Blunt. Forward. Didn't mean to get my hopes so high up.

She tried again, “You don't...”

Why can't I form a proper sentence around her?!

“There's no need for you to tell me. I understand if...”

Lena trailed off when she heard the joyful chuckle beside her, “Why is it that you always jump to the furthest of conclusions with me?”

Lena sighed in relief, “I haven't the slightest clue. You make me so nervous,” she admitted before stopping herself.

Kara's smile grew wider as she looked up to the coal black sky, “I make Lena Luthor nervous. If that's not something to be proud of, I don't know what is.”

“Says the stuttering mess of I flew here on a bus!” Lena retorted.

Kara looked at her innocently, her eyes wide, “My first ever article was to write about the Lena
Luthor. I was surprised I didn't faint right there in front of you. Plus you were wearing that damn skirt!"

“As opposed to me wearing what to work? A onesie?”

Kara looked at her with a wide grin, “Do you even know what a onesie is?”

“Yes, I know exactly what a onesie is!”

“What is it?”

Fuck.

Lena gave her a cold confident stare, conveying none of the doubt inside of her, “It's a type of sleepwear.”

Kara laughed, “Only Lena Luthor would call pajamas sleepwear.”

“It's the same thing!”

“And yet I don't call them sleepwear.”

Lena scoffed turning back to face the city. “You honestly enjoy disagreeing with me on every matter.”

Kara suddenly came closer, her chest pressing against Lena's left arm as she leaned closer to whisper in her ear, “I just enjoy how you get worked up about things like these.”

Lena rolled her eyes at the statement, although deep inside her she was a helpless nervous wreck at how close Kara was standing. How she pressed closely to her arm. The warmth of Kara’s breath on her ear. Kara has stood closer to her before. Has had her arms wrapped around for goodness sake. But Lena’s heart was drumming in her chest so loudly she practically felt it in her throat.

Kara closed her eyes and took a deep breath in, letting it out slowly with a smile, “There it is again.”

“There's what again?” Lena was surprised that she managed to keep her voice from wavering.

“The reason why I didn't answer your question earlier. Why I was so quiet,” she whispered softly, “I was too distracted by your heartbeat. Listening to it. I like the sound of it when you're nervous.”

Lena's heart reacted immediately, reverberating loudly against her chest. Kara sucked in a breath at the sound, bringing her forehead closer and resting it on the side of Lena's. They remained still, Kara listening to the heartbeat and Lena feeling it. It was a moment more intimate than they've ever shared.

“I missed your heartbeat so much,” Kara whispered.

Lena closed her own eyes, her chest rising heavily when she felt Kara place a hand on the small of her back, inching even closer than before. Kara’s warm breath was now felt on her cheek.

“Is this too close?” Kara breathed out hesitantly.

Too close? It's not close enough!

Lena stiffened at the question. She wanted to say no. Her heart fearing that Kara would move away. She didn't want to put any distance between them. Even the mere thought of not being this
close to Kara made Lena's heart race even faster. It scared her that Kara would think she needed to ask such a question. That she felt the need to make sure what she was doing was ok with her. Lena was mournful of the fact that Kara no longer knew what was acceptable and what wasn’t. She braced herself to reply to Kara's question.

And that's when she felt Kara suddenly pull away.

She not only pulled away but she turned around and put distance between them by walking the length of the balcony. Lena felt the breath knocked out of her lungs. She turned to see Kara facing the wall with her hand halfway running through her hair.

“I don’t...?” Lena wasn't sure what had happened. One minute she was experiencing every nerve ending in her body reacting to Kara's touch, her closeness. The next minute she felt cold air brushing against her skin from the absence of Kara's warmth.

“I'm sorry,” Kara turned around, her expression stern, body rigid. “I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been that close.”

Lena was perplexed. She was confused. Speechless. Desperate to know why Kara would think that when every part of Lena wanted her closer than she was.

“You were scared. I heard it.” Kara's voice broke, laced with guilt. As though it was her fault. As though any of this was her fault, when Lena knew the blame should only be on her.

Lena then finally understood. She swallowed down, taking a step closer to the blonde woman who was frozen in place, “I was scared you would move away,” She hurried to clarify, whispering it reluctantly.

Kara was breathing heavily through her nose, still frozen in her place, unmoving. It looked as though she didn't quite believe what Lena had said. So Lena took a few steps more closer, until her breath barely brushed against Kara's chin. She traced her fingertips on the symbol on Kara's suit, biting her lower lip as she felt Kara's chest still rising heavily.

“I was scared you would pull away from me,” she whispered again, “I wasn't scared of you. Not you, Kara. I would never...”

“It happened before,” Kara closed her eyes and clenched her jaw at what she had just said. As though she didn't mean to say those words. Didn't mean to bring up something that's been on her mind for so long apparently.

And that was when Lena remembered. The night Kara told her. When she would come closer and Lena would back away.

Lena. It's still me. I'm not going to hurt you. I would never. Just let me come closer.

The night she gave Kara the ring. That night in the hallway. Kara had tried to touch her and Lena had flinched.

You're...

Lena looked down at her fingers still on Kara's chest, “I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Kara,” she whispered in desperation. She didn't know what else to say, how else to apologize for everything. “That night... The night you told me, I was just in shock. And the night I gave you the ring, when you... When you tried to...” Lena swallowed down her guilt, “I... I wasn't scared of you. Not physically. I was just hurt, Kara. I'm sorry I...”

“Shhhh,” Kara whispered, her head coming down to rest on Lena's, who still refused to meet her
eyes. “No more apologizing.” She planted a soft kiss on Lena's forehead before pulling her into her chest. Kara held Lena's cheek in her right hand, her thumb going back and forth in a soothing manner. The embrace seeking to calm the storm that was inside Lena's chest. Her other arm was draped across Lena's body to the small of her waist, holding her close. They stood there in silence, each listening to the other's calm breathing, until they both breathed together in sync, in a much calmer manner.

Lena felt another kiss on her head as Kara's arms tightened around her. It made Lena feel warm. Safe. As though nothing could touch her so long as she was in Kara's arms. It was that simple. As long as Kara was close - with or without superpowers - Lena felt safe.

“My name is Kara,” Kara whispered into her hair, breaking the silence between them, “Kara Zor-El.”

Lena stayed silent, the name echoing in her mind. She wasn’t entirely sure what it was she expected Kara’s name to be, but she sure didn’t expect Kara.

“Kara Zor-El,” Lena repeated softly, testing the name on her tongue. She liked the way it smoothly rolled off of it. Liked how foreign it sounded yet how familiar it felt. She backed away to look into Kara's eyes, “It's beautiful.”

Kara smiled warmly, “Thanks, I picked it out myself,” she joked.

Lena laughed softly at the ill-timed joke, shaking her head at the blonde's attempt at lighting the mood. She reached out brushing her thumb on Kara's cheek. Simply feeling it, because God knows it's been so long since she's felt it. Since she's been this close to Kara, this intimate. She missed everything about her.

“I missed you,” she whispered, her eyes traveling over Kara jaw, down to her neck, as though committing every detail to memory. Just in case.

“Missed you too, Ms...?” Kara gave her a questioning look that elicited an eye roll from Lena. “I gave you my name, it's only fair you give me yours,” she said all smugly.

“Have I mentioned before how relentless you are?” Lena replied, narrowing her eyes.

“Not recently no,” Kara whispered genuinely, the laughter no longer in her eyes, “Another thing I've missed.”

Lena's heart jumped at those words. She tried to keep her face “Well, you are.”

Lena turned away and walked inside her penthouse. Although she teased back playfully, her heart was still plummeting with emotion. As though the sky itself was falling in her chest. She needed to put a distance between them. Catch her breath.

She stepped inside, appreciating the heat. She went straight to the bottle of scotch she left on the counter and refilled her cup.

“Where did all your stuff go?” she heard Kara say from behind her.

*Shit!*

She had completely forgotten. Lena turned to find Kara looking around at the semi-empty apartment. Just a couch, some empty bookcases, and a coffee table sat in the living room.

“Oh, umm, I... Well I suppose I might have gotten rid of a few things here and there,” Lena lied, smiling slightly to lighten her say.
She very well wasn't going to admit that it was due to one of her many drunken states last week that she simply packed everything away to keep any sort of personal touch being present in her apartment. It was a bit dramatic, she admitted. She had been drunk and alone and feeling betrayed. All of which contributed to her packing up anything and everything that had meaning.

Kara frowned, “Why? You loved your stuff.”

“I guess... I just wanted to do some redecorating.” Lena figured that trying to sound like some spoiled rich brat would be better than the truth

_I didn't want anything personal._

“People don't normally redecorate their personal stuff,” Kara said, still looking around.

Dammit, Kara knew her too well.

Lena scoffed, “There was hardly anything personal in this apartment, Kara. I simply got rid of a few things to make room for other things. Nothing had any great value here.”

“That’s not true,” Kara exclaimed matter-of-factly.

Lena didn't say anything. Didn't want to keep lying.

Kara nodded her head to the empty bookcases, “The books on those shelves were alphabetically organized. And they weren't books that usually came together. They were handpicked classics of literature. You had Dracula and Emma, but you didn't have The Great Gatsby. Which only meant that you didn't just buy the whole bundle of them in some package.”

_How does she...?_

Kara smiled, “You're not a person who likes to keep things just for show. So I'm guessing you're not much of a fan of The Great Gatsby, is that right?”

Lena bit at her lip as she watched Kara draw perceptive conclusions, the challenge in her eyes evident as she waited for her answer. “No I'm not. I don't much care for some man’s noxious obsession with a married woman”

Kara smiled, the challenge still there, “But that's not what the story truly was about.”

“That's what they _want_ you to think.”

“And what do you think?”

“I just think that Dracula was a much more compelling story. With a powerful female lead. Two, actually.”

“Seems you were a fan of Mina?” Kara had a grin plastered on her face, as though her words meant much more than what she had said.

“And who wouldn’t be? Don't forget about Lucy. She was something else, wasn't she?”

“She was,” Kara nodded, the knowing grin still on her face.

She went back to walking around the room, “This shelf had....” she paused for a second trying to remember, “Records. Only the top shelf had old records, all of them also classics. I remember you had a lot of Bach and none for Beethoven.”

“Could be because he was a conceited jerk.” Lena scoffed, not mentioning that Beethoven was
more for Lex.

Kara laughed, “All the other shelves had records of modern music. I only recognized a few of those.”

Kara turned around, “I remember the rug. That red one. I figured it wasn't white incase you ever spilled wine on it. And I noticed it wasn't too thick because it tickles your feet but not too thin either because your feet get cold and you don't like wearing socks.”

Lena looked at her in bewilderment. This woman, this beautiful kind woman, had taken the time to understand so many things about her.

The love Lena felt for her was unprecedented. It was hopeless. Unimaginable. Exquisite.

I don't deserve you. Lena thought helplessly. She felt her heart tremble at Kara noticing all of these small details about her.

How did she even notice any of this?

Kara pointed at the wall, “I remember I googled some of the paintings you had on this wall. Call it a reporter's habit.” She shrugged, “All of them were done by the same artist.” she walked to the wall, running her fingers on it as though the painting might magically appear. “I liked the one that was on this wall. I read that it was called…”

“Everyday I love you so much more,” Lena whispered.

Kara looked at her smiling, fully knowing what Lena had meant but also fully knowing there was more behind those words.

Lena hurried to clarify, “The name of the painting, I mean.”

“Yeah, that’s what it was called.”

“It’s one of my favorites,” Lena smiled warmly.

Kara turned back to the wall, “You seem to like landscape. Which is why I was a bit confused with the painting on that wall over there,” she pointed at a dark wall further down, “It was… different from all the other ones. It wasn’t even by the same artist.”

Lena frowned at that, looking down at her glass. She pondered over whether to tell Kara the truth or not. She trusted Kara. She knew Kara would understand. But she was still reluctant. Reluctant to tell her that she kept a painting that some crazed lunatic had liked.

“I'm sorry. I must be creeping you out!” Kara suddenly blurted out, making Lena look back up, “This all sounds so stalkerish!”

Stalkerish. There's that word again.

Lena laughed at the word, remembering the first time she had heard it from the blonde. The night Supergirl had explained the concept of heartbeats, claiming they were like songs.

A heartbeat is somewhat like... Mmm... Think of it like a song. When you hear it the first couple of times, you’ll start remembering the beat and the words. But the more you hear it, the more you start to notice small details.

“No, no. It's not... It's not stalkerish at all.” Does she realize stalkerish isn't really a word? “That one painting…” Lena sighed, thinking she might as well, “It was one of Lex's favorite. It's a Jasper Johns, called Map. Lex always used to stand idle looking at it. It was one of the most
expensive things he bought before he… before he began taking a liking to other things.” Lena looked down frowning, remembering that once upon a brother who enjoyed small things as art, “He enjoyed having the whole map of the United States right there in front of him.” She scoffed, “Thinking back, I’m sure he felt as though he owned the country just as he owned that painting.”

Lena shook her head before she went down another memory lane concerning her long gone brother. She opted at changing the grievous topic, hoping to light the mood.

“When did you notice any of this? The books, the music, the paintings.” Lena was still flushed with bewilderment.

Kara smiled shyly, “The day I flew you home. I woke in the middle of the night restless. Had a lot on my mind after…” She paused looking at her hands before putting on a brave but broken smile “After what had happened that night. I wandered around the living room and I guess I was somewhat interested in getting to know you better.”

Lena frowned, “Why didn’t you wake me?”

“I liked how peaceful you seemed. Besides it was nothing, I just wandered around before you going back to bed.”

Kara walked back the length of the room, sitting down on the couch seeming rather hesitant. She rubbed her palms on her the skirt of her suit, putting a bit too much of her focus on them.

“Can I ask you something?” she finally said.

“Of course,” Lena came and sat beside her.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but I was wondering...” Kara frowned, “I umm...”

“Kara, what is it?”

Kara sighed, meeting her eyes before she spoke, “What made you kiss me yesterday?”

Lena felt the blush make its way on her cheeks as she remembered the kiss, “Oh.” She looked down at her clasped hands, unclasping them before clasping them again.

“It was just a bit unexpected, especially after we last…spoke,” she said, using the word rather loosely.

Spoke. We didn’t really do much speaking that night.

Lena thought back to the day before. She thought back to the exact moment she walked into her office and found Leia sitting so close to Kara and giggling. She remembered the joy on the girl's face, devoid of the fear that was usually present around other adults. Lena remembered the warmth Kara used when she had looked at Leia, the joy in her own eyes upon seeing Leia laughing. The whole scene had frozen Lena in place. Proving to her once and for all that Kara was the most beautiful person inside and out.

And maybe it was a million other reasons why she decided to truly forgive Kara, but it was Leia’s trust in her that pushed her off the edge.

Lena finally met Kara's eyes, getting lost in the deep sea of their color for a second before attempting to speak. “Leia sat beside you,” she simply said, because it really was as simple as that.

When Kara gave her a questioning look, Lena continued, “I suppose I should start from the beginning.” She cleared her throat, “The night the Daxamites were driven off, I found Leia in an alley near 42nd Street. I asked her her name, her age, I asked about her parents...” Lena paused as
the memories of that night drifted in her mind, “But she never replied. And I didn't know what else to do. I didn't know where else to take her. I know I should have taken her to one of those refugee shelters in case her parents were there, but...” She looked down at her hands, noticing that she had been digging her nails in her palms, “She was so scared. She was so terrified that she wouldn't let go of me. And I was so tired. That night, I was so tired, to the point where I just wanted to be anywhere else but the streets that were destroyed by my mistake. So I made a rash decision and I took her with me.”

Lena spoke it as though it were a confession. That's how it felt. At times she chastised herself for blatantly taking Leia and not thinking through her decision. Other times she found herself drowning in the sound of Leia bickering with Granny and she couldn't imagine taking her anywhere else.

Kara didn't say anything. She listened silently as Lena retraced the events of that night. The blonde took Lena's hands in hers, intertwining their fingers and placing both their hands on her lap. The gesture calmed Lena down slightly. It worked to slow her heavy breaths.

Lena smiled as she remembered what happened next during that night, “After I got into the car, I called Granny Goodness.”

Kara chuckled, “I've heard a lot about her. Is it true she doesn't like me?”

Lena let out a small laugh, “She's not very fond of you, no. Many of her foster children tend to look up to you and want to be just like you when they grow up. She's not very keen on the idea of them going out and fighting bad guys.”

“Oh, I see how that creates a problem.” Kara wore a guilty expression. “No wonder she doesn't like me very much.”

Lena gazed silently at her, smiling at the idea of Granny and Kara meeting one another. It warmed her heart knowing that her past and her future somehow found their way into the same room and met. “Granny would like you,” she whispered lovingly, “How could she not?”

Kara smiled back, her smile equally loving.

Lena looked away before she could drown in her eyes once more, determined to continue her story, “Leia wouldn't speak that night. She wouldn't even tell me her name, all she did was hold onto me as tight as possible. And for a minute that night...” Lena paused, wondering how she came to admitting what she was about to admit. “For just a moment, I felt that someone needed me. That they needed my protection. That they didn't know that I was...” Lena's voice broke at the last sentence.

She breathed heavily through her nose, determined to keep her emotions in check. Determined not to show weakness. Because that was what she had been taught to do. Never show weakness. Always hide beneath a feigned cloak of strength.

But that cloak never worked on Kara. Because as soon as she felt Kara's hand brush against her cheek, Lena felt her heart clench in pain. Kara pulled her into a warm embrace against her chest. She won the battle against her tears, but she could barely control her heavy breathing.

Lena sat there in silence, feeling Kara's heartbeat against her cheek. It seemed faster than normal, and Lena wished she had the ability to decipher Kara's feelings. To know what was going through her mind. To help ease whatever it was that made her heart react so immensely. Just like Kara always did with her.

Kara cleared her throat, “So what’s this miracle working donut place Leia told me about?”
Lena smiled at the memory, her fingers tracing the edges of the symbol on Kara's chest as she stared blankly into the room, “It's this small place I took her to that night. The owners are this old Korean couple that are just lovely. Thankfully, their shop wasn't affected by the incident and they even managed to keep it open to help anyone who needed a warm place to sit in,” Lena chuckled softly, “As soon as Leia saw donuts, her eyes lit up with joy. It was the first time she smiled that night.”

Kara chuckled back. “Well some of us understand the true power of a donut unlike you,” she joked.

“Well some of us don't have super alien metabolism and an immunity for diabetes,” Lena retorted.

Kara opened her mouth for a comeback, clearly still thinking of one as she went along. “Well...” she tried, failing miserably, and ultimately slumped down, “Fine.”

Lena's fingers moved to tracing further up towards the neckline of the suit. She breathed in Kara's scent, neither Kara Danvers' nor Supergirl's, but rather Kara Zor-El's.

“After my mother died, I was brought to St. Louis Orphanage for Young Girls. Granny Goodness took me in and raised me for over a year before the Luthors came and took me away.”

Lena's mind drifted off, thinking of the difference in meaning of ‘took me in’ and ‘took me away’. She thought about how one small word was the difference between two completely different parts of her life. Opposites even. One portrayed a time she felt safe, the other portrayed a time she felt imprisoned. But although she knew Granny would have been a better influence on her had she been kept with her, Lena knew she wouldn't be the person she was today had it not been the Luthors who took her. Yes, she had her imperfections, but she also grew up with privileges she couldn’t begin to count. Privileges that were beyond monetary.

“Granny was…” she tried finding a word that would even begin to describe Granny, “She was what you would consider the exact opposite of the Luthors.”

Kara smiled at the description.

“Which is why I brought Leia to her. Granny knew exactly what to do. She used her contacts in the foster care system and I used mine at the police department. We found out that Leia was in fact in the foster care system who was being raised by foster parents who Granny told me weren’t… ideal.” Lena thought back to when Granny had used that same word, thinking there’s more to it, “Granny never said anything else. She talked to a few people and managed to get the paperwork settled for her to be Leia’s foster guardian instead even though Granny fosters only teenagers.”

“We never told Leia though. We didn’t even tell her that we knew her name. We both decided that Leia should be the one to tell us and only when she’s ready.” Memories played back in her mind. All the times she visited Leia and talked to her on the phone. The way Leia made her smile wholeheartedly. When she first discovered Leia’s fascination with science. “I’m not sure if it was because of the Daxamite incident or something before that, but Leia has never been comfortable around other adults. She…” Lena paused, finding this part difficult. Because what if it was because of the Daxamite incident. Maybe it was my fault all along and Leia has no idea that I’m to blame for her fear. “She wasn’t even comfortable speaking to me or Granny at first like I said. But anyone else, she tends to stay quiet and seem fearful.”

“Yes I noticed her heartbeat when I was in the office. She was terrified of me.” Kara said.

Lena looked up at Kara, finding those blues already looking back at her, “Which is what I meant when I said that Leia sat beside you. She sat next to. Close to you. She talked to you. I saw her laughing with you. You have no idea how shocked I was when I saw the two of you.” Lena smiled, bringing her hand up and touching Kara’s cheek, “But in a way, I wasn’t shocked at all,
because if Leia were to speak to anyone in this world, it would be you.”

Kara smiled back, her head bowed down looking into Lena’s eyes, and Lena thought maybe she might kiss her. But Kara never did. She simply was content looking in her eyes for a few more seconds before bringing her lips to her forehead, kissing her softly and tightening her arms around her.

They were once again drenched in a comfortable silence, both listening to other’s heartbeat, both breathing in the scent of each other. Lena’s fingers felt around the material of Kara’s suit and she eventually noticed something underneath.

She pulled at the chain until the ring hung loose from Kara's neck. “You’re still wearing it,” she whispered. It sounded more like a question than a statement. Lena held the ring in her hand, feeling its edges with her fingers, looking at all the details in its metal.

“I already told you, I've never taken it off ever since you gave it to me,” Kara replied, her eyes gazing at the ring.

Lena stayed silent, not knowing how to respond to such a statement. Kara had never taken it off. Even when they were at odds, even when they weren't speaking, even after everything Lena had put her through, Kara never once took it off.

Tracing her fingers on the metal, Lena thought back to the reason she made the ring. The idea had come to her a day after they had first kissed in that small room in her office. When they were both furious with one another and yet their anger was poorly directed seeing that they ended up kissing in the end. The next day, Lena had thought back to the notion of Supergirl using her heartbeat as some sort of safe haven. She began by working on a simple recording device, a playback of any sound that was extremely low that it could only be heard by Supergirl. It took her about a week to figure out the exact frequency to use. Another few days to add the throbbing within the ring that mimicked a heartbeat.

The more time Lena spent with Supergirl, the more personal touches she added to the ring. It was one project that she had worked on all by herself without hiring a team to do it for her. Days after Supergirl's panic attack, Lena made the ring look like a heartbeat on an EKG machine. She used some of the rare metals she had access to in order to make the chain of the ring indestructible.

Somewhere in her haze of affection towards the woman that seemed to rely on her, Lena remembered feeling nervous about giving the ring to Supergirl. That maybe the ring was too much. That it was too soon. That maybe Supergirl would see it as some sort of proposal. Lena remembered thinking that maybe it wouldn't be so bad if it was taken as a proposal. She wouldn't be against the idea. She remembered thinking that Supergirl was probably the only person she had ever truly cared about. And having a chance at that - at the notion of true love - Lena didn’t mind the idea of getting married.

“Your thoughts are too loud,” Kara suddenly said.

Lena looked up from where her head rested on Kara's chest. She smiled when she saw Kara's eyes closed and focused, probably listening in to her heartbeat. “Do you like it?” she asked her.

Kara opened her eyes, looking down to meet Lena's own. Genuine warmth rested in those blue eyes, and Lena once more found herself speechless at such affection. “I love it. It's saved me a few times the past couple of weeks.”

Lena went back to looking at the ring in her fingers, “I'm glad. That's... That's what I made it for. It's for you to...”

Kara chuckled, “Somehow, I find that hard to believe.”
Lena looked up at her once more. She was met by knowing eyes.

“You said it was practical. For me to use whenever I needed it. But I know you well enough to know that this ring is anything but practical, Lena.” Kara kept her knowing look as she arched an eyebrow. She playfully looked away, “But of course you would never admit it,” she joked.

_I would if I wanted to._

“It wasn't practical,” Lena heard herself say.

A smug smile lifted the corners of Kara's mouth, “You're way too predictable. Always wanting to prove me wrong.”

Lena blushed profoundly in embarrassment, biting her bottom lip at how well Kara knew her. “You tricked me,” she said in disbelief but with a hint of amusement.

“I wouldn't call it tricking you,” Kara replied innocently.

Lena shook her head, not helping her smile. She hated how predictable she was with Kara. She hated it but loved it terribly.

“It wasn't practical,” Lena repeated, more to herself than to Kara. “This ring was never supposed to be practical.”

“I know.”

“It was supposed to be romantic. I was going to give it to you on the balcony. I planned to get plumerias.”

“I hope you weren't planning on filling the whole balcony with them like you did my office.”

Lena laughed softly, “No, not quite. And yes, I've been told that filling someone's office with flowers is not what constitutes as platonic.”

Kara laughed wholeheartedly, “Rao knows I don't do that to James' office!”

Lena rolled her eyes at the joke. “You know, I even called those snipers and asked them about that type of donut that you liked so much,” she scoffed, remembering the very awkward phone call. “That sure did wonders to my pride.”

Kara laughed even more, the sound making Lena's heart pick up, making her breath hitch. It was such a beautiful sound.

The blonde shook her head amused, “I wish I could’ve seen that,”

“Well I’m glad you didn’t. It was too awkward for my liking,” she never was one for awkwardness, “Of course, I would've added potstickers to the evening had I known...”

Lena didn't mean it the way it sounded. Suddenly the laughter between them died down and the air became thick with the memory of what had happened.

Lena was the one to break the silence, raising herself off of Kara’s chest and looking at the ring, “I just wanted you to know that this ring...” she reached out, holding it between her fingers, “It isn't practical at all. And I'm sorry that I gave it to you the way I did, it should've been special. Romantic. Not...” Swallowing down, she searched for the words, “Not in the hallway of your apartment building.”
Kara smiled warmly before she reached behind her with her left hand, dipping her head down, and taking off the chain from around her neck.

“What are you...?” Lena began to ask.

Kara dangled the chain in front of them before pooling it in Lena’s opened palm. She shrugged. “Give it to me again,” she said casually.

“What?” Lena thought that she misheard her. Surely she wasn’t suggesting...

“Give it to me again,” Kara repeated, “This time I expect the whole thing. The whole romantic gesture. The flowers, the donuts, everything. I want candles and that sweet wine you made me taste once.” Kara looked up in thought, as though she had a list of things she was reading off of. “I want a box of chocolates and maybe even music playing in the background.” She paused, before shaking her head. “But none of that Bach you like so much. Choose something...” she rubbed two fingers together as though having a hard time finding the right word, “Something happy.”

Lena stared speechless at her. Speechless was what Kara always made her. She never failed to surprise her. Never failed to throw her off her game. To steal the air from her lungs. Never failed to render her speechless.

Kara continued casually, “Of course there would have to be potstickers since now you know. I also wouldn’t mind some dessert. One of those fancy lava cakes. Oh! And I want you to ask me to dance. So make sure the music is both cheerfully but romantic.”

Lena tried to say something, her mouth was opened, ready to utter words, but she was too stunned. Her eyes showed both shock and amusement. She was both pleasantly surprised and utterly perplexed.

“You're...”

“I want a date.” Kara concluded, sighing as though she had been holding it in for so long. “I also want to take you out on one too. Just sayin’.”

“Oh,” Lena managed to mutter, “You want us to go on a date?” She let out a laugh of disbelief.

“Mhmm,” Kara nodded.

Lena scoffed, “I mean I... I'd love to take you out. But don't you think we've maybe gone past the date sequence of this... This...” What do you even call whatever this is? We're not together. Neither are we are not together! It's obviously much more complicated than a relationship. It's not a...

“It's ok. You could say it.” Kara urged on, speaking slowly and nodding. She mouthed the word before articulating it herself slowly. “Friendship,” she sounded out the word slowly before rolling her head back in laughter.

Lena shoved at her shoulder and got off the couch, laughing despite herself. “You are unbelievable,” she muttered under her breath. She walked to her kitchen, pouring herself a cup of water and drinking it slowly. She watched the smug smile on Kara's lips from the rim of her cup. Watched the edges of Kara's eyes crease in delight.

“I thought we were friends!” Kara continued to laugh, as she got off the couch and made her way to the kitchen.

Lena pointed at her, giving her a cold stare, arching her eyebrows, “Don't,” she said sternly.
Kara was walking towards her. Getting awfully close to her. Lena hated that her heart reacted to her presence so soundly, and the blonde knew too judging by the knowing smirk.

Lena hated it but she loved it so very much.

Kara came and stood beside her. Lena felt her smiling, although she refused to look at her and acknowledge it. “Go on a date with me, Lena Luthor,” Kara whispered close to her ear. Her hand crept to the small of Lena's lower back, making lazy circles over the material of her dress shirt.

Lena's breath hitched. It was all too much while simultaneously not being enough. They were playing some game. Some sort of banter over who could get to the other first. Lena wasn't sure why or how or even what the game was, but she had this nagging feeling that Kara was teasing her and was expecting her to lose at this game.

She looked down at her glass on the counter, determined to stand her ground, “We've already slept together, Kara.”

Kara was breathing too close to her ear, her nose was lazily nuzzling against her hair, “Mmm. I don't care. I want to take you out to dinner. I want to hold the door for you and pull up your chair. I want to reach across the table and take your hand in mine.” Kara nuzzled closer, making Lena's heart bang against her chest. “And at the end of the night, I want to kiss you, but only if you'd let me.”

“Why wouldn't I let you?” Lena couldn't help but ask. Her voice barely a whisper with how fast her heart was beating.

“Because I scare you,” Kara breathed out, “I make you nervous and that's new for you. And you can't decide if you hate it or like it, but the only thing you're absolutely sure of...” Kara paused, then, “That it scares you, the way you feel around me. And all you want to do is run away to some place where you could control these feelings rather than them controlling you.”

Lena couldn't breathe. She couldn't breathe yet her chest rose heavily and shakily. This woman knew her so well to point where she didn't even second guess her assumptions about her feelings. She simply knew how Lena felt with or without the sound of her heartbeat. She knew things that her heartbeat would never convey. Feelings too deep, too personal, too detailed, for a single heartbeat to vividly portray.

Kara moved even closer, mimicking the way they stood out on the balcony. “And you try to push me away, you try to act all tough, but in the end...” Kara breathed out a small chuckle, “I think you're starting to warm up to me, don’t you?”

Lena knew it was meant to be a joke. But her heart was beating so painfully fast that she couldn't fathom a single thought. The silence of the apartment was only broken by the sound of her heavy breaths. She couldn't find it in her to let out any sort of laugh or even a smile at Kara's banter. Couldn't even fathom a comeback. She swallowed down, attempting to dissolve the thickness in her throat. Her mind couldn’t form any coherent thought.

All that Lena knew for sure was that she desperately wanted to turn her face and kiss Kara.

“I'm sorry if I'm always coming so close to you... It's just...” Kara choked back on her own words, breathing in deeply through her nose, “I missed everything about your heartbeat. Especially when you're nervous.”

Lena suddenly clutched at Kara's hand that was resting on the counter beside hers. “Don't you dare move away again,” she whispered, her voice sounding terrified.

“I won't,” Kara whispered back, “Not ever.”
They've both uttered those two words truthfully before. Both had genuinely meant them.

They stayed there, standing close to one another in rumbling silence. Lena tightened her hand over Kara’s, hoping it would ground her, calm her, steady her.

“Kara,”

“Mmm?”

“I'm no expert, but I don't suppose friends usually do these sort of things,”

“They definitely don't.” Kara nuzzled her nose behind Lena's ear, her hand creeping under the hem of Lena's blouse. Lena felt her breath hitch at Kara’s touch. At her closeness. The way she breathed in her scent. Her breath bouncing off on the stretch of skin of Lena’s neck.

Kara planted a soft kiss just below Lena's ear before whispering, “But I changed my mind. I don't think we should be friends.” Her voice was distracted with emotion.

Kara had barely touched her, and Lena felt herself panting with want, “Well what...” a small moan escaped her lips, “What do you want us to be?” she was barely able to speak that sentence.

Kara's hand skidded across her skin, feeling around her back and coming to her waist. She felt Kara's hands touching everywhere, her skin heated at the simple touch.

Kara seemed to be panting just as much as Lena, “I don't know. I can't...” she breathed her in deeply, holding it for a few seconds before letting it go. Lena felt her skin tingle along her shoulder where Kara's breath touched. “I really can't think right now. I'm a bit...” she kissed the spot just behind Lena's ear. “Bit distracted,” she finished.

Every nerve ending in Lena was on fire with need. All she wanted was to turn her face and kiss her. Press her lips to hers. Her hands trembled at the thought of wanting to pull off Kara's suit, to feel her skin. But they were playing some sort of game. Lena still didn't know what the game was, but she knew very well she wasn't going to make the first move, though her restraint was fading very quickly.

“Lena,” Kara breathed out desperately, her hand moving Lena's hair to give her more access to her neck. “Your heart's beating really fast,” she said before planting another kiss on the back of Lena's neck.

“Then don't,” Lena whispered back, still breathless, her eyes still closed, her heart still racing. She turned her face slightly, allowing Kara's lips to hover over hers.

The corner of Kara's lips raised in a smirk, seeming not about to make the first move. They both were too stubborn to make the first move. Both wanting to continue this game for as long as it
Kara pulled Lena closer, holding her waist under the hem of her shirt. Her nails scratched softly at Lena’s skin, fully knowing that Lena loved it.

It was happening so fast. Her restraint was fading swiftly, leaving only want in its wake. Kara’s lips were just hovering over hers, the smirk ever present there. She was smug, and Lena wanted nothing more than to play out this game. But she knew she was clearly losing.

_For fuck's sakes!_

Lena stood on her toes and crashed her lips onto Kara's, kissing her deeply.

_Screw whatever game this is!_

In the space of a heartbeat, Kara’s lips trembled and Lena got to savor the sweet taste of her surprise. But Kara regained her composure and kissed her back. Lena kissed her desperately, pushing her body flush against hers. She missed everything about kissing Kara. The way Kara always smiled into the kiss. The little surprised moan that always escaped her lips. Kara's hands tightening around her waist protectively. Lena missed everything about being in Kara's arms.

“Finally,” Kara grunted into the kiss, her voice very much amused.

“Shut up,” Lena continued kissing her deeply, to hell with her ego and looking desperate.

“I knew...” Kara's lips were just as desperate, “you couldn't resist me.”

Lena wound her arms around Kara's neck, pulling her towards her as the kiss became more heated. She broke the kiss only slightly, her lips barely touching Kara's. “Don't flatter yourself. Now, shut up or else I'll stop kissing you.”

“As if you can,” Kara replied between kisses smugly.

Lena hated losing a challenge, but dammit she couldn't claim that she could stop kissing her. Her lips tasted so good. Soft. Sweet. She dug her fingers in Kara's hair, her hand holding the back of Kara's head to kiss her more deeply. Lena's other hand made its way down to Kara's shoulder, clawing its way down her arm.

Kara grunted with want, her kisses becoming more desperate. She took a step forward, trapping Lena between her body and the counter behind her. The air between sizzled with demanding need as both their hands madly sought to touch each other other.

Overwhelming. That was the only word that came to her. Lena was completely and utterly overwhelmed by the feelings inside of her. Her heart was filled with love. With desire. With an undying need to be touched by this woman. To convey how much she loved. Numerous feelings flowed through her and all at once she wanted to speak them all. To tell Kara about all of them.

_I love you. I need you._

“Lena,” Kara broke the spoke, her chest rising heavily, “I'd rather not sleep with you,” she whispered breathless.

Lena's lust-filled mind suddenly caught up with what she had heard to stop what they were doing. “What?” She couldn't have possibly had heard her right.

Kara wore a guilty look when she met her eyes. Guilty, but very conflicted. As though she was simultaneously disagreeing with herself as she said the words, “Maybe we shouldn't...”
Kara's focus shifted back to Lena's lips, her words dying down in her throat before she kissed Lena again. She kissed her as though she needed it. Needed the feel of her lips to gather her confidence. The kiss was merely a taste. It ended before Lena had a chance to deepen it.

Kara's eyes never met Lena's when she spoke. They were glued to her lips, as though fighting the urge to kiss her again. “I don't...” Lena felt Kara's hands tighten over her skin, her touch lighting fire to Lena's whole body. “I don't think we should...”

“Kara if you don't want to, we can stop,” Lena whispered, her panting breaking the sentence apart into pieces. She said those words but dreaded the possibility of them stopping whatever was happening between them.

Kara chuckled, her eyes still transfixed by Lena's lips. She brought up her hand, brushing her thumb over Lena's lower lip before speaking distractedly. “That's just it. I don't think I could stop,” she muttered slowly, speaking more to herself than to anyone else.

Lena's heart was thundering in her chest at both the notion of them going through with this or putting a stop to it. She herself didn't know what she wanted.

Before she lost her nerve and before Kara could convince herself of her own words, Lena pressed her lips to Kara's, capturing her soft lips in a heated kiss. She claimed Kara's mouth with her own, slipping her tongue between parted lips.

Lena's heart was threatening to beat out of her chest. She felt Kara scrunching her nose in conflict, clearly for some reason wanting to put a stop to this while also wanting to go through with it. Lena's mind wandered to Kara's protests while kissing her. She hated the idea of Kara going through something she wasn't comfortable with.

She broke the kiss, her lips though only a whisper away from Kara's. “Kara, we can still stop this.”

“Mmm,” Kara's own lips chased down hers and kissed her once more before speaking. “We should. We really should,” she whispered, her voice utterly unconvincing. Her mouth not hesitating to reunite with Lena's in another kiss.

Lena felt fear make its way into her chest at the notion of them stopping. Or maybe it was at the notion of them not stopping. She still wasn't quite sure. She broke the kiss as much as she dreaded doing so. “Well,” she swallowed, her mouth suddenly dry, “We should, umm, maybe stop kissing if we wish to...” the words died down in her throat, barely spoken into Kara's desperate kiss. She brought her hands to Kara's cheeks, deepening the kiss in case this really was the last.

Kara nodded. “We should,” she uttered softly, regret already making its way onto her features. She planted her lips one last time on Lena's, once again as though drawing confidence from her, before backing away and turning around. She put a few paces between them, her hands fisting at her waist.

Lena ran a hand through her tousled hair. She tried catching her breath. Tried calming her skyrocketing heartbeat. She looked down to find the top buttons of her shirt all opened; whether it was Kara who had done the deed or her she wasn't sure. Her fingers were shaking as she tried buttoning them back, her eyes flickering back to Kara's back that was rising heavily.

What now? We sit and talk? Watch something? How does Kara expect me to do anything else with her after that?!

Lena thought about treating herself a drink. Something to calm her nerves, because if Kara expected her to do platonic whatnots for the rest of the night with her, then she'll be damned if she didn't get some alcohol in her system first. She swallowed down, still trying to catch her breath,
still trying to calm her heartbeat down.

Kara disappeared for a few seconds before reappearing in front of Lena having changed to her usual yellow button down and some dark jeans. Lena was still working on trying to catch her breath to even ask. Her hand ran through her hair once more, working on fixing its tousled mess. Kara was watching her every move from where she stood a few feet away.

“Nope,” she heard Kara utter, her voice determined. Right before she looked Lena directly in the eyes. Right before she walked the distance between them, hunger and desire etched on her face. Right before she crashed her lips to Lena's in a kiss that melted Lena's heart completely.

Lena let out a small sound of surprise before she kissed her back. She hadn't expected Kara to come back to her so suddenly. She had accepted the fact that they were to stop whatever was about to happen. But clearly they both had trouble controlling themselves around each other. All of it made Lena’s head spin. The expectation of what they were about to do at first rattled her, clouded her mind with pleasure and nervousness. Then the step back made to clench at her heart with a need so strong, she thought she wouldn’t survive it. And now here they were again, lips locked and chests heaving with shortness of breath. Lena’s head was definitely spinning.

Kara had her trapped against the counter, her hands brushing against her cheeks ever so softly as her lips kissed her feverishly. Lena held on to Kara’s elbows, used them to ground herself in the dizzy spell she was dancing in. Her heart was flooded with so many emotions, she couldn’t even begin to decipher any of them.

But one of those emotions was the most evident.

She was nervous.

This was hardly their first time. Each of them knew the other’s body well. Knew what the other liked, what they preferred, where they loved to be touched. How they wanted to be touched. This was hardly their first time.

So why did it feel like it was? Why am I so fucking nervous?!

Kara broke the kiss, pushing her forehead onto Lena's, “I missed you so much.”

“So did I,” Lena whispered breathlessly, planting her lips on Kara's once more before continuing, “I missed everything about you.”

It was different, yet ever so familiar. The way Kara looked at her, the way she touched her. The way she kissed her. Something was different and Lena slowly began to realize the reason behind it.

She had always kissed Supergirl. Had always been in love with Kara Danvers. And Kara had to play a role while being either of those two women. But now...

Now, Lena stood in the arms of Kara Zor-El.

Kara Zor-El possessed the ferocity of Supergirl, but the softness of Kara Danvers. The smug confidence of the Girl of Steel, but the nervous kindness of the reporter.

Kara Zor-El was both of them and yet this whole other person.

And God help her, Lena was in love with Kara Zor-El even more than she was helplessly in love with the former two.

Lena felt her hands shake as they trailed along Kara's arms to her strong lean back and up her
Lena felt her hands shake as they trailed along Kara's arms to her strong lean back and up her shoulders. She tried to calm the storm of thoughts and emotions spiraling inside her mind. She needed to take control of her nerves. To kiss her back with more confidence. But she couldn't help herself. She couldn't fight the blood boiling nerves that were flowing through her veins.

“Relax, Lena,” Kara murmured the words, bringing her mouth back to Lena’s, driving her into another mind-spinning kiss. “You're making me nervous with how nervous you are,” she chuckled into the kiss.

Lena let out a shaky breath, silently cursing her betraying heartbeat. “I can’t help it. You make me so nervous,” she admitted freely once again, pride be damned. She had never been this nervous about anything in her life, and this was someone she had already slept with.

She felt Kara’s hands slide to her waist, gripping her oh so protectively. She loved the feel of Kara’s hands. The firm but soft touch of hers.

And just like that, Kara carried her easily. Lena let out another small sound of shock, before she recovered by wrapping her thighs around Kara’s waist and her arms around her neck.

“I love it when you carry me,” she whispered onto Kara’s lips. The comment elicited a smug smirk from Kara that Lena gladly kissed away.

Kara carried her out of the open kitchen area and into the living room, all the while biting at her collarbone. She stumbled around in the living room, clearly having forgotten the way to the bedroom.

Lena brought Kara's face to hers long enough to mutter, “Other way, darling. Unless you plan on taking us to the study.” Lena was out of breath, her chest heaving. Kara was back to being distracted by Lena's neck, kissing just under her jaw.

“Well, if I remember correctly...” Kara mumbled, finding that one spot at the hollow of Lena's neck. “You have a thing for desks.”

Lena laughed, tightening her arms around Kara's neck, “Shush, you have a thing for glasses and capes.”

Lena felt the warm breath of Kara's chuckle on her shoulder, “Only on you. And you have a thing for sneaking around.”

“You...” Lena tried stifling a moan in her throat when she felt Kara bite down on her neck. She buried her fingers in golden hair, pulling Kara's head closer. “You have a thing for biting,” she muttered, out of breath.

“You have a thing for being bitten,” Kara laughed, bringing her smiling eyes to meet Lena's.

Lena rolled her eyes, “I think we can agree that this argument is going nowhere.”

“Only because I was winning,” Kara smirked, “So, bed or desk?”

Lena was distracted by the line of cheekbones under her thumb, she traced it softly just before pressing her lips to Kara’s cheek. She feathered kisses along Kara’s face, stopping just beside her eyes. Kara groaned at her unanswered question and turned towards the bedroom, kicking the door open with her heel before capturing Lena’s lips with her own.

She kissed her hungrily as she walked the length of the room. Her hands tightened on Lena’s waist, sliding dangerously lower. Lena wound her arms tighter around Kara’s neck when she felt herself falling, her back hitting the mattress of her bed. She smiled when Kara laughed into their kiss, clearly pleased with the outcome of the night.
Kara began making quick work at the buttons of Lena's blouse, her mouth never leaving hers. "You'll still..." Lena pulled Kara's mouth back to hers, not wanting to do anymore talking. Kara smiled at her eagerness, finally reaching the last button. "You'll still take me out on a first date even if we sleep together, right?" she managed in between kisses.

Lena pushed at her shoulders until she rolled them both over, trapping Kara under her. Her mouth never left Kara's as she gave her reply in haste, "Yes, yes. Of course. I'll take you wherever you want." She held Kara's face in her hands, never getting enough of kissing her deeply.

Kara, however, seemed very content on keeping the conversation. "Actually..." she murmured before Lena swallowed the rest of her words. She tried again when Lena needed to catch her breath for a second. "Scratch that, I changed my mind. I wanna be the one to take you out first."

Lena tried stopping her once more by capturing her mouth, but Kara was very persistent. "You can have the second date if you want."

Lena backed away to look into Kara's distracted eyes, smiling when Kara chased her lips with her own. "Perhaps we can discuss this at another time when we're not so preoccupied?" she asked, breathless.

Kara nodded, "Doesn't matter, I called dibs anyway."

Lena stopped her exploration and her kissing long enough to give Kara the raised eyebrow. "You called dibs?"

"Dibs is a very serious thing." Kara got on her elbows, her face confirming how serious she was. "Don't you dare make fun of dibs. I know that look." She pointed at Lena's face.

Lena put her hands up in surrender as she sat back straddling Kara's thighs, shaking her head in the process, "I can't even begin to comment on that right now."

Kara seemed taken back by the ease in which she won that argument, "Well... Good!" she said hesitantly, "Then it's settled, first date's mine?"

Lena smirked, "Oh, that's never going to happen, darling."

Kara rolled her eyes, seeming to realize her winning that argument was too good to be true. She was about to protest when Lena wound her arms around her neck and rested her forehead on Kara's, looking at her lovingly.

"Kara Zor-El." God, she loved the way her name felt on her tongue. "Will you go on a first date with me?"

Kara's eyes widened in shock at the question, "That's not fair!" She backed her face away in exasperation. "You can't do that!"

Lena feigned innocence, even added a small sad pout to her features. "So that's a no?"

Lena tried to hold her smile as Kara's face softened when she noticed Lena's sad demeanor, although the hero seemed reluctant to believe it. She stayed silent, her mouth agape and her brows furrowed trying to figure out if Lena was using the pout against her.

"No, please don't be sad. We could..." Kara was clearly backed against a corner, trying to decide between surrendering to Lena's pout and wanting to be the one who took her out first. "We could umm..."

Lena felt guilt make its way through to her from Kara's decisiveness. But she also felt her heart be filled with warmth at the prospect of Kara being so moved by her sadness. She couldn't help but
smile, biting her lower lip to keep from confessing the love she felt for this woman.

Lena noticed the sudden change in Kara's features. The moment she realized Lena had deceived her. It was no more than a span of a heartbeat and then Lena was flipped back onto her back and Kara hovered over her. Her expression showing a mix of hunger and frustration.

“You tricked me,” she whispered, her breath short.

“Consider it payback for when you...” Kara didn’t let her finish, bringing their lips together in a frustrated kiss. Lena smiled into the kiss, amused at her frustration.

Kara groaned, the sound torn from her throat, raw and aching. “Missed you so much.” The words were nearly unable to escape her strangled throat.

“Kar...” She barely managed to voice out words before Kara’s mouth captured hers again desperately. She broke the kiss, trying again, “Wait, wait, wait. I want to...” Her heart was hammering against her chest, making it all the more difficult to speak.

“Mmm?” Kara was too distracted, her mouth relentless on Lena’s, never letting go more than a few seconds.

“Kara,” Lena tried again, the word coming out in a whisper of ragged breaths, “Darling.” Lena felt Kara’s hands wander lower, her fingers pressing on her thighs as she pulled her closer. Lena's head was spinning with desire. With anticipation. With the reality that this was actually happening.

But she still wanted to know. She needed to know.

Lena held Kara’s face in both her hands and brought those dark blue eyes to meet hers. Hunger was evident in them, but now with a hint of confusion. They were breathing heavily, both taking in short breaths that hardly did anything to calm them down from their desire.

“Is something wrong?” Kara asked, her voice had the slightest hint of worry.

“Tell me what you liked about the porn you watched,” Lena said bluntly. It was the only way she could get herself to ask.

Lena watched as Kara swallowed down the lump in her throat. She had expected her eyes to go wide in embarrassment, but instead Lena felt the hunger in them boil. The need simmer. She watched as Kara clenched her jaw with want.

Kara bent down, bringing her lips slightly over Lena's, “How about I show you, instead?” she asked, right before she bent further down to Lena's neck.

Lena threaded her fingers in Kara's hair as she felt fingers on the waistline of her skirt. Kara undid the zipper on the side before she finally sat back up and pulled her skirt off. She lied back on top of her, never pausing to take her mouth back in a heated kiss. Again, Lena felt fingers on her waist and then the sound of ripping fabric.

“You have a thing for ripping my underwear,” she couldn't help but breathe out when Kara bent down to kiss her neck

Lena heard Kara's small laugh, the one that she had previously associated with Supergirl rather than Kara Danvers. She felt Kara's nose trail on her shoulder before she bit down.

“You love it when I rip your underwear. Don't even try to deny it.”

Lena held her breath as Kara kissed her way down her body. She didn't know if she was going to survive this. Her heart was now beating painfully against her chest. This was happening. It really
was happening. She threaded her fingers in Kara's hair as she finally reached where Lena wanted her.

Kara touched her slightly with her tongue. As though getting a taste of her. Her tongue explored lazily driving Lena crazy with want. She wanted to tell Kara to stop teasing, to go faster. But all that escaped Lena's lips was a moan. She felt her whole body relax and her muscles become limp at the slow exploration of Kara's tongue.

Then the tongue was gone, and Lena immediately looked down to find Kara looking back at her from between her thighs. She had a second to register the smirk on Kara's mouth before Kara placed her hands under her, clutching at her ass, and Lena was flipped over. Lena found herself pressed against the mattress over Kara. She wasn't about to complain because now she was lying down over Kara's face and Kara no longer settled for those slow and lazy explorations with her tongue. She licked up the length of her slit before going back to mindless flickers on her clit. Lena's thighs trembled on either side of Kara's face. She bunched up the sheets beside her and screwed her eyes shut at how good it felt. Her whole body was on fire from Kara's mouth. Especially now that she pressed her weight down onto that skilled mouth.

"Kara!" Lena shouted into the mattress, her voice aching for release. She used her hands for balance as she lifted herself onto her knees, sitting down and straddling Kara's face. She took a fistful of Kara's hair into her hand and met blue eyes under her that had a hunger in them so insurgent it made Lena moan with desire. This woman wanted her. This beautiful woman wanted her and only her and Lena had a hard time wrapping her mind around it.

She held Kara's eyes as she slightly shifted herself lower against her mouth. The fire in those blues made Lena weaker, made her pulse faster. The room was getting much hotter, the air thicker. Kara hooked her hands at Lena's inner thighs, squeezing roughly before sucking on her clit. Lena was close, she could feel it. She was close and Kara hadn't even entered her yet. But just watching Kara underneath her made everything more intense. Her breaths were short, barely let out before taking in another breath.

"Kara, I'm..." she couldn't speak, could hardly breathe with how close she was. She tried again in a whisper, "Baby, I...I'm..."

Lena came with a silent scream, dipping her head back, her body stiffening suddenly and her fist tightening in Kara's hair. She breathed deeply, the air stuck in her throat at how intense her orgasm was. She held it in, letting out only half of it, pausing, then breathing out the rest. She sighed loudly, her body writhing as Kara worked on licking the aftermaths of her orgasm. The throbbing of her heart was strong against her chest, but more so between her thighs. She felt the muscles in her stomach tighten as her whole body trembled until finally she couldn't hold herself up anymore and she fell on her back beside Kara.

Kara crawled up her body and pressed her body warm over hers. She kissed at her neck and collarbone and lazily made her way up her jaw.

"How is it that you've gotten even better at that?"

"I'm a fast learner when I'm motivated," came the remark accompanied by the famous smug smirk, "Practice makes perfect and all that."

Lena lifted her head from the pillow, glaring at the woman over her, "Have you been practicing with someone else?" her voice now laced with jealousy.

"What?! No! Of course not! That's not what I meant." Kara's eyes grew bigger, clearly confused as to how she managed to yet again say something and mean something completely different.

"So how exactly have you been practicing?"
Kara's eyes grew even bigger, clearly having no answer to Lena's question, “I... I didn't mean... I don't...”

Lena gasped mockingly, “Have you been watching more porn?”

“What?! Oh Rao! No, that's not what I meant! It was only once!”

Lena pretended not to have heard her, “Darling, I mean I get the liking towards it, but you need to make sure it doesn't become a habit.”

“But... I didn't! It was only that one time!”

“Especially now that you have m...” Lena laughed when Kara crashed her lips to hers to shut her up.

“Now who's relentless?” she breathed out over her lips.

Lena wound her arms around her neck. “Well,” she gave a sultry smile, “I learn from the best.”

Kara kissed her lazily, as though her lips simply loved the feeling of hers. Lena broke the kiss to speak, “So...” she started slowly, “You liked it when a woman...”

“Mhmm,” Kara blushed profoundly, nodding her head quickly to stop Lena from saying it out loud.

“Was there something else you liked that I could...” Lena laughed when Kara hid her reddening face on her chest, “Are you honestly ashamed to tell me after we just did that!?”

Lena took her face in her hands to make her meet her eyes. Kara was no longer embarrassed. Her eyes instead had a hunger to them.

“Tell me what else you liked?” Lena asked.

There was a smirk and then a gush of wind as Kara carried her using her superspeed into the bathroom.

Lena screamed when the cold water hit her skin. She squirmed to get away wounding her arms around Kara's neck and pulling herself upwards.

“Kara! It's freezing!” she screamed, still trying to get away from the water.

“Sorry,” Kara laughed, carrying her in one arm away from the water until she adjusted the temperature. Lena buried her face in Kara's neck, tightening her arms and thighs to steal some of the heat from Kara's body. She shivered and felt Kara tighten her own arm around her.

“There,” she heard Kara say right before she walked under the water with Lena still in her arms.

Lena was immediately hit with soothing warm water cascading over her body. It was breathtaking. The warmth that came after the cold. Her whole body relaxed into Kara's embrace and she kissed at Kara's neck in gratitude.

Kara captured her mouth with hers as her hands slid to Lena's lower back, going dangerously lower and putting her down on the ground slowly. Steam began to form around them from the heat of the water, and Lena broke the kiss to catch her breath. She breathed through her mouth, spilling out water every few seconds and keeping her eyes locked with blue ones.

They both looked down as Lena quickly began unfastening the belt on Kara's pants. Lena felt her
hands shake, her usual dexterity flown out the window. Even after a mind blowing orgasm she was still nervous. Because she was Kara. But she also wasn't Kara. Because she was Supergirl, who Lena had missed exceptionally. But she also wasn't Supergirl. Lena had so many thoughts spinning in her head it did nothing to calm her shaking hands.

Dammit, I need to calm the fuck down!

She finally managed to undo Kara's pants and she started on the buttons of the shirt immediately before pulling the pants down. Kara leaned forward, taking her earlobe between her teeth and sucking seductively on it. Lena let out a moan and she felt her knees almost buckle with want. Her hands were shaking, making the action of undoing buttons much more difficult. She heard a small laugh beside her ear right before Kara placed her palm flat on the wall behind her that was just under the shower head.

“Need some help?” Kara whispered.

Lena let out a nervous, shaky laugh. “I can do it,” she replied, although doubting herself. She was considering asking Kara to simply rip away the shirt, but decided against it. Kara continued playing with her earlobe as Lena finally reached the final button on her collar. She sighed in relief and pulled the wet clothing off Kara's shoulders.

Lena pushed Kara against the wall adjacent to the one Kara was leaning on. She brought her mouth down to hers and kissed her while her hands roamed over her body. She touched her everywhere, never getting enough of the feeling of her. Of the idea of her. Of her being here.

She cupped Kara's breasts through the material of her bra, kneading them in her hands. Her tongue sought to deepen the kiss and Kara was more than happy to allow it. Lena pulled down the strap of the bra, breaking the kiss to place her lips at the spot where the strap was. She trailed kisses down her chest to her breasts, stealing a glance at Kara who had her eyes shut and her head back against the wall, before kissing her nipple.

She brought down the second strap and cupped the other breast with her hand. Lena heard a stifling moan come out of her, her hands coming to the back of Lena's head, pressing her further.

“Lena...” she barely managed to mutter. Lena loved the effect she had on Kara's voice. The strangled sound that came out of her. Groggy with emotion.

“Mmm?” she merely hummed, too distracted by what she was doing to Kara's breasts.

“I...” she choked back, “I need...” Kara's breathing was heavy, and it seemed as though she had completely forgotten what she was about to say.

Lena sucked on the nipple until she felt satisfied. She gave the other nipple a little bit of attention with her mouth before kissing her way back up. Kara immediately took her face in her hands and kissed her. She kissed her desperately. Lena loved it when she kissed her desperately. As though she thirsted for her.

Lena kissed her back with just as much hunger, the warm water making the experience that much more pleasurable. Kara pushed her back against the wall, and Lena leaned against it, flinching at the cold tiles touching her skin. She used her hands to push Kara's pants further down, finding it difficult since they stuck to Kara's skin. She was about to break the kiss to put all her focus on those pants when she felt a gust of wind and suddenly her hands touched skin rather than the material of Kara's pants.

Lena looked down and found both the pants and the underwear gone. She bit at her lower lip before meeting those eyes again. “I love it when you do that,” she said against Kara's lips. Kara chuckled and Lena expected a snarky remark from her, but it seemed the blonde was much too
fascinated by her mouth, capturing it in a heated kiss. She pressed Lena further against the wall, pressed her fingers into the skin of her waist.

Everything felt heavenly. Every touch left a trail of fire behind it. It was all still making Lena's head spin. But she wasn't about to let her nerves get the best of her now. Lena snaked her hand down between them until she reached where she wanted. She felt the small gasp Kara made into their kiss when Lena touched her.

“Lena...” Kara tried again, another moan escaped her lips and reverberated onto Lena's.

Lena rubbed her fingers on Kara's clit, breathing out a sigh at just how wet she was.

Kara broke the kiss to let out a groan, “In... Inside,” she barely managed to say between her panting breaths.

“I missed touching you,” Lena breathed out, moving her fingers further down and slowly entering her. Lena revelled in Kara's deep intake of breath when she pushed two fingers inside. She kept her fingers inside, letting Kara adjust to their size, before she pulled them out to the tip only to drive back inside.

“Lena...” Kara's was panting beside Lena's ear, her voice struggling. She pressed herself closer to Lena's body, rested her forehead on the tiles of the wall behind her. Lena continued her thrusts, moving her wrist skillfully and listening to Kara's pleasure-filled grunts.

“Missed the way you say my name when you're so close,” Lena whispered in Kara's ear before biting on her earlobe.

“Faster!” Kara grunted, her hips starting to push on Lena's fingers.

They were both breathless with desire. Lena slid her other hand in between them to play with Kara's clit while her other hand continued pumping inside of her. She rubbed small circles on the bud and Kara's body immediately jerked in pleasure.

“Missed watching you come,” she continued to whisper.

“Lena, I'm... I'm so close,” Kara's breaths were ragged short ones. Her body pressed further more into Lena's, her forehead on the wall.

“Missed that little sound you make right before...” she curled her finger inside of Kara, stroking that one spot she loved so much, while hardening her circles on Kara’s clit.

And then she heard it. A small gasp. A little sound that told her Kara had fallen off the edge and was drowning in a whole ocean of pleasure. Lena’s heart hammered against her chest at the sound. At the notion that that sound was reserved for her. No one else got to hear that sound. It made her fall even more in love with this woman.

Kara’s body writhed as Lena continued making slow strokes with her fingers to help Kara ride her orgasm out. The blonde was panting as though she had just run a marathon. Her breaths bouncing off on Lena’s shoulder and her hands tightening on Lena’s waist. She moaned loudly, a sound that did things to Lena. Made her feel things between her own thighs.

“I missed everything about you, Kara,” she whispered softly in her ear, the only other sound present was the water running and the heavy panting beside her.

Lena turned her head and pressed a small kiss to Kara’s cheek as she slowly took out her fingers. She placed another kiss on the corner of Kara’s opened mouth, her tongue darting out to taste the spot where her lips met. Kara was still breathing heavily, her head still rested on the tiles, her eyes
still closed, her hand pressed tightly on Lena’s waist. She shifted slightly, her hands going down to Lena’s thighs and carrying her easily. She didn’t say anything when she buried her face into the crook of Lena’s neck and moved them fully under the warm water.

Lena wound her arms around her neck, holding Kara’s head close to her pulse as she placed a kiss to her temple. They stayed there holding each other silently as the water showered over their entwined bodies. Kara didn’t seem to be able to form any words and Lena understood. She always understood. And she knew that all Kara wanted - all she needed - at that moment was to hold her and be held.

Most of all, Lena missed this. Feeling safe in Kara’s arms as much as keeping her safe in her own. She missed being able to understand what Kara needed and being understood by her in return.

She missed feeling as though everything else ceased to exist and there was only them.

Together.
Lena Luthor was by far the most beautiful woman Kara has ever laid eyes on. Both on Earth and on Krypton.

She lay there above her like a Goddess. An out of this world entity. It was a gift that no one ever deserved. To lay eyes on her. Her beauty belonged to royalty. Her kindness reached beyond expectation.

And Kara was head over heels in love with this woman who happened to choose her out of all the people Lena Luthor could easily get.

Lena lay on top of her comfortably, her head tucked in the crook of her neck and her fingers intertwined with hers on the pillow next to Kara's head.

Kara was still terrified she would suddenly wake up and find out none of this was real. Rao knows she had pinched herself a few times to check.

Lena Luthor was in her arms. She was in her arms half naked wearing nothing but a long oversized tank top. She was in her arms safe. Alive. Beautiful.

Kara was still scared of waking up.

Last night was more than Kara had expected would happen. She had come over to talk. About what, Kara wasn't entirely sure. But as she had gotten closer to Lena's apartment, she got more and more scared of what it is they needed to talk about. Kara never lost hope that Lena and her would mend things between them, but after their last argument, Kara was terrified that Lena would want them to continue their ‘friendship’ rather than pursue a romantic relationship. Which Kara would not have said no to, but would have been somewhat disappointed.

She meant what she had said the first time. If Lena wished to stay friends rather than something more, she would take what she would get. Kara realized that she much preferred having Lena in her life as a friend than nothing at all.

But it would still hurt. As much as it pained her to admit, if Lena had chosen for them to only be friends, Kara doubted she would truly be happy. Doubted she would even survive it.

Lena chose me. She wants me. Not as only a friend, but more.

She tried reassuring herself. Tried telling herself that Lena is right here, in her arms. They weren't having a platonic lunch together. They weren't watching a movie like friends do. They were sleeping beside one another.

Wait... Does this mean we can't watch movies together anymore?

Kara frowned but eventually came to the conclusion that she'd use her pout to convince Lena to
watch a movie with her every once in a while. She brought her hand up and brushed down raven hair, causing Lena to nuzzle her nose further into her neck.

Lena's head suddenly lifted from the crook of Kara's neck, scanning their surroundings as though checking they were still in her bedroom. She gave a sleepy lopsided smile before settling back to her spot, “Mmm it worked,” came the sleepy tone of her voice from under Kara's chin.

Kara frowned, “What worked?”

“Me sleeping over you. We're in bed.”

Kara was now even more confused, “As opposed to us being....?”

Lena nuzzled closer, letting out a small yawn, “You were hovering last night in your sleep, darling.”

Karas eyes widened and her face flushed with embarrassment, “I was?!”

Kara felt a small nod brush against her neck, “I managed to pull you down and I figured maybe if I slept over you then you wouldn't float.” Lena moaned sleepily, burying her face deeper, “It was just a theory.”

She’s terrified of flying but decides to lie down over me when I’m hovering in my sleep.

“I don’t think your theory is valid. I would’ve hovered with you over me. I barely feel your weight.”

“Mmm but it worked did it not? Besides, my theory wasn’t based on that. It was based on the fact that your body would be comfortable enough under mine that it wouldn’t want to hover. Or something of that sort. My brain is still very much asleep.”

That makes a lot of sense actually. Kara remembered waking up once or twice during the night and finding Lena’s body wrapped over her and feeling completely contempt at simply lying there.

“I guess it might have slightly worked. I’m sorry I was sleep hovering last night.

A small kiss was placed at the side of her throat, “I quite liked it,” she whispered, the words tugging at Kara’s heartstrings.

“That only ever happens when I'm really tired,”

Kara heard a gasp coming from the place Lena had her face tucked in the crook of her neck, “Could it be that I, a mere human, managed to tire Supergirl with sex?”

“You know what I discovered yesterday?”

“What?”

“Sex is the only thing that can actually tire me out,” Kara chuckled, thinking about how she's going to have to tell this to Alex in their next sequence of physical testing.

Kara felt the giggle under her chin, “I think I might just have fulfilled my evil Luthor duties for the day. Bringing you down will be a piece of cake if that's all you can handle.”

“Yeah I don’t know why your mother keeps failing at that,” Kara replied.

Lena's hand came down and punched her shoulder, her head rising to look at her, “Can we kindly not talk about my dysfunctional mother when I’m quite literally half naked over you and it’s
barely been a few hours since we were... Do you even realize how that sounded?!

How what sounded...? I just said that I didn’t know why Lillian keeps... Oh Rao!

Kara's eyes widened, “No!” she shook her head quickly, “No, I didn't mean it like... Oh Rao!” she closed her eyes trying to push the image out of her head, “I just meant that...”

What did I even mean?!

Kara blinked, clenching her teeth nervously, “Can we just start over?” she put on a hopeful smile, “I think if we proceed to make out, all will be forgotten.”

Kara closed her eyes and pursed her lips in anticipation, but soft lips didn’t meet hers. She opened one eye to find the scary arched eyebrow. It only took a few more seconds before Lena seemed to fall for her dorky personality and bend her face to capture Kara’s lips with her own.

“You're lucky you’re so irresistible,”

“And don’t you forget it,” Kara replied against her lips smirking.

Lena gazed upon her for long dragging minutes. Her fingers just grazing her cheek ever so softly. She looked deep in thought, as though making some kind of decision. Kara wanted to ask her what it was she was thinking about. She tried figuring it out from her heartbeat, listening intently at its rhythm.

Lena’s heartbeat walked the line between excited and anxious. Kara had long realized that when it came to her, Lena always had a hint of an anxious rhythm in her heartbeat. Lena always had this slight nervous tremor in her heartbeat around Kara. And Kara loved it so very much. Because it hardly ever showed around anyone else. Never actually. Just like it never showed on Lena’s face.

Kara listened more to Lena’s heartbeat, holding her gaze and memorizing the details in those green eyes. She was about to ask her what it was she was thinking about, what was going on in that brilliant mind of hers, when Lena softly kissed her. The kiss was gentle. Warm. Conveying love rather than lust. And just as sudden as the kiss had been, Lena suddenly broke it off with a smile.

Kara watched as Lena turned around and sat down at the edge of the bed abruptly. She grabbed her phone from the bedside table, her thumbs typing away skillfully. Kara frowned at their moment being broken, but assumed Lena had important things to take care of before heading to work. She was the CEO afterall. Kara couldn’t expect Lena to just dedicate all of her time simply for her just because now they were dating.

Wait. Are we dating?

A silent gasp escaped Kara’s lips.

Oh Rao, is she my girlfriend?! Lena Luthor is my girlfriend? But we didn’t really have the talk yet. Maybe we should talk. No, no, no, we do too much talking. But what if Lena doesn’t think we’re girlfriends. Definitely talk. How do you bring something like that up anyway. Maybe I should just....

Kara’s mental monologue was cut short when she felt Lena lie back down on her back beside her, her hands subconsciously taking hold of Kara’s and placing it on her stomach. Kara felt Lena’s finger ghosting softly and drawing patterns inside her palm. It felt like she was writing something.

That’s an I.

Kara focused on the letters immensely.
“Spend the day with me,” Lena whispered, turning her face to look at Kara.

Kara smiled, “Aren't you forgetting about work?”

“I just texted the HR department and told them to send an email to everyone at L-Corp telling them to take the day off. And I told Jess to reschedule all my meetings to another day.”

Kara looked at her shocked, “Did you just shut down L-Corp? For a whole day?”

A strand of hair escaped onto Lena’s forehead when she nodded, “Mhmm. Don't worry, everyone will be compensated for.”

But... You can’t just...

Kara was speechless. She didn't know what to say to what Lena had just done.

“Kara, darling, it's alright.” She held her cheeks smiling warmly, “I own the whole building. There’s nothing to be concerned about.”

She thinks I'm worried about her employees, when that's the last thing I'm concerned about.

Kara choked back on her emotions. It was a rare thing for Lena to ever portray her feelings. She always had a hard time articulating just how deeply she cared. Lena was not one to talk about her feelings openly like Kara was. Like Kara often did with Alex. Or sometimes even Winn and James. In fact, Kara noticed how Lena had refrained from saying ‘I love you’ this whole time. She would utter phrases such as ‘I fell in love with you’ or ‘I care about you’, but never the direct depiction of her feelings. It was the one aspect of her life that Lena preferred to be indirect about. Kara noticed Lena’s liking towards being direct with everything in her life; whether that be in conducting business, or giving an opinion, or expressing her political views on human as well as alien rights.

Except when it came to her feelings.

Because when it came to her feelings, Lena Luthor would try everything at her disposal to avoid directly speaking about them.

Which is why she had her own indirect ways of showing her affection. Closing down the most thing she cares about to spend the day with Kara may just as well be a declaration of love from her. Kara knew just how much L-Corp meant to Lena. She knew how much she loved the company, how much she put effort into it. Kara knew that Lena overworking herself was all just to make the company a force for good in the eyes of everyone who saw it as merely a Luthor atrocity.

Kara realized she had been deep in thought staring at Lena for Rao knows how long. Lena was looking at her confused, her eyes seeming worried.

Kara held her face in her hands, stroking her thumb over her cheekbones softly.

I love you. I love you so much.

She wanted to say those words. Whisper them onto Lena's lips. Watch that ever present surprise in her eyes. As though she didn't believe Kara would love her. As though it was merely unexplainable. And Kara was always in awe of that shocked expression of hers. She was always taken back by the simplicity of her love towards Lena but the complexity at which Lena would see it.
It broke her heart. Every single time.

The fact that this beautiful, loving, and kind woman found it difficult to believe that someone could love her broke Kara's heart.

Kara lifted her head and brought her lips down softly onto Lena's. It was just a brush of lips, merely a touch of a kiss. Her hand that had been the canvas of Lena’s finger now intertwined, holding tightly onto the only lifeline she only ever felt she needed and the only one she relied on.

Lena let out a small moan when Kara lifted her up easily over her. Kara pressed her fingers on the exposed skin of her waist, pulling her closer between her thighs. She felt Lena's hands travel tenderly over her cheeks, her fingers just under her closed eyelids. The kiss was beautifully gentle. Not so much a desperate hunger, but rather a yearning devotion. A shared weakness for each other. A need for the simple act of feeling one another.

Kara knew in her heart she would never get used to this. The taste of her. The taste that was more Lena, soft and warm Lena, and less Luthor, hard and tough. Kara would never get used to the slight vulnerability she often tasted on her lips. The sweetness that she was. Kara kissed her lovingly hoping it would somehow convey at the very least some of the love she felt in her heart for this woman. Some of the devotion she carried in her chest. Some of the admiration she beared in her eyes.

Lena broke the kiss, smiling as she rested her forehead on Kara's. Her eyes remained closed, hands still warm on Kara's cheeks, “Kara Zor-El,” she sighed softly, her breath bouncing off on Kara's lips, “You make my head spin,”

*Kara Zor-El. She called me by my name. Rao, I love the way she says my name.*

Suddenly her name seemed much more relevant, much more special, coming from Lena's lips. It held more weight to it. An ornament of truth that had been hidden away until now. Not many people knew her name. And as much as she adored the Danvers family, adored having their name, adored being part of their family... She still missed her own name dearly.

Zor-El was the name of her father. It was the name of royalty on Krypton.

But it was also the name of a lost planet. A dead family. A grave mistake.

It was a name she was forbidden to use. Banned from honoring.

But now it was also something else. Something entirely different. Her name, her real name, coming out of Lena's lips was...entrancing. Magical, even. It was a sign of things resolved. An entity of their mended fences.

Her name coming from Lena's lips resonated a sense of relief. It brimmed with...

Hope.

Forgiveness.

Trust.

Just as she once hoped that Lena would forgive her for breaking her trust.

And the notion of that hope coming true.

Kara wanted absolutely nothing more than to spend the day in bed with her. Spend a few days actually. Wrapped around each other's arms. Touching one another as though remembering the
feeling of their skin and not planning on ever forgetting it. The warm body nestled over hers. It all stole her breath away. Made her mind hazy with emotion.

She wanted nothing more than to simply stay in bed with this beautiful woman who she was fairly convinced she was deeply and madly in love with.

She wanted nothing more. But today out of all days made that dream somewhat unreachable.

She gulped down at what today was and decided to direct her thoughts elsewhere. She wasn’t about to taint this peaceful day with what was about to happen. Unwillingly, she decided not to tell Lena what today was to avoid her worry.

Kara cleared her throat to give her reply, “Lena Luthor,” she sighed softly just as Lena had done, “I was meant for you,” she whispered on small lips.

It was true. She believed it in her heart. It wasn't some romantic endearment that she had uttered. It was fact.

She was meant for Lena, just as Lena was meant for her.

Lena opened her eyes, smiling. It seems the young Luthor had taken it as some sort of romantic response, so Kara opted to explain.

“On Krypton, marriages were decided upon based on an algorithm. It was all calculations. Measurements of probability. Everything adds up to finding two people who are without any doubt, perfect for each other.” Kara paused, thinking of her parents once being perfect for one another, “It’s always been that way. And it had always somehow worked.”

Kara thoughtlessly drew circles on Lena’s back, her mind flooding with memories of the past and events of the present. There was so much she wanted to say, so many feelings she wanted to confess. But she held back. She had long learned to take things slowly with Lena. Keep a balance between confessions and declarations. Lena was certainly not very adapt to sharing feelings of love and devotion. Neither was she very accustomed to receiving them. So, Kara kept quiet. Ignoring the lingering thought in her head urging her to be uttered.

*I was meant for you and you were meant for me. If we had been back on Krypton, we would have been chosen for each other. Married to one another. You would be my wife. A perfect completion to my soul. My other half.*

She never uttered any of it. Rao knows the thought of being married this early on was crazy enough to her own ears let alone to Lena’s. But nonetheless, she felt its truth in her heart.

If they had been back on Krypton, Lena would have been chosen for her. Kara would have wed Lena without a second thought. They would have been married knowing they completed each other as a whole. Perfect for one another.

Kara was brought back to the bedroom from her thoughts by the touch on her cheek. She suddenly realized that she had been staring at the ceiling, deep in thought, her fingers still lazily drawing circles on Lena’s back. Lena's fingers brushed over her cheeks as she looked into her eyes. Kara thought about the love that was present in them, and yet they’ve never actually said I love you’s.

“You were thinking about Krypton, weren’t you?”

Kara simply nodded, too emotional to voice out words. Krypton was the one topic she often found herself at a loss for words.
“You got that same look in your eyes,” Lena whispered, her eyes held warmth in them.

“What look?”

“The same one you have when you talk about your mother, or when you told me about the color ehshov reminding you of Krypton.” her fingers were brushing softly, calming some of the storm that was brimming inside of Kara, “You miss it, don't you?”

Kara still didn't trust her voice enough to speak. She nodded before turning her face and placing a small kiss inside Lena's palm. Her excuse at breaking Lena's hold on her eyes, but also her excuse at simply feeling her lips on Lena's skin.

“Will you tell me more about Krypton?”

That question brought joy into Kara's eyes. Her smile, although still broken, grew wider as she looked towards Lena, feeling her thoughts quiet down somewhat.

*I want to know you. Not Kara Danvers and not Supergirl. But the real you.*

That's what Lena had said last night. She wanted to get to know her. She wanted to know Kara Zor-El. Not Kara Danvers and not Supergirl. But her.

“What would you like to know?”

“Were you an only child?” Lena asked as she rested her chin on her folded arms over Kara’s chest.

Kara grabbed a pillow and placed it over the one under her head to raise her head and be able to look at Lena, “Yes. I didn't have any siblings back on Krypton. But Kal was somewhat like a little brother,” Kara chuckled at the memory of a baby Kal-El.

“Kal?”

“Oh. Clark. Superman. His name is actually Kal-El. We're both from the house of El.”

“But you're Kara Zor -El.”

“Yes, because Zor-El was my father. I take my father's name as my last name.”

“And Kal doesn’t?” Lena asked, a knowing smile on her lips.

Kara understood immediately what she meant, her own smile making its way on her lips, “No, Kal-El doesn’t take his father’s name. Only the girls do.”

“Interesting,”

“It is interesting now that I’m a full grown adult woman,” Kara claimed, scrunching her nose at the hidden implication.

“You said that Superman was like a little brother. I thought he was older than you.” Lena commented, resting her chin on one arm while she brought the other hand to twirl her finger in a strand of blonde hair.

Kara smiled, “No, he’s much younger. I think at one point I even changed his diaper once or twice.” Kara liked the smile on Lena’s lips, it eased the flutter in her chest that had formed from opening up about this topic, “Kal was sent to Earth as a baby before me. I was there when his parents put him in the pod. I was put in my own pod just as his took off. His pod landed safely on Earth, while mine got knocked out by...” Kara frowned when suddenly her voice broke, she
smiled sadly, trying to lighten the fact that she choked on her words, “My pod got knocked off course by the blast of when Krypton was destroyed. I was trapped in the phantom zone for years. Without aging a single day.”

Soft fingers were felt on her cheek, but Kara paid no attention to them. Her mind replayed a single memory of her parents putting her in that pod. Her mother handing her that pendant. Her father having that look in his eyes. Of total and utter surrender.

Their voices made way into Kara's mind.

*The trip is long, but you’ll sleep most of the way and we’ll be with you in your dreams.*

Her mother’s voice had always had such a soothing undertone of warmth.

*I love you, Kara.* Her mother had uttered with such devotion right after the soft kiss she placed on Kara’s forehead. Kara could sometimes close her eyes and still feel the strands of hair that tickled her cheek when she hugged her mother goodbye. The way her mother’s arms were able to circle around her small form.

Kara cleared the lump in her throat before speaking, “The first year I spent here on Earth, every single night I dreamt of them. I got to see their faces every single night. Some nights were better than others. I would see them happy. Memories from before Krypton was in peril. But sometimes...” she gulped down, “Sometimes I had nightmares of that day they put me in that pod. The way their faces were so scared.”

Her mother’s face was etched in worry. Her father’s in pride. Both their eyes held a hint of surrender. The yield in their frail form was evident. Their voices, although held strength in front of their only daughter, were withdrawn.

Both fully grasping at the idea of their demise.

Both fully knowing they won’t make it.

“I’m so sorry, Kara,” came a soft whisper. And Kara thought that she had imagined it. That it was a memory of her mother saying those words. But when she blinked, she found green emeralds glossy with unshed tears.

Kara smiled sadly, “Don’t be. Like I said, there are happy memories too,” she brought her thumb to wipe away that single tear that made its way down Lena’s cheek, “What else would you like to know?”

Lena sniffed before smiling back and asking, “Did you have any pets growing up?”

“I did,” Kara chuckled through her own sniffing, “I had Comet. He was a white horse that had the craziest personality.”

“So you had horses on Krypton?”

“We did. We had many of the same animals that you have here on Earth with the addition of a few that were only on Krypton.” Kara paused, her eyes widening. “Oh Rao, I just realized we never had squirrels on Krypton! Or... Or bears!”

“Dinosaurs?”

“Umm no definitely not... Although,” Kara stared up at the ceiling - *What was that animal I read about once ... The snagriff* - before quickly shaking her head, “Nope. No, we didn't. We did have Dragons though.”
Lena's eyes lit up, “You did?”

“Yeah. But they were very rare. I've never really seen one,”

Lena deflated from her excitement, “Oh. I was kind of hoping you would say they roamed freely all across Krypton and that you got to pet them and...”

“I don’t know what kinda fantasy stuff you’ve been watching but I can assure you we didn’t normally pet winged beasts that can pick their teeth with your bones.”

Lena closed her eyes in laughter as she hid her face in her arms, and Kara couldn’t help but bring her hand up to run her fingers in that silky brown hair.

Kara tried to think of more animals, “We had a metal-eater animal. Can’t remember what’s it called though.”

The younger woman resurfaced with both eyebrows raised in question.

“Yup. It ate metal. That was a very common thing on Krypton. No big deal if you see a chunk of your transportation pod bitten off.” Both women laughed at the image, “We also had the Drang, which were basically flying purple snakes. Glad those are not common here,”

“So am I,” Lena laughed.

Kara suddenly remembered one creature she read about, “Oh! And we had rondors!”

“What are those?”

“So I’ve only ever read about them, but apparently they’re these creatures with really long horns.” Kara used her hands to gesture a horn coming out of her head, “They were very rare on Krypton. But from what I’ve read, their horns can emit these strange radiations that could cure deadly diseases!”

Lena’s mouth dropped open in shock, “Are you positively sure?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Kara straightened a little from excitement, “There was so much research on them. Many people who were able to find them were actually cured! But they’re so rare. Finding them could take years! My father was the one who told me about them. He had collected tons of research about them and at one point wanted to go look for one.”

“That’s so intriguing!” Lena’s smile was wide with joy and fascination.

“I know! I remember always wanting to see two rare animals on Krypton. The rondors being one of them.”

“What was the other?”

“The flame dragons obviously,” Kara looked at Lena with a *duh* expression.

Lena looked offended. She scoffed loudly, “And you made fun of my excitement over dragons?!”

“I made fun of you thinking they were like our household pets where we could cuddle with them whenever we wanted!” Kara shrugged defensively.

“How is that so hard to believe when you quite literally have a disease curing animal?!”

“Because dragons are huge! They don’t fit in your house!”
The shocked expression on Lena’s face was comical, “I never said they fit... ugh! Fine! Let’s just move on, shall we?”

“Only because my argument makes more sense,” Kara muttered.

Lena closed her eyes, breathing slowly as though willing herself to ignore the bait. She opened them up to a smirk playing on Kara’s lips.

“What else would you like to know?”

“Tell me about where you grew up,” Lena said

A vivid picture of Argo showed up in Kara’s mind, “I grew up in Argo City. It’s... It was one of the most beautiful cities on Krypton.” she said, slightly flinching at the use of the past tense.

Kara didn’t know where to start. Her mind spiraled from one detail to the next. Her eyes twinkled in delight at sharing this part of her. This part of her that she rarely ever got to share. That she had been forcibly keeping hidden from everyone. She hadn't even told James about Krypton. No one knew other than Alex and Eliza. What saddened Kara even more that Kal hardly ever wanted to talk about Krypton. He had asked her some basic questions about their home, but...

Not like this.

Not like Lena. Lena asked questions as though desperately wanting to know her more. As though Kara speaking about Krypton made Lena just as much happy as it did to Kara.

“Our buildings were much taller than the ones found here on Earth. We had these small spaceships that we used as transportation. We did have cars, but not like here. They were different. More...”

“Advanced?” Lena smiled.

Kara chuckled, “Yes. Everything is much more advanced I'm afraid. When I was still in school over there, we had just started learning about Tesseract models.”

Lena’s shock displayed in her eyes widening the small gasping noise she made, “But...But you were only...”

“11. Yup. So you can imagine how bored I was in geometry class here on Earth,”

Lena’s heart jumped in her chest and Kara was almost startled by how fast it was beating. She got off of Kara and sat cross-legged beside her, her fingers holding onto her knees and drumming on the skin there, which Kara took for nervousness before she realized it was excitement, “And did Krypton use the Tesseract structure? I mean did they have... Was it common? Did they use the concept in everyday w...”

“Yes, it was very common on Krypton. We used the tesseract in almost all architectural projects. You could say we had buildings inside buildings of some sort.” Kara watched as Lena’s excitement took hold of her as she got off the bed and paced the length of the room, her expression focused.

“I suppose you used materials not present here on Earth?” she extended her arm in Kara’s direction.

“Unfortunately, yes,” Kara replied regretfully. She got off the bed as well, running her hand through her tousled hair.

Lena turned around abruptly, putting her pacing to a halt, “How about technology? Tell me
everything. Was the fourth dimension proven on Krypton? Did you use the tesseract in quantum mechanics? What sort of theories were proven on Krypton that haven’t been proven yet here on Earth?” Lena’s brain seemed to be working much faster than her ability to utter sentences.

Kara smiled before answering one of her questions, “The way we studied it is that time and space are folded into the fifth dimension whereas the fourth dimension is merely time. I don’t remember much, but I remember studying about how you can manipulate time by manipulating the fourth dimension to reach the fifth and create the equivalent of a time wormhole.” Kara suddenly realized that Barry probably used that exact theory to manipulate time and space and travel between them.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to do! But most of the technology behind the tesseract model is strictly theoretical. The only reason I was able to make the matter reconfiguration device was by building a replica of a hypercube that could withstand the power surge of the device.”

“Oh that’s actually quite clever,”

“Thank you, I thought so too, until I realized that would mean that the device would have to be massive in nature, if only so it doesn’t heat up and explode.”

“But it worked, didn’t it?”

Lena gestured to her, “Only because I had a whole field to myself and the other side of the device was in outer space.”

Kara tilted her head in thought, “I see how that could create a problem if you wanted to replicate the device for use only here on Earth.”

“Exactly!” she threw her arms wide open, “That's what Helena and I have been working on together. Make the device smaller so it can be used to distribute medicine and food to poorer areas we can't reach. We can't exactly build the same model I built last time in every part of the world that needed aid.”

“That would take years, I’m guessing,”

“It would. We hit a few bumps in the road unfortunately though. Helena proposed we make the device rechargeable so we could make the emitting process to be temporary. That way it’s possible to make it smaller.”

“But that created other problems, didn’t it?” Kara twisted her lips in deep thought.

“It did. There was the issue with the wiring but Helena came up with an idea to use a type of coal dust mixed with other materials to make it withstand enough heat. But now we have the issue of the rechargeable aspect of the device.”

“What are you using for the conductors?”

“Initially I wanted to use copper, but that didn’t work out, so I decided to go with pure silver. It’s got a 105 percent conductivity rate and would help immensely with the heating.” Lena walked closer to Kara, as though unsure of herself and wanting for Kara to reassure her words.

“It wouldn’t work,” Kara simply said. She ran most of what she knew about matter reconfiguration in her head, drawing from small fragments she was taught on Krypton and the few courses she took here on Earth for fun.

“Why not?” Lena’s brows came together.

Kara noticed Lena's heart spike, the rhythm slightly faster, “Well because the silver isn't strong
enough. You need something more sturdy but that conducts just as much electricity.’ Kara trailed off before remembering something Lena mentioned, “How about the coal dust stuff?”

Lena's eyes stole a glance to Kara's lips before she met Kara's again, “What about it?” she said just before swallowing down.

“Well, obviously you can't replace the silver with it, but how about mixing it in with the silver?”

“You mean... Mixing it with...” Lena's eyes were solely focused on Kara's lips and Kara found herself a bit confused at what it is that Lena was looking at.

“Mhmm. Obviously first you'd have to melt the silver and find the melting points of all other components in that coal dust thing. Then you'll have to make sure that...” Kara frowned because it looked as though Lena wasn't paying any attention to anything she was saying, “Then you need to make sure all melting points are the same. When you do that, then you could mix the pure silver with the coal dust to make yourself...”

Lena suddenly kissed her, the rest of Kara’s words dying in the hungry kiss. She fisted her hands in Kara’s shirt and pulled her closer, breaking the kiss but not backing away at all, “I’m so attracted to you right now,” she whispered against her lips.

“And you weren’t before? Even after last night?”

*That's concerning. There was a lot of things happening last night. And if she weren't attracted to me while doing all of THAT then... Oh, her lips are so soft.*

Lena ignored the question and kissed her again, her lips desperately clasping on Kara’s lower lip, “It’s so hot when you’re talking about physics.”

Kara’s grin was quite obvious even with their eyes closed, “Is this a...”

“Shut up,” Lena didn’t let her finish the question they both knew well by now. Her lips refused to let go of Kara's, kissing her with a renewed hunger.

“A thing...” Kara tried again.

“Shut up,”

“Is this a...”

Lena broke the kiss frustrated, her lips hovering over Kara’s breathless, “Yes, this is a thing for me! It’s a huge thing for me. You, talking about physics and quantum entanglement and tesseract models and melting points. I’ve never been more attracted to you than I am right now. Anything else?”

“Nope. That’s everything I wanted to hear,” the shit-eating grin playing on Kara’s face was comical, gladly erased by Lena’s desperate lips on hers.

Lena took her face in her hands as she continued kissing her fervently, pushing Kara back until she sat down on the edge of the bed. Knees hiked up over the bed and straddled Kara’s lap, all without breaking the kiss. Kara moaned into the kiss, her hands habitually clutching at Lena’s waist protectively. She was overwhelmed by the sheer suddenness of the kiss that she gripped the edges of Lena's loose tank top tighter, pulled her closer, kissed her rougher. Rao, kissing Lena felt remarkable. Breathtaking.

*Could never get used to this.*

She felt Lena smile into the kiss before slowly parting away, “I’d like you to please flip me over
now,” she whispered, her eyes dark with lust, taking on a forest green color that made Kara’s head spin even more.

Kara didn’t waste any time doing as she’s told. She gripped Lena’s waist protectively before carrying her over and flipping her over on her back on the mattress, “Like this?” she asked, a devilish smile on her lips.

“Exactly like this,” Lena replied, before pulling Kara down for another kiss.

Kara laughed at Lena’s desperate attempts at discarding the clothes between them. Her hands were clawing at the loose shirt Kara had put on, trying to rip it away and failing miserably. The kiss didn’t falter as Lena pulled and pulled at the shirt before Kara took pity on her and ripped the shirt for her. The loud tearing sound grabbed Lena’s attention.

Lena broke the kiss and arched an eyebrow, “You do realize that was my shirt,”

Kara hovered over her face, “Was it a special shirt?”

“Not at all,”

“Then why are we talking about the ‘not so special’ shirt?”

“You make a very good point,” she said before pulling her back down from the neck for a feverish kiss, her fingers digging in Kara's hair scratching at the back of her head.

Kara laughed into the kiss, finding the fact that Lena was the one desperate for a change amusing. But also nudging her ego a few boosts.

*She wants me. Just as much as I want her.*

The thought filled her with pride. A sense of joyful smugness. She kissed her trying to match the hunger that Lena's lips demanded of her.

Lena pressed her knees to Kara's waist before she pushed on her shoulders and flipped them over without breaking their kiss. The gesture catching Kara by surprise and eliciting a pleased moan from her.

Lena broke the kiss softly, and Kara found herself lifting her head to chase her lips, dreading their loss. She opened her eyes to find Lena sitting over her, running her hand through her long auburn hair and looking at her with dark uncontrollable hunger. Her hands took hold of the hem of her top before lifting it up to reveal her naked breasts to Kara's eyes.

Kara felt her mouth go dry, her lips parted slightly letting out a small sigh of want. She raked her eyes over Lena's perfect naked form.

*Rao she's so beautiful. And she's mine. I'm hers.*

It was still hard to believe. Hard to fathom such a though as this beautiful woman belonged to her. Kara laid there quietly, her eyes memorizing every inch of skin in front of her.


*What do you say when you're so filled with emotions but you're too afraid to utter any of it in case it was just too much?*

“Tell me more about quantum mechanics on Krypton,” she said as she bent down to kiss at Kara's neck.
Kara laughed before she racked her brain for something to say, anything to utter just so she could give Lena what she wanted. “Do you know the problem of quantum description of reality?”

Lena's kisses trailed up until she reached Kara's ear, “Do I know it? It was practically the air I breathed for a whole year,” she whispered in her ear before biting down on Kara's earlobe.

“So then you must know the elements that go with it,”

Lena continued biting down, “You mean quantum decoherence,” she bit down again before continuing to whisper, “superposition of states,” her lips trailed down to behind Kara's ear, “and wavefunction collapse?” she nuzzled her nose behind Kara's ear and kissed a trail down to her neck.

Kara was finding it harder and harder to keep up with the conversation, “You know how physicists have been racking their brains trying to figure out how the reality is perceived?”

“Mhmm. I believe it's one of the biggest most riveting problems in physics,” Lena mentioned slowly, her teeth finding the underside of Kara's jaw.

“It didn't exist on Krypton,” Kara barely managed to utter.

Lena's whole body went still, her lips halfway parted amidst their exploration. Kara saw bright green eyes open up to look into hers and she found herself wondering just how green they were.

“I beg your pardon?” Lena's eyebrow arched higher than usual.

“It didn't exist. The whole problem didn't exist,” Kara said casually, trying to remember the specifics of what she was taught in school.

“But...” Lena's mouth opened and closed in confusion and lack of a coherent response, “But that's... How? The wavelength theory discredits any evidence that's been given for the quantum description of reality. It disregards anything that would remotely prove that what we see is actually what actually is. Even wave function collapse would not make any sense without...”

“It didn't exist because waves acted differently on Krypton. We didn't have problems that had anything to do with wavefunction collapse. In fact the theory that I studied in school was how the function of...”

Lena suddenly crashed her lips onto Kara's, kissing her feverishly. She broke the kiss only long enough to say, “We are definitely discussing this more soon. But right now,” Lena kissed her more before continuing, “Right now, I am so turned on and you talking about all of this might just as well drive me crazy,”

Kara laughed into the kiss. She brought her hands to Lena's cheeks as they kissed each other with a hunger that had been revived back to its prior intensity. Lena took hold of her wrists and planted Kara's hands over her head on the mattress. She held her hands there, her grip tightening as she intertwined their fingers together. Lena's lips chased after Kara's lower one, her hips pushing forward onto Kara's.

A low growl formed in Kara's throat as she was unable to hold onto Lena's waist to pull her in closer. She could easily break through Lena's hold on her hands over her head. But Kara chose not to. She chose to keep that illusion of Lena being able to overpower her. Hold her in place. Rao knows it made her blood run hot at the image of Lena keeping her captive like this.

Lena moaned and Kara figured it had something to do with the fact that Kara moved her hands slightly to test the hold Lena had on her.
Seems she's just as happy to keep me captive as I am.

Kara filed the information for later and focused on how Lena sucked on her lower lip, her body shivering when she felt nails scraping the skin at her wrists sliding down over the length of her arms.

Lena broke the kiss gently and Kara was about to protest before feeling those lips travel down the rest of her body, placing ample amounts of kisses on her breasts.

“One day I'm going to figure out a way to be able to leave marks all over your body like you do mine,” she said in a sultry tone before biting down on Kara's breast.

Kara could feel it. Could feel the little nips of Lena's teeth. But unfortunately that was all that they were to her. Barely a touch. No pain whatsoever. And Kara found herself never wanting anything more than to be able to truly feel those bites. To feel that slight jolt of pain that came with them. To see if she would whimper just like Lena would whenever Kara dug her teeth into her skin. She wanted to feel the pleasure of the pain that would be laced with the pleasure itself.

In that moment, Kara wanted nothing more than to be able to be marked. Claimed even.

“Ready, baby?” Lena whispered just as her lips pressed a kiss to Kara’s inner thigh.

Okay, so maybe there was something she wanted more right at this moment.

“Two. We had two continents on Krypton, Lurvan and Urikka.” Kara continued as they were settled back on the bed’s headboard. It was hours later. Kara smiled as she stole a glimpse at the wall clock to find out that it had been two hours later. Lena had definitely been in a certain ‘mood’ after all the science talk.

They both held mugs of coffee in bed, due to Lena's complaints about not getting enough sleep and her body getting more workout in the last 24 hours than it had had in weeks. The corner of Kara’s mouth lifted when she heard the slight happy tone of Lena's heartbeat as the steam of her mug went through her nose and she closed her eyes in delight.

She really does love her caffeine.

Lena had picked up the yellow button down that Kara had been wearing last night and put it on before scurrying to make the coffee. And now, as she sat in the middle of the bed cross legged - the sleeves of the shirt somewhat longer than her arms reaching just a bit further than her wrists - Kara realized just how much she loved the image of Lena in her clothes.

Kara looked down at her mug before her mind drifted to other things. Rao knows the image was severely distracting. And she wanted to continue with what she was saying.

“Which one was Argo on?”

“Lurvan. It had most of the main cities. Argo, Kryptonopolis, and even Kandor,” Kara took a sip of her coffee, finding it a bit bitter even with the two spoons of sugar she spilled inside of it. She would’ve preferred three, but Lena had to go and ruin her fun. “We only had 4 seas and 4 oceans. I’ve only visited a few of them, too. I went with my parents to the Gorv Ocean and the Cogo Sea. And there’s that one time we went to the Boiling Sea, and...”

“You had a sea called the Boiling Sea?”
“Yup,” Kara replied nodding. *Almost didn’t realize how bizarre that name sounds here on Earth.*

“And was it? Boiling, I mean.”

“Mhmm. It was boiling all year long. Oh, and you know how there’s a sea here on Earth called the Red Sea?” Lena nodded, “Well we had the Red Ocean on Krypton. But ours was actually red.” she chuckled.

“Oh, wow. And how many moons did you have?”

“Initially, four. Koron, Xenon, Wegthor, and... Honestly I don’t remember the last one. But Xenon spun out of Krypton’s orbit many many years ago. Way before my grandparents were even born. And so Krypton was left with three. But then umm...” Kara frowned slightly, “Then Wegthor was destroyed.”

“Destroyed? How?”

Kara remained quiet, her mind filled with a name she had always wondered about. Had always found herself thinking of. She had spent time in the phantom zone. Even though she had been asleep during the time she was there, there were times when she woke up from dreams of her being secluded from both Krypton and Earth and simply left to drift away in the endless space. Alone. Just like Jax-Ur is right now.

“There was this... Man,” Kara began hesitantly. She didn’t know why this topic was difficult. It wasn’t as though the rest of the topics weren’t difficult to talk about, but this one, this one always rendered her guilt-ridden.

“He was a scientist. His name was Jax-Ur. According to my mother, he was brilliant but was also criminally deviant. He had a thirst for experimenting with nuclear weapons,” Kara looked up from her mug to find Lena’s expression of understanding, “Yes, unfortunately we also had nuclear weapons and people obsessed with them. Earth and Krypton weren’t that much different.”

Kara cleared her throat before continuing, “Jax-Ur was apparently experimenting with different nuclear rocket launchers. Testing what could destroy whole planets.” Kara felt her chest ache at the slight gasp that she heard from Lena, “And he was able to do it. He created a nuclear rocket launcher that had the ability to destroy a whole moon. Wegthor.”

A shiver ran down Kara's spine at this next part, her eyes drifting down to her mug, focusing on the steam that came out of it. She frowned before uttering the words, “Wegthor, our moon, was inhabited by millions of people.”

The gasp that came from Lena this time was slightly louder, perfectly conveying her shock at such information.

“I'm... I'm sorry, Kara. That's terrible. It must've been hard to witness,” Lena whispered hesitantly.

“Oh no I wasn't born then,” Kara quickly said, “It happened years before I was born. My father and my uncle Jor-El set the punishment for him when they were about my age now.”

“Oh.” Lena replied. It seemed as though she wanted to utter something like *that's good,* but thought better of it.

“Yeah, Wegthor was destroyed with all of its people by Jax-Ur years before me and Kal were born. I've only ever heard stories about Jax-Ur. Never seen him.”

“What happened to him?”
There it was. The question Kara had been dreading.

“Back then, there was no Fort Rozz to keep prisoners. So, Jax-Ur was banished.” Kara gulped down, “To the phantom zone.”

Lena stayed quiet for a few seconds, her mind putting in the pieces, “The phantom zone. That's the same...”

Kara nodded, “The same place where I was... Yeah. That's the one.”

Lena leaned down and placed her mug on the floor beside the bed. She scooted closer to Kara just as Kara had placed her own mug on the bedside table. Kara didn't dare look up into those bright green eyes. Didn't know how to explain what she felt.

Guilty but also scared.

Guilty that she had survived the phantom zone and some other person probably didn't. Or worst yet, he did survive and he was still stuck in it or was here on Earth.

Kara’s thoughts began to wander off. Her father had sentenced that man to a life of misery in a place where his own daughter was pushed and was forced to spend years in.

*Maybe it was my own version of a punishment for surviving while no one else did.*

She was scared because... Because what if she hadn't survived. It was a ridiculous fear, she knew. She knew the absurdity of such a fear. But she couldn't help but feel scared. Sometimes we feel things and have no explanation for them. It was just that simple and yet that complicated.

Kara knew there was probably others who were sent to the phantom zone. But Jax-Ur was the villain in a story that parents told their children on Krypton. He was what all children feared. And Kara hated that she was given the same fate - even if not purposefully - as that madman.

The phantom zone was a deadly place. A place where once all criminals were sent to. A place she could have been stuck in for the rest of eternity. A place...

“You feel guilty,” Kara heard the words that she had just thought about in her mind uttered. She looked up to see Lena's eyes brighter, bigger, than ever. She felt herself drowning in the understanding present in them. “You feel guilty, darling, and you shouldn't but it's perfectly normal that you do,” Lena continued to whisper, her hands taking hold of Kara's and placing them in her cross-legged lap. “You don't need to feel guilty for surviving. Not the phantom zone and not Krypton. Think about all the people's lives that would have been lost had you not survived. The people who you've saved, Kara. Think about how different Alex’s life would have been. Your friends and family. Me,” Lena brought one of her hands to Kara's cheek, stroking it gently and wiping away the tear that made it through her eyes, “I don't know where I would have been without you, but it sure isn't anywhere pleasant I'm sure.” She laughed bitterly, and if Kara wasn't already choked up on the feelings in her throat, she would have probably protested at what Lena had said.

Lena scooted closer until her crossed legs were over Kara's. She squeezed Kara's hand before tilting her head to chase Kara's eyes, “You feel guilty that you survived and he didn't. But even more so for feeling guilty for someone so cruel don't you?” Kara was in awe at just how much Lena understood her. Just how much she could easily read her. “It's alright. I'm sure that place is horrible and you wouldn't wish it on anyone. Even if it was someone like him. And who knows? Maybe he did survive. Maybe he found a home on another planet somewhere,” Lena shrugged slightly.

Kara hadn't thought of that. She had never once considered the fact that maybe he had survived
just as she did. As much as she hated the idea of someone - anyone - being put through the torture of the phantom zone, she secretly hoped he didn’t survive on another planet.

Lena brought her finger to Kara's chin, pulling softly until Kara met her eyes. She looked like she wanted to say something. Kara felt as though there was much more that Lena wanted to say but just didn't know how.

So, Kara kissed her. Slowly. Gently. To tell her that everything she said was more than enough. That she's perfect. That she always made Kara feel better. Kara felt hands slide on her neck and Lena kissed her back after a moment of surprise.

Rao, I love you.

They sat on the couch of the living room, a plate of strawberries on the coffee table in front of them and refilled cups of coffee as per Lena's request. They had initially gotten up to make breakfast - pancakes, as per Kara's request - but were sidetracked with more talk of Krypton. Kara was caught going on about the Rainbow Canyon, a tremendous natural gorge that was filled with endless amounts of rainbows all year long. She felt the smile glued to her face as she told tales and tales of places she had visited or had heard about. The Meteor Valley. The Jewel Mountains. The Scarlet Jungles with their red and purple flora. Whenever she thought she might have finished with one topic regarding Krypton another one fell from her lips without thought. And Lena listened to every one of them intently, hanging on to every word Kara uttered.

Kara had never felt her heart seem more whole than in this moment. Talking about Krypton. Talking about Krypton with the woman she loved.

She took a sip of her coffee right before remembering another place on Krypton, “Did you know that gold was absolutely worthless on Krypton?”

Lena’s eyes widened in interest.

Kara nodded, “Mhmm. Worthless. We had no use for it. On Krypton we had this mountain. It was huge. Like ginormous huge!”

Lena arched an eyebrow, “Ginormous?”

Kara nodded dramatically, “Mhmm. Ginormous huge!”

Wait. Ginormous is a word right? I'm sure it is. I should probably double check later. Just in case.

“It was called the Gold Volcano. Basically it was a volcano that erupted gold instead of lava!”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Lena’s face was flushed with disbelief and amazement. She straightened up, shifting to the left until she fully faced Kara on the couch.

Kara’s excitement took ahold of her as she also shifted, resting her right arm over the back of the couch, “I’m not! Gold was so common on Krypton that it was one of the most useless metals known. You know how the subcrustal layer here under volcanoes is lava?” Lena nodded, “Well on Krypton, the subcrustal magma was literally gold! The whole planet!” she laughed at Lena’s gasp, “It’s funny because when I came here, it took me a while to understand why everyone was so obsessed with it. I didn’t realize how rare it is here when all my life I had studied how useless it was.”

Lena laughed in disbelief, “Are you saying gold on Krypton is as common and useless as sand is
“Exactly!” She threw her hands in the air at how accurate Lena’s sentence was.

“Well then, what...” Lena’s hands were gesturing crazily in excitement, “What was rare enough that was priceless?”

Kara thought about it for a second, then remembered, “Uranium. If I’m not mistaken. From what I remember, Uranium was also part of Krypton’s core, but unlike gold, it was way way deeper into the planet than gold. There was only one Uranium extraction site that I know of on all of Krypton.”

“How come there was only one?”

Kara looked up in thought, “I don't know. I guess I never asked.”

Lena smiled before reaching forward and pressing a soft kiss to the edge of Kara’s mouth, lingering a bit to press another one to her lips.

Kara opened her eyes to find Lena’s gaze glued to her lips, “What was that for?”

“I'm sorry,” She whispered, bringing her fingers onto Kara's lips, “I couldn't help not kissing you,”

“What other wild areas were there on Krypton?” Lena asked.

With her forefinger, Kara softly and very slowly drew two lines inside Lena’s palm, then pointed to the space between them, drawing a small circle there.

“Between Argo and Scarlet Jungle, there were the Fire Falls.” Kara remembered hearing so many tales about those dangerous falls from her father, “The Fire Falls were one of the most dangerous places on Krypton. Imagine entire falls made out of flames and lava. I've never seen them but my father always told me about them. He visited them a few times for research and he told me they were as beautiful as they were dangerous.”

“My father once told me how there were species called fish-snakes that only existed in the fire falls. And that the temperature of the lava was so high it could melt metal.”

Kara smiled when she felt the gears in Lena’s mind working, she knew what was coming next. Lena frowned slightly before asking, “But then...” she paused, thinking it over somewhat more before continuing her line of questioning, “then how does it not completely melt the rocks beneath it?”

Kara chuckled, “I thought you might ask that. It was the same question I asked my father that day.”

She remembered everything about that day. Kara couldn’t have been older than ten or eleven and her father had decided that they should spend the day together. And they did. They had breakfast on the high tower balcony of their building, watching the transportation pods fly around them and the movement of some of the buildings’ architectures.

“When I asked him, he said that the rocks over there contained a mineral that was a mixture of magnesium, silicon, oxygen and other elements not present here on Earth.”

Lena's eyebrows shot up in surprise, “But won't the magnesium combust due to the heat?”
“Under normal condition, yeah it would. But it wouldn’t when it’s mixed with other elements.”

“Fascinating,” Lena whispered, her eyes drifting off to the edge of the coffee table in thought.

“What are you thinking about?” Kara asked her curious.

“Hmm?” Lena quickly looked back at her, her eyes still seeming somewhat distracted as she bit down on her lip in thought, “I was just thinking that I had a few projects at L-Corp that have been put on pause because we can’t seem to find a substitute for magnesium since it's combustible. The only way to make it less combustible is to make the magnesium into ingots, which takes a huge amount of my time.” she paused, her eyebrows frowning in thought, “But combining it with silicon, oxygen and other elements might fix the problems.”

“But those elements aren't present on Earth,” Kara reminded her.

The corner of Lena's mouth lifted. She looked at Kara, her eyes glowing with thought, “they're not on this Earth,” she said.

“Oh, you think you could...” Kara was slowly understanding where Lena was going with this.

“Yes. If my brother can find his rare elements and metals on other Earths, why can't I?” Lena rolled her eyes, but then her expression immediately changed to excitement. She clutched at Kara's arm, “Kara do you realize the problems that would be solved! The possibilities are endless! We could have energy source factories. Stop buried landmines from exploding. Build stronger engines.” Lena suddenly gasped, her fingers tightening on Kara’s arm, “Kara! We could make flying cars!”

Kara smiled at the excited woman beside her. Because this was probably her favorite thing about Lena. Among many many other favorite things about her. But this. This side of Lena where she got excited about science.

But most importantly, the fact that her mind immediately thought of how to help people. How to use this new information for good. Lena's mind was brilliant, Kara had no doubt about that. But so was Lex’s. And where Lex used his access to other Earths to gather rare elements to build a gun, Lena wanted to use it to solve worldwide problems.

How does this woman not see how good she is? She still doesn't believe it. Still doesn't believe that she's good when she does nothing but good things.

Kara was always shocked by that small detail.

How does she not see it?

Kara watched as Lena went on explaining all the things that could be done by either finding a replacement for Magnesium or finding other elements on other Earths that would stop it from being combustible. Her hand gestures were wild. Her eyes wide. Kara smiled at the image. Lena was so worked up, she got off the couch and walked the length of the room, continuing her endless explanations that Kara found amusing. She found it exhilarating.

How is she so beautiful?

“Tell me about Rao,” Lena said, using her chopsticks to point at Kara before clutching at sushi roll.
They had skipped breakfast in favor of their riveting conversation. But Kara’s stomach soon protested angrily at the notion of being ignored. Lena ordered from the best Asian restaurants in National City. Japanese for her, Chinese for Kara, and some Thai for the both of them. They ate with more talk of Krypton, and were now settled on the couch eating the last of their respective dishes.

Kara looked down at the Pad Thai that sat in her lap, twirling the chopsticks around a noodle. “Rao was the red sun that Krypton orbited, which is why Krypton’s atmosphere was red rather than like the one here on Earth. Rao is also the god that Kryptonians pray to. There are many stories about how Rao came to be a God. There are scripts that say there was a was called The Wars of Fire and Ice, where Rao fought against Cythonna, the Goddess of Ice, and won. It was said that before Rao, Krypton was an image of pure cold and ice. No sunlight and no warmth. But then Rao came, defeated Cythonna, and brought with him warmth onto a whole planet.”

The small mountain of noodles she unintentionally created with her chopsticks while speaking was beginning to slip over itself on her plate, “Have you ever seen one of those red sandstorms?” Kara asked her looking up.

“I can’t say that I have,”

“I’ve seen one once. I was flying over North Africa...” Kara paused with a grin on her face from the look that Lena gave her.

“Do you just normally fly over random continents during your lunch break?”

Kara laughed a little, “When I first became Supergirl, yes, actually. There’s a whole world out there of different countries with different people and different cultures and I couldn’t help not exploring it every once in a while. I never got to because I’ve always had to hide my powers.”

Lena narrowed her eyes, “Well, Supergirl, next time you find yourself wanting to explore another continent, you let me know and I might just meet you there,” she said in a serious tone.

Kara chuckled playfully, “I might just do that, Ms. Luthor,” she replied, sighing before continuing, “A sandstorm doesn’t often come suddenly. Especially a red one. Those are usually very strong and dangerous. For most of the day, the sky takes on these dark clouds. At first, I thought it might rain, so I stayed hoping to catch the sight of it before going back to National City. But then the clouds seemed to be covered in red dye. And so did everything else. Those were the moments right before the storm hit. Everything became red. And I remember I almost lost my breath at the sight. Because it looked so much like Krypton. As though Rao’s light was shining through the sky and not the yellow sun of Earth.

Kara remembered that day so vividly, she could taste the sand on her lips. That day she stood watching a storm coming towards her and feeling as though it were the only altruistic mercy she would ever get to witness.

The sandstorm was a monster who she saw as her savior. As her only glimpse of a place she called home. A place long gone.

“I stood there in the middle of a sandstorm, and all I could think about was how much I missed Krypton. Missed the red in the sky. Missed... Rao.”

Lena brought her hand to Kara’s, intertwining their fingers together just as Kara had done yesterday. She brought both their hands to her lips and kissed the back of Kara’s gently, her lips lingering for moments that made Kara’s heart melt. It worked. That small gesture calmed her down. Somehow when she had taken Lena’s hands yesterday to calm her, Kara didn’t think much of it. She didn’t think that such a small gesture would work to calm Lena down. But it did. And so did Lena manage to calm her down by simply holding her.
They knew how to calm the sandstorms inside one another.

Kara cleared her throat and continued, “But then I remembered that Rao is within us, whether or not Krypton exists.” she smiled, knowing that the smile turned out somewhat broken.

“So is Krypton,” Lena whispered, her palm stroking Kara's cheek lovingly, “The memories you have, darling, those will never go away. Nor will the culture or the language. You have them, and you'll one day teach them to...” Lena's voice broke suddenly, an obvious blush making its way on her cheeks and traveling down her neck. Lena looked down, her eyes wide and her heart suddenly rocketing.

Kara looked at her confused, her head tilting slightly, “Teach them to...?” she asked, not seeing the reason for Lena's escalated pulse and blushing demeanor.

Lena's snatched her hand away from Kara's cheek, clasping her hands together instead. The nervous habit. Kara made note of it. She watched as Lena stuttered to form a response, her hands clasping and unclasping.

“To umm... To me. And your sister and your umm friends. And just everyone in your life, Kara.” slowly Lena managed to compose herself on the outside, but her heart was still beating wildly.

Kara furrowed her brows together, piecing together what Lena had said to try and figure out what had the younger woman so rattled. Lena seemed to sense Kara studying her since she all but pushed herself off the couch and made her way to the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of water and looked straight into Kara's eyes over the rim of her cup as she drank the cup in one gulp. She set the glass down, a bit harsher than she seemed to expect.

Kara knew Lena well by now. She knew when to push and when not to. And this moment, Kara knew she didn't need to push. Lena's heartbeat was spiraling with indecision. But in the end, the brunette seemed to give up some of the reins she kept close to her chest.

Lena gulped down before speaking, her eyes never breaking the hold they had on Kara’s, “I was going to say children,” she simply said, her voice wavering slightly.

A loud silence followed her confession. Neither of them spoke as Kara heard Lena's heartbeat spiral out of control.

Wait no... That's my heartbeat.

It was her heartbeat that was out of control. Her pulse throbbing in her throat. Kara began moving towards Lena helplessly. Her feet moving her without her even thinking of moving. Not once did Lena break her hold on Kara's eyes. Not once did she move even slightly as Kara finally reached where she stood.

Fear. That's what Kara saw in Lena's eyes. Because Lena rarely ever said anything that {enticed} a long term commitment. She tended to avoid those. And Kara noticed. She always noticed how Lena constantly gave her an out, even if she didn't mean to.

“You were going to say children?”

“I was going to say children.

“Children.”

Lena nodded, “Children,” her eyes were filled to the brim with fear.

And Kara almost laughed because none of that fear was present when there was a gun pointed at
her head. Lena Luthor could look down the chamber of a gun, smirk wildly and raise an eyebrow before calmly addressing the person holding the gun confidently. But faced with words like ‘love’, ‘marriage’, or ‘children’...

Kara smiled. Because faced with those words, the fearless Lena Luthor was utterly helpless. And it wasn't because Lena didn't love her, Kara knew that. Kara knew very well just how much she meant to Lena. Even if Lena is scared. Even if she second guesses their relationship. Even if she constantly backs away.

It wasn't because Lena didn't love her. It was because Lena loved her so much that it scared her.

And Kara smiled, at the sound of that fear in Lena's heart. She stepped closer taking hold of Lena's waist and pulling on her form until they stood so close that Kara felt her breath on her cheek.

“So, you want to have children with me before we've even gone on our first date?” Kara barely managed to say with a straight face.

Lena blushed profoundly, biting her lip at the embarrassed smile she had plastered on. She rolled her eyes right before she hid her face on Kara's shoulder from embarrassment.

“I don't know why I put up with you,” she mumbled from Kara's shoulder.

Kara laughed, knowing the perfect response, but it seemed her laugh gave her away because Lena immediately placed her finger on her lips silencing her and looking straight into her eyes.

“Don't you dare say it's because you're irresistible!” She scolded.

“What sort of holidays did you have back on Krypton?” Lena asked.

She thought back for a second about the holidays back on Krypton. She was only 13 when she left, not enough time to witness much, but one holiday came to mind.

“We had this one holiday called The Day of Truth. For a full day, everyone on Krypton was obligated to say only the truth, however abrasive it might be. Sometimes it would create problems among people. It certainly created some tension between my mom and my aunt Astra. But in the end, everyone would realize that the good of telling the truth outweighed the bad.” Kara gave a half hearted smile, thinking about the very few instances she was able to witness that day and fully understand it.

“The day was actually in memory of an ancient Kryptonian called Val-Lor, who had courageously spoke against the Vrangis.”

“Who were the Vrangis?”

“The Vrangis were these alien invaders who had invaded Krypton and enslaved its people. And Val-Lor was the only one brave enough to speak against them. He spoke the truth of their ruthlessness. And he inspired other Kryptonians to do the same, until there was a revolt against them and the Vrangis were driven off.” Kara smiled at the happy ending of the story, “Ever since, that day has been celebrated in remembrance of him. But also in remembrance of the power of the truth.”

Lena suddenly clutched at her arm, “Let's do it here!” she exclaimed.
Kara raised an eyebrow in surprise, “Do what?”

“Day of Truth!” Lena scooted closer in excitement, “Let's dedicate one day of the year to mark it as that holiday. We could even celebrate other holidays that you had back on Krypton. I think I could even be able to calculate the exact Earth day that corresponds with the holidays if I simply calculate it based on how far Krypton was from Earth. And we could even...” Lena's brows furrowed for a slight second, “Only if you would like of course. I mean... We don't have to do anything that you might...”

*I am so helplessly in love you.*

Kara's mind stopped registering anything Lena was saying. She watched the excitement on Lena's face change to doubt than to that sweet nervousness that Kara loved so much on her. She watched her lips continue to move as she nervously clasped at her hands. Kara heard her heartbeat pick up, that quiver of fear that told her Lena was scared she had said something wrong.

Kara was in love with this woman. This woman who wanted nothing more than to celebrate a holiday that was once celebrated on a planet that no longer existed. All just to make Kara feel more at home.

“... Realized that these holidays are only meant for Kryptonians, and I'm very clearly human, so I don't suppose...”

Kara just stared helplessly at her. Feeling her own heart pulse heavily with adoration. She will never get used to this. To any of this. Especially for the prominent Lena Luthor to become so nervous around her.

Kara then realized something.

“Can I ask you a question?” she interrupted the apologetic ramblings of the younger woman.

Lena sighed, clearly relieved to be interrupted, “Please do,” she sounded out of breath.

Kara furrowed her brows thoughtfully, “You've always had a small hint of nervousness around both Supergirl and Kara Danvers. But lately...” Kara brought her palm to Lena's cheek. She was momentarily distracted by Lena's parted lips. She let out a small chuckle, “Lately you've been a bit extra nervous than usual.”

Lena bit at the corner of her lip, smiling softly and Kara loved that small blush that flushed her cheeks, “I suppose Kara Zor-El just makes me a whole lot more nervous,”

Kara smirked at the confession, still loving the way her name sounds, still loving how Lena insists on calling her that way. “It's not nerves. There's something that's scaring you. I can't put my finger on it, but there's something.”

The young Luthor immediately looked away. Her eyes fleeting down to her hands that were busy brushing away nonexistent away. She nervously bit at her lip and Kara heard her swallow down thickly. By now, Kara had this memorized. She knew Lena too well. She was overthinking. Probably creating scenarios in her head about why this thing between wouldn't work. Shouldn't work. Lena was looking for a reason to give Kara to convince her that they shouldn't go through with this. And Kara knew it was more habit than anything else.

Green eyes looked down before lifting to Kara's blue ones, and Kara heard more as much as she saw the nervousness and the fear, “I guess I'm still waiting for the other shoe to drop.”

*There it is. The overthinking part.*
Kara smiled playfully, “We might need to have an intervention about your shoe addiction.”

“I'm serious, Kara.”

Kara pressed her forehead against Lena's, “There is no other shoe, Lena. I promise. And before you say something like ‘you don't know that’ or you give me your what ifs and your ridiculous theories about the doom of our future together...”

Lena was smiling fully at Kara's words, and Kara loved she was able to erase that frown from her face. How easy it was for her to simply make Lena happy.

“There's no other shoe. And I know you still don't believe me, but I'll keep saying it until you do.”

“It's not...” Lena gulped down, her eyes darting down. Kara heard fear in her heartbeat. “It's not too late for you to...” she tried again, but her voice broke.

Kara bent her head slightly to chase Lena's eyes with her own smiling ones, “What? It's not too late for me to run away?” she said with a grin, “Really? Well you should’ve led with that!” she exclaimed as she pulled away, got off the couch, and made for the door. She turned around midway, “I've been wanting to run away ever since I found out the woman I'm in love with actually loves me back.” she laughed at the exasperated look Lena was giving her, “I especially wanted to run away from this toxic shoe addiction that she has! Oh Rao, it's unbearable!”

Lena’s eyes were wide with exasperation and shock, she got off the couch and began walking towards her, pointing frustratingly at her, “You are...”

“Relentless? Unbelievable? Well atleast I'm not obsessed with a canoe on a stick!” Kara exclaimed, feigning frustration with a roll of her eyes.

“I beg your pardon?” Lena halted, gasping with confusion hinting at her expression.

“Heels!” Kara shouted, opening her arms wide to make her point, “They're basically oval shaped opened boxes on a stick! Canoes on sticks! You're obsessed with canoes on sticks!”

Lena’s face was worth every word. It was a mixture of disbelief taking over the confusion that was previously present with hints of amusement and frustration. Her lips were slightly parted as though she were about to say something but was unable to decide on what to say. Kara was easily distracted by her lips once more; as much as she loved the lipstick on them - and Rao knew she loved the lipstick - she also really loved Lena's lips bare like this. The fact that hardly anyone - if anyone at all - saw them without lipstick.

Kara walked closer, her eyebrow arched and a smirk playing on her lips. Lena was still perplexed. And Kara loved it. She loved it when Lena was confused or nervous or shocked. The rarities of expressions for Lena Luthor. Only with Kara did those expressions usually come forth.

And Rao Kara loved every one of them.

Kara thought she could resist the urge to kiss her, to hold her. But she was helplessly wrong. So she took that step closer and pressed her lips to Lena's still confused ones.

Rao I'm never getting used to this.

The taste of her. That little tremble. Kara kissed her softly, loving the way Lena took a moment to realize Kara was kissing her. Kara liked to think that Lena's GPA went down a few notches around her. Especially when she kissed the genius Luthor.

Kara lost herself in the kiss, drowning in the sensual feeling of the taste of Lena's lips. She smiled
when she heard a soft moan come from the other woman and pressed her fingers on her waist.

Lena sighed loudly when the kiss was broken, her hands holding on to Kara's neck as though it were a lifeline. “Kara, I'm serious,” she whispered, “This... This isn't going to be easy. I need you to know that. We come from completely different worlds. Our families hate each other. My brother hates you and your sister isn't exactly very fond of me.”

“Alex doesn't... Not like you” Kara said. Doubtfully. Because Lena was right, Alex is not exactly a fan of hers. And Lena knew she was right. Which is why the famous left eyebrow was perfectly arched. “She just... She just doesn't know you.”

Kara wanted to say that Alex practically approves of this and practically encouraged Kara to ask Lena out at some point, but she decided against it. Knowing her sister, Alex still had some reservations. Besides, Kara remembered that Alex and Lena's relationship isn't exactly the best. They've had many - many - falling outs.

“It's not just our families, Kara. I'm the CEO of a billion dollar company. My whole life is in the press. Every cup of coffee I drink, every restaurant I visit, every dress I wear. Everything is photographed on a daily basis and spread out all over the tabloids. I don't want you to be dragged into this. You need...”

Kara kissed her again. Because she didn't have answers. She didn't have solutions. She didn't know how they would make it work. Only that they would. Eventually. She kissed Lena to try and give her even a sliver of hope. A small piece of the confidence she had that they would make it. Even if all the odds were stacked against them.

Kara broke the kiss just as gently as she had initiated it. Her eyes just as dreamy as Lena's. Her smile was just as sheepish and nervous as the first time she had met the young Luthor in her office.

Lena let out a small laugh, the one that tugs at Kara's heart, “You can't keep kissing me every time we...”

“Why not? I happen to really like kissing you.”

“I happen to really like kissing you too. But I... I really need you to know what you're getting yourself into before you dive in head first. This isn't...” Lena frowned at her inability to express herself, bringing her hands down to her sides, “You won't...”

“Why did you kiss me last night?” Kara suddenly asked. Lena didn't respond, so Kara asked again, “You kissed me last night. And the night before. You kissed me. I didn't kiss you first. Why?”

Lena was at a loss for words, her mouth opening and closing before deciding on what to say, “Because...” Lena’s gaze shifted down to Kara's lips and Kara felt her heart pick up in anticipation. Lena stepped closer to her, bringing her hands to Kara's neck and hooking them there, her thumbs gently brushing on her throat. She leaned her forehead against Kara’s and shook her head, “Because I can't... Not want you,” she whispered, flinching as though that was not what she meant to say.

Kara chuckled softly, “I'm rubbing off on you, Ms. Luthor. You're using double negatives now.”

Oh yeah, I was very right. IQ drop.

Lena didn’t seem to hear her, “Can't not kiss you. Can't not need you in my life, Kara.” she continued to whisper desperately, “I know it's a terrible idea for me to be kissing you. To be with you. But as soon as I see you, it's as though every reason I have simply flies out the window. I can't think whenever I'm around you. And it's driving me crazy!”
Kara smirked, knowing all of this would eventually be resolved and this is all Lena simply overthinking everything, “Why is it a terrible idea to be kissing me?”

“Because my life is in the spotlight and you being involved with me will do the same to yours. And you are the one person that should not be in the spotlight, Kara. They would take hundreds of pictures of you on a daily basis and they will dig and dig and dig into your life until they realize you didn’t exist on this planet until a decade and a half ago.”

Kara admitted to herself that what Lena was saying was very much true, “Well even if they dig, Alex forged enough things about me to prove that I was born here. And besides, I doubt they’d trace it back to Supergirl.”

Lena arched her eyebrow, “Your disguise is quite literally a pair of glasses and an updo,”

“It fooled y...”

“Try finishing that sentence,” Lena’s look was pure Luthor, cold steel and murderous.

Kara’s lips remained half on their way uttering the word for a few more seconds before realizing how deep in trouble she would if she said something along the lines of ‘fooled you didn’t it?’ She pressed them firmly in a straight guilt stricken line, “I was just gonna say it fooled... umm Yo... Ya...” Kara was basically just sounding out vowels after the letter Y to exchange the word you, “Your mother! Yup. It fooled Lillian! And she's like... Umm super smart and all that so...”

Lena closed her eyes, sighing deeply, a hint of a frustrated smile on her lips, “Should I be concerned about the amount of times you’ve mentioned my mother today?”

Kara blinked, wanting to shove a shoe in her mouth, “What?!! No, no, no. I have no idea how she keeps being brought up!”

“Alright. Your disguise might have fooled Lillian, but I assure you reporters are much more ruthless,”

“Hey!”

“Eggs! Definitely eggs!” Kara exclaimed, clearly frustrated though a smile played on her lips.

Lena laughed out loud at the image and Kara laughed with her before continuing, “I couldn’t for the life of me hold an egg without breaking it! You know how long it took for me to be able to hold an egg?”

“How long?” Lena asked, the biggest grin plastered on her face.

“Four years!” Kara nodded with her eyes rolled at Lena’s laughing gasp, “Yup. Four years I tried holding an egg without breaking it. And when I finally managed to actually hold one, I was so excited, running to find Eliza, I...”

“You broke it on the way?” Lena was now clutching her stomach with laughter.

“I broke it on the way,” Kara sighed dramatically, “I’m glad you’re finding my inability to hold an egg amusing.”

“I’m sorry, darling, I really am.” Lena wiped at a tear falling down from her eye, “I shouldn’t find this so funny. But I can’t help but imagine a younger Kara covered in egg yolk. And your poor
At this, Kara joined in with her own laugh. Because it was true, Eliza did at one point start buying eggs in bulk, going to the farmer’s market and buying everything they had. Kara remembered Alex’s teenager self exasperated at all the yolk on the kitchen floor and sighing before making breakfast herself while Kara cleaned up.

“We had these flowers! They were called...” Kara furrowed her brows in thought, “They were called dovrrosh ehl. They had a dark shade to them and their petals looked like the sky of outer space. They were my father's favorites. And I remember being so happy that I found a flower here on Earth that looked almost the same! They’re really close to the ones we had back on Krypton, that when I saw them I... Oh Rao!” Kara opened her eyes wide, her head perched up, “why am I telling you this when I can show you!”

Kara vanished from beside Lena, superspeeded into her Supergirl suit and flew off into the sky. Halfway across the Pacific, she remembered that she suddenly left Lena, and that she really needed to stop doing that. Especially since she registered the small hint of frustration in her heartbeat just before it trailed off the further she flew. Her eyes focused on the particular mountain she was flying towards. It stood firm and large amongst the other mountains around it. She dashed forward to the side of the mountain, looking for the small cliff that usually housed a number of these flowers.

Satisfied with the small bouquet of flowers she was able to collect, she flew back towards National City. She landed clumsily onto the balcony floor, realizing that a butterfly was hovering over her nose. The cross eyed look she gave the winged insect probably freaked the butterfly into flying off into the sky. Kara was slightly distracted with the butterfly when she remembered the flowers.

Lena’s eyes had grown wide when she saw the flowers, her heartbeat conveying just how much she loved them. The flowers were a nice shade of purple, with small white dots that gave an image of deep outer space. They looked something out of this world.

“Kara, these are lovely.” Lena whispered as she bent her head, sniffing at the flowers.

“They’re called petunia cultivars,” Kara nervously said.

She loves them.

“Well they’re absolutely wonderful. Thank you.”

Oh Rao, she loves them too too too much! How did I screw this up?!

“Kara, what's wrong?” Lena asked, clearly confused by the pout that was on Kara’s face.

“It's nothing. It's just you really liked the flowers.”

Lena placed a small kiss on her cheek, “I loved the flowers. Why on Earth would that be a problem, darling?”

“Well I just realized that I should've used the flowers thing on our first date. You know, impress you by getting you flowers from a mountain on another continent. It would've been more romantic.”

Lena seemed to be at a loss for words, her mouth falling agape for a few seconds before she shook
her head, “Where do I even begin with that?” she muttered to herself before she sighed and looked
Kara in the eyes, “You got these flowers from another continent? On a mountain?”

Kara nodded casually, “Mhmm,” she replied, not really understanding why Lena would be
transfixed by such a small detail.

Lena shook her head once more and let out a small laugh, confusing Kara even more, “You are
crystal something,” she whispered, her eyes gazing at the flowers in her hand. She finally looked up
at Kara, nodding once and arching an eyebrow, “First of all, I believe we've already agreed that
I'll be the one that will be taking you out on a first date.”

Kara backtracked, “What? No we didn't! I never agreed to that!”

Lena gave her an innocent confused look, “Really? Because I remember quite well you saying
something along the lines of ‘Lena, you can have the first date’,”

“I said no such thing!” Kara gasped, shocked that Lena would even consider the idea of Kara
agreeing to that.

“Darling, I don't think we need to argue about this anymore. I've already made arrangements for
our first date. Everything is already set up and...”

“Oh, don't even!” Kara scoffed, “When did you make any arrangements?” Kara wasn't too
proud of the air quotes she used when saying that last word, but she wasn't about to back out now.

Lena’s expression quivered slightly but immediately returned to its steel cold stubbornness, “Last
night,” she replied.

“Oh, Ok that makes total sense actually,” Kara’s sarcasm was seeping from every word she
uttered, “But just tell me this: was it before or after the second round we had after our shower
together? Or maybe it was when you were screaming my name on the fifth round!” Kara scoffed
but smirked smugly, partly because she was clearly winning the argument and partly because of
what she had just said.

Images of Lena arching her back and screaming her name flashed in her mind. Kara had been
three knuckles deep inside of her and her thumb was pressing on her clit. She suddenly felt the
room temperature increase somewhat around her. She didn't dare mention her sudden arousal. She
wasn't about to lose this argument. She was determined to carry through.

The defeat in Lena's eyes barely lasted a second before replaced once again by stubbornness, “It
was after you slept,” she tried again.

Kara gave her a look, “You passed out before me,” she looked up all innocently before, “I was
ready to go round six if you hadn't dozed off after the last one,”

Lena scoffed loudly, “If I remember correctly, you were dozing off with me!”

Kara thought about it for a second, her voice wavering with doubt “Maybe so, but that's besides
the point! I'm taking you out on a first date. It's gonna be super romantic and you'll love it and be
super charmed by my... My charming... What are you doing?” Kara asked when she saw Lena
casually walk to the dinner table, placing the flowers over there and grabbing her glasses.

Lena turned around with innocence drenched in her expression, “Carry on, darling.” she
mentioned before she put on those square black rimmed glasses that Kara loved so much.

She only needs her glasses for reading! Why is she...?
Lena ran a hand through her long hair casually, making Kara's eyes stare longingly at the movement. Kara's mind was losing focus. Something about the way Lena's neck only partly showing made her head spin.

Kara shook her head in haste, determined to get back to her argument, “I... I was... I was just telling you that...” Kara watched as Lena listened to her intently, though her hand was distractedly and very slowly scratching at her neck.

Lena smiled innocently, “You were just saying how you wanted me to take you out on a first date?”

Kara's eyes lingered on Lena's fingers on her neck, then up to the glasses that made her even sexier than she ever could. Her mind was still slightly focused enough to register what Lena had said.

“No, I... I didn't...” She began to barely grasp at her argument before Lena moved closer into her space.

She brought her thumb over to Kara's cheek, rubbing at something while biting her lower lip, “I'm sorry, darling you've just got some...” her eyebrows furrowed and Kara's eyes were transfixed by Lena’s lower lip being bitten, the concentrated look in her eyes, “some dirt over here,” she finished, smiling when she seemed to be satisfied with whatever was on Kara's cheek. “probably when you were getting those flowers.”

Kara was so immensely transfixed by the thumb on her cheek, she dreaded the loss painfully. Her mind lingered on the image of kissing Lena against the wall. With her glasses on. Kara felt her lips part slightly at her shortness of breath at the mere image. It was breathtaking and yet Kara's mind urged her to focus on whatever it was she was saying before.

“What was it that you were saying, darling?” Lena shifted even closer into Kara's space, sliding her right palm distractedly along Kara's arm, over her neck, and then down on the Symbol on her chest.

Kara was fully aware she was staring. Her eyes never left the little movement of Lena's tongue over her lips before she would bite down on her lower one. Her mind was filled with the feeling of Lena's touch on her arm, on the skin of her neck, on her chest. Kara felt light headed. Just moments ago she was ready to argue about something.

What was it were we arguing about?

Now... Now she wasn't entirely sure what it was they were even talking about.

She tried once again, grasping at the last threads of their prior argument, “I...

Lena casually looked down as though suddenly remembering that she was only wearing a yellow button down that reached her upper thighs. She let out a small laugh, “Oh, I'm sorry. I think I might've worn your shirt instead of mine.” she casually mentioned, her voice an echo in Kara's hazy mind. Kara felt dizzy from the look in Lena's eyes.

She was about to shake off the daze in hopes of recovering that argument she was supposed to settle when she noticed Lena suddenly starting to unbutton the shirt. “I should probably take it off to give it back. I'm sure you'll be needing it”

Yes. Taking off the shirt. That's... That's a really good idea. We should... Shirt. Off.

Slowly, as though her fingers might tear the buttons, Lena opened the shirt, her hair cascading on either side of her face as she looked down. There was no more room for imagination at the
prospect of whether or not Lena was wearing anything underneath. Kara could easily see the curve of Lena's breasts. The hardness of her nipples that would occasionally peak out. Lena reached the second last button before looking back in haste.

“Oh, I’m so sorry I cut you off, darling. What was it you were saying?” She said, her voice taking on a sultry tone that made Kara’s head spin even more. Or maybe Kara imagined her voice being different. She wasn’t entirely sure anymore. She wasn’t entirely sure of anything anymore if she were being honest with herself.

Kara gulped down, determined to try again at that... that thing they were arguing about, “I was just umm saying that I wanted...” Lena’s fingers finally undid the last button, and Kara watched with an uncontrollable sigh as the shirt fell loosely off of Lena’s slender shoulders, “I wanted to...”

The shirt pooled at Lena’s feet and Lena gave a small surprised chuckle as she looked down at the item of clothing. Kara was beyond listening to what she said next, her eyes now had a front row seat to Lena’s naked - except for a very small, very thin, very revealing pair of panties - body. She felt her mouth go dry, her lips parted letting in air that barely reached her lungs. Her fingers twitched beside her, itching to reach out and touch the stretch of flawless skin.

Rao, she’s beautiful. How is she so beautiful? How is she always this beautiful? What were we talking about?

“Is something the matter?” Lena’s voice echoed far far away, Kara barely registered what it was she was saying.

I have this sudden need to kiss you. I want you. Everything about you.

“Kara, darling, you're not...”

Kara’s restraint suddenly snapped as she cut her off with her lips, crashing them against Lena's in a heated kiss. She wasn't sure what came over her other than this desperate urge to kiss Lena. Her whole body was aching to touch her. To just feel her. A low growl sounded from Kara's throat as she deepened the kiss and pulled Lena against her body by her waist. Kara heard the pleased whimper coming from the woman in her arms, stroking her possessiveness of her.

Rao, she smells like roses after a rainstorm

The scent clouded Kara’s mind even more than it already was, her thoughts overflowing with a need to bask in nothing but this scent alone. To be able to always fill her lungs with it with each intake of breath. Kara kissed her with eager desperation. With hunger and a hint of lust. The taste of espresso lingering on Lena's tongue.

“Go out on a date with me,” Lena barely managed between kisses.

“No,” Kara replied immediately before bringing her lips back to Lena's. She continued to kiss her hungrily, pushing her further until Lena's back hit the wall.

“Let me...” Lena tried again but Kara interrupted her with another kiss, “Let me take you out on a first date. Please, Kara.”

Kara pressed her fingers on the skin of Lena’s waist as she pushed her hips against Lena's. The need to claim, to be able to feel soft skin, was becoming animalistic.

“Baby,” Lena broke the kiss to look into Kara's eyes. Kara found the same hunger in Lena's eyes that she was sure was present in her own. Lena looked down at her lips, her hands stroking her cheeks lovingly.
“I want to take you out on a date,” she pleaded.

Kara bent her head to kiss the length of her neck, “Not before I take you out on one first,” she muttered.

Lena laughed as she cradled Kara's head, “We're never going to reach an agreement are we, darling?”

“There’s no agreement to reach,” Kara said in between kisses down Lena's neck, “I already called dibs,”

Kara felt Lena's fingers dig desperately in her hair, urging her closer, “Kara,” Lena breathed out right before she hissed when Kara bit down harshly on her neck. “Easy there,” she laughed softly, already out of breath.

Kara bent down and pulled her thighs around her waist. Lena didn't wait to wrap her arms around her neck, winding them until they folded over each other. Kara held her firmly, her mouth never faltering from Lena's neck, and pushed her against a wall.

“Go on a date with me,” Lena demanded once more.

“No,” Kara grunted biting harshly once more. She soothed the spot she bit with her tongue, dabbing at it lightly.

“I promise I'll take you somewhere nice,” Lena tried again, fingers digging in blonde hair.

“I'll take you somewhere nicer,” Kara retaliated, lifting her up slightly so she can bit down on one her breasts.

“I'll buy you all the potstickers your heart desires, darling.”

“I'll buy you even more canoes on sticks,” Kara chuckled.

“Kara, I'm serious!” Lena’s voice was clearly frustrated, although her frustration was even more clearly laced with arousal.

“And I'm not? I'm not backing down anytime soon, so you might as well just give it up,” Kara muttered right before going back to her exploration of Lena's collarbone.

Lena pulled her face towards hers, “You clearly don't know what I do for a living if you think I'm going to just give up,” Lena replied, her voice sounding murderous. The confident expression though was immediately replaced by a hiss when Kara grinded her hips onto Lena’s center, “Fuck, that feels amazing, Kara.”

“Let me take you out on a first date and maybe it’ll feel even more amazing,”

“Not a chance,” she replied, although her voice broke a little when Kara grinded rougher.

“Then I'll stop,”

Lena scoffed, “As if you can,” she mimicked what Kara had said the night before.

Kara grunted angrily at Lena not believing her, although her heart reacted at the notion of her knowing her so well. She squeezed Lena's thighs right before sliding her hands down to the underside of them as she recaptured her mouth with her own. She felt hands on her cheeks as she kissed Lena hungrily.

Can never get enough of her.
“Which way is the desk?” Kara asked, her question punctuated by kisses.

“Why...?” Lena began but was interrupted by Kara's mouth, “Why would you want... Oh! You mean...?”

“Mhmm” Kara began walking, bumping into a poor floor lamp that toppled over on its head. She walked out into the living room, her mind not really focused on where she's going but more rather on who she's kissing.

She tightened her hands on the skin of pale slender thighs when Lena began slowly grinding herself on her lower stomach.

Need to put her down.

Kara opened one eye to observe where exactly they were. She found that they were close to the kitchen counter.

Close enough to a desk.

She placed Lena on top and felt the woman break the kiss hastily. Lena turned her face to survey were they were and seemed to be just as surprised as Kara had been. Kara kissed a trail from her neck to her collarbone as Lena cradled her head in her arm. Her other arm however was busy reaching out for something.

“What are you trying...?” Kara began asking.

“The cup of water,” She laughed, “I need to hydrate, Kara, if we're doing this again.”

Kara chuckled right before reaching out and handing her the cup of water. She watched as Lena gulped down half the cup’s contents before she smiled and placed the cup’s rim at Kara's lips. Lena tilted the cup slightly and Kara discovered just how thirsty she was as Lena held the cup while she drank.

“What more?” Lena asked lovingly, the warmth in her question filling Kara’s chest with a delightful domestic feeling.

Kara nodded, feeling herself still thirsty. She watched as Lena carefully poured more water from the pitcher on the counter. Something about the way Lena refused to hand her the cup and insisted on holding the cup for Kara as she gulped down the liquid felt... domestic. Like they had both come back from work after a long day and were taking care of each other. Kara’s mind flew a few years ahead at the idea of coming home to Lena.

She found herself loving the feeling of it.

Lena set the glass back down on the counter before pulling Kara with the heels of her feet and locking her ankles at the small of Kara’s back. She slid her arms around the toned neck, “Now, where were we, darling?”

“I think,” Kara whispered, running her hands over soft thighs and gripping the underside of them, “You were about to lie down on the counter and I was about to,” she bent her head to place a kiss at the hollow of Lena’s neck, “make you,” she placed another kiss just under her collarbone, “come screaming my name,” she whispered hoarsely right before gently pushing Lena back until her head met the hard surface of the counter.

Kara bit down at that tender spot she liked right at Lena’s inner thighs, eliciting that hiss she liked even more. She slid her hands to Lena’s upper thighs and pulled her center closer to her mouth. She could feel the heat radiating off of her, more so off of the woman that was sprawled before
her. Could smell the arousal coming from just under her chin as she kissed a trail over Lena’s pelvis.

“Kara, please just stop teasing,” Lena whispered breathless, her voice groggy with want.

Kara couldn’t deny her anything, that much was obvious. She tore the thin line of panties that separated her from Lena’s center and feasted her eyes on the wetness underneath. Kara looked up to see Lena’s eyes glued to the ceiling, her body stiff with the expectation of Kara’s tongue.

A single kiss and then Kara delved right into Lena’s folds, pushing her tongue inside and making the woman arch her back with pleasure. She felt fingers bunch in her blonde hair as she continued doing unholy things with her tongue and brought a thumb up to play with the bundle of nerves. Lena halfway sat up, resting on her elbows and watching breathlessly. Kara could feel those eyes on her, met them with her own before she increased the speed of her tongue. Lena let out a loud moan, a sinful sound that brought pleasure to Kara’s ears. Kara stroked her clit harsher, pushed her tongue faster until Lena’s arms seemed to no longer be able to hold her and she lay back down on her back.

“Kara?” Lena panted.

“Mmm?” Kara hummed, the vibrations sending more waves of pleasure into the woman under her.

“Use your fingers, Kara. Please” she pleaded, sounding as though on the edge of sanity.

Kara knew what Lena wanted, She moved her mouth to suck on Lena’s clit, her lips engulfing the bead of nerves and her tongue beginning to stroke it. She brought two fingers, entering Lena easily with how wet she was. Lena let out a long sigh, as though was holding her breath.

“Yes,” she laughed through her moans, “faster, Kara.”

The two fingers began pumping faster. Kara’s ears were tuned in to her Lena’s heartbeat, knowing exactly how close she was and when she would be close enough to the edge for Kara to push her off of it. She raised her head, smirking slightly at how beautiful Lena looked writhing because of her, encouraging her to go even faster.

“Like this, baby?” Kara asked in that confident tone that she knew Lena loved so much.

A loud moan came in response and Kara smirked before halting her thrusts making Lena snap her eyes open and looking at her.

“You’re gonna have to give me an answer, baby, or else I’ll think you’re not...”

“No, no, it’s perfect,” Lena clutched at Kara’s hand, guiding it to start moving again, but Kara didn’t budge, “Please Kara I’m so close. Your fingers are perfect, just please don’t stop.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes! Please stop teasing!”

Kara laughed before moving her fingers again, working her up once more. Lena’s body was covered with sweat, her hands played with her breasts, eyes closed shut in pleasure.

Kara climbed on the counter over Lena, her fingers going even faster than before, thrusting in and out of Lena’s center and stroking her thumb on Lena’s clit. She brought her forehead down onto Lena’s, her breath just as short as the woman beneath her. She could feel Lena close. She thrusted faster feeling Lena about to come only to slow down her fingers to pull her back from the edge. It
was power in its rawest form.

“Kara, please!”

“Say my name and I’ll let you come,” Kara whispered, her breath hot against Lena’s ear.

Lena shuddered, whether from getting close again or from the dominance in Kara’s voice, Kara wasn’t sure. Arms wound around Kara’s neck, Lena’s lips glued to her ear, Kara immediately began thrusting her fingers faster even before she heard the words uttered in her ear.

“Kara Zor-El,” Lena whispered breathless.

And Kara shivered with pleasure as she thrust deep inside and stroked that one spot she knew would throw Lena off the edge.

And she did. Lena came with a loud scream, holding tight onto Kara’s neck, her whole body going rigid before writhing beneath Kara’s. Kara helped her ride through her orgasm, stroking gently, and watching the beautiful wave of pleasure washing over Lena’s face. The green of those eyes was hidden from Lena’s sleepy languid post-sex state. A lazy smile resided on her lips, never faltering.

Kara bent down and kissed that smile, chuckling when she found Lena’s lips seeming too tired to move.

“How does it get even better every time?” Lena asked panting.

“Do you think a person could die from too much sex?” Kara asked breathless.

Lena let out a small short of breath laugh, “I'm starting to think it's possible. I don't think I can move a single muscle after that last round.”

“How many rounds has it been anyway?” Kara turned to her, genuinely curious.

Lena had her eyes closed, head situated in the middle of the bed, with the pillows scattered somewhere on the floor, “I lost count after round 9 where you had me pinned against the kitchen wall.”

Kara felt a giddy smile on her face, “I liked that round. Definitely a top 3.”

Lena let out a half laugh half scoff, “I liked the dinner table one. I think that was round 13,” she paused, thinking, “Or 16,” she squinted her eyes in thought.

“Oooh, yes that one was very,” Kara suddenly rolled on top of Lena, her lips hovering over her cheek, and feeling her energy coming back to her due to her being Kryptonian, “Very memorable. Maybe we should revisit some of the things we did in that round,” she said devilishly before scraping her teeth on Lena's cheek. “Especially that part where you had your...”

Lena laughed, pushing at Kara’s shoulder, but Kara didn’t budge, “I'm starting to think you might be a sex addict,”

Kara shifted back, shocked, “Me? You're the one who keeps jumping me!”

“Says the person who was ready for round...” Lena scrunched her face trying to remember the number, “Round whatever this is!” She gasped, looking to the side and speaking to herself, “Oh God, I think we had sex over 27 times today. Not counting the dozen times we had sex last
“night!” She looked back at Kara accusingly.

“What are you looking at me for?! I had nothing to do with this!” Kara exclaimed defensively.

Lena scoffed loudly, a sound of disbelief escaping her, “You quite literally had *everything* to do with this!”

“But you liked it!”

“I did!”

“Ok, then!”

“Ok!”

“Then why are we arguing?!”

“I don’t know!”

Kara bent down her head and crashed her lips onto Lena's, loving the way she moaned at the kiss. She brought her hands to grip at her waist, sliding them up to her stomach and through the valley between her breasts. Kara's mouth was relentless, wanting - needing - Lena just as much as the first time. The fire not having been tamed over the dozens of times they've done this.

“No, no, no, no,” Lena muttered in between kisses, laughing at Kara’s renewed eagerness, “Baby, I can’t. I’m too sore.” Kara peppered kisses onto her cheek, all while sliding her hand lower to the place where she knew would convince Lena to change her mind. But Lena wasn’t having it, she clutched at Kara’s hand just as it had reached her lower stomach, laughing in the process, “Kara! I’m way too sensitive down there for you to even think of touching me.” Kara gave her the famous pout, which Lena arched both eyebrows at, “Don’t! Don’t give me that look! I’m only human! I can only take so many orgasms.”

A smirk played on Kara’s face.

“Oh, wipe that smug smirk off your face. You had just as many orgasms as I did,” Lena warned.

Kara laughed then, her breath bouncing off of Lena’s cheek as she placed lazy kisses on there, “Fine. But you’re missing out.”

Lena scoffed even louder than last time, “I assure you I’m not missing out on anything when it’s all we’ve been doing the whole day,”

*Whole day*?!

Kara suddenly perched her head up, looking for a clock nervously, “What time is it?” she asked, her head going right and left trying to find anything that told her the time.

Lena smiled at Kara and if Kara wasn’t already worried about the time she would have melted a little at that smile, “Why? Got a hot date or something?” She asked.

“Well I would if you’d let me take you out, for Rao’s sake,” Kara muttered as she got off the bed and pulled on a discarded long tank top. She found her phone somewhere on the floor beside the bed and grabbed for it before sitting back down on the edge of the bed.

*Just a little after 4. I should probably start getting ready for tonight. Can’t be late.*

Lena seemed to have recovered from her sore after-sex laziness and was watching Kara as she came back to wrap an arm around her waist and kiss her gently. Kara broke the kiss and looked at
her regretfully. She ghosted her fingers over Lena’s cheeks, her lips. Memorizing. Memorizing every detail.

Just in case.

Lena seemed to notice, and the look she gave Kara proved as much, “What's wrong?” she asked.

Kara didn't want to answer that question. Didn't want to break this illusion in her mind about what today had been with the notion of what was about to happen. The illusion of them being the only two people who existed. That Kara didn’t have responsibilities and places she needed to be. People depending on her.

It tore at her how much she wanted to just stay there. To just stay in this bed, kissing this beautiful gorgeous woman and talking about Krypton.

She bent down and kissed her softly. Gently. Trying to find a way to hold on to the memory of Lena’s lips. She made a silent prayer to come back to her. Whatever happens tonight, Kara promised herself she would find a way to come back to Lena and kiss her just as she did now.

“I have to go,” Kara whispered.

“Oh,” Lena whispered back on her lips, “Supergirl emergency?”

Kara remained quiet, just looking into those forest green eyes she loved so much. She wanted nothing more than to stay. Nothing more than to just ignore what was tonight. But she knew she couldn’t.

Lena frowned at Kara’s silence. She stroked Kara’s cheeks lovingly, rubbing her thumb back and forth softly, “Why do I feel as though you’re not telling me something?”

As much as it ate at Kara to tell Lena the truth, she knew she had to. She couldn’t lie. They were in a good place. A place lacking lies and untold truths. Kara swallowed down the lump in her throat before replying in a hoarse whisper.

“I have to go because tonight we’re transferring Fright onto this Earth”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's been a while, but February was one of those shitty months that would not end.
I'll be editing tomorrow, but I just wanted to post this before going to sleep. So if you happen to stumble on silly notes in brackets here and there, don't freak out.
Alex

Chapter Summary

I regret nothing....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kara screamed in agony.

Her screams echoed the hallways of the DEO, causing everyone to shiver at what might make the Girl of Steel scream in that manner.

But they all knew the answer very well.

Fright.

“Hold her down!” Alex shouted at the flustered DEO agent.

Kara’s body was fighting every chance to stay still, trying to move off of the bed she was being pushed onto in the medbay of the DEO hideout. Alex looked in horror as the green veins on her sister's neck were starting to leech their way onto the underside of her jaw. Kara's eyes bulged out, the once blue ocean color now replaced with a dangerous neon green, and another scream wailed out of her. She pulled her arm and flung some young DEO agent out onto the wall. Alex had only a second to react before she reached for the needle.

She held her sister's arm down and pushed the needle inside to hopefully sedate the agonized body of the Kryptonian. Kara’s fight gradually began fading as her arched body slowly began to lie back down on the bed. The agents who were holding Kara down finally backed away, letting the doctors do their job. Alex looked up and met the eyes that only showed from the face covered by the surgical mask. Eyes that held sadness. But that sadness was quickly replaced by determination.

Alex nodded to her mother and they both said a silent prayer before the scalpel came down onto the woman who was a sister and a daughter to them before she was ever the Girl of Steel.

Present

The surgery lasted five hours of pulling out bullets from Kara's body, collecting bone fragments that had been ruptured and using Clark’s blood for transfusions. The DEO was normally stocked up on Clark's blood in case of situations such as these, but Alex had called Clark for more, knowing she'll need as much as she can get to replace most of the blood in Kara’s body.

Alex came out of the operation room still numb with shock, the realization of what had happened not fully catching up to her. She pulled at the surgical gown discarding it in a nearby bin with no sense of anything around her. Her mother offered to close up without her, and Alex all but jumped at the opportunity of getting out of the room where her sister was laid open in front of her.
She slowly realized this is why surgeons weren’t allowed to operate on their loved ones. But there was no one else other than her and her mother who knew enough about Kara’s biology. Plus all the other surgeon were busy operating on the field agents who were injured during the...

Alex swallowed down at the events of the day. She didn't understand. Her mind refused to comprehend what had gone wrong. Someone was calling her name. Someone far away, and Alex looked around the farthest side of the hallway to see who it was only to be surprised to find James and Winn so close by.

“... happened?”

Alex blinked to see James speaking, no words making their way into her ears.

*Shock. A sudden drop in blood flow through the body due to confusion, anxiety, and or an intense emotional reaction to a stressful situation.*

Alex explained her inability to hear James’ words as shock, simply a physical critical condition her body is experiencing.

*My mind is still processing. Which is why I can't focus on what James is saying. It's fine. Just calm down. Kara is stable.*

“What...” her voice broke from how dry her throat was. She cleared it before trying again, “What did you say?”

*Four teams were with me. All highly trained operatives. And yet... How did I not know that Martinez was...?*

“... You hear me?” someone was saying.

“Hmm?” Alex looked up at James still speaking. She squinted her eyes to try and decipher some of what he was saying.

“... Said is Kara ok?” James repeated, his eyes showing a hint of sympathy that Alex decided she didn’t like.

“Yes. She's...” Alex thought about how not ok Kara was, “She's... Yes.” she settled on before slowly walking away.

“Alex?” James called out to her, his voice sounding farther and farther away. And Alex decided she liked the sound of it the farther she got. She liked that it was fading. The sound of it alone was distracting her from her thoughts.

*I saw Martinez this morning. He seemed fine. Then, how? And Fright? How did she just escape? She was there one minute and then... just gone. She was cuffed. No way would she be able to get out of those cuffs on her own. Who helped her? Why was that...*

Alex stopped walking. Blinking, she found herself in an empty hallway down in the further sectors of the DEO. It was empty. The dim lights making it seem even emptier.

Images of her sister falling to her knees with bullet holes in her suit came back to haunt her. The color of the suit was what terrorized her the most. That dark crimson that spread over the blue of Kara’s suit. The way it just coated the whole of the suit, not leaving an inch of blue behind. Alex can still remember pressing her palm at one of those bullet holes, only to notice another one beside it. She remembered pressing her other palm over the second bullet hole, only to notice the three other ones that blood was seeping out of. The realization of her only having two hands and not being able to stop the bleeding had almost left her asphyxiated with horror.
Something boiled deep in the pit of her stomach. Something primal. Something that made her chest heave.

Anger. No. Rage. It was rage. Rage leaked through every fibre of her being, spilling in heaps from her. Her hands curled into fists, nailing digging deep into her skin.

Why?! Why would anyone...

Alex only registered the pain after she had opened her eyes to find her fist connected to the wall. She gritted her teeth as she felt the adrenaline grasping at the pain like a drug. She didn’t register her decision before she found her fist pounding once more on the concrete wall. Something about the pain was addicting. It was an outlet for her rage. A sliver of satisfaction reaching her lungs. She continued to pound her fist on the wall, noticing none of the skin breaking, none of the blood spilling. Someone called her name far far away, but she paid no attention to it. Her ears were ringing and her head was throbbing, but she couldn’t stop the addictive feeling of her fist connecting with the wall.

Suddenly her arm was held midair, she struggled to free it to reach the wall once more, to leech on that satiating feeling of pleasurable pain. She gritted her teeth as she pulled on her arm, but was turned around and pinned against the wall instead.

Worried eyes met hers, as fingers made their way onto her face and thumbs soothingly rubbed on her cheeks.

“Alex, look at me!”

Maggie.

Alex looked confusedly at her, as though she couldn’t have been there.

“Danvers, you need to calm down. I just talked to Eliza, Kara is stable for now.”

For now. She’s stable for now. We also thought she was stable a few hours ago before she crashed.

Alex couldn’t hold herself up anymore, she reached her arms out until she embraced the woman she loved in a terrified hug. Maggie held her close, and Alex found a new addictive feeling in the way Maggie’s hair tickled her nose. She rested her head on her shoulder and breathed her in. The sobs started then. A rarity for Alex. She often took pride in the fact that she can keep her emotions in check through stressful situations. But this... This was just too much.

“Shhh, it’s ok. I’m here, Al. I’m here,” Maggie soothed, and her voice was pulling Alex back to the calm.

But then Alex remembered everything else and she pulled away to try and explain.

“The bullets. They...” a croaky sound came out of her throat as she felt the words choke in there. Angry tears ran down her cheeks, her chest heaving, “The bullets...” she tried once more. She was getting frustrated with her inability to voice out words. The effort it took to even control her anger was exhausting.

“Calm down, Alex. Breathe. The bullets what? Tell me about the bullets.”

“They...” Why can’t I spit it out!

“It’s ok, Alex. You don’t have to now. Let’s just go sit somewhere,” Maggie’s palm rested on her cheek, and Alex drew the strength she needed from that gesture.
“They’re new. Different. Once they entered her body they leaked liquid kryptonite,” She spat out in disgust.

*Why would anyone make something like that? Kara is a good person!*

“Oh God is Kara ok?”

“No! She’s not! She's barely hanging on to her life! She...” Alex choked once more on her words, “She crashed twice on the table and we had to close her up before fixing all the damage or else her body would go into shock.”

Shhh, it’s ok, Alex.” Maggie pulled her face to her shoulder and Alex once again let the sobs take over her. Eventually, Maggie let her go and Alex wasn’t sure how long they had stood there for.

“Alex, what happened out there?” Maggie asked cautiously.

“I... I don’t know. Everything seemed to be going according to plan. Everything! But things started to...” *Everything started to feel strange.* “And then Martinez, he...” *Oh God! We still have to find Martinez. He could be anywhere.* “And Fright just...” *She just disappeared!*

“Alex, start from the beginning. Tell me what happened. Last I talked to you, you said you were assembling teams and getting ready to go to Earth-1.

*That sounds like it happened ages ago.*

Alex nodded slowly before starting to speak. Her voice still shaking, her mind rattled trying to fit all the pieces together.

“After I talked to you, I started assigning positions for each of my teams...”

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**6:23 pm**

“I want two teams situated on the entrance of this side of the portal and two teams on the entrance of the other side of the portal.” Alex pointed at two points on the screen table in front of them. She was huddled over the table with the leaders of six of her teams. “Your positions will be here and here, same goes with the other two teams. I will lead the team that will be closest to the prisoner. And the last team will be following close by.”

She swiped the screen on the table and images of the types of weapons that will be used showed up, “The prisoner is known for being able to dodge bullets with her agility. We haven’t been able to study her powers closely, which is why you all need to keep your guard up and expect anything,” Alex instructed, not being able to stress more on the fact that *anything* can happen.

“We are using a custom made weapon designed especially for the prisoner. You’ve also been supplied with faster hammer designed bullets that should cater to the prisoner’s abilities. These weapons would fire at a faster rate than your regular rifles and the hammer bullets will ensure maximum damage.”

Alex swiped up to zoom in on the bullets that they will be using and began explaining the customization that Winn had built into the gun. Her agents all nodded their understanding when she was through.

“This is all just a precaution in case the prisoner was able to get free. She will be handcuffed at all times with power suppressing cuffs, but that doesn’t mean letting your guard down. You are to be alert the whole time, am I understood?” She asked firmly.
“Yes, ma’am.”

“Understood.”

“Copy.”

“Good. Now go get your teams ready,” she instructed before nodding to them.

All her team leaders had dispersed accordingly except Martinez. He waited until his comrades left before stepping closer to Alex who was busy observing the schematics of the plan.

“Yes, Martinez,” she addressed him without taking her eyes off of the screen.

“Ma’am, permission to speak freely?”

“Granted.”

“I was wondering if it would be alright if my team was closer to the prisoner. With all due respect Ma’am, but my agents are much more trained to handle situations like these than Vasquez’s team. I shouldn’t be positioned at this side of the portal entrance.”

“Are you questioning my decisions, agent Martinez?”

“No, Ma’am. I would never. But I know my team. And I know Vasquez’s team. We have a better shot at this going smoothly if I was closer to the action and not waiting on this side of things.”

Alex finally looked at the young agent. She knew him well. He's been with them for over two years. She thought over what he said. Vasquez’s team was just as capable as his, but he wasn't wrong either. His team was trained to handle stressful and pressure filled situations.

She nodded once before speaking, “I agree with you. Go let Vasquez know that you'll be switching positions.”

Martinez nodded back to his superior and walked away.

7:10 pm

This was Alex’s first time going to this other Earth. It was ridiculous enough when Kara explained it to her, but now actually going there, Alex was finally coming to terms with the reality of the concept. As a bio-engineer, she preferred seeing things as they are and believing of their existence upon seeing them. And now as she was about to finally step onto another Earth, she was finally getting her physical proof.

She looked down at her tablet, reviewing the formations of each of her teams for the fourth time and calculating if there was a more strategic formation she might not have thought about yet.

“Hey,” Kara came up beside her, her smile even more repulsively blinding than usual.

“What’s got you so chirpy?”

“I’m always this level of chirpy,” Kara beamed, her lips pressed together in that way that made Alex know she was lying. Kara had the most obvious tell anyone could ever have and Alex knew it better than anyone.

“True. But you have an extra skip in your step.”
“I’m skipping the usual normal amount thank you very much,” Kara lied again.

“Whatever you say,” Alex rolled her eyes, going back to her tablet and knowing fully well that the extra skip in her sister’s step was probably due to a certain CEO of a certain billion dollar company.

Alex dragged Alpha team’s formation and situated them closer to the portal entrance and evened them out on all sides of it. She nodded at the precision of her plan.

*Everything should go according to plan.*

“Have you ever banned Maggie from saying something?” came Kara’s voice from where she leaned her chin over Alex’s right shoulder.

Alex didn’t bother taking her eyes off her tablet, “I’m not even going to pretend that what you asked can be answered,” she mumbled back.

“I just mean... You can ban someone from saying something right? Like that’s a normal coupley thing to do, right?”

“There is nothing normal about what you just said.”

“Do you have a paper?” Kara suddenly asked, leaning her head to the right to situate her face in between Alex’s and the tablet.

“No,” Alex grunted, before turning her body the other way to get back to her work.

“How do you write stuff?”

“I don’t,” Alex replied on autopilot

“Oh.”

“Just use your phone.”

“Uhh... well I umm. I uhh I kinda broke it. And also dropped it while flying...”

Alex gave her a side glance, “That's the third phone this month, Kara.”

“I know, I know, I know. Last time I promise.”

“Just make sure you get a new one from downstairs before heading off so I can have something to call you on.”

“Okey dokes. Now...” Kara looked around them as though searching for something, “Do you know where I can get a paper from in this secret government facility?” she mumbled mainly to herself.

“You know you could just...” Alex began, but watched as Kara began absentmindedly walking around the DEO asking people for a paper, “She can literally go home, grab a paper, and come back in less than a minute,” she mumbled to herself. Sometimes she truly believed Kara forgot that she had superpowers.

“Do you have a paper?” Kara asked a startled young man. He hesitantly shook his head, “No? Oh ok. Have a lovely day,” she smiled a little too brightly that probably scared the agent even more.

Alex sighed as she watched her sister startle another DEO agent. It’s not everyday that Supergirl asks you for a piece of paper.
“Do you have a paper?” she asked the third person who also responded with a wide eyed creeped out look and a shake of his head. “Do you know anyone who does have a paper?” she insisted and received a similar response to the first three.

Alex continued to watch her sister until finally the light bulbs in her head lit up and Kara realized something substantial with wide eyes. The blonde hero disappeared for what appeared to be less than a few seconds and returned back with a stack of papers. She then proceeded to distribute papers to all the DEO agents because *just incase someone asked you about a paper some other time or incase you just wanted to write some very important DEO information down*, Kara explained.

The whole scenario was then followed by Kara going around the DEO again and asking for a pen.

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**9:02 pm**

“Positions everyone!” Alex called out, watching as all her teams were clad in tactical unit uniforms and armed excessively. “You all know where to go!”

Two teams, each composed of three agents, stood guard at where the portal should be opened. Alex stood by her sister and the rest of the teams to wait for the portal. J’onn and Guardian were kept in charge of the city while the transfer took place.

*Everything should go according to plan.*

Alex nodded slightly to herself, reassuring herself that everything was perfectly planned to the centimeter. There was no way anything could go wrong. She had taken precautions for her precautions.

Blue and white waves suddenly exploded before them and a circular portal opened up. The portal was massive in size, able to fit two doors in both height and width.

“Let's go! On me!” Alex called out, walking behind her sister. On the outside, she put up a confident front, her eyes focused and her grip tight on the holsters of the gun she held. But deep inside, she didn't know what she expected going through those waves that looked more and more like the bottom of the ocean. She wasn't much looking forward to going through.

*Pass through and you'll be on another Earth. Not any less bizarre as half the stuff I deal with here at the DEO.*

Alex took that final step and watched as her right foot disappeared into the abyss. She pushed the rest of her body, slightly closing her eyes, half expecting water to splash through her eyes and blind her.

It was more of what she felt than what she saw. Because she saw nothing. One minute she was on Earth-38, and the next minute she's apparently on Earth-1. But her whole body warped through waves of electricity. And she was right. It did feel like the ocean. The pressure around her body felt like she was swimming deep in the bottom of the ocean. Her limbs felt weightless yet they also held her down. Her head pounded for just a second, a reflex her mind was experiencing of thinking they were actually drowning.

But then it was all gone.
Alex blinked before opening up to find herself in what looked like a science facility. White walls contradicted the dark ones she was used to of the DEO. Lab equipment scattered the farthest walls of the room while multiple screens and keyboards were found all over the room.

Alex saw some familiar faces. Barry Allen stood at the forefront of his team, already hugging Kara and being squeezed a bit too tightly by her. Beside him, Alex recognized Cisco Ramon, who she knew was a meta human but has yet to understand his powers. A blonde man in a green vigilante suit came up beside them and was also engulfed in one of Kara's hugs, smiling proudly at her. Alex had heard about the Green Arrow, she had never actually seen him before.

She looked away from her sister and her friends and turned to look at her team, “Your team will be there on the side of the portal,” she pointed at one of her team leaders and then to a spot where they had rehearsed. She then looked at the other team leader, “You, there.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Copy that.”

“The rest of you on me. You know your orders,” she nodded once to them and turned back to walk towards her sister.

Kara noticed her and immediately brightened up, “Oh, Barry! You remember my sister Alex, right?”

9:47 pm

Alex noticed her sister’s tight fists at her side, her knuckles turning white from the firm grip.

She knew her sister well to notice her tense posture.

“You okay?” She asked.

“I don’t know yet,” Kara whispered, her eyes darting from one corner of the room to the next. Alex knew that look. Kara was using her x-ray vision.

“Do you see anything?”

“No everything seems to be in order. I just can’t shake this feeling,” Kara brows furrowed, her eyes seeming distant. Alex knew that look too. Kara was tuning her hearing, listening to something.

“Maybe you’re just nervous. She did a number on you. It’s perfectly normal for you to feel this way,” Alex mentioned, still feeling somewhat hurt that Kara never opened up about what she went through with Fright’s paranoia.

Kara didn’t reply, her focus seemed to be on whatever it is she was listening to. Alex sensed a hint of anger in her eyes.

“This’ll all be over before you know it,” she tried again.

Kara looked at her as though just remembering that she was here. She sighed, “Yeah, I guess you’re right,” she shook off her distracted expression as though forcing herself to focus, “I’m gonna umm go to the pipeline with Barry to get the prisoner. You should get your teams ready here.”

“Alright. Let’s do this,” Alex nodded. She then touched her sister’s shoulder right before she took
a step to grab her attention, “Hey, when this is all over, you wanna come over and watch a movie with me and Maggie? I know it’s late but I don’t want you being alone after this.”

Kara looked conflicted, which slightly surprised Alex seeing that her sister usually jumped at an opportunity like this. But then she nodded slowly, “Sure,” she said with a smile that was way too small for Alex’s liking before she walked away quickly.

Alex turned around and marched towards her teams, ready to give last minute commands and do a run down of their formations one last time. She noticed Barry talking with Cisco and frowned when she remembered Kara mentioning that she was going with him. Alex shook off the small detail and simply reasoned that maybe Kara needed a minute to herself before everything.

Present

“And then what happened, Alex?” Maggie asked. They sat against the wall in some hallway, Alex’s arms rested on her knees that were bent in front of her.

She looked aimlessly at the wall opposite them.

“Then everything fell apart,” she whispered, choking on the words.

“What happened?”

“That’s just it, I don’t know,” Alex shrugged, her voice sounding weak as it broke, “I don’t know,” she repeated in frustration.

Maggie brushed her hair back, the touch that usually calmed Alex down now seemed too distant to fix anything. They stayed silent, her fiance knowing her enough to give her time to gather her thoughts. Alex swallowed down thickly, wiping away at a tear on her cheek.

“Kara went to check on the prisoner. I was with the other DEO Agents. I remember seeing Barry and Caitlin Snow talking. That woman, Gypsy, was also there. She was on the other side of the room talking with Cisco Ramon. Oliver Queen was on the phone, getting ready to leave.”

Alex tried to remember the most intricate of details. Something. Anything that would explain what happened. How Fright had escaped. Something about Martinez’s behaviour that could have warned her.

“But when Kara walked into the room with Fright, I knew something was off. It was a gut feeling. Years of training at the DEO, I was taught to follow patterns and notice small details and trust my gut. This was it. Everything looked fine, but my instincts told me something else.”

Alex gripped Maggie's hand tighter, her fingers intertwined with her fiance’s pressed harder on the skin.

“Kara walked into the room looking terrified. And then suddenly Martinez, he...”

*How did I not notice it wasn't him? How did he slip past us?*

“What, Alex? What happened next?”

“One of my team leaders, Martinez, he was... We didn't know. He acted just like Martinez. As soon as Kara walked into the room, he...”

Alex remembered in horror as Martinez aimed his gun.
“What did Martinez do?”
Alex gulped down.
“He shot Kara.”

10:13 pm

Alex turned around when she noticed Kara walking into the room with Fright. The prisoner was handcuffed with power suppressing cuffs that made it impossible for Fright to use her abilities. Kara held her upper arm tightly as she pulled her into the room.

And that's when Alex felt it. Slight movement beside her. It was so small. So terribly small that to anyone else it would have been taken lightly. But Alex knew something was wrong.

She turned her head to the agent beside her, just as the nuzzle of his gun pointed upwards, and his finger pressed the trigger.

He began shooting.

Multiple times.

His finger never left the trigger, as bullet after bullet shot out of his gun and towards....

Alex turned her head to where the bullets were hitting and felt her whole body paralyze.

There were bullet holes in Kara's suit. And for a second, Alex’s brain refused to register what those holes meant. Because her sister was bulletproof. Indestructible. Made of steel. Those holes shouldn't be there. It was an unimaginable anomaly. Something that was out of place.

And yet those holes were there. And Kara's suit began taking a dangerous darker color.

Martinez fired eight bullets. Five of them went into Kara. Three of them were caught by the Flash.

And then everything happened so very fast.

Alex turned to Martinez, her own gun ready to shoot, when he smiled right before changing form and a white Martian towered over her. The Martian flung its arm around, throwing DEO agents against walls and bending guns pointed towards it. Alex began shooting, her aim although was impeccable but was no match for the speed at which the white Martian sprang on the walls around them. Its claws digging into the concrete of the walls as it jumped onto another agent and slashed at his chest.

Alex dodged a rock coming her way by rolling on the ground and aimed again at the beast. She fired more shots and managed to barely get its arm. She noticed two arrows shot past her that lodged themselves into the wall where the Martian was. They would've easily lodged themselves into its skull if he wasn't so fast. Alex looked behind her and found that same woman who had helped catch Fright that day. The woman who was with Gypsy. She held a crossbow in her hands and her eyes were clad in a mask.

*I really need to know who the hell this woman is and why she keeps helping us.*

She watched as the woman took her chances and ran towards the Martian as it was busy fighting one of the DEO agents. Alex saw some sort of blade in her hand as she used a broken table to flip
herself in the air and sink her blade into the beast’s shoulder. She then screamed in pain and Alex was unsettled for only a second not processing what had happened before she realized what had hurt the woman.

A misfire. One of her agents was firing at the Martian right before the woman launched herself onto it and accidentally shot her in the side. The woman only had a heartbeat to falter before the Martian wrapped its fist around her waist and pounder her into the ground.

Alex began shooting at the Martian, trying to grab its attention off of the injured woman on the floor. One of her bullets went through right beside the blade that had been lodged into the Martian’s shoulder and Alex heard the shrill scream that came out of it. He turned around and faced her, it's eyes bright red with anger, and Alex thought about how she never knew its eyes could change color.

She didn't have time to process her train of thought as she saw a whole desk being flung her way. It was too big for her to dodge and she braced herself for the impact. But it never came.

The Flash had carried her out of the way and was back fighting the monster all in the span of a heartbeat. She looked in horror at where she had been standing and found the desk crushed to pieces from the impact. The Flash, although was much faster than the Martian, but his strength was outmatched. His punch was caught by the beast and he was flung to the other side of the room from his arm.

The Green Arrow fired more arrows, his aim skillfully shooting where he expected the beast to go rather on where he actually was. But the arrows all missed. A new woman also joined in on the fight and Alex didn’t have the mental capacity to watch her fight the monster. She turned to look at where her sister was.

Alex finally looked to Kara in horror and felt her whole body once again paralyze at the sight. Kara stood there motionless. Her body shivering from pain while the sweat trickled down her forehead.

She stood her ground beside Fright, her face terrified, her fists at her sides. She stood watching the fight in horror as though too scared to join in. Alex saw Fright whisper something and Kara looked at her with even more horror before she suddenly grabbed the point where her cuffs met in the middle and crushed the metal in her hands, freeing Fright in the process.

“Kara!” Alex screamed at her, but Kara was beyond listening. Her focus solely on Fright, listening to what the albino blonde was saying.

“Kara!” Alex screamed again, dodging another thrown object as she began running towards her sister. Her focus was split between surviving, fighting back, protecting her agents, and getting to her sister. Alex's heart was exploding in her chest, her muscles screaming in pain. But the adrenaline was what kept her moving.

She halted just as the white Martian landed in front of her positioning itself between her and her sister. Alex aimed to fire her gun but the Martian slapped the gun away with the back of its hand. It let out a nerve wrecking animalistic growl and Alex felt her insides shudder at the sound. She stood in front of the beast, unarmed and unprotected. She saw its knees bend in preparation to pounce on her and Alex knew that was her shot.

Just as the Martian jumped towards her, Alex ran towards it and slid underneath until she grabbed a gun off the floor.

She aimed and fired all the bullets in the gun at the white Martian’s back not stopping until the gun was empty. Seeing as those bullets were custom made for Fright’s super strength, the beast fell
down to its knees and breathed its last breath.

Alex let out a long overdo breath and turned towards her sister, her gun ready to aim at the prisoner.

But Fright was gone.

And Kara finally fell to her knees and collapsed.

Present

“Fright escaped,” Maggie repeated, Alex wasn’t sure if she meant it as a question or a statement of fact that was too unbelievable to comprehend.

They both stayed quiet. The information taking its time to process in their minds.

“15 people were injured. 12 of them were my agents. 1 of them my sister and 2 of them weren’t even supposed to be there.”

“What do you mean?”

“It means I don't even know who they are. Why they were there. All I know is that there 3 people in 3 different surgeries and we don’t know if any of them will make it.”

“Hey, hey,” Maggie shushed her as she tightened her hand on Alex’s, “Kara will make it. She’s strong and she has a lot to live for. She’ll fight like hell to survive.”

“You didn’t see what I just saw in that operating room. The bullets,” Alex whispered, looking down at their joined hands “It was like they ate out her insides. They kept oozing out liquid kryptonite. It was a small dose, yes, but it burned through some of the bone tissue. We had to replace her whole blood with transfusions from Kal’s blood,” she paused, “But there was so much damage, we closed her up before repairing everything.”

Alex turned to her fiance. Her vision blurry from the tears. Her mouth opened several times before she could sound out words.

“Maggie, we don't know if she'll wake up,” she choked out, the tears finally taking over and running down her face.

Present. 4:37 am

Alex looked at all the people in the room from behind the glass wall. It was a room filled with people sick with worry.

Oliver Queen sat in his green suit with his hands clasped together, elbows resting on his knees, his back hunched over from where he sat on the edge of the couch. Oliver queen, billionaire son of two very powerful people, not to mention being the Green Arrow. His broody look suited him, as though he had worn it countless times. But there was a sort of strength behind it. An endurance. He kept his emotions hidden. Alex felt as though his worry was only partly showing and that he had gone through much worse.

Barry Allen wore his anguish all over his face. Rather than the composed figure of his green
suited friend, the Flash was pacing slowly, his pout evident on his face and hands constantly running through his brown hair. Alex knew he cared deeply for Kara. Barry was the kind of friend that you didn’t need to know for a very long time for you to easily care for him. Him and Kara have practically known one another for less than a year and if they weren’t on separate Earths, they would’ve been inseparable.

Caitlin Snow was a scientist much like herself, so when Alex was confronted by her in the hallway expecting an it'll be alright gesture, she was surprised to get a promise instead. I promise one day I’ll find a cure for your sister, she had said. At the time, Alex had been too distraught to fully make sense of what the scientist had said and so Caitlin elaborated. I promise to do everything I can to find a way to reverse the effects of Kryptonite on your sister, Alex. She gave Alex a knowing nod and Alex knew then and there how serious she was. Alex appreciated her promise. She appreciated her intelligence and her genuine consideration, even when Alex fully knew it to be impossible. There was no cure for Kryptonite. If there was, she would’ve found it by now.

Alex recognized the woman they all called Gypsy to be the one who had first helped them catch Fright. Alex studied the stern look on her face. She chose to stand further away from the group, the only one occasionally brave enough to check up on her was Cisco. Her arms were crossed over the zipper of her leather jacket and a snarl was ever present on her face. She didn’t look worried. She looked angry. Alex thought about how she must be here for Helena more than she was for Kara.

Then there were the others; Cisco going back and forth between Caitlin and Gypsy. Felicity leaning on Oliver’s shoulder and squeezing his white knuckled fists. James and Winn both constantly rubbing their sweaty palms on their knees. Alex noticed J’onn placing a soft hand over her mother's shoulder in the hallway beside the operating room, whispering reassurances of her daughter's strength and will to live. Lucy had walked in not an hour before, feeling somewhat left out and standing near the entrance.

And then there was Cat Grant, who had surprised everyone by simply walking to the front door of the DEO facility all with designer sunglasses hiding her eyes and a Latte in her hand, demanding to be let in to check up on Supergirl. J’onn was certainly not pleased with the queen of media knowing where the hideout of a government facility was, but in all honesty, Alex got the feeling that the powerful Martian was somewhat intimidated by the short blonde woman. That, and it wasn't as though anyone was able to say no to Cat Grant. That would just be suicidal. Alex still wasn't sure how the media queen even knew about Kara getting hurt. Cat sat on the edge of an armchair, legs crossed, sunglasses perched on her head and thumbs tapping away on her phone busily. But Alex couldn't help but notice her forefinger occasionally tapping at the side of her phone. The woman would halt the action whenever she caught herself.

Clark and Lois sat on the other couch, Clarke’s cape wrapped around his wife who had dozed off on his shoulder. He had just come back from the sun bed that he used to replenish all the blood he had donated to Kara. He wanted to give more but Eliza had stopped him, informing him that anymore blood they take from him and he might pass out completely. Eliza assured him she would take more once his body had had time to rest.

Maggie stood beside her, holding her hand firmly. The love of her life. Her fiance. She looked like a beautiful mess. The worry lines on her forehead deepened. Maggie saw Kara as her younger sister. And Alex loved that she did and hated that she had to go through this pain.

They all waited for Alex to come inside and give them news of whether her sister was alive or not.

Her sister. Someone who had countless people rooting for her. People from different Earths. People from different times even as Alex was informed of a time traveling group of friends that Kara had who were unable to make it but were on their way.
Every single one of these people cared for Kara so much and Alex felt herself drowning in the feeling of gratitude for calling this loved person her sister.

It was all very emotional. Kara was so loved. So...

*And yet she's the one who lies in an operating room barely fighting for her life.*

Alex took one last glance around the room at the many people that cared about her sister. She found a hint of adoration dwell in her chest at the many lives her sister had touched. The many people who loved her.

She looked at all their worried faces. Somehow she couldn't shake the feeling that someone was missing, but the exhaustion left her mind unable to further question her doubt.

Chapter End Notes

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You know what's funny? This whole chapter started off as me wanting to put all the people who loved Kara in one room and Lena somewhere far far away. Just for the heck of it! And now look what happened!
Krypton Pt. 2

Chapter Notes

The first scene of this chapter was based on this fanart that Kate drew after I posted Chapter 33 (http://thunder-kate.tumblr.com/post/173068887914/hovering-at-night-reading-paranoia) I thought maybe writing it would kinda be funny :) Make sure you check out her work, she's an awesome person.

I've already explained this on Tumblr (with all the spoilers that this chapter had leaked), but just wanted to point out that chapter 33 (Krypton Pt1), Chapter 34 (Alex), Chapter 35 (Krypton Pt2), chapter 36 (still untitled) and parts of chapter 37 (Catatonic mind) all happen on the same day. But each chapter is written from a different perspective. (At least that's the plan so far. As you know by now, my mind changes the same number of times a squirrel scrunches its nose. A lot!) 33 was from Kara’s point of view before the Fright incident. 34 was from Alex’s point of view during the incident but you guys only saw what she saw which is why some of the things that Kara did were never explained. 35 is from Lena’s point of view during chapter 33. Next chapter will hopefully explain a few things from Kara's point of view once more.

This chapter was once again edited by Local_Ashhole (AO3 name) who once again hilariously avoided editing the smut scene in here like their life depended on it (oops spoiler). So, if you find any mistakes, it's their fault ;) Local_Ashhole also writes angsty fics so make sure you check out their stuff. Also an awesome person :) Spoopercorp (Tumblr name) also challenged me to crank up the angst in this story, challenged me on how angsty I could make it and how far I could go... And I'm never one to back down from a challenge, sooooooooooo...Who's ready for some major heartbreak after this chapter???!!!!

Also, this fic officially has a Spotify playlist now. A bunch of you have been asking me for it, and I finally managed to compile one. The playlist consists of songs that have either made an appearance in PI, will make an appearance in future chapters, or were just inspirations and sometimes the sole reason I wrote a particular scene. https://open.spotify.com/user/of5f4vimzrkwn6ywz1f4pskg2/playlist/74pIFaMnyLp54Pm7WRLe1?si=L5Cj4C4mTfyhH0DfihJIEQ

And last but not least, just wanted to say that as of a few weeks ago, it has been a whole year since I uploaded chapter 1 of this fic. Was planning on posting this chapter on the day it was one year, but a dislocated right shoulder made me write a bit slower than usual. I remeber posting that first chapter and slapping on a random name on the fic. Back when I told myself "I'm just gonna post this small one-shot and get it out of my system" Boy was I wrong. If only I knew, this story was gonna be close to 40 chapters long and will fuck up so many people in the process. I know this fic is one in a thousand other Supercorp fics out there (and might I say thousands of brilliant ones at that too. Seriously what is up with this fandom and talented people?!), but I really am glad a bunch of you are enjoying it. Writing it has helped me cope with all sorts of shit that I probably wouldn't have been able to were it not for writing to take my mind off of. So thank you for sticking around and commenting with your keyboard smashes and your long reviews and your (my favorite) screams. Hope you like it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Lena woke up to something tickling her nose. She scrunched her nose and scooted her face deeper into the pillow. Her hand reached out to the woman she lay beside but her fingers only found the bed sheets. Frowning, she opened her eyes slowly to look for Kara and she stared blankly at what was tickling her nose.

A cascade of blonde hair was dangling from above her. The Kryptonian that she so helplessly fell in love with was hovering a few inches above the bed. Asleep.

Kara was asleep. She was sleep flying. Or sleep hovering.

“Kara?” Lena whispered, she wasn’t sure if waking up a sleep flying Kryptonian was a sound idea so she chose to whisper her words.

Lena sat up on her knees and looked at Kara's face. She gave a little shake to her shoulder but the hero only grunted sleepily. And if Lena knew Kara's sleeping habits, not even speaking into a megaphone beside her ear would wake her up. Lena hated going back to sleep with Kara just hovering above her.

Maybe if I...

She brought her elbows over Kara's torso to pull herself up, hooking her fingers on the other side of Kara's waist and hiking her right leg over Kara's. Lena felt the hovering body start to lower itself.

Almost there.

She used her body strength to pull herself over until she was lying flat over Kara's body and surprisingly the floating Kryptonian was lowered fully back onto the bed. Lena buried her face in the crook of Kara’s neck and breathed her in, her body already calling her back into sleep now that she was comfortably safe in Kara’s arms.

“I love that I’m the only one who ever gets to see you like this,” Kara muttered smugly.

Lena had just finished ravaging the woman beside her from how turned on she was when Kara began speaking about melting points and tesseract models and other topics that spiked Lena's blood temperature a few notches. She had no idea what came over her. Only that as soon as Kara began speaking her language - physics - Lena was barely able to control her urges.

“Like what?” she replied, running her hand through her messy post-sex hair.

Kara looked royal sitting beside her with her back against the headboard, clad in a sports bra that was the only thing she managed to reach from the pieces of clothing flung everywhere.

“Comfortable. Without the tight skirts and the perfect hairdos. Without the heels and the expensive jewelry. None of those...”

“So, naked?” Lena arched an eyebrow.

Kara chuckled lightly, “No. I mean, you’re comfortable. Carefree. Relaxed. I like being the only one who gets to see you like this.”

“Mhmm,” Lena looked away suddenly, pressing her lips tightly and making it way too obvious that she was keeping something.
Kara, of course, fell for it. “What is it?”

“Hmm? Oh, umm, it’s nothing,” she replied, barely keeping her smile hidden, knowing any minute now Kara is going to...

“Wait, I am the only one who gets to see you like this, right?”

And there it is.

Lena remained silent, looking down at her hands and opening her mouth, pretending to say something without actually sounding any words.

“Lena?” Kara’s body turned towards hers, her shoulder pressed against the headboard as she aimed her focus on her.

“Mmm?”

“Am I the only one who gets to see you like this?”

“I mean...” Lena pretended to look guilty.

Kara’s shocked face made Lena's heart ache with guilt, the blonde’s eyes wide and her mouth opened, “Oh. There are others,” she said sadly.

“Just one. One other person.” Lena corrected, silently thanking her ability to keep a straight face.

“Oh, umm, well of course. I mean I didn’t expect that you’d be completely... We never said we were exclusive. You can obviously see other...other, umm...”

“Darling, it's not...”

“No, no. I understand. You have, umm, needs and...”

Lena kissed her before she finished that sentence. The kiss being soft and warm and just everything that was perfect.

She leaned her forehead against Kara’s. “The only other person who gets to see me like this is Supergirl, darling.” Lena watched the amusement settle on Kara’s features.

“Oh. Well, I can make an exception for her I guess,” Kara whispered onto her lips.

Lena backed away. “What exactly did you mean by ‘I had needs’?” She arched a dangerous brow.

“Umm, sexual ones?”

“So not only are you implying that I have sexual needs that can't be tamed by one person and that I need multiple partners to do so, but also that you're not satisfying me in bed?” Lena’s eyebrow remained dangerously high.

Kara opened her mouth to speak, choking on some word that wasn’t even uttered. She looked around the room in disbelief as though someone would back her up. When she looked back to Lena, her eyebrows furrowed together. “I feel like I couldn't have possibly meant all that by two words.”

“Well, that's what it sounded like,” Lena replied, a smile on her lips, “And while we're on the subject of dissecting your words,” she chuckled lightly, disbelief evident in her words, “were you honestly ok with me seeing other people because we never said we were exclusive? You would
be alright with me sleeping with someone else?"

Kara huffed out in relief, “Honestly? If I could physically have a heart attack, I think that’s how it would feel like.”

Lena laughed at her response, “And if I had said yes, that I was seeing someone else, what would you have done?”

“Did you know I could actually throw someone into space?” Kara joked, her smile devilish.

Lena gasped amusingly, “That’s not an exaggeration?”

Kara shook her head, grinning, “Nope. I could physically throw someone into space. You might wanna tell that to that other person you’re seeing besides me.” Kara looked away playfully.

“I think one rambling stuttering blonde is more than enough for me,” Lena shook her head.

Kara shrugged, mockingly, “What are you talking about?”

Narrowing her eyes, Lena shrugged her own shoulders. “Let’s see if I remember correctly, I think the first time Supergirl saw me in shorts, a tank top, and a pair of glasses she became a sputtering mess having completely forgotten the ability to speak,” Lena smirked at the memory.

“Pfft, that’s not what happened,” Kara replied defensively, flicking her eyes upwards to avoid looking at Lena.

“Oh? I remember the conversation being somewhat along the lines of ‘All, umm, uhhh, ss...set. We, umm, we're all, uhhh, set,’” Lena couldn’t help but laugh at the memory of Kara staring blatantly at her.

“That did not happen.” Kara crossed her arms over her chest.

“Oh wait there's more. And then Supergirl went on saying, ‘All, uhh, set. We're, uhh, all...’” Lena screamed in laughter when she was flipped on her back in a burst of speed and a hungry mouth kissed away her words. Kara kissed her hungrily, as though not having enough of her - never getting enough of her. Lena moaned into her lips, she always loved being kissed like this.

It was Kara who broke it, smiling as she lifted her head up a bit to look into Lena’s eyes. “I think Supergirl was just not expecting the always professional Ms. Luthor to look the way she did that night.”

“Yes, of course. I'm sure it was merely her being shocked,” Lena said sarcastically.

Kara looked at her for a few minutes, contemplating, her eyes seemingly serious. “She might have also really liked you in glasses.”

This time, Lena laughed in shock and disbelief. “Is this a thing for you, Supergirl?” she mocked, uttering the question that Kara always nagged her with.

“Oh you? It is. It very, very much is,” she said, her eyes on nothing else but Lena’s lips.

“Maybe next time I could wear my glasses for you.”

Kara bent down, placing kisses on Lena’s neck. “I’d be ok with that,” she said casually.

Lena scoffed, fully knowing ‘casual’ was the last thing on Kara’s mind, “‘Ok with that’. More like you’d completely forget how to form any words and use an excessive amount of vowels to-”
Kara bit down in retaliation and Lena screamed, her laughter mixing in as she dug her fingers into silky golden hair.

“Coffee,” she groaned out pleadingly and hissed when Kara bit down again on the side of her neck.

“Hmm?” Kara mumbled not bothering to raise her head.

“Baby, I need coffee. My body is sore and barely awake.” Lena pulled at Kara’s face until she met those eyes she loved so much. She smiled, “I want to hear more about Krypton. But I need coffee or else my caffeine addiction might very well kill you for it.”

Kara smiled that luminous smile of hers, staring down at her for a few seconds before speaking, “You liked hearing about Krypton?”

Lena frowned slightly, “Of course. How could I not? I loved everything you told me so far, and would love nothing more than to hear more, but...” She tapped Kara’s nose playfully. “After I get my caffeine,” she teased right before she tried getting up.

Kara stopped her, pulling her back under her. “Ok, ok, ok,” she breathed out over Lena’s cheek. “Coffee coming right up,” she kissed her and Lena barely began kissing her back when she felt those lips disappear along with the body over hers. She hated when Kara did that.

Lena counted five seconds. It took five seconds for her to find a tray - one she knew she didn’t own - on her night stand holding two mugs with steaming coffee inside and a slender vase with a single rose.

She looked over at the blonde, who was now clad in her supersuit for some reason she didn’t quite understand.

“I understand you have superspeed, but I know for a fact that my coffee machine doesn’t. So how is it that you managed to make a pot of coffee in less than five seconds?” Lena got up, picking up Kara’s yellow button down and putting it on.

Kara’s guilty expression was further reinforced by her rubbing the back of her neck and uttering a series of vowels strung together, “Umm, well, you see, uhh...” She immediately deflated under Lena’s glare. “Yeah, ok fine I bought them from the shop across the street and poured them into your mugs and grabbed the rose from the park and the vase from the supermarket. The tray is also from the supermarket,” Kara explained in her rambling.

“Then how did they take your order so fast?”

Kara nervously rubbed the back of her neck, looking down at her feet, “Well I might’ve sorta just...” she continued to mumble the rest of her words under her breath incomprehensibly. When Lena’s dangerous left eyebrow shot up even more in a stern question, Kara sighed, “Fine, fine. I went to the coffee shop, went behind the counter, poured the coffee myself, left the money on the counter with an extra tip, flew to the supermarket, grabbed a tray, put the money on the cash register, passed by the park, saw the rose, grabbed it, went back to the supermarket, grabbed a vase, broke it, cleaned it up, grabbed another one, placed money on the cash register again - for both vases of course - then came back here, poured the coffee in mugs, put the rose in the vase...” Kara took a deep breath in, having quite literally used it all up in her rant, “Then put the coffee and the vase on the tray that I bought and here I am.”

Lena shook her head at the dork of a superhero she was helplessly in love with; who used her powers to grab coffee for her and buy a flower vase for no apparent reason other than to make her happy.
She so desperately wanted to sound those words out loud. Because as much as she loved the big things that Kara did for her, it was the little things that stirred her heart. The gestures that Kara didn’t think twice about. The way she just does them as though they were the obvious thing to do. She didn't know how much they meant to Lena. How rare they were.

But she held back. She always held back. And she hated her cowardice when it came to admitting her feelings.

“So, Supergirl doesn’t do lines it seems?”

Kara rolled her eyes playfully before she vanished to change out of her supersuit and reappeared again on the bed, her back against the headboard, “Not really, no. It’s one of my guilty pleasures.”

Just tell her.

She cleared her throat instead, “So, tell me, how many continents did you have back on Krypton?” she asked as she saw Kara smile at her when she breathed in the smell of her coffee and felt her brain react to the caffeine intake.

It broke Lena to crumbling pieces how the guilt darkened Kara's features. Lena had made the mistake of asking her about that moon. About what had happened to the moon that had been destroyed back on Krypton. She had no idea Kara felt so strongly towards what had happened. About this man named Jax-Ur. Lena was no stranger to feeling guilty for something she had never done. Drowning in remorse for the actions of her family and feeling as though anything she did or said would never measure up.

But seeing it on Kara's face. Seeing Kara so guilt-ridden and anguished, it broke Lena. She wanted nothing more than to erase the pain. To eradicate a disease she had no cure for. So she said the only thing she knew to be true.

“You don't need to feel guilty for surviving. Not the phantom zone and not Krypton,” Lena uttered things that shouldn't be said from how true they were, “Think about all the people's lives that would have been lost had you not survived. The people who you've saved, Kara. Think about how different Alex’s life would have been. Your friends and family.” She paused, hesitant to utter that last part. Because she still didn't know how to tell Kara just how much she meant to her. She still had no words to express how much she loved her. “Me. I don't know where I would have been without you, but it sure wouldn't have been anywhere pleasant I'm sure.” She laughed bitterly.

She continued to speak from her heart. Reassuring Kara of things Kara couldn't see clearly at the moment. Things Kara’s mind was too clouded to realize. Simple things. Like how feeling guilty was completely normal. And that feeling guilty for someone who didn't deserve it was okay.

Lena felt as though Kara wanted to say something, but the silence won over. And for a second, Lena wasn't sure if her words had made sense to Kara. How does she explain something that has been a part of her life for as long as she remembered? Guilt. It's always been a part of her. Always haunted her to the point where she felt more at ease with it being close by. It caused a sliver of panic when the guilt for her family's endeavors would be missing from her mind. A day in which no stranger spat in her face or called out vile things her direction was a day she found to be an anomaly.

For a second, Lena thought of trying to explain further, but the distraught woman in front of her
simply leaned in and captured her lips in a soft kiss that melted Lena's cold heart.

And Lena knew that she understood her. In more ways than one.

Kara understood all of her: her demons, her darkness, and her guilt. She understood her and still managed to stay.

She broke the kiss gently, her hand brushing on Kara's cheek lovingly. “How about we go make some breakfast?”

“That sounds perfect,” Kara whispered back on her lips.

“What would you like?”

“Pancakes,” Kara's smile grew, and Lena could almost feel the tension of their earlier talk slowly disappear.

Lena chuckled lightly, pecking her lips for a brief second before answering, “Pancakes it is then. Put on something decent and I'll meet you outside.”

“Why? You're just gonna take it off of me anyway,” Kara retaliated.

“Because I happen to like taking it off of you,” Lena pecked her lips and walked off to the kitchen.

She opened her fridge and found a certain memory of opening Kara's fridge that day invade her mind. Unlike Kara's, that seemed to be more chopsticks and 3-day old takeout boxes, Lena's fridge was filled with various items that can be approved by the FDA as actual ‘food’. She took out the ingredients for the pancakes and a box of strawberries. She set the coffee maker to make another pot of coffee because her body ached for it. Last night was tiring enough without today’s activities and the lack of sleep didn’t help either.

She began chopping up strawberries when she felt hands slide around her waist and lips kiss her cheek before bending down to the length of her neck. It was soothing. Perfectly domestic.

Everything Lena wanted but could never find it in her to ask for.

She turned her head towards Kara and placed a kiss onto her cheek, ignoring the slight tremble in her pulse at how perfect that small gesture was. She saw the squint in Kara's eyes as she smiled at the small kiss.

Kara propped onto the kitchen counter and Lena thought about how Kara could simply float on top but always chose to human alternative. She wondered how long it took for Kara to simply learn these human actions that she assimilated to abide by a new and strange world’s social dynamics. Things that most humans never even thought about on a daily basis.

“You never told me why you got rid of your stuff,” Kara suddenly said, gesturing behind her to the empty living room.

Lena aimed her focus back on the strawberries she was chopping, anything to avoid making eye contact with Kara. “Oh, I told you. It's because I was...”

“Redecorating?” Kara asked with a wide smile.

Lena met her eyes hesitantly, slowly realizing that her lie was not at all believed. She let out a guilty sigh, “I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lied to you.”

“It’s alright. I figured you'd tell me eventually. Sometimes your defense mechanism kicks in without you realizing it,” Kara smiled as she brushed off something on her thigh.
“My what?”

Kara picked up a piece of strawberry, flung it in the air and tried catching it with her mouth but ultimately failed. She jumped off the counter to find the strawberry. “Your defense mechanism. It's what you do to avoid talking about feelings and all that crazy deep stuff.”

*I certainly do not have a de...*

Lena mentally rolled her eyes when that very defense mechanism tried to get her to lie to herself. She cleared her throat and continued avoiding her eyes by chopping up more strawberries, “I hadn't meant to lie. I don't... It's not that I don't want to tell you. It's just... It's not pretty,” she admitted, “And sometimes I feel this need to hide the unpleasant things in my life because I'd rather not have you run for the hills just yet.”

She hated this unfamiliar tendency of admitting things to Kara. She was never one to admit such things.

“Well, lucky for you,” Kara stole another piece of strawberry and kissed her on the cheek, “there are *no* hills anywhere near National City and I'm way too lazy to go looking for one.” She smiled that half smirk of hers and leaned her back and elbows against the counter.

There was a modest flutter in Lena’s heartbeat at the kind - but teasing - gesture, and Lena knew Kara had heard it.

“Well, I guess I have your laziness to thank for you staying by my side, then is it not?”

Kara shrugged indifferently, “That, and the occasional make-out sessions we sometimes have.”

Lena narrowed her eyes, looking to the side as though trying to remember something vital, “I’ve mentioned your smugness once or twice, right?”

Kara shrugged once more, “I don’t think so. Nope. Nothing rings a bell.” she couldn’t keep a straight face though and her creased with how immense her grin was. Lena shook her head at her teasing. “So, tell me about that day of yours.”

“What day would that be?”

“The day you got rid of your stuff,” Kara held up her index finger, “And no you’re not getting out of this. I wanna hear the story.”

Lena sighed, fully knowing the only thing worse than Kara’s smugness was her stubbornness. Mustering all the courage she possessed, she confessed the reason she had gotten rid of her stuff, recalling the memory with all of the feelings that she had endured that night.

“It was the day after we argued in my office. There was a rally in front of L-Corp. Some people still believed I was conducting unethical experiments down in the lower levels of my company and were demanding I make all my research public or they'd burn the building down,” she recalled, casting her eyes down at the knife in her hand. “It was just another ordinary day. Nothing out of the ordinary. A few death threats here and there.” She shrugged her shoulder casually, trying her best to lighten what she had said. Because that’s what she had familiarized herself with when it came to death threats and accusations.

Lena felt Kara's frown from her peripheral vision. She looked up to find Kara looking aimlessly far away, her fingers pressing into the heels of her palms. The blonde turned away, her fists rested on the countertop, head hanging between her arms, blonde curls swinging.
“Kara,” Lena began, cursing herself for being persuaded into telling this stupid story. “I’m sorry. It wasn’t my intention to upset you. I just meant that I was confused as to why that particular day irritated me so much. Death threats are not something that normally bother me. But that day...”

“But they should bother you, shisir!” Kara snapped, and Lena noticed the cracked lines of her marble countertop underneath Kara’s fist. She also recognized the Kryptonian equivalent to ‘dammit’ being uttered.

She studied the posture of the woman beside her. Jaw clenched and fists tight. It reminded her of the gala. When Kara had been angry at the man for hitting on Lena all night long. Or the night Kara flew her to her penthouse. When they’ve both walked in after her place had been tossed by the DEO. This was the same look Kara wore at the moment. A flash of anger, mixed in with a hint of frustration, all wrapped up in concern and indecisiveness. As though she wanted to change all of what Lena had said but didn’t know how.

Lena put down the knife. She took a step towards the heavily breathing woman and wrapped her hand around her fist. She tugged slightly, but Kara's hand didn't budge.

“Look at me.” She used her other hand to tug on the inside of Kara's elbow until finally Kara turned towards her. Lena took both fists in each hand. “Open them,” she whispered pleadingly, bending her head a bit to catch those blue eyes. Kara took a deep breath in through her nose, letting it out slowly with closed eyes before she opened both her eyes and her clenched fists.

Lena took those hands and placed them around her waist until Kara's palms held her. She absentmindedly dragged a hand along her collarbone before sliding them onto those ripped shoulders and latching onto her neck.

She made sure to hold Kara's gaze as she said her next words. “I'm here. And I'm happy. And I'm loving every moment I get to spend with you,” she smiled warmly.

The words felt foreign breezing past her lips. Because she had always felt fine. She had always felt a sense of normalcy. A sense of calm transcribed by her routine.

But happy. Genuinely happy. Happy in a sense where she would wake up just as she had gone to sleep smiling. Happy as in how she would suddenly smile in the middle of a dull business meeting. That type of happy.

Happy had been a concept she long ago accepted as a passing feeling. Just another emotion. She felt happy when she had acquired that billion dollar settlement. She was definitely happy when she became CEO of L-Corp. Or when she bought that special perfume and smelt it for the first time.

But not happy as a status.

No such thing as happy in life, she convinced herself. Only in a moment.

Until now. In the past, she hated the idea of tying her happiness with that of her love life. She hated the cliché of her dependence on someone else in order to achieve the reward of being happy. But now she understood. Because, in the past, whenever she thought of the notion of love making her happy, she never once considered she would be lucky enough to share that love with someone as breathtaking as the woman she held in her arms at the moment.

Now, happy was a state of mind she gladly drowned in.

Kara was completely unaware of the raging thoughts inside of Lena's mind. Her frown was still present, looking down at her hands where they laid on Lena's waist. “I don't like this. I hate that you're treated so...”
“It is what it is, sweetheart. And I meant it when I said it truly doesn't bother me. Not when I have you,” she whispered that last part, thinking of just how much Kara made her happy. She smiled then, “I’m starting to think this story might not be for you.”

Kara's eyes widened, “What? No, I'll be good. I promise. Tell me what happened then,” she pleaded, using that pout of hers. She kept her hands where they belonged on Lena's waist, rubbing at her sides lovingly.

“Darling, it's not worth it. I had a bad day, I overreacted by packing up my stuff. Let's go back to talking about Krypton,” Lena pleaded back, using her own pout to enforce the last word.

“Please.”

“Well, I want to hear it. This is what we do now, whether or not you like it. We open up about everything. I want to hear about that bad day of yours and then - and only then - I'll tell you more about Krypton.” She took Lena's hand in hers, leading her to the couch. “Step into my office, Ms. Luthor.”


Kara rolled her eyes, sighing loudly, “We might also need to talk about your sex addiction.”

“Oh please, darling, don’t pretend that you’re not just as addicted as I am,” Lena continued playing that smirk until they both sat down on the couch and Kara leaned her elbow on the back facing her.

“Alright, Ms. Luthor, tell me about that day,” Kara used her professional-sounding voice.

Lena sighed, “Kara, there’s nothing to tell, I promise it was...”

“Nu-uh-uh. There’s no avoiding this,” she shook her head.

“How about I tell you all about it tomorrow? I want to hear more about Krypton,” she pleaded, using a sliver of her pout.

Kara frowned and looked down at her lap. “No, today. You have to tell me today. I don't want to leave anything for tomorrow,” she sounded distant, as though she was thinking of something else while uttering the words.

“What do you mean? Why can’t we leave anything for tomorrow?”

Guilt suddenly showed on Kara’s face as though caught in a lie, and Lena couldn’t quite place why it even existed. “What? No, I just meant that I’d rather talk about it now because I know you’ll avoid it later on,” Kara brushed it off, chuckling worriedly.

Lena sighed, “Alright. But I'll have you know, this isn't going to be a recurring thing.”

They took to going through that day. A day Lena now thought was ridiculously worth nothing in comparison to how happy she was now. She realized that none of the turmoil of that day came back with the memories. She couldn’t care less about the loss of money, or the rally in front of L-Corp, or that one paparazzi that kept pushing at her with vile lies just so he could get a picture of her snapping. Lena thought about how feeble that day sounded now.

Because the truth was, those bad days only ever wither into either two things: A difficult lesson learned or a distant memory long forgotten and easily engulfed by the good days.

She narrated the events of a regular day for a Luthor. A day that kept throwing small stones at her every hour and at every turn until those small stones built a wall of defeat surrounding her.
“It all sounds quite absurd right now,” she laughed bitterly, feeling embarrassed with herself.

Kara ignored her. “What happened next?” her voice saddened by what Lena constituted as a regular day for her.

“Then I came back here, poured myself a drink.” Lena squinted her eyes in embarrassment. “And then another and another,” she admitted, wearing a guilty smile. “And on my fourth cup, I remember grabbing my phone and putting some music on because I wanted to drown out all the voices in my head that told me I was in love with you. And the song that came on,” she chuckled while rolling her eyes, “Well, let’s just say the universe has a cruel sense of humor.”

Kara gave her a skeptical look, as though not understanding what she meant, so Lena decided to slightly elaborate. “It was a song about not wanting to be friends with the person you’re in love with,” she admitted with a tight lipped smile.

“Oh.” Kara tried to hide her own smile, but eventually lost.

“Yes.”

Kara suddenly looked towards the ceiling. “Thank you, universe,” she whispered almost silently.

Lena shook her head but couldn’t help her own smile. She looked down at her hands, thinking about where she stopped in the story. “And I remember standing in front of that painting that Lex loved so much and just wanting to rip it apart. Wanting to just get it out of my sight.” She paused, “I suppose I wanted to do something. Anything. I can’t explain it.” She frowned, thinking she wasn’t articulating this correctly. Thinking back now, she wasn’t sure what she wanted, only that... “I wanted to change something. To say that I was in control of sorts.”

Kara’s fingers danced softly along her neck, pushing back her hair and pressing down on that spot where her neck and back met. Her fingers pressed down expertly, knowing where to add more pressure and where to feather. Lena closed her eyes for a brief second at the ease that Kara’s hand was able to calm her.

She opened them again, “I suppose I just wanted to...”

“You wanted to get rid of anything personal. Not have anything with meaning be in front of you. Taunting you,” Kara admitted in her place, “I get it. I did something similar once.” She smiled, looking aimlessly to the left as she replayed the memory in her head.

“You?”

Kara brought her eyes back to her, mischief present in them. She tilted her head, wincing a bit, “Well, granted I was a kid and not a grown mature adult with a career and a...”

“Oh, by all means don’t hold back,” Lena interrupted her, her grin acknowledging her sarcasm.

Kara chuckled, ducking her head slightly before coming back up. “Sorry, couldn’t help it.”

“Maybe, you should try harder next time,” Lena narrowed her eyes in mock frustration.

Kara stayed silent for a few seconds. “This one time, back on Krypton, I...” she laughed lightly, as though the memory had replayed in her head before she was able to catch up and narrate it. “My mother and I had a disagreement. I was twelve I think. Or maybe ten. I wanted to go with my father on one of his trips. She said it was too dangerous. Said that I wasn’t old enough yet and that I needed to focus on school work. I think my argument was on the fact that I had the top cumulative school score in all of Argo City and that missing a day of school wasn’t going to suddenly make me fall back. We argued the whole day and in the end she had her way. I
remember that I wasn't angry so much at not going as much as I was about that she didn't trust me. She didn't think I was old enough.”

Lena arched an eyebrow, “You were ten.”

“But I was a very smart and capable ten year old,” Kara pointed out.

“But still very much a ten year old. And you wanted to go to the mountains for goodness sakes.” Kara winced at how much Lena made a point, “Well, you try reasoning with a ten year old. A stubborn ten year old.”

“Finally she admits she's stubborn,” Lena mumbled under her breath.

“You,” Kara pointed at her, giving her a wide eyed deadly stare. “You are the last - the absolute last person - to complain about anyone else being stubborn.”

Lena turned away, clearly having no comeback to what Kara had said, “What happened next?”

“Well, my father obviously left on his trip without me. And I,” Kara chuckled once more, “I started packing up my room. I put everything in boxes. My books, my trophies, my pictures, everything. I even packed up my pillows and my bed sheets. My room was filled with piles and piles of boxes.”

Lena listened intently, absorbed in the ten-year-old that had shaped to be this wonderful woman beside her. Not many people knew that even Supergirl was once a tantrum-throwing child that challenged her mother on mediocre things. But somehow the universe saw it fit for Lena to be one of very few people who got to know that small - but oh so very astonishing - part of her.

“When my mother came to tuck me in, she was,” Kara laughed, her eyes glistening, “Rao, she was mortified. I could tell she was. But she didn’t show any of it. She stayed calm, and acted as though my whole room wasn’t packed away as though I was moving to another country. And I remember.” Kara squeezed her eyes tight, the grin on her lips calling Lena’s own eyes to them. “I remember being so angry that she didn’t react, she didn’t lash out, she didn’t do anything. I was ready to disassemble my bed just to see some sort of horrified look on her face.”

Lena found a similar grin on her face, picturing a young Kara with her blonde curls and a crinkle between those eyebrows. She could imagine a room filled with boxes and a mother who didn’t want to back down from this argument she was having with her ten-year-old daughter.

“My mother,” Kara smiled, looking down to her hand on her lap. “She acted like it was just another night. She asked me if I was ready for bed. And I said yes. And then she asked if there was anything I needed. And I gave her a look that was all devilish and vengeful and said that no, I had everything I needed.”

Lena laughed at that, “You quite literally had nothing!”

“Well that was the point!”

“What point is that exactly?”

“Well, I obviously don't know now. But I'm pretty sure there was a point I was making back then,” she laughed defensively, “My mother sometimes would lie down beside me before going to bed. And we would talk about anything and everything for some time before she would kiss me goodnight and go back to her own bed. So that night, she asked me whether or not I minded that she lied down beside me for a bit. And I,” Kara chuckled some more, “Oh Rao, I can't believe I said that.”

“I said that I was planning on sleeping under the bed tonight and that she's welcome to join me,” Kara cringed.

“No!” Lena gasped, a small laugh escaping her lips, “You didn't.”

Kara kept her eyes closed and nodded, “I did.”

“And did she join you? Under the bed, I mean.”

Kara nodded again, “She did. Let's just say I got my stubbornness from her and not my father.” She smiled softly, “So, I crouched under the bed laying on my back and my mom did the same from the other side. We stayed quiet for some time. I remember because there was the faint humming noise of the hologram projector that displayed the galaxy on the ceiling of my room.”

“That's fascinating,” Lena exclaimed, finding such a simple concept so beautifully intriguing.

“Yeah, it was my favorite part of my room. I would watch the stars for hours sometimes whenever I couldn't sleep. The hologram was a live feed of the stars in the universe as they were in space. If anything changed in outer space, it would change in the hologram on the ceiling of my room.”

“Goodness, that must've been beautiful,” Lena's wide eyes held all of the astonishment she felt over the simple yet oh so out of reach concept of having the universe over your bed.

“It was. It was stunning. But of course I was too stubborn under the bed to appreciate it that day.” Kara rolled her eyes at Lena's laughter. “After a few minutes of silence, my mother began telling me about this friend she had who was scared that her daughter was growing up too fast. Her friend was scared because her daughter was too smart for her age. Her daughter was ambitious. Challenging. Wanted to travel the world and see galaxies out of reach. This daughter who was only ten but was more like her mother than she could ever imagine,” Kara sniffed, keeping the tears unshed in hopes that she continued the story it seemed. “I remember my mother telling me about her friend loving her daughter so much that it terrified her. That sometimes she would make impulsive decisions that, even though may seem unfair at times, were only made because of how much she loved her and wanted to protect her.”

A single tear made its way down Kara's cheek, and it would've reached her chin had it not been softly wiped away by Lena's thumb. Lena caressed Kara's cheek lovingly, wishing she could bring back a mother with that single touch. She pulled the Girl of Steel with a broken heart to her shoulder.

“She continued telling me about that friend of hers. And as smart as I claimed to be, I didn't figure out she was talking about herself until the last part. I remember her smiling, and I could see it even in the darkness under the bed. She said that her friend had a disagreement with her daughter about leaving for a few days with her father on one of his trips. And that the only reason she didn't let her go was because she was too afraid of staying alone in the house, knowing one day that was to be her fate. Knowing that one day, this bright and clever girl would want to travel the world and leave her mother behind. She didn't want that day to come so quickly. She wanted her daughter safe and near her for as long as she could have it.”

Kara took to being quiet for some time, her eyes brimming with memories of a lifetime ago. Lena heard the quiet sniffs of the woman she held and it broke her that she couldn't do anything but hold her.

“Rao, she was scared I would leave. Her biggest fear was that I would leave without her. And a year later,” Kara's voice cracked, the emotions latching on to the steady rhythm and shaking it to its core. “A year later, I did. I just left her. I just left her there.”
Kara was breathing heavily, seemingly stuck in the memory of a mother who was too scared her daughter would leave her only to push her to do so.

Lena pulled her closer, tighter. Trapping her in her arms in hopes that she could take some of the stabbing pain away.

“No, darling, you didn't leave her. She did what she told you she'd always do. She protected you.” Lena's palms stroked Kara's cheek, feeling tears dampening her neck. “She protected you by sending you far away so that you could have a future.”

“No, I…” the voice broke. Couldn’t latch onto any more words.

“Come here,” Lena leaned her back against the couch armrest and pulled Kara over her chest. Strong arms circled Lena's waist as Kara nuzzled deeper into her neck and sank her body closer to Lena's in between her legs. She kissed the top of the blonde's head, keeping her lips pressed there, reassuring her silently.

The tears seemed to have subsided, but there was still the heavy breathing and the occasional sniffing. Lena wanted to take it away. Take it all away. She wanted to bring back a whole planet for a young girl who didn't deserve any of this. Of all the riches she had, she had never felt so helpless. Incompetent. Incapable of doing the one thing she wanted to as stubborn as she was. She continued to stroke her hair in hopes that it was enough to calm her down.

Lena hated it and loved it all the same. The notion of Kara in her arms, holding on for dear sanity. The notion of the Girl of Steel crying in the crook of her neck. She hated seeing Kara like this. Despised anything that could make a single tear travel down from those azure eyes. But the image of Kara coming to her for comfort, that she loved deeply. The idea that she was able to provide that comfort - God only knows how - was staggering.

Lena felt a sad chuckle come from Kara, “My mother slept beside me under the bed that night. Which must have been painful because the space was barely enough for a ten year old. But I remember waking up and finding her smiling at me. And then she asked me if I wanted breakfast. And that was the end of our disagreement.

Lena smiled at that. “Where was your father going on his trip?” she asked to steer the conversation onto lighter subjects.

Kara cleared her throat before speaking, “He was going to the Jewel Mountains to look for a specific type of crystal for an experiment he was working on. I don't remember the experiment, but I remember the crystal. It was called dhugh divil. It was ehshov.” Lena remembered the color Kara once mentioned on her balcony. “More green than it was blue. My father showed me a hologram of it and I remember being so mesmerized by the flicker of its green edges.”

Kara looked up, frowning slightly as though she just realized something. She held Lena's eyes and let out a small laugh. Lena wasn't sure what it was Kara was looking at.

She felt a thumb press on her cheek as Kara continued her captivating hold on her eyes as though she found something new. Something she'd never once realized.

“Kinda like your eyes,” she whispered softly.

Lena couldn't look away. Couldn't move. Couldn't control the slowly escalating drum of her heartbeat.

“Kara?”
Kara's eyes were distant, yet they were looking straight at her. “That crystal. The one I so wanted to go and see. The color I wanted to find here on Earth. Your eyes have the slightest hint of both.” Kara's lips ghosted over hers. Not touching yet, but close enough that Lena felt the emotions seeping out of her. Her eyes never let go of the reins they had on Lena's. She smiled, her smile becoming a small chuckle before she went back to her confused state. All the while continuing her hold. Continuing to study Lena's eyes.

Kara then suddenly kissed her, taking her lips between hers delicately and giggling through the kiss, “I spent the better part of my first few weeks here on Earth trying to find that color and...” She kissed her again, the smile contagious on Lena's smiling lips. “It was you all along.”

If you're trying to make me fall more in love with you, it's working.

“Baby, I know I said I closed down L-Corp for the day for you and I want nothing more than to ignore this call, but it's a potential client calling from Tokyo and I’ve been waiting on this call for weeks,” she planted a kiss on Kara's lips as a form of apology, “I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It won't take long, I promise. He just wants to get to know the company a bit more before investing with me,” Lena pressed her lips onto Kara's one more before answering the call and greeting her client.

Kara mouthed a 'you owe me' before lazily settling back down on the bed, her head on the soft pillows and her arm draped over Lena's stomach. They ended up back on the bed for no apparent reason other than Kara’s ‘Your bed is illegally comfy Lena. We shouldn’t waste its potential by sitting on the sofa. I refuse to tell you more about Krypton until we’re back on that bed. Also, quick question, what're your sheets made of and where can I buy them?’

“No, it's absolutely my pleasure Mr. Takashi. I hope you enjoyed your stay at L-Corp last month,” Lena mentioned, shifting until her back was against the headboard. She ran her other hand over Kara's arm that was draped over her lap, pressing slightly at where the muscles were flexed.

“Of course I can send you samples. But I would recommend waiting a few weeks until I can provide you with a much better functioning prototype. Mhmm.”

Lena found her concentration split between the man speaking on the other end and a particular muscle on Kara's arm. She traced it with her fingertips, pressing lightly on Kara's upper arm and drifting to her shoulder and then to that head spinning muscle on her back. She realized her tongue had darted out to wet her lips, her teeth then following and biting down on the lower one, imagining biting down on that muscle on Kara's back instead.

“Ms. Luthor?”

“Hmm?” she snapped back to the call and cursed herself for being easily distracted by muscles, “Yes, well I can assure you the company has long since changed its vision from how it used to be as Luthor Corp. I hope you know, Mr. Takashi, that L-Corp and Luthor Corp are completely different companies. I pride myself from having severed ties with anything that my brother had built when he had control over the family business.”

Kara snuggled closer to her stomach and laid her head on her right thigh, sighing sleepily. This, unfortunately, gave her a much better view of Kara’s back. All her favorite muscles were laid out in front of her and she was stuck speaking about an engine model for a Japanese car.

“Mhmm. Yes, I’m quite familiar with that model,” she replied halfheartedly, her focus more on the finger she ran on that taut muscle on Kara’s arm.

She found her mind helplessly going straight to places beyond her control. The way Kara carried
her easily, the way her arms looked when she reached to grab something from one of Lena’s cupboards. The smirk. Oh, God help her, Kara’s smug smirk was going to be the death of her one day.

Her mind seemed content on reliving some of the more explicit memories of the day. Tormenting her with images of Kara’s head between her thighs. Her tongue doing unholy things to her. The way her moan would vibrate against Lena’s clit and Lena would completely come undone by that action. Lena's willpower was hanging by a flimsy thin thread, her mind pushing at that thread with thoughts of what Kara could be doing to her with those arms.

Before she realized what was happening, Lena was shifting uncomfortably, closing her legs further together to relieve some of the tension that had built up down there. She could feel the agonizing drip of her arousal moving its way down her slit and torturing her with its lazy journey. It didn't help that she wore nothing underneath. Other than the tank top she had on, she was completely naked from the waist down. And she couldn't help but realize how easy it would be for Kara to move her arm and focus her fingers to where Lena wanted them the most.

Lena saw Kara frown, her eyes still closed, but concentration was evident on her forehead.

/Shit! Kara can tell I'm aroused by the sound of my heartbeat!/"  

“Oh, Fuck what if she thinks I'm turned on by the person I'm talking to!

But then Kara turned her head slightly and found Lena's finger frozen over her Tricep, and Lena held her breath for what was coming next. The smirk.

/God fucking help me./

Kara smirked smugly as she connected the pieces and understood what was happening. Lena found her eyes linger on those tilted lips longer than usual before the movement of Kara's head made her snap back to reality. Kara gripped the edge of Lena’s tank top, lifting it slightly and placing a kiss onto her stomach.

“Mhmm,” she hummed into the phone. She nowhere near registered what the man said. Her eyes stole all focus from her brain and directed it at those lips that traced kisses down her stomach and onto her thigh. She watched the blonde shift until she settled between her thighs, laying back down and nuzzling her nose down her stomach. Kara's tongue darted out for a second before Lena hissed at the bite to her inner thigh.

“Oh, Takashi. Please carry on,” she hurried to say.

Lena pulled at blonde hair slightly until Kara met her eyes with that same smug look. Lena gave her a warning one of her own, shaking her head to make it clear that this cannot happen. As much as Lena wanted it oh so badly.
Kara’s smirk grew even more as she took hold of Lena’s wrist, kissed it softly and then pinned it against the bedsheets in a vice like grip. She then went back to her exploration on Lena’s other thigh, biting and kissing her way towards where Lena needed her but didn’t want her going anywhere near there.

“No, I’m afraid the acquisition that my company had with Lord Technologies was terminated last year. Part of rebranding my company and making it...” Lena hissed when Kara nuzzle her nose close to her entrance, “and making it L-Corp was cutting ties with companies that I saw were comfortable conducting business with an unethical nature. And I’m sure you’re well aware of Mr. Lord’s reputation.”

Kara seemed content on teasing, only giving Lena short fleeting licks and then stopping to simply enjoy the view for herself. Lena wasn’t sure anymore whether she wanted her to stop or go further.

She looked at her screen and pressed mute on her phone before placing the phone back on her ear. “Kara, no. We can’t. We really can’t. This client is...” Lena hissed again when Kara gave a long lick over her folds, sending shiver down her spine.

She noticed Mr. Takashi had asked a question and was waiting on a response. She held the phone again, unmuting her end, “Yes, yes. I know him well actually. I just attended a conference in Vancouver where he spoke about the same concept,” she mentioned, thanking her genius brain that should genuinely receive a medal for its multitasking.

She muted the phone again, “Kara!” she whispered, even though the phone was obviously muted but she still felt that whispering was needed, “Kara, we can't. Not now. Let me just finish this call and then we...” Kara retaliated by sucking on her clit and Lena lost all sense of arguing against this. Her mind craved the pleasure way more than the dignity and self preservation in front of an important client.

She unmuted her phone once more just in time to agree with an opinion the man had about environmental friendly engines. Normally she would love nothing more than to talk endlessly about a project she so admired but today in particular, her mind admired other things.

Kara continued sucking on her clit, making Lena’s breaths shorter and her focus thinner. She finally let go of Lena’s wrist to hook her arms under Lena’s thighs to give her better access.

“I’m not entirely sure at the moment, but I can...” Lena’s head rolled back and she fought every fibre of her being to suppress a moan, breathing slowly to calm her racing heartbeat down, “I can have one of my engineers take a look if you’d like,” she bit down hard on her lip to keep a second moan from escaping.

_Dammit, Kara!_

“Yes, that can be arranged,” She looked down at the heap of sunlight blonde hair between her thighs. Kara seemed to notice and stole a glance towards her and Lena was met with that smirk that she wanted to kiss off her face. The blonde then went back to her sinful performance.

Lena took another calming breath before answering, “Actually, I might be coming to Tokyo some time next week, so I’m sure we can sit down and discuss the matter further if you’d like.”

That suddenly put a stop to the teasing between her thighs. Kara looked up and gave her a confused look with an arched brow.

_Oh. I never mentioned the Tokyo trip to her. Shit._

Slight frustration showed in her eyes, and Lena barely could register the guilt in her stomach.
before the frustration was replaced with stubborn determination. Without any warning, Kara bent down her head, sucking on her clit harshly and entering her with one finger deep inside.

“Shit!” Lena accidentally hissed as a wave of pleasure went through her.

“Ms. Luthor?”

Fuck!

“Mr. Takashi, please excuse me. I...” Lena sucked in a breath as Kara angrily continued sucking on her clit and flicking her tongue rapidly over it, “It's just a paper cut. I'm sorry Mr. Takashi, do you mind if I put you on hold for a brief second while I try to find something to wrap my finger with?”

She listened to Mr. Takashi’s numerous pleasantries before muting her phone once more and discarding it on the bed. Her fingers dug through Kara's hair as she gritted her teeth and her head banged against the headboard.

“Kara,” she was panting. Breathless in her pool of pleasure as Kara continued eating her out relentlessly, putting all her effort into making Lena come undone. Her lips remained circled around her clit. Lena could've sworn Kara's tongue was flicking faster than normal. “I swear I might kill you after this but...” she hissed through her teeth, “Oh fuck baby, that feels fucking amazing!!”

Kara then raised her head from where Lena wanted her the most and put a stop to her actions. Lena looked at down at her in fear, wide eyed and mouth opened, “Wh... Why'd you stop?” she asked hoarsely.

“I’ll continue when you continue your call,” she simply said. Her eyebrow was raised and Lena knew, she knew, that this was more revenge fuck than anything else. And secretly it turned her on even more.

Lena was at a point where her mental capacity only registered one thing and one thing only: a mind blowing orgasm. Which apparently she would only receive if she continued the call. So, she grabbed the phone and unmuted it before quickly placing it back on her ear.

“Mr. Takashi, I'm so very sorry for that. Please forgive the intrusion,” she held Kara's eyes as she asked her next question, “Where were we exactly?”

Kara smirked back and bent her head down to the apex between Lena's thighs, giving a few teasing strokes before diving in.

Lena dug her fingers deeper in Kara's hair, thanking the yellow sun for allowing her to pull at her hair and not worry about hurting her. “Yes, we do often fund projects of the sorts.”

Fuck, she's so good at this!

She was too good. And Lena desperately needed to come. But dammit she couldn't with this insufferable man talking about his damn engine on the other end of the line. Kara was three fingers in sucking on her clit and Lena knew it would be impossible to keep herself from coming if Kara continued those flicks of her tongue.

“Mhmm. Yes, I...” her voice broke slightly but she quickly cleared her throat in excuse, “I completely agree with you.”

At this point, Lena wanted nothing more than to simply strangle the man just to shut him up.
“Yes, that's right. Oh, would you look at the time. I'm so sorry to cut this short Mr. Takashi but I really must be going,” she finally said, ready to end this call once and for all. But Kara suddenly looked at her, arched her eyebrow before her fingers stopped moving and her tongue stopped its heavenly licks. And Lena knew she made a grave mistake, “Oh, but... But Mr. Takashi, before I go. Would you mind telling me more about that hybrid model that you want L-Corp to enhance?” she watched the smirk come back, felt the fingers resume their thrusting and that tongue go back to its sinful duties. And Lena almost breathed a sigh of relief.

But now came the hard part. She was so close. She was about to come and this client is going to think that L-Corp is willing to take care of his needs on a whole other level. She muted the phone once more.

“Kara, please baby. If I don't... If I don't end the call...” Lena couldn't even finish the sentence. She tightened her hand in Kara's hair, tugging as another wave of pleasure rippled through her and she didn't bother holding back her moans this time.

She knew what was coming. Any second now, Kara was going to hook her fingers and make her come just from stroking that one spot that always there her off the edge. Lena unmuted the phone to address her client who was honestly baffled by all the long silences on her part. She decided to call Kara's bluff.

“That all sounds so wonderful, Mr. Takashi. I'm truly looking forward to working with you soon. If that covers everything between I really should be going to attend to other matters,” she listened to more of his incessant pleasantries that took far too long for her liking, closing her eyes tight from another wave of pleasure as Kara sucked hard, “Perfect. Yes. Alright, I'll make sure of it. You too. Have a nice day, Mr. Takashi.”

Lena made sure the call was ended before throwing her phone on the other side of the bed. Kara was slowing down and for a second there her heart reacted in fear that Kara won't finish the job. But she wasn't playing games anymore. Her mind only zeroed in on that orgasm. She used her feet that were planted on the bed and pushed over until Kara was on her back and she was straddling her face. Lena gripped her hair with both hands and shamelessly grinded down onto that skillful mouth of hers. She felt Kara hum and the vibrations gave her tingles of pleasure that sparked in her body.

Lena continued to grind herself onto Kara's face, not knowing what came over her other than this desperate need to come. Kara's tongue took on a faster speed on her clit and Lena felt those fingers hook inside of her. At last, Kara stroked that spot, making small circles with the tips of her fingertips. Lena looked down. She met dark blue orbs that did things to her. She tried her best to hold onto Kara's eyes as Kara continued stroking and flicking her tongue on her clit. Tried to hold onto Kara's eyes as Lena finally felt her whole body freeze for a second in utter bliss and be washed over by her orgasm.

“Fuck!” her eyes rolled back. She let out a loud moan as a current ran up her nerves. A current of raw pleasure rippled through her. Pierced through her. Her orgasm washed over her, her fingers tightened in Kara's hair and her toes curled into her feet. Her body completely taken over by a wave of euphoria

Lena stayed there a second more as Kara gave slow strokes with her tongue that caused small shivers to run through Lena's body. Insensate. That's the only word that came to her mind as to how she was feeling. Behind her closed eyelids the darkness emphasized the pleasure she willingly drowned in.

Then, she slowly planted her hands on the bed and began crawling her way down until she pressed her lips onto Kara's damp ones.
She kissed her slowly because her body was still in its drunken post-orgasmic state and she could only do slow. She lowered her hips down until she was no longer on her knees but rather over Kara's strong toned body.

She knew she ought to be furious - that was an important client after all - but her mind refused to think of anything but the pleasurable cloud it was currently floating on. It was a drug and she was an addict. And nothing else mattered for her other than repaying the orgasm she just had by giving one to this beautiful woman laid beneath her.

Lena continued to kiss her passionately, taking Kara's lower lip in between hers. She tasted herself on those lips, tasted the saltness that was evidence of her pleasure.

They broke the kiss slowly, and Lena rolled onto her back to catch her breath. Her heart was hammering against her chest, her body still half drowsy from its high.

“So...” Kara muttered matter of factly, “Tokyo, huh?”

Lena barely was able to catch her breath. She placed a hand over her heart, trying to calm it down, her other hand halfway through her hair. She opened her eyes to the ceiling, “I was going to tell you soon, darling,” she said breathlessly.

“Next week soon?”

“I’ve tried to bring it up several times actually,” Lena turned to her, met her frustrated but also aroused eyes.

“When?”

“We haven't really been on the best speaking terms lately. I tried bringing it up when you came to my office that day. When we argued about everything. And then I tried again that day you met Leia in my office but well, we kissed and...”

“You mean you couldn't resist not kissing me,” came the frustrated but also smug reply from Kara.

Lena rolled her eyes, “But I kissed you and well we've been quite busy ever since and...”

“You mean having a sex marathon?” that smugness was getting on Lena's last nerve. But it was also turning her on at how much it opposed Kara's more sunny personality.

“I would much rather call it as rediscovering what we are,” Lena retorted.

“You mean you jumping my bones every time you see me?”

“Yeah, because you on the other hand are an absolute Saint when it comes to jumping my bones! I just had to go through a business call with you fucking eating me out!”

“Only because you were so turned on! Which I'm still a bit confused on that part by the way. Were you thinking about something? Did the client say something to remind you of...”

“It was your arm,” Lena blurted out, her lips pressed tight in frustration as she looked away and towards the ceiling.

The ceiling was suddenly replaced by blue eyes and a damn bothersome smirk as Kara rolled and hovered over her, “My arm?”

Lena’s mouth moved a little to the right, something she used to do as a kid when she would be angry at Lex. She finally met Kara's eyes, arched a brow, and sighed before rolling her eyes once more, “The muscles on your arm. And your shoulder. And your fucking back. No sane person
would be able to look at those and not be turned on.”

Somehow, Kara could still manage a shit-eating smirk while biting her lower lip, and God did it make it that much more sexier. A lip biting smirk did things to Lena.

Much worse than what a regular smirk can do.

Kara was about to say something but Lena immediately clamped her hand on her mouth, giving her a stern look before chastising her, “Don’t you even fucking dare. Yes, your fucking muscle are a thing for me too. Can we please just move past the fact that I get turned on by your muscles?”

Kara mumbled a thing from under her hand and Lena knew it’s something that would make her roll her eyes, but she fell for it anyway when she removed her hand.

“I’m just curious. Do you imagine licking them or me carrying you with one hand like one of those bodybuilders?” she asked, and burst out laughing when Lena pushed her off from above her and got off the bed.

“Unbelievable,” she muttered under her breath as she made her way into her bathroom and turned on her shower.

“What?!” Kara called out from the bedroom, “Come on, I’m sorry. Come back!” Lena could still hear her laugh. She shook her head and went under the warm water.

“Is this your way of telling me you want shower sex?” Kara called again.

“Try coming in here,” Lena warned, muttering under the shower.

Lena found herself pinned against the wall of her shower by strong hands and a body pressed against her. That same smirk drawing her eyes down to those lips, “I heard that,” Kara uttered, her hair taking on a darker shade from the water. Kara looked dangerous with water trickling down her face and her eyes ready to devour. Water spilled from her mouth every time she breathed out and Lena thought about how once a lifetime ago, this had been a fantasy of hers. Before they had happened. Before everything with Supergirl. There was once a time when the possibility of being with Kara was merely a fantasy. One she often sinfully thought about in the safety of her shower or under the covers of her bed.

But as those moments often ended with her left guilt-ridden for thinking of her friend, these ones ended with her having the satisfaction that Kara was real and she was hers.

Lena made quick work of pushing her hand down Kara’s drenched boy shorts. “It’s my turn this time,” she whispered hot on Kara’s ear. Her fingers easily went past Kara’s slit and immediately thrusted inside.

Kara hissed at the sudden intrusion. Usually, there was some way of working up to it. But Lena smirked, telling her that, indeed, this was a revenge fuck.

“It seems you’re just as turned on by that display back there,” Lena rasped out, her voice low. Husky. Her breath hot on Kara’s cheek as she watched Kara clench her eyes shut when she stroked rougher on a certain area. “Did you like fucking me with the thrill of someone possibly being able to hear us? Hmm?” She brought her other hand under the tank top Kara had on, finding her way to an erect nipple, pulling harshly and massaging it in sync with those fingers inside of Kara and that thumb on her clit.


Lena held the angle that Kara seemed to enjoy the most and moved her fingers expertly. Thrusting
inside of her and pressing her thumb harder over her clit. Lena’s lips went lower, sucking on Kara’s pulse point. Kara moaned and Lena felt her clench even more around her fingers. She sucked harder on her neck, the sharp inhale of breath beside her ear adding fuel to the pleasurable fire.

“How close are you, baby?” she asked breathlessly.

“Very,” was all Kara could manage.

Lena smiled at her inability to speak, taking the challenge and speeding up her ministrations. She didn’t stop massaging that nipple, rolling it between her fingers to elicit as much sensation as possible from the woman writhing in her arms.

There was a sharp intake of breath, held inside before Lena felt Kara come on her hand with a long exhale of breath. Several broken moans sounded in Lena’s ear as Kara slowly came down from her high.

“I’m not done,” Lena muttered, taking Kara’s lower lip between her teeth and biting harshly before kissing her. She wasn’t satisfied yet. She wouldn’t be until Kara lost all ability to stand up straight.

Lena broke the kiss and smirked before leaning against the wall behind her and sliding down to her knees. She peeled off those boy shorts, as much as she loved how they were sticking to Kara’s body deliciously. Kara stepped out of them, and Lena noticed her hands were leaned against the wall, head bent down, eyes watching Lena closely.

“Do me a favor, darling, and try not to wreck my bathroom wall. I quite like it,” Lena smirked as she placed a kiss to that perfectly chiseled pelvic bone. There was a small hint of a carved V where Kara’s abs ended and her pelvis started and Lena couldn’t help but flick her tongue at that spot.

She was only human after all. And she was convinced that muscles like Kara’s brought insanity to those who were unable to worship them. So, she did. She held Kara’s waist as she brushed her mouth with kisses over every hard muscle she found.

Lena stole a glance up to find Kara’s head dangled between her arms, eyes screwed shut in anticipation when Lena’s mouth drew closer to her clit. She was still coming down from her high and Lena was about to take her back up there.

She hummed at the familiar scent of Kara’s arousal, the vibrations causing Kara to moan loader. Lena took a long lick from her center to her clit and wasted no time when she latched on and began sucking eagerly. The gasping of the woman above her was almost as sweet as the taste. She flicked her tongue while her lips sucked on the little bud of nerves and she felt Kara get restless again. One of her hands dropping beside her standing figure, shaking with indecision.

Lena took Kara’s hand, gently placing it on her brunette hair, “Right here, baby.” she instructed, pushing at the hand to demonstrate to Kara what she wanted to be done.

“Lena, I…” Kara’s hand disappeared from over Lena’s head and Lena broke her lips from Kara’s clit to look at her. Kara’s eyes opened up again, the irises filled with regret, “I don’t want to hurt you. I’ve never…”

“You won’t.”

Lena took Kara’s hand once more and placed it over her head, refusing to go back to fucking her until Kara guided her head there. Kara understood immediately. She gently pushed at Lena’s head until it connected to where she needed her. Lena felt her own arousal seep at the thought of Kara
pressing harder on her head. She sucked on Kara’s clit and flicked her tongue rapidly over it. Kara began to gain more confidence as she held Lena’s head firmly and pushed her hips slightly towards her face.

“Just like that. Right there. Don’t stop please,” she urged, her voice breaking at the last word.

Lena’s hand got to work as she thrust three knuckles inside of Kara and used two fingers to play with her own clit. She couldn’t help it. The way Kara held her head firmly, pushing at her face with her hips, grinding herself so absentmindedly for her own pleasure did things to Lena. She thrust her fingers and twisted them inside both of them, listening to the moans above her get even more breathless as Kara was closing in on her orgasm.

Kara grinded her clit even more, tightening her grip and causing Lena to whimper in delight. The grip on her hair should hurt, but it does nothing but arouse her even further. Lena felt Kara clenching around her fingers and she hooked those three fingers, twisted them until she found that one spot where she pressed and rubbed harshly at.

The hand gripping her hair tightened. “Lena!” Lena’s fingers sped up when Kara finally muttered Kryptonian explsivitives - that Lena found herself very proud of - and came over her lips.

Lena willingly licked at her juices not letting any escape her. She felt that hand slowly loosen until Kara’s knees buckled and she slowly came down sitting in front of her. Kara kissed her running her tongue over her lips to taste herself on Lena's lips. She took Lena’s hand that had been playing with her clit, replacing those fingers with her own. Lena was already so close, and Kara knew exactly what to do and how to do it. She continued to kiss her even after Lena gasped and sucked in a deep breath when she came crashing down. When she tugged on Kara’s lower lip with her teeth, Kara actually let out a groan, and the sound pleased her to no end.

They both leaned back on opposite walls of the shower, too worn out to turn off the streaming water above them and too tired to take a proper shower either. Lena looked at Kara’s features. Her head was leaned back against the wall, her eyes closed. Lena couldn’t remember a more beautiful sight. When blue eyes opened to meet hers, she found herself transfixed by that sleepy satisfied smile on Kara's lips.

“So, Tokyo, huh?”

They both had settled in bed, their heads on soft pillows and their eyes towards the ceiling. Both were content with the comfortable silence in between them, until Lena gasped suddenly.

“I just realized for the longest time I thought Agent Danvers had it out for me because she secretly liked Supergirl!” Lena covered her face with both hands at her unexpected - and quite embarrassing - realization.

Kara, on the other hand, had a frozen grin plastered on her face before she completely burst out in laughter.

“Don’t laugh!” Lena moved her hands from her flushed face. “I even mentioned it at the gala to you!” another gasp left Lena's lips.

Kara was beyond having the ability to hold in her laughter. She laughed so hard, she held her stomach in the process. “I know,” she barely managed between her laughs, “I remember!”

Lena clutched at the pillow beside her and threw it at Kara face, “Stop laughing!”
Kara kissed a trail down Lena’s cheek to her pulse point lovingly, basking in the passionate and slow tempo they’ve adapted. It was more soft kisses than heated ones. Fingers brushing rather than pulling. Lips tasting rather than demanding. She came back to Lena’s lips, taking her time to memorize the taste of them before leaning back down to whisper in her ear.

“24 days,” she whispered softly.

Lena’s dug her fingers in Kara’s blonde hair, “24 days what?” she asked, giving her a sleepy smile and loving the way Kara’s body rested over her on the bed.

Kara placed another kiss on her cheek before, nuzzling her nose while speaking, “It’s been 24 days since I’ve told you you’re beautiful.”

Lena blushed profoundly. She tried to hide her smile by biting her lower lip. She knew exactly where Kara was going with this.

“And?” she feigned lack of realization.

Kara moved lower, nibbling at the sharp jaw, “And I promised I would tell you you're beautiful everyday so it never seems like it's goodbye.” she placed a small kiss over the small of her chin before meeting Lena’s eyes with an arched brow of her own, “I have 24 days to make up for. 25 including today.”

“You're not honestly going to…” Lena began, but was conveniently interrupted by lips over hers.

“Oh, I so am.” Kara mumbled, kissing her deeply, “You're beautiful” she whispered before kissing her once more. “You’re beautiful,” she breathed out once more, her lips hovering over her cheek, “You’re beautiful.”

“I hope you know you're the cheesiest person I've ever had the pleasure of knowing,” Lena smiled at the woman above her, not about to admit she secretly enjoyed the compliments.

“Shhh I'm not finished.” Kara mumbled over her lips, “You're beautiful.” she whispered over her lips before kissing her again.

It was on the twentieth count that Lena remembered something, “You're wrong by the way,” Lena whispered back in between kisses.

“What do you mean?” Kara opened her confused eyes.

“You called me beautiful the day I stayed over.”

Kara backed away slightly, “Really? When?”

“The day I accidentally slept on your couch. When I made breakfast. You called me beautiful.”

Even when we were just friends. Even when I kept you at a distance. Even when we…

“Oh yes, I remember, I remember. The day after you…” Kara cut herself off suddenly, opening her eyes wide as though caught in a lie. She cleared her throat, “Well, in my defense, I couldn't not call you beautiful. You were wearing that dress.”

“Which dress?”

“The green one,” Kara smirked slightly, clearly picturing Lena in that dress.
“You like that one?”

“Mhmm.” Kara bent down and suck on her pulse point, “Let me know if you’re planning on wearing it again anytime soon.” she feathered kisses all the way up towards her cheek.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Lena dug her fingers deeper in Kara’s hair, guiding her towards her neck again.

Kara sucked on her neck before meeting her eyes once more, “But you’re right. I was wrong. Number of days I mean.” That devilish smirk played on her lips as she stared at Lena’s, “Guess I should start over then.”

Lena laughed as Kara went back to kissing her and telling her she’s beautiful.

Lena nervously looked down at her hands as she spoke, “You mentioned this algorithm that can find someone that would be perfectly compatible for you.”

“Yeah. Divorce on Krypton was not only illegal, but also banned and really looked down upon. It was very very rare for someone to get a divorce. And this algorithm made sure that when two people were brought together, they were each compatible with one another to maintain a strong, healthy, and lasting relationship.” Kara frowned, “I wish I knew more about how it worked, but I’ve only been told about it and had read about it in books.”

Lena felt Kara's eyes on her as she muttered an, “I see,” while her heart thudded against her chest. She must have been blushing. Because Kara's eyes zeroed in on her cheeks and her eyebrows came together in confusion.

*Just ask her! Say that it's out of curiosity. You've been asking her all sorts of questions all day, this isn't any different.*

Lena looked back to Kara and found her expression focused. Kara was listening, trying to figure out what had her so riled up. Lena cleared her throat, deciding to ask the question before Kara asked her first.

She pursed her lips and clasped her hands. “So this algorithm,” she began cautiously, “Can it determine your other half from a young age too? I just mean, whether people tended to take their children to find out their match from a young age.”

Kara tilted her head in thought, oblivious to Lena’s thought process, “As far as I know, it can.

Kara saw a slight blush creep its way onto Lena's cheeks as she swallowed down before uttering a quiet, “Oh.”

Lena could feel Kara’s frown from her peripheral vision. She hurried to ask her question before she back down, “Were you... I mean...” Kara listened closely, and Lena became all the more nervous with how devoted Kara’s focus was on her. She swallowed down subtly before continuing. “Was there someone who was picked to be your future partner?” she asked before looking away, busying herself with grabbing the cup of water from the bedside table and taking a sip before putting it back.

When she looked back to Kara, she barely registered half a smile before she began speaking, “There was this one person that seemed to be perfectly compatible with me. The alien computer algorithm thingy though warned me that I should be aware that she was very, very rich. And has an incessant obsession with heels.” Kara smiled when Lena began to catch on and the blush made
its way on her cheeks. “And she wears these attractive lipstick colors that might drive me crazy. And we'll probably argue all the time.” she leaned closer to Lena's ear, “And that she was on a whole other planet. And that she...” she sighed out a small chuckle, placing a small kiss on the spot behind Lena's ear. “And that she would be the most beautiful woman I would ever lay eyes on,” she whispered.

Lena turned her face slightly, capturing Kara's lips with her own in a smiling kiss, her hands skidding up Kara's neck and onto her cheeks. She was still convinced she would never get used to the feeling of kissing Kara. That flutter in her heart whenever she would taste her lips. The softness and sweetness of them.

Lena broke the kiss slowly, her hands still on Kara's cheeks, “You think I could meet this woman someday?”

The blonde chuckled, her breath bouncing over Lena’s lips, “I’d rather not have you two in the same room together. You know, for important reasons.”

Lena smiled dangerously, “Well, in that case, do me a favor darling and text me her social security number. You know, for important reasons and all that.”

“I told you about Krypton. It's your turn now,” Kara smiled.

They both leaned their arms on the balcony railing, watching the city beneath them and enjoying the brisk night air. Lena tugged the blanket she had wrapped around her tighter, feeling a shiver run through her body that had nothing to do with the cold night.

“What would you like to know?” she felt the nerves creep up the back of her neck. Kara had spent the whole day telling her about Krypton and Lena didn't know if she had anything compared to how beautiful those stories were.

“Tell me about Lex,” Kara said slowly. Her voice somehow lacked the usual disgust that came with the mention of him. Kara didn't spit out the familiar vile adjectives the followed her brother's name. The list of crimes he was accused of. Kara merely said his name. As though he was simply another person on the street.

Lena flinched at the request, clasping and unclasping her hands dangling from the railing. “There's nothing to tell. Everything you need to know you've probably already read or seen on the news.”

“That's not true. When I first met you, you said that it wasn't always. That it was Lex who made you feel most welcomed in the Luthor mansion.”

“He was,” Lena smiled at the ginger haired brother she longed to see again.

“Tell me about that Lex,” Kara repeated

Lena stayed silent. Because how do you talk about the one person you’ve been told to always stay quiet about? How do you talk about a person who you’re supposed to hate, who you know you should hate, but deep down you still hold a sliver of affection for? She had spent the better part of a decade and a half pretending to hate her brother. And at times she actually did. But if she was being honest with herself, if she let go of the lies she told herself, if she truly surrendered the reins she had on and the facade she put up, the truth always came down down to the fact that her hate constantly dissolved by various entities of hope of his redemption or memories of his friendship.

Lena loathed every ounce of love she held for her brother. But loathing never made it go away. Because Lex was the first person to ever show her kindness. And no one ever forgets their first anything.
Lena smiled sadly. “Did you know he had ginger hair?” she decided to say.

There was that smile again. That luminous smile on Kara's lips and Lena felt her breath hitch at the notion of that smile being present in a conversation about her brother. “Lex Luthor? Was a redhead?”

Lena laughed at Kara's gasp. “He was. Curly ginger orange hair. Much like...” Lena paused, realizing something captivating for the first time. “Much like Leia’s actually. But a bit lighter.”

Kara scooted closer; she rested her left elbow on the railing and brought her right to the small of Lena’s lower back. The hand formed soothing circles over Lena’s back until some of the weight on Lena’s shoulders was lifted. Something about that small gesture calmed some of the tornadoes twirling inside of Lena’s chest. The circles slowed down when Lena felt more at ease, and Lena thought about whether or not Kara could feel such a thing by the sound of her heartbeat.

She cleared that lump in her throat, “He hated combing it. And Lillian would have a fit every time he didn’t. I remember he used to ruffle his hair in my face playfully whenever he would come near me.”

Lena remembered a time when a younger - happier - version of the Luthor children existed. Lena sitting in her room and an orange haired Lex coming over to her, bending his head down, and playfully shaking his hair in her face. The younger Lena scrunched her nose playfully and pushed him back, sometimes even sneezing. She remembered the way Lex’s smile would be slightly devilish when he would make her laugh, as though he had succeeded in his mission. As though he had fulfilled his brotherly duty.

As though his duty was solely and simply to make Lena smile.

To everyone in the world, the name Lex Luthor spiked either fear or anger in the hearts of those who heard it. It had always bewildered Lena how a single name brought on with it a tsunami of terror. How did someone go on about their way to making their name spike fear in people's hearts?

*It wasn't always.*

“It was so curly that he could never get it styled back even with gel. Goodness, this one time he used up half a bottle of gel just so he could comb it back. And there was still this one or two curls that would bounce up. I remember climbing on a stool and using some of my bobby pins to hold them down,” she giggled at the memory, her eyes glistening, “He secretly wore bobby pins in his hair for almost a whole year whenever he had to style it back.”

“As a reporter, I find it really, really hard not to write a whole story about Lex Luthor wearing bobby pins in his hair.” Kara squinted her eyes in mock temptation.

Lena laughed lightly, still lost in her own memory lane of her brother’s past. “Oh, I can imagine the press having a field day with it.”

Kara waited for her to continue and Lena once more drowned in the echo of her brother's young laugh. She found herself suffocated in images of Lex chasing her down the long hallways of the Luthor mansion. Hiding behind curtains and forgetting to hide his shoes from under them.

“Lex created these... These words that we would use whenever we needed to get away. Silly words. I still remember Lillian’s face whenever Lex would try to work the word *gubbins* into the conversation.” Kara seemed as though she was about to ask before Lena interrupted her, “Yes. Gubbins is a word. So is erinaceous, nudistertian, zoanthropy, and pauciloquent; all of which are actual words that Lex and I chose among a list of others as a way to inform the other that we
needed to get out of a situation or leave."

Lena let out a laugh, remembering the rest of the words they had once chosen under the blankets in the hours of the night. *Discombobulate. Flummox. Curmudgeon.*

“As we got older, Lex would sometimes call me while I was away in boarding school. He would use one of the words and I would immediately know that he was stuck with someone uncomfortable and needed to be rescued. Sometimes he just texted the word and I would call him and create some sort of emergency for him to run to. I think he had even used it on a few girls that were too clingy at times.”

Lena loved the way Kara laughed with her. The sound still hard to believe. Because they were talking about Lex. Earth’s most notorious alien killer, as Kara herself once put it. And Kara was an alien. How is it that Kara found it in herself to enjoy Lena’s stories about this person that hated her very existence Lena will never quite understand. But that was simply one of the many reasons she loved Kara.

*I’m falling even more in love with you.*

“Chess,” Lena answered, nodding once before continuing, “Our favorite game was…” she choked back on her use of the past tense, feeling a stabbing ache in her chest, “It was chess,” she tried to smile. She was sure it came out broken, but a smile nonetheless to dull that throbbing pain where her heart was.

She hadn’t noticed her use of the past tense while she talked about Lex until now. She wasn’t sure why. It wasn’t the first time. But for some reason, there was a spasm of dread that washed through her chest at the memories. The same way one would use the past tense for someone who had just passed away. The sour taste of the verb lingering on the tongue. That’s what it felt like.

It felt as though her brother was dead.

And just as sudden as the feelings flooded Lena’s chest, the comfort of Kara’s hands came too. Kara’s hand whose elbow had been resting on the back of the couch bent down to play with some of Lena’s brown hair. Just fingers dancing and twirling around her locks. It was so very utterly simple. And it calmed down a storm.

*How does she do that?*

She threaded her own fingers together, pressing on her ring finger with her thumb and index. She looked down to find her hands slightly dry, wondering when was the last time she had used moisturizer on them.

“He actually taught me the game. Taught me all the openings there were. And Lex had them all memorized. You name any chess move, and he knew it. Queen’s Gambit, Sicilian, all the Indian defenses. We once stayed up until dawn arguing about the Morphy Defense,” she laughed lightly at the memory of that day, “He hated most defense moves to begin with. He preferred openings like the Fegatello or the Latvian Gambit, while I…” Lena cut herself off when she noticed Kara scrunching her eyebrows together in concentration, “What’s wrong?”


Lena tilted her head as realization hit her. “Kara, have you ever played chess before?” she asked, bewildered at how she had forgotten to ask such a simple question.

Kara smiled with a little wince as though she didn’t want to have to admit the truth. “Not really
“no. I have no idea what all those gambits and civilians are.”

Lena laughed. “Sicilian,” she corrected amusedly, “It’s an opening. The entirety of the game is based on the first few moves you make. It dictates whether you’re on the defensive or offensive. There are countless opening moves out there, and countless books written about them. But each player adopts a different technique using a specific opening.”

“How come there are no closings?” Kara pointed out.

“Well…” Lena had never thought of it that way, “It’s because…I mean there are numerous ways you could end a game, but…” she furrowed her eyebrows in thought.

“Interesting,” was all Kara said.

“You’ve truly never learned chess? Not even with Alex?”

“I mean I know of the game. Alex didn't much like it. And I've never really learned to play it. It does sorta remind me of a similar game we had back on Argo, though. I don't know if other places on Krypton played it, but it was certainly famous on Argo.”

“I could teach you,” Lena suddenly blurted, “I mean… If You'd like to learn that is. And only if you teach that game you played back on Argo.”

Kara smiled delicately, “I'd love that.”

Lena felt that ache slowly fade, the throbbing memory muffled. That itching torment in her chest replaced with the prospect of teaching Kara something that she held dear to her.

“So, which one’s your favorite? The civilian? The Indian one?”

Lena narrowed her eyes at her, fully knowing Kara knew it wasn’t called the civilian, “You can’t ask me my favorite opening.” she shook her head smiling.

“Why not?” Kara snapped back, seemingly offended.

“Well, because… That’s like asking me my favorite book.”

“Well, what is your favorite book?” Kara smiled devilishly.

“You can’t ask that either!”

“Why not?!”

“Because… Well, alright then, what’s your favorite super power that you have?”

Kara opened her mouth to speak, her index pointing upwards, but immediately deflated in retrospect. Her brows coming together in realization and her mouth tilted sideways. “Oh,” she settled on.

“Exactly,” Lena gestured towards her, “But if I had to choose one or two, I would go for the Giuoco Piano or the Two Knights Defense. Oh, but I also love the Morphy Defense because Lex thought it was insignificant and I beat him with it.” She frowned, “But then, I definitely favor the Stonewall.” she looked up to find Kara’s grin plastered on her face, “Alright, alright. Stonewall. I choose the Stonewall.”

She couldn’t help it, her fingers were itching to change it. There were so many openings she liked. She couldn’t just choose one.
“You want to change it don’t you?” Kara’s grin grew even more.

Lena let out her long forgotten breath, “Desperately.”

“Leave it to Lena Luthor to not be able to pick her favorite chess opening,” Kara laughed.

“Oh really? Alright,” Lena challenged, how about you tell me your favorite food.”

“Well that’s easy; Potstickers,” she answered effortlessly.

Lena smirked, an eyebrow arching, “So, not pizza?”

Kara’s grin slowly faded, replaced by a confused kicked-puppy type of look, “Well, of course pizza too,” she hesitantly replied.

“Choose one, Kara.”

Kara looked like she was given a life or death choice, “Umm well if I had to choose one, I would uuh choose umm…” she gulped down.

“Yes?”

“Ok, fine, fine. You could choose ten different chess openings as your favorite! Stop making me choose between pizza and potstickers, that’s not okay at all. Nope. That question is off limits. Never again.” Kara genuinely looked offended as though someone had insulted the whole women’s rights movement.

“I won’t ask you about your favorite food if you don’t ask me about my favorite chess opening,” Lena offered.

Kara nodded, her face still cripped with indecision and confusion, “Deal.”

“Deal.”

“So how come Lex didn’t like defense openings?” Kara asked, clearly wanting to stray away from the horrifying discussion of pizza versus potstickers.

Lena thought it over for a second before answering, “Lex preferred aggressive openings. He had no dispute with sacrificing most of his pieces in order to attack and protect his king. I never quite liked that. He always saw the king and queen as the only two pieces that mattered. I always disagreed with him. He always said I was being weak. Was playing with my heart rather than with my head. Was too attached to pieces that were beneath me. I never saw a difference between the king and queen and the pawns.” She smiled, “And he learned that the hard way when I began defeating him at the game.”

Lillian’s face suddenly appeared on Lena’s mind. That scathing look she always wore.

“The first time I defeated Lex was the first time Lillian paid any attention to me. The first time she might have actually been proud of me.” Lena scoffed, suddenly grasping at something, “I think it was the first time she realized I was more Luthor than anything else.”

Lena remembered that smile. As young as she was, she remembered that smile on Lillian’s face.

“*Chess is a game of war,* she used to say,” Lena imitated that sophisticated way of speaking, “*And war is nothing but a game of chess.* I never realized until recently that she was actually talking about war and that it wasn’t simply a metaphor.”
She revived a stern look she wore to keep the emotions at bay, clearing her throat and aiming a cold stare towards the balcony doors across the room. “Do you know what scares me the most?” she uttered suddenly, eyes glued to the balcony door as though her once upon a time brother might just walk through.

“What?” Kara scooted closer, probably having heard the fear in Lena’s heart.

“That I…” Lena focused her eyes on those doors, opening them slightly wider to dry out the dampness that was starting to sting. “That I might be walking the same path as my brother.”

There was a small sigh that came from beside her, right before she felt Kara rest her forehead on the side of hers. “Lena, that’s not…” she whispered close to her ear, but Lena interrupted her before she repeated the tiring chorus.

“I know. I know what you’ll say. And I know I always say that all I want is to make the world a better place, and that there is the problem.”

There was a sardonic laughter that was softly sounded from beside her, “How is that a problem?”

Lena smiled. Because Kara seemed to have such a difficult time comprehending it when it couldn’t be any simpler to Lena. “Because that’s what Lex always said. He had always reiterated how he wanted to make the world a better place. Yes, I know my brother is a psychotic criminal, but in his delusional mind, he thought he was making the world a better place. And that’s what scares me. Because I want the same thing. I want to make a better world. A better place for humans and aliens to live alike. But I also find myself thinking that maybe that’s how Lex felt in the beginning.”

“Lena, it’s not the same. You’re not…”

“I know, I’m not. I mean, not entirely. But neither was Lex.” Lena tilted her head, smiling imperceptibly at how innocent his motives once were. “I am probably the only other person who had ever witnessed it, but there was a time when he was good. When he sought to create a difference.” She frowned, “I won’t deny it. My brother was power hungry, he did only what brought him more money. But he…”

She tried once again as she had done countless other times. She tried to find that one moment, that single instance. That reason. The precedent that Lex had changed from the brother she knew to the man the rest of the world knew. But she never found one. There was never one moment that changed a person. It was never a single incident that created change. It always came down to several small straws that slowly and inevitably broke the camel’s back.

“You know Lex was part of the reason why I wanting to mend things with you.”

“Oh? Any chance I could get his address to send him a thank you card?” Kara asked in disbelief.

Lena gave her a small smile, not having the heart to appreciate the joke. “As much as Lex would never ever admit it, Clark made him good. Made him at least try to be good. Most of the good things Lex did, it was so that he would seem good enough in front of Clark. When I went to visit him in prison, I realized the mistake that Lex made. He held on to his grudge against Clark. Held on to the hatred. Refused to salvage their friendship, even when Clark tried his best.” she paused, pondering over her realization that day, “And looking at him, I pictured myself in a similar predicament.”

Lena got off the couch, feeling the need to clear her mind and walk a few paces. But she slowly realized that she needed to look into Kara’s eye for her to utter her next words. She walked back, got on her knees in front of Kara and clasped her hands around Kara’s in her lap. She looked at their hands before looking up to meet warm loving eyes.
“Because just like Clark tried to made Lex good...” Lena held her eyes firmly, “You make me good, Kara Zor-El.”

Kara shook her head, leaning forward and smiling warmly, “You were already good long before you met me.”

Lena frowned. She wasn’t explaining it right. She wanted to articulate her realization far better but felt as though she was failing to make Kara see how much she had influenced Lena to be good.

“No, I mean it. I’m a better person when you’re around. I try to be good. Be better. And the notion of you not being in my life, not being there to make me good...” Lena choked, “It terrified me.”

Kara let go in favor of holding Lena’s face in the palms of her hands. “What’s it gonna take for me to convince you that you are good?” she whispered.

Lena brought her hands up and circled Kara’s wrists, breathing in her closeness. The emotion conquered the air in her chest like a smoke-filled room. Suffocating. Asphyxiating.

“You’re good. You’re kind.” Kara repeated sternly.

“There’s a difference between being kind and being good. Kindness is easy. It doesn’t take much to be kind. Being good, genuinely good...”

“Shhh,” Kara scooted to the edge of the couch, trapping Lena in between her knees. She brought her lips to her forehead, placing a kiss there and letting her lips linger there for a few seconds, “You’re good whether or not you believe me. But I’ll keep trying to convince you anyway.” She whispered.

They stayed there. Silently listening to the silence of the room occasionally broken by their breaths. Lena squeezed her wrists, finding herself unable to come up with any sort of reply. Kara chased away her demons, her loneliness. She dulled the voices in her mind that were ever so perpetually against her. Lena would never be able to explain such a thing to Kara. She would never find the words to explain how good Kara made her.

Kara’s lips pressed lovingly on her forehead once more, her kiss driving away any remnants of doubt that was left in Lena’s mind. Any miniscule piece of uncertainty that Kara would never be anything short of perfect for her.

Lena broke that very silence between them, shifting until she met Kara’s eyes and held them adamantly with her own, “I need you to promise me something.”

“I already don’t like where this is going,” Kara chuckled nervously.

“I made the mistake of ignoring the signs and I lost a brother because of that. Promise me you won’t make the same mistake.”

“I won't have to, because there won't be any signs.” Kara's furrowed eyebrows dictated how much she didn't like talking about this.

“Just promise me, Kara. If I ever do something unethical or out of the ordinary. If I start to lash out. If I start to overwork myself, overdrink. If I start to...”

“None of that is gonna happen. Except maybe the last two...” she smiled nervously once more.

Lena didn’t smile. Feeling the vivid echos of her promise deep in her mind, thinking maybe Kara wouldn’t be able to see the signs if they ever did come. “Promise me, Kara. Promise that you’ll tell
me. Keep me grounded of what’s right and what’s wrong. Promise me that you’ll…”

Kara closed her eyes, resting her head on Lena’s, “I promise.” she whispered, opening those eyes once more to hold Lena’s own, “I’ve already promised once to always be by your side. And I’ve kept that promise so far. And now I promise to always look out for you even from yourself. If I ever notice anything, I'll let you know, ok?”

Lena nodded, “Please don’t make me turn out like him,” there was a shake in her voice, a trembling shiver that sounded out the gravel stuck in her throat.

She could see the glossy blue eyes in front of her that stung from unshed tears, “You’re different from him, Lena. Your intentions are pure.” she tried to smile.

Lena smiled sadly, recalling a piece of history that seemed relevant at this moment, “In the ninth century, Chinese alchemists were searching for an elixir to prolong life. They combined saltpeter, sulfur, and charcoal. And gave the world gunpowder. Sometimes having the right intentions isn’t everything.”

There was some sort of defeated affection in Kara's eyes. As though she had no way of making Lena believe something so simple. Kara looked away, somewhere behind Lena. As though she needed to think and looking at Lena disrupted that.

She brought her eyes back to hers, her thumb brushing on her cheekbones. “Do you know what else the Chinese gave the world?” she sniffed through her smile. When Lena gave her a questioning look, that same smile grew even more, “Ice cream. How about we go to the kitchen for some very much deserved ice cream?” she suddenly asked, that smile becoming hopeful.

The question took Lena by surprise. It shouldn’t have though. By now, she should have been used to the bluntness of this woman whom she deeply cared for. But Lena never saw herself getting used to anything that Kara did. She saw herself always being in awe of the words that came tumbling out of her.

“I...I don’t think I have any ice cream to be honest,” she admitted, smiling back weakly.

Kara gasped dramatically, the sound causing Lena’s smile to grow bigger. “Don’t...Don’t have any...” Kara was at a loss for words, her face etched in shock with her eyes wide and her mouth agape. “You don’t have any ice cream?” she finally managed to ask.

Lena loved how serious Kara took the notion of anything that regarded food. “Come to think of it, I don’t even remember the last time I’ve had ice cream in this place,” she let out a small laugh.

It worked. Kara looked even more horrified than ever. Her throat made this small shrieking sound and she backed away slowly. Her mouth refused to close as she looked around left and right as though she might miraculously find ice cream somewhere. Lena felt the wind rush around her as Kara superspeeded to the kitchen and opened the freezer. She heard the gasp all the way from where she stood, just as she saw the blonde stomp her way back, mumbling to herself.

“Unbelievable!” Kara muttered to herself as she made her way back to the living room, “Who doesn’t have ice cream?” she mumbled even more as she passed Lena, her feet still stomping disappointedly, and made her way to the balcony door.

“Kara?” Lena turned around, surprised to see the hero seemingly about to leave.

“She doesn’t have ice cream!” Kara continued speaking to herself, “That should be a crime!” She grunted, opening the balcony door as she did. “The things I put up with!” Lena heard her say before she flew off into the sky.
Lena was absolutely perplexed. Standing there in the middle of her living room, the cold night air swirling inside from the opened balcony door.

_She just left!_

Once again, Lena found herself in utter shock at Kara's actions. She blinked a few times, thinking maybe she had imagined it all. But she was all alone in her penthouse.

_She quite literally just flew off to grab ice cream! As though it were some Supergirl emergency!_

_Maybe I misunderstood. Maybe there was some kind of emergency. Maybe..._

All of Lena's maybes were completely disintegrated as soon as she saw Kara land back on her balcony cradling a paper bag in each hand, a paper receipt in her mouth, and wearing a Supergirl cap on her head. Lena watched in complete awe as the caped hero casually - but still very frustrated - walk back into the apartment and into the kitchen. She took out four boxes of ice cream and neatly placed them inside the freezer.

Her eyebrows furrowed as she gave the boxes one last look and nodded once, satisfied. “That's better,” she said mostly to herself as she closed the freezer.

Lena watched closely, still very much impressed at Kara's complete seriousness of the situation. Lena's eyes lingered on this woman who was oblivious to the thoughts storming in her mind. Kara was completely taken back by the idea of her not having any ice cream at her place. She was absolutely _not ok_ with something as simple as that. And yet, she was utterly fine with Lena being a Luthor, something that should have been considered crucial. Dangerous even. Lena watched as Kara walked back to her, watched as she fidgeted with receipt in her hand, accidentally tearing its corner, and causing her eyes to widen momentarily.

_God help me, I'm so in love with her._

Kara stopped in front of her, giving her a deadly serious look, “We shall never speak of this again.”

Lena feigned her own stern expression. “Agreed,” she nodded once to emphasize the word, “May I ask about the cap?” She pointed at Kara’s head.

Kara looked up in surprise as though having completely forgotten about the cap on her head. “Oh this?” She pulled it off. “This little kid gave it to me. He said it’s to keep me warm,” she chuckled at the idea. Or maybe it was at the idea of her getting cold.

She playfully placed the cap on Lena's head before walking past her and plummeting on the couch.

Rubbing her hands together, Kara had a crazed look on her face. “It's ice cream time!”

_“What made you visit him in prison?”_

The question brought with it a vociferous silence. Lena wasn't expecting that question. Out of all the questions she would have answered about her brother, she never thought she would be answering this one.

She stayed silent. The silence sheathed the room and echoed the sounds of the distant night. Sirens from far away. Lena wished for a second that the sirens were a call for Supergirl. Something to
break away from the expectation of an answer.

Although she lacked the sound of Kara’s heartbeat, Lena could always notice the nervous habits that she did. She could feel Kara start to feel uncomfortable after having asked that question. Probably wanting to take it back. Overthinking. Telling herself it was a stupid idea. Kara had always openly displayed her thoughts on her sleeves. Not one to have a poker face.

So, Lena took her hand in hers. Even without looking at her, she knew Kara's surprise was all over her face. She laced their fingers together and squeezed tight. Drawing strength to utter words she had never uttered out loud.

Lena looked down at how perfectly their hands fit together before breathing out her words.

“I missed him,” she whispered, her voice sounding more broken than she had anticipated. There was a crack, a choke, in her voice. As though uttering that sentence depleted the last of her fight. And it did. Uttering that sentence felt disastrous. Like uttering a profanity. Because it was unthinkable. Missing someone so… horrible.

And suddenly Lena realized what she had said. Realized that what she uttered was the equivalent of telling the victim she missed their abuser. Because that was who Lex was. A perpetrator who victimized people for being who they were. People like Kara.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, choking on words that were so thick in her throat.

“For what?” Kara whispered back.

Lena faced her, her face drenched in the last remnants of strength she had left in her, determined to keep the glossy tears at bay. “For missing him. For missing someone who is deranged and psychotic. Who has tried to hurt you over and over again. Who almost succeeded at killing you and the people…”

“Hey, hey, hey.” Kara caught Lena’s face in her palms, stroking her cheekbones with her thumbs lovingly. “You’re allowed to miss him. He’s your brother. I would never hold something like that against you. He’s your brother and you miss that part of him that made you feel loved in that house. Not the deranged person he is now. You miss your older brother, Lena. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“I thought I would be the one, you know? I would bring him back. If I simply talked some sense into him. So I went to…” Once again her voice broke, and she realized she wasn’t strong enough to face this discussion without breaking down.

Kara stroked her cheeks smiling. She brought her arm around her shoulders until Lena rested her cheek over her chest.

“The Medusa virus was created by my parents. My parents created a virus that could kill all other alien life forms.” Kara paused, gulping down slowly, “They created a virus that could potentially kill people that I love. People that I considered family after they had perished. They created a virus that aimed to kill people, and I… I still miss them. Everyday I miss them even more. But I don’t miss the people that created that virus. I miss the mother who read to me and kissed my forehead whenever I was scared. Miss the father that told me stories of places he visited, let me stay with him in his lab, and always pushed me to learn more and be better.”

Kara stroked Lena’s hair gently. “Just like you miss your once upon a time loving brother, I miss those versions of my parents too. So there’s nothing wrong with it.”

Lena shifted until her eyes met Kara’s and they both drowned in the other’s sadness. “We’re more similar than either of us imagined,”
Kara beamed, “Two pods in a peas!”

Lena chuckled playfully, listening to Kara’s own chuckle in reply.

“Two peas in a pod,” she nodded before kissing her.

“Really? Ok then, tell me something that the infamous Lena Luthor can’t do.” Kara rolled her eyes playfully.

Lena pointed at her, “I’ll have you know, there are a number of things I cannot do,” she warned.

“Suuure. And I can’t fly either, what else is new?” Kara laughed, rolling her eyes even more dramatically than the last time.

“It’s true! There are countless thi...”

“Prove it! Tell me something you can’t do. But you can’t pick some far away country and tell me you can’t speak their language. That doesn’t count. I’ll be the judge of whether something you can’t do counts or not.”

Lena scoured her brain for things she couldn't do. There were plenty. But she was too desperate to prove her point. And so she picked the first thing that came to her mind.

“I can't tap my head and circle my stomach at the same time,” she blurted out, holding her breath in horror at what she had just admitted.

“I'm sorry you can't what now?” Kara had her eyebrows raised and was clearly confused.

Oh God, please don't make me do it.

“You know, that thing that people do sometime. Where you rub your head and tap your stomach at the same t - actually I think it’s the other way around. You tap your head and rub your stomach,” she looked up thoughtfully, trying to remember.

Kara seemed perplexed, her mouth halfway into a grin but frozen in place in bafflement, “What in Rao’s sake are you trying to say?”

Lena sighed, “This.” She stood up, facing Kara with her lips pressed firm in exasperation and her brows furrowed together.

Here goes nothing.

She tried so hard to concentrate. One hand hovering over her head and one hand hovering over her stomach. She directed all of her concentration on doing two feeble actions that a five-year old was able to do.

But, like all other times, she failed. She succeeded in tapping her head slightly up and down but as soon as she began rubbing her stomach in circles, she found her hand uncontrollably start rubbing her head too. Whenever she thought she had control over it, she felt one hand tapping when it should be rubbing and one hand rubbing her head when it should be tapping instead. All in all, it was a catastrophe. A blundering mess of uncontrollable hands that would forget what they were supposed to do.

And it was all topped off by Kara falling on the couch in laughter, gripping her stomach tight with her head rolled back and her eyes squeezed tight, “Oh Rao!!” She laughed even harder when Lena grunted and tried again only for her mind to short circuit and both her hands stay frozen in
“Rao, I’m sorry, but this...” Kara’s laughter swallowed whatever apologies she had as tears made their way down her cheeks, “this is just.” She seemed to lose all ability to hold herself upright as Lena watched her slide off the couch.

“It’s not that funny, you know,” Lena rolled her eyes. She stopped trying to accomplish the impossible and crossed her arms instead.

“It’s not. It’s really not that-” tears stained all of Kara’s cheeks as she tried holding off her laughter to continue what she had been saying, “I shouldn’t be laughing at this... It’s just you're trying so hard and I can’t-” Kara clutched harder at her stomach as another laughing fit washed over her. She lied completely on the floor, her hair sprawled around her head and her eyes closed shut in laughter.

“This is ridiculous. I should never have told you,” Lena mumbled as she made her way to the kitchen. She turned on her espresso machine to make herself a shot. She needed the caffeine to drown out the laughing maniac on her living room floor.

“No, no, no. Please. I promise I'll st-” She didn't stop. In fact, she laughed even harder at Lena’s frustration for not being able to do it. Kara rolled over onto her stomach to get up, but just ended up laughing even harder as she got on all fours and stumbled back down.

“I’m glad my inability to do something is amusing to you.” Lena arched an eyebrow, as she prepared herself a cup of coffee.

She could still hear the laughter, muffled by heavy sighs and short bursts of giggles, “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t” another outpour of giggles interrupted Kara’s apologies as she finally managed to stand upright. She balanced herself on the couch, her head bent down as she tried swallowing the last of her laughter.

Lena leaned against the side of the counter, mug in one hand, arms crossed on top of one another. Kara finally raised her head, her lips pressed firm as though physically keeping the laughter from bursting out. Lena could’ve sworn she was holding her breath in, her cheeks slowly turning red. She wasn’t breathing, Lena had an inkling that if Kara opened her mouth to breathe, then she would fall down laughing.

Kara lasted five more seconds. And Lena knew Kara accidentally remembered the image of her trying to tap her head and rub her stomach in circles simultaneously. Because that was what it took for the laugh to explode out of her after a series of inner sounds that were indication that she was slowly but surely losing control over her restraint.

“Well, if you think it’s so damn funny, why don’t you give it a try?!” Lena shouted at her, regretting it immediately, because if anyone could do it then...

Yup. Kara was easily able to tap her head and rub her laughing belly in circles with no hiccups whatsoever. And Lena couldn’t get any more frustrated.

Kara continued to laugh, tapping her head and rubbing her belly in circles all while hovering slightly off the ground and spinning in circles with one foot raised behind her.

Lena wanted to strangle her and her smugness!

“I have to go because tonight we’re transferring Fright onto this Earth.”

Lena sat up slowly, the words registering in her mind. “Oh,” she whispered. She felt her pulse
pick up at the mere mention of that woman and judging by the look on Kara's face, she felt it too.

“Hey, it's just a simple transfer. Nothing's going to happen,” Kara reassured her.

“I know, I know. It's just the idea of you being anywhere near that woman...” Lena felt her whole body fill with worry. “It makes me sick to my stomach.”

Kara gave her a sad smile, “I’m going to go there, we’re going to transfer her to the prison cell we have at the DEO, and then I’m going to be right back here to sleep beside you.”

“I’ll wait up for you,” Lena hurried saying.

“No, please don’t. I don’t know how long it’ll take, and you’re already so tired, I can feel how exhausted your heartbeat is. When you wake up tomorrow, you’ll find me beside you.”

Lena hated how Kara could easily know how tired she was. Her body was sore and exhausted, but her mind was now alert and worried. She stayed silent for a few more seconds.

“She’ll be handcuffed?”

“Yes. She won't have her powers,” Kara replied immediately.

“Your sister will be there?”

“Alex will be there. So will a bunch of her DEO teams. As well as the Flash and his team.”

Lena nodded silently, process the information. She finally looked up to Kara, a small pout making its way onto her face.

“When do you have to go?”

“I can spare another hour,” Kara smiled.

“Come here.” Lena pulled Kara down onto the bed and lied down over her chest. She kissed her neck once before burying her face inside of it. She needed this. She hated how dependent it made her look. She had never done something like this with anyone else. But she desperately needed it. She desperately needed to feel Kara breathing next to her. Feel her heartbeat beneath her fingertips.

Kara wrapped her arms tightly, her right thumb brushing over her Lena's cheek lovingly. She placed a kiss to her forehead and Lena loved how her lips lingered there even after that soft kiss.

“I hate that I worry you so much,” Kara whispered, her breath bouncing over Lena's forehead.

“Shhh,” Lena replied softly, “Just hold me.” She tightened her arms around Kara and felt Kara do the same.

But Kara remained tense, her body rigid, and Lena could feel the gears turning in her head. Kara had the habit of doing an action repeatedly when she was thinking. Like the way her finger lightly tapped hurriedly on Lena’s waist. Lena could feel her chest lifting up faster than normal. Kara seemed to be riled up. Slightly angry at something. And Lena knew that if she looked up, she would most definitely find that crinkle between her eyebrows.

“I hate that you being worried is part of this. Is part of us being together,” she blurted out after a few more seconds, “It’s never going to stop. It’s just a constant...”

Lena clasped her hand on Kara’s mouth, bringing her head up and meeting her eyes. She gave her a concerned look. “Don’t,” she pleaded.
That crinkle remained between Kara’s eyebrows and the blonde shook her head to move Lena’s hand over her mouth. “No, you need... You need to know this. You gave me your reasons why you think I shouldn’t be with you, well now I’m giving you mine.” Kara’s tone was serious, her eyes held Lena’s in a way Lena couldn’t look away. “This is what you’re getting yourself into by being with me, Lena. Worrying. Everyday. Because I’m always going to...” Kara frowned when her voice broke and Lena felt how much frustration was building up in her at the prospect of not being able to say her words. She looked down, swallowing the lump in her throat before speaking again, “So if you wanted to umm... this is your chance to...”

Lena clasped her hand on Kara’s mouth once more. She shifted, rising until she brought her face above Kara’s and looked sadly into her eyes. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry about what I said earlier. That if you wanted to walk away, that was your chance. I’m sorry because now...hearing those words from you...” Lena couldn’t look away from Kara’s eyes. The intense ocean blue that surrounded the black weakened her. “It hurts. Hearing those words from you scares the life out of me.”

They both breathed heavily through their noses, Kara’s bouncing off of the edge of Lena’s hand that was still clasped over her mouth. Lena stared at her in silence, memorizing the blue patterns, memorizing the look that Kara gave her.

“I would rather go through night and day of worrying about you then not have you at all, Kara Zor-El.”

Lena whispered the words so low, she barely heard herself. But she knew Kara heard her, the emotion on Kara’s face was confirmation enough.

Kara suddenly flipped her on her back, her forehead pressed firmly on hers. “I want to say it,” she whispered.

“Say what?” Lena asked, fully knowing what Kara meant.

“You know what,” a low growl sounded in Kara’s throat.

“Don’t. Not now. If you say it now, it’ll seem like goodbye,” Lena whispered back, her heart pounding against her chest at the intense look Kara was giving her.

“Would you say it back?”

“In a heartbeat,” she smiled sadly. Because she would. Without a single second thought, she would utter those words back.

Kara chuckled dryly, “Kinda ironic how we’re both ready to say those three words without having gone on our first date yet.”

“And whose fault is that?”

“Yours. Definitely yours.”

“I’m more than ready to take you out on a first date, if you’d only let me.”

“I’m just as ready to take you out on a first date, if you’d only let me.”

Kara had her arms around her as they walked towards the balcony, a place that now Lena dreaded going to when it used to be one of her favorite places to be. She had her head resting over Kara’s heart, the Kevlar of the suit becoming more familiar to her each day they spent with one another. She felt Kara’s lips on her forehead when they finally reached the railing, her arms tightening
before letting her go. Something in Lena’s chest latched onto her heart at the moment. Something
told her to not let the woman she loved go. To keep her close. Protect her from protecting the city.

But Lena knew she couldn’t. She couldn’t stop Kara. Not from this.

“Take the ring with you, darling.” Lena hurried to take off the chain around her neck. Her excuse
to prolong the goodbye perhaps.

Kara stopped her gently with her hand, “No, it's alright. I'll be fine without it for a couple of days
until you give it back to me. Besides, I hope that I'm allowed to listen to your actual heartbeat
again.

“I never forbade you. You were always allowed

“Yeah I know but it's different. A heartbeat is something intimate. It's personal. Private even. So
when we... When we weren't really on good speaking terms, I felt kinda guilty listening in.

“Well, now I insist that you listen to it constantly.” Lena smiled softly, “And when you hear
happiness in my heartbeat, know that I’m thinking of you.”

Kara bent her head down and kissed her, those soft hands of hers coming up to brush over Lena's
cheekbones softly. The kiss was soft. Gentle. And Lena hated that it reminded her of that one kiss
Supergirl once gave her on the balcony before disappearing for days on end. Lena tried to ignore
that feeling in her stomach, bringing her own hands to Kara's elbows and kissing her back with
just as much longing.

Kara broke the kiss slowly but didn't move away. Her forehead rested on Lena's, and she took a
deep breath as though to prepare herself for something. When silence drenched upon them, they
both accepted that this was it. There were no longer any excuses to delay the inevitable.

“Don't you dare tell me that I'm beautiful,” Lena whispered, stopping Kara from uttering the one
thing that Lena knew might break her.

Kara held a serious expression on her face. “Why not?” she whispered back.

“Because the last time you told me I'm beautiful before leaving, I didn't see you for days.”

Kara stayed silent for a few seconds, the guilt evident on her face was mixed with indecision.
“Not this time. That... That was different,” she gulped slightly, that crinkle between her eyebrows
showing up, “And for the record, I'm sorry for...”

“No, no, I don't want you apologizing. I just...” Lena brought her body closer to Kara's, her
forehead pressing on hers, holding her face between her palms. “I just want you to come back to
me.”

Lena placed a small kiss on Kara's lips, such a small kiss yet it almost tore her heart to pieces.
“Come back to me, Kara Zor-El.”

“I will,” Kara reassured her quickly, “Nothing will keep me from you. I promise.”

“Good. Because I have enough Luthor blood in me to kill you if you don’t.” Lena smiled, but her
smile came out broken.

Kara smiled back, “I don’t doubt that for a second. I mean if Lillian...”

Lena’s lips pressed tightly in frustration, “I swear to God if you bring up my mother one more
time, she’ll be a walk in the park compared to me!”
Kara cringed, her eyes squeezing tightly, “I don’t know why she keeps coming up!”

Lena rolled her her eyes and took a step forward, hooking her wrists behind Kara’s neck, “So,” she whispered, her voice taking a lower seductive tone. She spoke slowly, each letter pronounced perfectly and her tongue never failed to mesmerize Kara’s eyes, “There’s a slight possibility I might have bought a garter belt piece with a matching thong and corset that I think,” she bit the corner of her lip, her fingers scratching at the base of Kara’s skull. “You would certainly enjoy, darling.”

Lena could easily see she blew a fuse in Kara's brain, because Kara stood motionless, her mouth half opened in an awkward angle.

“You are,” Kara sighed, holding Lena’s waist firmly and bringing their bodies closer together. “Making it so very hard for me to leave,” she whispered, before kissing her lips softly.

“I’m just making it easier for you to come back to me,” Lena whispered back, her lips captured once more by Kara’s.

“What color is it?” Kara asked just before kissing her again.

Lena smiled seductively before leaning in, her breath hot on Kara’s ear. “Red,” she let out and bit at Kara’s earlobe, loving that little possessive growl that sounded from Kara’s throat in response.

“I like you in red,” Kara's whispered tone was primal. Crazed. As though barely resisting the urge to simply take her right there on the balcony.

“I know you do,” Lena whispered back, her face changing from its seductive demeanor to a more serious one, “So you best hope you come back to me or you won't get the chance to rip it off of me.”

Kara pushed her forehead onto Lena's. A deep groan emanated deep from her throat at Lena's words. They've had more sex tonight than they've thought possible, and yet Lena could easily recognize the hunger that still lingered in Kara's eyes. The need to pick her up and go back to their ruined bed.

But Kara only took a step back. Though she wouldn't let the space between them to be so far.

“I will.”

Lena stood in front of the long mirror naked except for a black silk robe undone barely covering her shoulders and sides. The ring she had given Kara hung around her neck in its chain, perfectly situated in the valley between her breasts.

She counted 7.

7 dark purple marks all over her body. 7 marks from Kara.

And yet none of them hurt as much as this feeling she felt inside of her at the absence of the woman.

She ran her finger on one particular dark one on her right breast. Pressing at the skin, hoping the pain would increase. Hoping she would feel something, but the worry that had long latched itself onto her chest. It was unfathomable.

*Is this how it's always going to be?*
Lena thought about Kara's job being quite literally running towards the danger. She thought about late nights waiting up for her. Worrying about her. Hoping she would come back. Lena thought that maybe this was the universe’s cruel way at a joke. Giving her the one thing she had been denying she ever wanted, only to have it with a string attached.

*Kara is worth it.* She felt the thought shove its way to the front of her mind, eradicating all others. Because it was true. Lena was positive that Kara was worth everything and anything. Even when the voices in her mind begged her to run away before she got hurt. Even when every instinct in her told her to protect herself, to

It was a constant inner turmoil. A battle inside of her between countless voices telling her to flee and that one small voice that demanded of her to stay. And Lena held on to that single voice in her mind. The one that screamed for her to put an end to her isolating habits, her workaholic tendencies that were merely excuses. She smiled at this change she felt in herself.

She turned away from the mirror, covering the bruises with her robe and tying a knot at the center. As she made her way into the kitchen, her eyes glanced at the clock, finding that small arrow closing in on 9. Kara had said that they would set out at 10. She had time to sort a few things out. Her mind didn’t want to take any chances. She had all the faith in the world in Kara. But she didn’t want to leave anything for chance. She picked up her phone and dialed a number she had come to know very well.

“Lena?” came the surprised voice.

And Lena found words start to tumble out of her, “I know. I know I haven't called. Even after you helped me. I should've called and thanked you. God I owe you everything! It's just after that day, I...

There was a tired chuckle on the other end, “Lena, Lena, relax. Breathe. It's fine. I'm sure you were busy working things out with K-” there was a hesitant pause, as though not sure whether or not to continue, “With Supergirl.”

“You know.” Lena didn't need to make it sound like a question.

A sigh came as a reply, “I do.” Lena appreciated the honesty.

“When?”

“Well if I had to pinpoint an exact moment darling, it would have to be the gala. The way she looked at me was the same way Supergirl looked at me. Deadly.”

*So everyone apparently could see it but me.*

Lena heard another chuckle on the other end of the line, “Don't chastise yourself so much, Lena. I've been around many vigilantes and masked heroes, over time you start to pick up on shared habits between them and their alter egos. You shouldn't blame yourself for not seeing it.”

Lena sighed, “I guess not. It isn't why I called though.”

“Does the reason for your call have anything to do with a certain criminal transfer between two Earths?”

“Yes.” Lena felt her heart let go of a weight. “Will you be there?” Lena bit nervously at her thumb, not knowing which answer she preferred to her question.

“No. But Gypsy will be. Cisco asked for her help.”
“Oh,” Lena’s voice was doused in dread. She didn’t know what she expected, only that she was disappointed.

“Lena? Do you want me to be there?”

Lena felt as though she was a little girl being forced to speak in front of the class, her voice sounding vulnerable. Defenseless. Weak. “Please?”

There was a short pause and Lena thought the woman might have been analyzing how weak she had sounded.

“Of course, Lena.”

Lena felt as though she needed to explain, to give a reason, “You’re the only one who...” Who’s on my side. Who trusts me. Who would let me know if something were to happen to Kara. Lena wasn’t sure how to word her thoughts.

“It’s alright, Lena. I understand.”

Lena felt this deep devotion for this woman, “Thank you, Helena. Oh and one more thing,” she quickly added, biting her lip nervously.

“Sure.”

“You said that you brought a prototype for the functioning model of our machine with you from Vancouver, right?”

Helena was silent for a second, “Lena, I don’t like where this is going,” she hesitantly said.

“I just want to see it,” Lena lied, but as soon as the words left her lips, she knew they wouldn’t work on her friend.

“Is that so? Then, you wouldn’t mind seeing them after all of this is over. Just as a way of me making sure you don’t do anything stupid.”

“Helena, please. It’s just a precaution. For all I know I could be wrong, but my brother is relentless when it comes to the things he wants and I’m hardly ever wrong about him. Please. I need it.”

“Ok, but Lena there are still some malfunctions in the prototype. I only brought it with me for you to look at. I still don’t know if it really works.”

“I’ll make sure it does,” Lena assured her.

Chapter End Notes

Song that hilariously annoyed Lena into packing her stuff:
'Fuck it' by BoTalks

And I was watching this with my 3-year old nephew. And well....I couldn’t help myself. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lNZEBkeRiEc

This has officially been the longest chapter yet with a total of 23,500 words that filled
48 pages! It's also the last bit of fluff you'll be getting in a while......
It was going to be ok. It was all going to be ok.

This is a simple transfer. Nothing to worry about.

That's what everyone had been telling her. That's what Kara had been telling herself. No need to think of what if's and untold goodbyes.

But she couldn’t help feel the paranoia scratch at the surface of her heart. It was there. But it also wasn’t. Remnants of it. Maybe it was never gone.

No. I’m just overthinking it.

Kara flew past a building expertly just as her phone vibrated in her boot. She halted midair, grabbing it to see who it was. It was a message from Lena. Kara quickly opened it

“Oh Rao!” She gasped when she saw the picture of the matching red piece corset and garter belt. Unfortunately, she only managed to take one glimpse of the picture before... Crack! The whole screen of her phone cracked where her thumb and fingers gripped it, “No, no, no, no, no,” she tapped it a few times, which ultimately made it worse when she accidentally tapped it too hard and the whole front of the screen fell off. “What?! How?! Rao!”

She blew on it to cool it down but she hardly had any control over her powers what with that picture Lena still in her mind, and she froze the whole phone. “Really?!! Are you serious right now?!!” And as she was asking the question, she pressed somewhat harder than she realized and the whole phone crumbled to pieces and fell hundreds of feet below her.

Kara sighed as she watched her phone meet the impending doom of the fall and flinched when she heard its crushing landing on the concrete.

Well, that just happened. Alex is gonna kill me. I think that one was my fourth this month.

Her guilty frown was suddenly replaced with a dopey grin when she remembered the picture Lena had sent her. She flew once again towards the DEO, her mind half on her flight and half on the garter belt as she imagined it on Lena. She shook her head from distracting thoughts when she landed on the DEO balcony.

She headed towards the sun bed in the medbay, trying her best to avoid one Agent Danvers in the process. She didn’t want Alex to know she was here yet. The truth was, she needed a nap. For the past day - plus the night before that - her and Lena had done nothing but strenuous activities for hours on end. And Kara quickly realized that sex genuinely tired her out, unlike most workout routines. She entered the medbay, smiling when she found it empty. She dimmed the lights and lied inside of the sun bed, turning it on by the panel on the inside of the lid. She immediately let out a satisfied sigh when she felt the concentrated sun rays hit her body. Her mind begged for her to sleep and she remembered to set the timer on the panel so as not to oversleep before she surrendered to the blissful darkness of slumber.

Kara woke up with a frown on her face. Her nap was not as uneventful as she had hoped it would be. She had an unusual dream that had started with pitch darkness. She turned around in a circle trying to find something that didn’t resemble complete blackness. A chair suddenly appeared. Lena
sat on it with her head dipped low. Kara smiled, her mind not yet realizing that she had been
dreaming. She walked over to the chair, coming down on one knee and dipping her own to catch
Lena's eyes and smiling expectantly at the smile she was about to receive back.

But Lena hadn't smiled back. In fact she had been weeping. Her eyes closed and the tears
gathered on the edge of her eyes damping her lashes with them. Kara's heart had ached. Even now
awake she remembered how it had felt in the dream. An clench in her chest at seeing Lena crying.
Lena who deserved more than Kara would ever be able to give her even with six superpowers at
her disposal. Lena who craved nothing but to change the way people saw her. To change the bad
to the better. Lena who Kara vowed to never allow to weep. To shed a single tear.

What's wrong? Kara had asked in the dream, touching the brunette's knee and squeezing lightly.

Lena's head had come up. Slowly. Her eyes glassy, her cheeks stained. She sniffed before smiling
sadly to her. She reached out, stroking Kara's cheek softly.

I'm fine. She had said. And Kara almost laughed. She remembered having the urge to laugh in the
dream. Because only Lena Luthor would be weeping and utter the words 'I'm fine' like they were
the most obvious thing in the world.

We need to review the definition of fine later. Just the two of us. I don't think you understand what
it really means. She had joked. She gave Lena a small smile in hopes that it would be contagious
enough to be reciprocated.

It's as though you're really here. Goodness, I miss touching your face with you smiling at me like
that. Lena had replied. And Kara found herself confused.

Lena, I am here. What're you talking about?

Lena once again only smiled sadly. I missed you so much. I can't stand seeing you like this. I don't
know what I would do if something were to happen to you. If you don't wake up. Please wake up,
Kara. Please. Kara noticed Lena's voice breaking, which only confused her more. She was right
there. She was a Kryptonian. The odds of something happening to her were very slim. Barely
even odds to begin with.

Kara had opened her mouth to argue with Lena. To convince her she was there. To ask her why
she was crying.

But suddenly, she had woken up.

She had blinked her eyes open to the inside of the sunbed lid. The small clock on the side told her
she woke up just a few minutes before the alarm she had set.

Kara opened up the lid and sat down on the side of the bed. Her mind playing the dream over and
over again on a loop.

It's just a stupid dream.

She told herself. She shook her head from that horrid dream. She wasn't about to be shaken up
about something that wasn't real.

I'm fine. Lena had said. Kara heard those faint words replay in her mind. She smiled at how much
Lena used those words. How she never really meant them. Her whole world would be tumbling
around her and Lena would still insist that she was fine.

I wonder if I could ban her from saying it. Can I ban her from saying something?
Kara thought about it as she made her way towards where Alex was in the main control room. Halfway there she remembered Lena trying to tap her head and rub her stomach, or more so her inability to do so. Lena Luthor, genius billionaire CEO, can't tap her head and rub her stomach at the same time.

She found Alex huddled over a tablet, staring daggers into it. “Hey,” Kara's mind was still very much wrapped around the head tapping incident and she couldn't help the expression she was wearing.

Alex barely gave her a side glance before returning to her poor tablet, “What's got you so chirpy?” she mumbled out.

“I'm always this level of chirpy,” she replied, pressing her lips tight to keep the giggle held inside. Explaining to Alex why she was this chirpy is gonna need a whole sister's night in. Kara didn't want to tell Alex now. Not when they were both about to do something they've both been dreading.

After the transfer. I'm going to tell Alex everything. But first I should ask Lena. 

Speaking of Lena, “Have you ever banned Maggie from saying something?” she asked her not-paying-attention-to-her sister.

“Barry!”

Kara all but ran towards the speedster she had come to see as part of her extended family in such a short time. She wrapped her arms around him, lifting him slightly off the ground without even realizing it.

There was a groan coming out of the hug, “Too tight Kara.” Barry croaked out, “Too tight.”

Kara opened her eyes wide, immediately putting him down, “Oh, sorry sorry sorry sorry.” she cringed, giving him a guilty smile. “I just missed you so much!”

“I did too, Kara. And if I could reciprocate the bone crushing hug to show how much I've missed you believe me I would.”

Kara blushed at the compliment, “Sorry I haven’t been too great at keeping in touch. Kinda had my hands full with this one,” she gestured behind him to where Fright was probably holed up in a cell.

“It’s ok. It’s not all on you. I had my hands full with one of my own.”

Kara stood there listening to her friend gush about his upcoming wedding to Iris West. She sported the biggest smile once Oliver joined them with Felicity. She missed them all. Missed having all of her friends around her. Kara promised herself that when all of this was over, she would find time to gather everyone for a Multi-Earth Game night. She hoped Lena would be keen on meeting this many people right away.

Kara laughed when Barry’s cheeks took on a pink tint when he met Iris’ eyes from across the room. She playfully punched his shoulder in her amusement and laughed even harder when he flinched.

“Ow Ow, Kara.”

“Oh sorry, I keep forgetting you're much less... Muscley than Alex.”
“I am not less muscley!”

“Well then maybe more whiny than her…”

“I’ll have you know…” Barry began, and Kara was more than happy to be on the receiving end of someone’s ramblings rather than her doing it.

Her smile grew bigger with each exaggeration Barry used and each eye roll elicited by Oliver and each shush from Felicity. She looked to her right to find Cisco showing off some of his latest tech to Winn and Winn gawking at it all. Iris stood with Caitlin, both too busy drooling over the ring. Kara couldn’t help the ease at which she felt being surrounded by so many wonderful people.

But her joy was sadly cut short.

“Suuuupergirl,” came a shrilling voice from inside the pipeline prison. Kara was sure she was the only one who heard the voice. She clenched her jaw, her nails digging in the palm of her hand. She ignored it.

“I know you can hear me,” the woman continued to sing song her words, as though she were a taunting young child on a playground.

Kara ignored her.

“Oh come on, Supergirl. I can feel you,” Fright whispered in her cell. “I always feel my victims whenever they're near.”

That caught Kara’s attention.

How does she know I’m here?

Kara wondered about Fright’s powers. They still haven't gotten any information about them. Even the Gotham police department didn’t have that much on the woman.

“Kara?”

“Hmm?” Kara looked at Barry who gave her a concerned look.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Yeah, yeah,” she brushed his worry aside, “Just wanna get this over with I guess.”

She looked beside her to notice Oliver had gone to the other side of the room to speak with Helena and a woman she didn’t know.

When did Helena get here? Why is she here?

“You know, my paranoia never really leaves you.” Fright continued from her cell, “You think you've gotten rid of it, but you haven't. You've only suppressed it.” She spoke in that slow manner, as though she had all the time in the world, “It's like depression. Always lingering really deep within you. Waiting until you reach your lowest point of vulnerability to show itself. And just when you start to believe that you've conquered it, just when you think you've finally found happiness…” there was a pause, and Kara could almost feel the smirk playing on Fright’s lips, “That's when it latches on to you and suddenly swallows you whole.”

In front of her, Barry also spoke. But Kara heard none of it.

Unknowingly, Kara’s hand reached to her neck to grab at the chain there and hold on to the ring that seemed to calm her down. But it wasn’t there.
Kara looked down to notice that she wasn’t wearing the chain, and for a second, for just a brief second, she panicked. A rush of pure panic went through her at the thought that she might have dropped it somewhere before she remembered where it was.

I gave it to Lena.

Kara then relaxed knowing she can just as easily listen to Lena’s real heartbeat to calm herself down now that they were on good terms with one another. She tuned her hearing trying to find Lena’s distinctive heart rhythm from the cluster of many... But she heard nothing.

And again for a second, for a little more than a brief second, she panicked. Her head going left and right as though the answers were in the room somewhere. And they were. Seeing what room she was in told her that she wasn’t on her own Earth, which explained the reason why she couldn’t hear Lena’s heartbeat.

But knowing the reason didn’t help simmer down her panic. She breathed slowly but heavily through her nose trying to calm herself down without alerting any of her friends.

It's fine. I don't need the ring to calm down. Alex said there were no longer any traces of paranoia in my body. I just need to keep my head clear, get this transfer over with, and then go back to Lena.

Kara smiled when that seemed to clear her mind slightly. But Fright’s voice came back, its sound blocking out all other sounds and pulling Kara towards it.

“You know, the only way you’re gonna be able to control those panic attacks is if you come confront me. How about you come over here and me and you have a little chat just us two?”

Kara walked closer to the transparent glass wall that held her worst nightmare on the other side. A thin glass wall stood between them, easily broken by either of them. But that flimsy surface stood firm, segregating the forces of good and evil. Emphasizing the difference between freedom and captivity.

Fright leaned against the farthest wall, wrists cuffed in front of her, head tilted to the right, and a petrifying smirk glued to her lips. She had one foot perched up on the wall behind her, somehow making her seem much more dangerous and confident than one should look when locked up.

“I knew you couldn’t resist not coming over to say hi, blondie.” Fright always spoke in that slow tempo that she liked so much. As though she had all the time in the world and wasn't about to be locked up for the rest of her life. “I missed you, baby.” she pursed her lips out in an exaggerated pout.

Kara clenched her jaw at that last word. It was a word Lena lovingly used with her and hearing it from this woman’s lips stirred her blood hot. She willed herself to calm down, focusing on all the other times Lena had uttered that word softly rather than how it was uttered now by this woman venomously.

“Did you miss me?” Fright’s pout remained plastered onto her face, her lips bulging out sadly and her eyes displayed a treacherous helplessness.

Kara refused to answer. She noticed her nails digging in her palms from how tight her fists were.

Don't let her get to you. She's just baiting you.
Kara told herself, chastising herself for coming here in the first place. She should have stayed back with the rest of her team.

*Do the transfer. Return to Lena.*

It was that simple. And Kara held onto that imperative simplicity just to keep her sanity stable.

“The way you're looking at me right now, I could only assume that you *did* miss me. Missed my little paranoia treat. Maybe you even want another fix, hmm?” Fright continued, her eyes taking in Kara’s posture and looking her over, lingering a little too long on Kara’s clenched jaw and her tight fists, “Oh, don't look at me like that, baby. I didn't really mean for any of this to happen. At least, not all of it. I meant only some of it.” she chuckled, as though having made a funny joke. The sound felt more like a slap to Kara’s face.

“Donate to the arch and the arch shall give you its blood.” Fright singsonged in a pleased voice.

Kara frowned at her, still not understanding what it is that the deranged woman meant. Still not ready to voice out words to her assailant. To speak to this woman who had caused her considerable amounts of intense torment.

They stayed for what felt like slow agonizing minutes with silence hanging over them. Fright studied her like she was her prey.

And in a way, she was.

Kara - with all her superstrength - saw herself as nothing more than Fright’s prey.

“*You're scared,*” Fright whispered, amusement lacing her voice as though the notion of Kara being afraid gave her the utmost satisfaction.

“*You're wrong,*” Kara finally spoke. Finally managed to speak. Her voice didn’t falter, surprisingly. It didn’t shiver. Not like the shiver in her hands that was concealed by her tight fists.

*I'm not scared of her. There’s no reason to be. She’s handcuffed. Power suppressing cuffs. No chance of paranoia. Not even her strength.*

“Oh, baby, but I'm not. I have never been more right.” that sly smirk of hers felt like daggers in Kara’s spine, it was the same smirk she had used when she affected Kara with the paranoia. The same one she used when she shot Kara. It was that smirk that Kara associated all her worst nightmares with.

“You see I don't think you really understand what it is I'm fully capable of yet.” Fright continued. She played with her fingernail, brushing off something with her thumb.

Kara was getting more and more agitated. The anger inside of her bubbling over to the surface, “It doesn’t matter. You lost. We caught you. You're handcuffed and surrounded. We're transferring you to the DEO where you'll make yourself at home in your new jail cell.”

“*As the summer's warmth gives way to winter's chill, so too would this peace pass.*” Fright recited, as she looked up in thought remembering the words. Kara hated how calm Fright sounded in comparison to how angry she felt inside. “Just a little something that Mr. Luthor always says. And I have no doubt that my summer is about to come to an end.”

Kara’s breath grew heavier with her controlled rage, “I wouldn’t hold my breath if I were you.”

“Tell me something, Supergirl. What’s your favorite flower?”

Kara didn't give her the satisfaction of an answer.
“No? The golden sunshine of a superhero doesn't have a favorite flower? Well that's a shame. You want to know what's my favorite flower?” Again, Kara didn't answer. But Fright continued anyway, “Well if I had to choose one, I would have to go with the Nicodemus flower. Beautiful isn't it? But more than that, it's powerful.”

Why is she talking about flowers?! Because she's crazy that's why! Just get this over with!

“Say, you wouldn't happen to have that Luthor girl’s address would you? I would love to send her some. Just as a way of saying thank you for entertaining me by saving you last time. Oh, I had the best time!”

Kara suppressed a deep growl in the depth of her throat. Fright mentioning Lena kept her on edge. Made her want to do things she vowed she would never do.

The corner of Fright’s mouth lifted in amusement, “Before we go through with this transfer you’ve convinced yourself would work,” Fright raised an eyebrow slightly, the smirk never faltering, “Tell me, how much do you know about my abilities?”

Kara didn't answer. She refused to answer to someone so vile. So despicable. She tightened her fists at her side, feeling her mind clouded. Blurry. As though many thoughts raced to be at the forefront of her mind.

“No? Alright then. I suppose I'll fill you in, Superblonde. You see, there's no cure for my paranoia. You probably think you've cured it. But even if it had subsided,” she let out a small vicious laugh, “I could so easily trigger it if I wanted to.”

She’s lying. Alex said the paranoia was gone from my system.

“You’re probably thinking that it's all gone from your system,” Fright repeated her thoughts easily, “But you’ve only pushed it down. Tucked it to the back of your pretty mind so that it wouldn't show up on any test you might run. But it's there, blondie. Oh, it's very much there.”

“You don't scare me. The paranoia is gone.” Kara felt her nails dig into her palms from how tight she clenched her fists.

She suddenly flinched when Fright banged her cuffed palms to the glass wall between them. Kara didn’t even see her moving closer until her face was inches apart from hers framed between her elbows and under palms that laid flat on the glass.

“Is it? Is it really gone? Are you sure about that?” Fright asked dangerously. “Let's give it a try shall we?” she whispered. Endless black eyes held Kara’s own as Fright began speaking once more, “There are little tiny adorable bombs placed inside every one of your teammates over there. You saw them didn't you? When you first walked into that horrid facility of yours. You felt them.”

“I didn't feel any...”

“But you did. You also felt those small kryptonite fragments I placed into the vents. I had those custom made for you. They evaporate under intense heat. And at exactly 8:45, that facility of yours has an automatic heating system that turns on every night when it gets cold. It does doesn't it?”

The DEO does have... But that doesn't mean anything! She's making it all up! It's not true!

Kara willed herself to speak. To argue. To fight this comatose impersonation that she had taken on. Or to simply walk away. Let the deranged lunatic talk herself to craziness and simply ignore the little baits she's leaving behind for Kara to sample at.
But what if... Now that I think of it, I came back to the DEO and I immediately felt weak. I went to lie down in the sunbed, but it didn't... It didn't replenish me like it usually did. Maybe there actually is kryp...

“Oh, but that's not all. That Luthor bitch who wretchedly came to your rescue last time will be dying tonight. That agent who looked at you oddly is actually a White Martian. The whole of National City thinks you’re nothing compared to that cousin of yours. They think you don’t belong here. They’d rather have him than the pathetic idea of you!” Fright let out a loud scoff, “Honestly, Supergirl, I can’t say I blame them. You’re a disappointment. Even the bats had more fight in him and he doesn’t have any of your privileged powers.”

Kara felt each word slice through her skin and leave behind little lacerations where the paranoia can seep through. She swallowed down thickly

No, no, no. Focus. She's just playing you. Do the transfer. Return to Lena. It's so so very easy. Do the transfer. Return to Lena.

But it wasn't easy. Not even remotely. Something inside of Kara was begging her to believe what Fright was saying. Pushing at her to reject reason.

“What's wrong Supergirl? Paranoia got your tongue?”

“N-No.” Kara struggled to let out. She flinched when she heard her voice come out slightly broken. A bead of sweat slithered agonizingly slow down the back of her neck. Tickling the little hairs there before sliding down and halting at the neck of her suit. Kara itched to wipe it away, but fear crippled her hand. An unexplainable doubt paralyzed her will.

“Everyone here has been lying to you. It's all an act. Do you honestly believe all of these people have gathered just to transfer me? Do you really need this many people to transfer a prisoner that's handcuffed and powerless?”

Yes! Why else would...

“Think about it Supergirl!” Fright’s voice grew louder.

“Y-yes.” Kara stuttered. Her fists clenched and unclenched at her sides. Her feet shuffled uncomfortably. “Yes. They're all here to... To take you to...”

“Then what about the guns?”

Kara frowned in concentration. She blinked away the doubt, trying to regain her posture by putting her fists on her hips. “What about the guns?”

“Oh you didn't notice? How they're new? Custom made? Designed to put down a super powered alien?”

Alex did mention something about custom made weapons. But how did Fright know about them?

“Did you think those weapons were made for me, Supergirl?” Fright asked with a grin, as though that it's absurd that Kara would believe that. “Those weapons are for you! They're all here to capture you. I'm just the diversion. So that all of your focus is on me and not them. They're all afraid of you. Afraid of that raw power. They want to dissect you like a...”

“You're wrong!”

“Am I?” Fright shouted back.
“Yes!” Kara hissed through gritted teeth.

A sliver of surprise showed on Fright’s face. It materialized for less than a second before it gradually changed to the ever present smirk on Fright’s face. “Hmm. Interesting. Your trust for these people runs deep. Deeper than the Paranoia.”

“I don't have paranoia!” Kara bared her teeth, her infuriation finally spilling over. Her face charged closer to the glass, seizing Fright’s eyes in a firm hold. “Its gone! You've lost! It's all gone! And you're going somewhere where you can't infect anybody ever again!”

“You poor poor baby. Not believing a word I say when you really should. How about we play a little game shall we? I can bet you that as soon as you walk into that room, you'll be shot with kryptonite bullets by one of those black uniforms you always have around you. If I'm right then you do what I say. You don't move. You don't flinch from pain. You don't fall. You stay still. If you happen to move a single muscle, then I blow up the little bombs I told you about that’re inside your little friends. Seem fair?”

_There’s no bomb. No kryptonite bullets. Nothing. She's bluffing. She’s… But what if she’s not? What if getting caught was all part of her plan. No, no, no, no. Do the transfer. Get to Lena._

Kara wore a disgusted look on her face, “I don't make deals with prisoners,” she muttered. Fright scoffed loudly, “Baby, I won’t _be_ a prisoner for much longer.”

“That’s enough!” Kara’s voice pitched a tad higher, her frustration reaching a deeper level. “Let's go.”

She pressed the button to open the door and found herself concentrating on the steaming sound the door made until it finally opened and she stood face to face with the albino woman; no barriers no world dividing glass wall, and nothing between Kara and the notion of being affected by paranoia again.

She walked over to her and grasped her right arm, putting a little more force into her grip. For less than second, her mind warned her that she would be burned by the touch, and Kara shook her head at the ridiculous though lingering.

Fright turned to her right, facing Kara’s cheek, her voice closer to her ear. “Donate to the arch and the arch shall give you its blood.” she whispered.

“What does that even mean?!” Kara scolded.

“Soon the arch will give you its blood,”

“You’re deranged.” she pulled at her arm and began walking towards the main room where she had left everyone else. Their footsteps echoed in her mind as she noticed the small amounts of unwelcomed anxiety make its way inside of her. She ignored it. Pushed it back. But some of it slipped by. Some of Fright’s words kept repeating on a loop in her mind and she wanted nothing more than to press pause on them all just so she could get this done.

_That Luthor who wretchedly came to your rescue last time will be dying tonight._

_Do you really need this many people to transfer a prisoner that's handcuffed and powerless?_

_There’s no cure for my paranoia._

Kara squeezed her eyes shut and opened them again to clear her head. This would all be over soon if she could just concentrate on two simple things.
“Do the transfer. Return to Lena.”

“And you're naive, Supergirl.” Fright answered back; Kara almost forgot what she had said to begin with from all the thoughts buzzing around in her mind.

“And you're naive, Supergirl.” Fright answered back; Kara almost forgot what she had said to begin with from all the thoughts buzzing around in her mind.

“Just keep moving,” Kara ordered, pulling her arm tighter and walking faster towards the room.

This will all be over soon. Do the transfer. Return to Lena. So easy. So simple. I could do that.

Kara pictured Lena's face in her mind. Using her beauty and warmth to push away any paranoid thoughts. She traced the perfect edges of Lena's jaw, imagined the exact shade of green of her eyes. It worked. The memory of Lena worked to calm her down slightly.

But it only worked for a few seconds before everything came crashing down again.

Just as they turned around to pass the threshold of the doorway, Kara felt it.

She felt it. Rao knows how much she felt it.

The shift in the atmosphere. Her hearing noticed the tightening grip on the metal of the gun. Her eyes tracked the sound to notice the muscles of Agent Martinez’s arms all tense. His molars forced harder onto each other. Then the nuzzle of his gun slowly rose up.

Kara watched everything silently. Noticing the catastrophe before it had happened. A single rock against an avalanche of upcoming troublesome events.

She watched it all. Like a scene in a movie playing in slow motion. She saw the first bullet blast through the nuzzle of the gun, a flash of a small explosion around it. She flinched when she realized it barely missed Alex’s right arm, went past Barry’s gesturing hands. The bullet wasn’t even half way towards her when the second was fired. The third one close on its trail. Those two bullets flew somewhat faster then the first one. Or maybe her mind was too distraught trying to focus on three... Now four bullets coming towards her. They each seemed to take on a different speed, a distinctive path, but all eventually had one single destination. She watched them all; one flying right through the ponytail of one DEO agent and under the chin of another. Another bullet flew so close to Iris West that Kara almost flinched at its closeness. Kara watched the slight shift in the air as they tunneled through, creating small whirlwinds wound them looking like tiny meteorite showers.

And she felt it. The Kryptonite in each of the bullets as they traveled towards her. The sting that began in the pit of her stomach and grew into a burning sensation in her bloodstream.

They all traveled towards her as though rejoicing at the prospect of meeting all in one place. As though celebrating a reunion of their own without having ever met before.

And meet they did.

The first bullet happily piercing through her lower abdomen. And just as Kara was about to let out a sound filled with horror, realization sliced through just as painfully as the next bullet.

Fright was right about everything. That DEO agent shot me. He shot me. Which means I can’t... I can’t move.

And just like that, the voices came flooding back.

They're not here to capture Fright. They're here for me. They shot me. They want to study me. Capture me and use me.
The third bullet went through her chest and she lost her footing for a second before steadying herself. What was worse from the pain lighting fire inside of her as each bullet pierced through her was the inability to express that pain. She screamed inside of her mind, but stayed idle on the outside.

*Fright said if I so much as flinch in pain, then they all die.*

*Can’t show pain. Can’t move. Shouldn’t.*

So she didn’t move. Her mind screaming for her to flinch, to put pressure on the pain, to let out a scream. Her breaths quickened in the form of short shivering ones from deep in her stomach and blown out broken out of her opened mouth. The beads of sweat traveling down the sides of her forehead drove her crazy with wanting to wipe at them. Such a small bead created painful punctures to every nerve in her body.

All she did was watch. Watch as the agent’s form slowly grew bigger, his fingers turning into claws, his teeth turning into sharp long canines. A spiked spine sprung from his back, the human skin stretching and ripping until the agent no longer stood and instead a White Martian towered over them.

Kara’s body screamed for her to move, to protect, to save everyone. Her reflexes demanded it. But Fright continued whispering in her ear.

“You know exactly what will happen if you move, Supergirl. The ground will collapse, you'll accidentally throw something at the Martian too hard and it'll land on someone else. Those bombs I told you about, they'll detonate inside the bodies of everyone here if you so happen to flinch.”

*That’s not possible! Nothing's going to happen if I move! Just go save them!*

But it was as though her mind was split in two. One screaming for her to move and the other spinning around what ifs. And her body only listened to that second part of her brain. The one that cowardly believed Fright’s selfish premonitions of the events that unfolded in front of her.

“If you move, Supergirl, then that Luthor woman will die instantly. The small puddle of water there on the floor will come in contact with electricity and fry everyone's pretty little brains. The walls will start closing in. Closer and closer together until all your little friends suffocate. Those who do survive will be out to get you. Capture you. Study you. Dissect that pretty face of yours.”

Fright’s voice echoed inside of Kara’s mind, pushing away reason into a secluded basement in her mind and bolting the door shut.  “You’re useless to the people of this city. Your cousin will always be better. Stronger. Faster. What's the point of you even?”

On some deeper - much deeper - level, Kara knew none of it was real. That all of it was just inside of her head. That Fright was just listing things that would rile her up. But that part of her, that reasonable sane part of her, was shoved so deep inside, she couldn’t reach it. Rao knows she tried. It was as though she could barely touch it with her fingertips before it slipped away.

Almost all thoughts in her head revolved around paranoia. And every other thought was occupied by the searing pain that dug inside of her. She felt each bullet tear her suit first before ripping away at her skin. Felt them break apart inside her body and spill the green substance that will be her downfall. She felt the liquid start to burn through her ribs. Heard the equivalent of acid eating through metal. The smell of burnt plastic coming from deep inside her steel body. If she had dared to move and look down, really focus on those meager holes in her stomach and chest, she was sure she would find faint smoke coming out of them.

Because her bones were the metal that the acid burned through. A girl of steel that people always thought was unbreakable, impenetrable, but often forgot could easily be melted into nothing.
A scream stuck in her throat, she watched her sister almost be crushed by a desk before Barry sped and carried her to safety. The White Martian was relentless in his attacks. Jumping off walls and landing on top of agents, crushing their bones with its tormenting figure. It dodged bullets and threw whatever it found in its way towards everyone and everything in its path.

*Move! No! Don't move! You move, they die. But if I don't move, they also die! Fright was right about everything! This was all part of her plan!*

Everything that Fright had said came crashing down on her. The paranoia contaminating every thought, every feeling, she formed until there was nothing left but it's essence.

Kara's eyes watched helplessly as the White Martian wreaked havoc onto everyone. Barry ran around it in circles and delivered a blow to its jaw, but it just made the monster even angrier. Deadlier.

Fright ran a shilling pointy nail over Kara's cheek. The Kryptonite that had seeped into Kara's body making the villainous woman be able to draw blood with simply her nail. Kara swallowed down subtly, wondering how the woman managed to get out of those cuffs.

Kara's mind screamed once more to flinch in pain, to scream in agony, to grunt in torment. But she stayed still. Silent. Frozen. The only movement she could conjure up was the gritting of her teeth. Pressing them together to keep the scream inside.

Fright shifted closer, her lips a breath away from Kara's ear, “That's a good girl. Don't move. Don't flinch. Don't even breathe differently. Now, sugar, be a darling and do tell everyone about our little chat, ok?” Kara could feel Fright smiling, smirking, even as her eyes were glued to the scene in front of her of people being flung in the air by a monster. “And remember, the arch will soon give you its blood.”

And with that, Kara felt the woman beside her leave. The clinking of broken handcuffs hitting the floor. The footsteps of those heeled boots. Kara's breaths became more ragged, more broken. She felt her pulse start to slow down.

*This is it. This is how it ends.*

She tasted something in her mouth. She wasn’t sure what it was, her mind too distorted to truly comprehend the metallic taste. She then felt something inside. Little remnants of something broken. Traveling down her throat as she helplessly swallowed. They felt like small square pieces of broken glass.

Her eyes had stopped blinking from the sheer pain, involuntarily watching as the Martian launched itself at her sister. Kara’s eyelids began to close, she coughed as she choked on one of those mysterious broken pieces in her throat.

And as the last fragment of her sanity grasped for its life, Kara dreadfully realized she was choking on her own teeth. Her teeth that she had been forcefully pressing on from the pain. She had crushed her own teeth. She gritted her teeth so hard to keep herself from screaming that she had pulverized them.

She tasted that metallic taste once more, feeling it start to flow out of her mouth and drip down to her chin. Another liquid began dripping down her ears. It could be the same metallic one. She wasn’t sure. The only thing she was confident of was the fact that she no longer was able to hear anything.

*Do the transfer. Return to...*  

Alex slid under and in between the Martian’s legs and grabbed a gun. She fired consecutive
bullets at the monster’s back and watched it fall to its death.

And that’s when Kara felt her knees give out. Her vision transform from the blurriness to a more opaque one. Her throat closing in on itself. Her pulse becoming slower and slower until she barely felt it anymore.

And she finally fell.

With one last thought echoing in her mind.

Return to Lena.

Present

Alex sat beside the medbay bed staring blankly at a sister that looked more dead than alive. The AKG machine played a tormenting chorus of Kara’s heartbeat; the sound constantly reminding Alex of how slow Kara’s heart was beating.

Alex closed her eyes and listened.

Beep. one, two, three, four. Beep. one, two, three, four. Beep.

That sound was neither normal for a human nor a Kryptonian. Alex knew Kara’s heartbeat well. Kara always prided herself for memorizing people’s heartbeats and distinguishing them, but Alex also knew hers well. The first time she had heard it they were teenagers. Kara had been her sister for over two years and on one day, Alex had taken her mother’s stethoscope from her medical bag that she had found in the living room. Curiosity was a very prevalent attribute of hers and she had always wondered whether Kara’s heartbeat was different than humans’.

Alex smiled when she remembered that day. They had sat on her bed and Alex had listened to Kara’s heartbeat with a frown on her face. *Your heartbeat is really fast, Kara. Are you ok?* She remembered the sound so distinctly that if she closed her eyes now, she could almost imagine it.

*No, I’m fine. Eliza said that Kryptonians have a faster resting heart rate. She said that under the yellow sun, our body requires more energy. And our heart beats faster so enough blood is pumped throughout our body. It's the same reason why our metabolism is faster.*

It was a nice rhythm. Different from the same ones Alex had gotten used to around here whenever she treated someone injured. Kara’s heartbeat was special. It was unique.

It reminded her that she had a sister.

That day, Kara had explained the concept of heartbeats to her. The way she distinguished them. How each person sounded different. Which sounded absolutely bizarre to Alex since modern science proved otherwise. According to what she had studied - and had been planning on studying in college - healthy heartbeats sounded the same. But various factors can affect a person’s heartbeat depending on certain conditions. A person’s body size, their weight, illnesses, abnormalities, and much more were all causes to someone’s heartbeat being different from someone else’s. But take two people having the same weight, same height, same age, no illnesses, no diseases: both their heartbeats would sound the same.

At least, that was what Alex thought. Until Kara changed all that. That night, she learned that Kara’s hearing went beyond simply the *sound* of someone’s heartbeat. She heard each sound beneath the sound of someone's heartbeat. She felt the deficit tremble of the faintest beginning of the sound and sensed each miniature change, perceived every vibration, until the sound fully resonated.
It was much more than *hearing*. It was tasting the sound. Feeling it in every fibre of her being. It was seeing it as some sort of physical entity.

It was simply a miracle.

And Alex vowed to never let anything happen to the miracle that was her sister.

But yet, here she was. Staring at the body that would not stir. Eyes that refused to open. And a sister that heard nothing.

It’s been 15 hours since Kara’s first surgery. Alex looked at the wall clock to find it close to 9 in the evening. Since 5am this morning, Kara has had two other surgeries, crashed once more, and has had more of her blood replaced. She hasn’t woken up. Hasn’t moved. And her heart hasn’t returned to a normal beat.

15 hours. Alex knew that number well because she had done nothing but count the hours that Kara has been in the coma. Had done absolutely nothing but watch the lifeless body on the bed that would not stir.

“Still nothing?”

Alex turned to see J’onn standing by the door, arms crossed over his chest. She turned back towards her sister, not wanting to take her eyes off of her.

“Still nothing.” she answered.

Alex felt J’onn nod before they both settled into silence. From what she saw of him, he looked tired. Exhausted. It reminded Alex of the difficult choice she had to make. She was faced with either going out there and finding the vile woman who hurt her sister, or staying by her sister in case there were any changes and she had to interfere. J’onn made the decision for her in the end. Because she wasn’t able to choose.

J’onn has been out on the field with half the DEO scoured across National City looking for Fright. The other half was in Star City. Lucy took her place in charge of several DEO teams and brought in some of her own agents too. James took to the streets asking those who might know something. Winn hacked into every surveillance system known to human and nonhuman to locate anyone who even remotely looks like Fright. The Green Arrow and the Flash both helped by splitting between Star City and National City. Even Gypsy, who had been glued beside Helena’s bed, waiting for her to wake up, had left for a little while to locate the albino woman. It was all hands on deck.

All, except Alex’s.

“I need you to do something,” Alex croaked out, not liking the way her voice sounded. Weak. “We don’t want the people of National City to find out that Supergirl is...” Alex paused, looking for the right word, “Unavailable.”

J’onn stayed silent. His posture unmoving.

“You should go out there as... As her. Pretend like nothing's happened. Maybe it'll even throw Fright off her game if she thought Supergirl wasn't injured.”

The director didn't say a word. Alex stole a glance towards him and saw his gaze fixed on Kara. Sometimes, it slipped her mind that J’onn saw her and Kara as his daughters. And Alex cursed herself for being so selfish into thinking she was the most one worried about her. She slowly got off the chair she had claimed for the past couple of hours. Her limbs ached. Muscles asleep from
lack of movement as they were normally used to.

Alex walked towards the large man she had come to consider family. A father figure that befriended her own father and vowed to protect her and her sister. His eyes never strayed from her sister's body, arms never loosened over his chest.

“She'll be alright.” she uttered the same obnoxious lie that everyone has been telling her.

J’onn finally looked at her. His look switched from concern to a gentler loving one. He opened his arms, drawing her in until Alex rested her cheek on his muscled chest and wrapped his arms around her.

“I don't doubt for a second that she'll make it. She has too much to live for. Too many people counting on her. Too many people that love her.”

Alex sampled those words in her mind. Too many people counting on her. Too many people that love her. Something didn't feel right. Like she was missing something but didn't know what it was. Something. Or someone. There were too many thoughts spiraling out of control in her mind that she couldn't pinpoint the cause of the feeling.

So instead, she closed her eyes and drowned in the warmth of the Martian. Wanting to shut her mind for just a few seconds in peace.

Chapter End Notes

Last scene of this chapter was inspired by this song : Slow MO by the Spacies
The Horror of Not Knowing

Chapter Notes

So, hear me out. There's this small tiny little thing called writer's block. No big deal. But it could kinda sometimes ruin shit for people. Anyway, Mr. Writer's block has been visiting me lately, just dropping by for a cup of coffee almost everyday. And I keep telling him that I really need to write a proper chapter for you guys and that he really should leave, but he decided he really liked sticking around. With all that said, I know this chapter isn't what you guys really want, but it's what I have so far. Next chapter will feature Lena and Kara. Well.... Lena and unconscious Kara.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena woke up with an ache in her neck. She peeled her eyes open, swallowing down to quench her dry mouth and throat, and looked around her. She was on the couch. She noticed the book she had been reading yesterday while she had tried waiting up for Kara had fallen onto the ground beside her. She turned to see the armrest under her head and the reason for that ache in her stiff neck.

“Kara?” she called out softly, her voice groggy and tired.

There was no answer. Just pin drop silence. And Lena knew without a doubt that Kara wasn’t in the apartment. She knew Kara never came back home, because if she did then Lena wouldn’t be on the couch at all. She would be in her bed, after had been carried by strong arms and probably would have been chastised about her recklessness in sleeping on the couch in the first place.

Lena sat upright on the sofa and stretched her neck right and left before looking around for her phone. She found it on the coffee table and grabbed to check her messages, already assuming there would be a series of sweet messages from the blonde hero explaining why she never showed up.

But there were none.

She frowned when she realized the last message between them was the picture she sent. Kara never replied to that either. Her thumbs immediately began typing out a reply, her mind ignoring the small flutter in her chest.

I must say, I'm not very fond of waking up without you beside me. Late night?

Lena's index finger tapped the side of her phone as she waited. Her thumb over the keyboard, itching to type out another message. Her lower lip being roughly bitten.

She ignored it. That sliver of panic at the back of her mind that told her something was wrong. She convinced herself it was just her overthinking things as usual. Kara said it was merely a simple transfer.

She's probably asleep.

Lena got off the couch, making sure to keep her phone close by in her grip, and headed towards the kitchen. She turned on her coffee machine and scrolled through her emails and the news while she waited. Lena paused at one headline showing Kara rescuing people from a house fire. The
time of the incident was less than an hour ago.

That's odd.

She walked to her living room, grabbing the tablet off the table and switching to the National City News Channel.

“National City has witnessed twelve different arson fires all across the city.” The newscaster narrated, “The fires started emerging some time after midnight and have been keeping the police department, the fire department as well as the Girl of Steel quite busy. Local police and fire department officials have claimed that several fires have been contained and are under control. While the fire department has been putting out fires, Supergirl has been saving those who weren’t able to escape the fires. Mary Rogers, chief firefighter on sight, is here to speak with us on the cause of the fires and the situation at hand.”

Lena watched footage of Kara flying out of the building carrying two children in each of her arms. She smiled at the sight of the blonde hero her eyebrows furrowed in concentration as she landed and gave the children to the medics on sight only to disappear back into the building.

As much as it worried her that Kara constantly flew towards the face of danger, Lena couldn’t help but feel at peace knowing Kara was alright. She pulled up her phone and began writing a text to her.

Just saw the news. Seems you’ve had quite the night. I’m heading to the office, darling. Come see me when you’re done saving the world?

She sent out the message and started getting ready for work. Pushing that dreadful feeling that something was wrong. Because the last time she had a feeling like this, she stood on the railing of her office balcony and almost fell to her death.

But that was different. A voice in her mind shouted. Is it though? Another voice asked, just as convincing as the first one.

Lena got off the elevator on her floor, mind buzzing with new ideas for her machine that she planned on working on down in the labs once she took care of the rather more tedious work up here. As per usual, her assistant immediately rushed to meet her halfway to her office.

“Ms. Luthor.” she nodded in greeting with a warm smile.

Lena smiled back, “Jess. I hope you spent your day off yesterday well?”

“I did. But I hope you don’t mind me asking what drove you to shut down L-Corp yesterday, Ms. Luthor?” She asked hesitantly, “I'm not complaining,” she rushed to add, “it just came as quite a surprise if I'm being honest.”

Lena pressed her lips in a tight lipped smile. She ravaged her brain for an excuse other than ‘I wanted to spend the day in bed with a certain blonde crossing out sinful marathon off my bucket list’.

“I decided it was about time everyone had a day off. It's been an eventful couple of months for L-Corp and I wanted to show my gratitude in some way.” she lied, as much as it pained her to do so.

Jess smiled back, “Well, I’m sure I could speak for everyone when I say we greatly appreciate it, Ms. Luthor.”
“It won’t become a habit, though.” Lena joked, narrowing her eyes mockingly.

“Of course not.”

“Any changes to my schedule?”

Jess looked down at the tablet in her hand, swiping right with her finger, “You’ve got a meeting in an hour and a half with Legal to finalize everything for Project Credo.”

“Mmm, yes. Richard emailed me this morning. Hopefully we can put the final touches on this project and set a date for the launch. Anything else?”

“Your two o’clock is a phone call with Mr. Takashi. I was surprised he called again, but he said you were feeling a bit under the weather yesterday and that he wanted to check up on you? Was everything alright?” her assistant asked unknowingly.

Sudden images of what had occurred during that phone call invaded Lena’s mind. Her eyes widened slightly before she brought them back to their neutral CEO expression. She needed to think of anything else but the fact that during that call, Kara’s mouth had been...

“Allergies!” She gasped out before that thought finished.

Jess was by far frozen in her spot at the sudden admittance. “Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I'm glad you're looking much better, Ms. Luthor.”

“Thank you, Jess.”

“Was it something you ate perhaps?”

More like it was what Kara was eating.

“I uhh I'm not entirely sure. It could have been.” she smiled sadly, trying to push through her out of control thoughts.

“Were you eating anything in particular last night that you recall?”

Kara. Just mostly Kara.

“Thai,” Lena blurted, feeling her cheeks reddening at Jess’ questions being answered in her thoughts in extremely explicit details, “I ate Thai. And Kar- With Kara!” she swallowed down her panic, “With Kara.” she stressed the first word.

Jess frowned at her boss’ odd reaction, but Lena was relieved to feel as though she let it go.

She instead reached under her tablet for an envelope, “Oh, this came in the mail for you today” Lena took the envelope from her, flipping it over to read the front. “No return address,” she mentioned, “Was this checked by security?”

“Yes, Ms. Luthor. They said it was clear.”

Lena noticed the edge of it where it was teared. She opened it the rest of the way and took out the paper inside.

Lena looked at an official letter addressed to the Alien Refugee Clinic.

It was a small pet project that she had picked up months ago. She bought a building just outside of National City. Nothing too big. The building itself was barely two floors. Lena wanted to find
enough funding to open a hospital just like her children's hospital, but for Aliens. She had found out that most aliens required special medications and procedures, something Lena was not very familiar with. So, she did the only thing she can. She bought the building under another name, provided funding, and hired someone - an alien - to run the place.

The clinic proved to be a success. It provided medical assistance to almost all species of aliens found on Earth. Lena had plans for the clinic, but for now, she was just a silent investor. She had set aside her expansion plans for now, focusing more on her matter reconfiguration device.

Nevertheless, all mail concerning the clinic came directly to her. And this one came with an anonymous donation of half a million dollars. An amount that not many people could simply give away for donation. Lena could count on the fingers of one hand of the people who could be interested in this project and simultaneously have this much money to donate.

She looked back at Jess, “When did this arrive?”

“Just this morning, Ms. Luthor.”

“Have security pull up the surveillance tape to see who brought it in. I want to know who dropped this off and exactly when.”

“Right away, Ms. Luthor.” Jess replied, her voice though seeming hesitant, “Is everything alright?”

Lena looked back at the letter in her hand before she glanced back at her assistant. She gave her a warm smile, “Everything is fine. More than fine actually. It could be nothing. I might just be paranoid.”

This is a good thing. Money you could do so much with for the clinic. Why are you questioning it?

Lena pressed her lips together as the answer to that question came rushing.

Because nothing like this comes this easily. Too good to be true.

“Keep me informed on anything regarding the letter. Thank you, Jess. That'll be all.”

Jess nodded before retreating back to her desk, “Oh I can't believe I almost forgot,” she turned back abruptly, “you have a friendly guest in your office, Ms. Luthor.” she mentioned, trying her best to hide her smile and failing miserably.

Kara!

Lena's heart jumped in her chest, the idea of seeing Kara again causing a wide smile accompanied by the blush that formed on her cheeks. Kara was the only one allowed in her office whenever she wasn't present and Lena almost ran to her door at seeing her.

She gave Jess a guilty look, “See that I'm not interrupted for the next hour, please?” she asked, almost pleading even though she was clearly the boss.

“Of course, Ms. Luthor.” Jess answered back with a knowing smile of her own.

Lena barely restrained herself from running into her office. Kara was on the other side of that door and Lena was perplexed as to how she had missed the blonde hero so much in such little time.

Her heels clicked on the floor harder than they normally did and she finally pushed at her office door and entered inside.

“Kar...” Lena stopped herself when she found red curly hair on an upside down four year old, a
freckled smiling face between two short legs.

“Leia?” Lena croaked out, she felt guilty for the disappointment she heard in her voice. “Sweetheart, what on earth are you doing here? And why are you upside down?”

Leia gave her an upside down dopey grin, “I'm not upside down, you're upside down.”

Lena smiled, shaking her head, “I think I would have noticed if I was upside down.” she mentioned before closing the door behind her.

“Well, it's all about how you see things isn't it, Ms. Rich Lady?”

“Yes, but I don't think that applies here, darling.”

Leia put up her index finger to emphasize her point, that finger pointing downwards from her position, “You always says that it's how you look at things that changes your opinion on them. Maybe you're the one upside down. And I'm just standing right.”

*How is she this smart for a four year old.*

Just as Lena was about to reply with her own smart come back, Leia's little legs started to wobble, her hands that were planted on the floor slowly sliding and she quickly lost her balance. Lena couldn't help her laugh as Leia ended up on her back on the floor groaning.

“Hmmm. I guess I really was upside down.” she mumbled.

Lena continued to laugh as she made her way to the little girl, “Here,” she helped her upright and dusted off her jeans. “I like your braid. Did Granny braid your hair for you?”

“No, Charlie did!” Leia giggled.

“Charles did this braid for you?” Lena asked shockingly.

“Mhmm. But... Oops. He says not to say to anyone.” Leia put her hand over her mouth hiding a guilty smile.

Lena chuckled, “Don't worry, I won't tell a soul. But I’ll have to admit, for a teenage boy, he has quite the french braid technique.”

“We watched a YouTuve video together.” Lena tried holding in her laugh at the mispronunciation of the website, “He copied what the pretty lady was doing and did it on my hair. He says he’s grown sick an’ tired of my fuzzy crazy hair.” she gave a teeth bearing grin.

“He does have a point there.” Lena tapped her nose playfully.

“Heeey!” There was that imitation of Granny’s stern look on Leia’s face and Lena couldn’t help but laugh at the attempt.

She held Leia’s small hand in hers as they walked to the couch. Lena took off her long coat and placed it on the armrest before sitting beside the four-year old.

“Did Charles drop you off here today?”

“Mhmm. He says that you says that when he has to come here to L-Co to take his exam, then he could bring me with him.”

“That’s right. I did tell him that.”
“Why does Charlie has an exam here?”

“Well, because Charles will be studying here at L-Corp. And in order for him to study here, he has to sit for an exam.”

“How many exams he has to take?”

“Just two. Why?”

Leia smiled widely, “I jus wanna know if I get to see you again.”

Lena couldn’t help the little laugh of affection, “I’ll make sure he brings you for the next exam too. So, what would you like to do today?” Lena asked her.

“Mmm. We can make cookies!” She replied with a toothy crazed smile.

Lena raised an eyebrow, not surprised at all, “In an office?”

Leia’s face immediately fell, “I don’t fink we can make cookies without an cooking machine. Unless!” those green eyes widened comically, reminding Lena all the more of Kara whenever she got excited about food, “We can buy one and tell the people to bring it here!” Leia wobbled her way to her backpack, picking it up with one hand and trying to open the zipper with the other, all the while her tongue darting out over her upper lip, “I can borrow you some money if you want.” she let out in an effort as she fumbled around inside her green unicorn bag.

Lena’s eyes crinkled at the corners with amusement, “You’re willing to lend me money and yet you still call me Rich Lady?”

“Granny says I shouldn’t be wuude. Just because you have money does not mean I should take avan-avanta...”

“Advantage?” Lena asked amusedly.

“Yes. That word. Avantage.”

“Advantage, sweety.”

“Tha’s what I said! Avantage.”

Lena smiled before moving on from the mispronunciation of the word, she never liked dwelling too much on Leia’s mispronunciation. She didn’t want the little girl to be discouraged. “So, how much money do you have with you?”

“I have 6 dollars and this many cents. I don’t fink a cooking machine costs more than that, right?”

“Well,” Lena was suddenly dumbfounded at the simple question. Sure, she knew an oven probably costed much more than six dollars, but... How much more?

Leia looked up in thought, “How much a cooking machine costs?”

Lena opened her mouth to answer, her mind normally being able to figure out complex mathematical equations but not this. She had absolutely no clue how much an oven costed. “Well, they actually cost a bit more than six dollars, sweetheart. They’re about seven or eight thousand at least.”

*That sounds about right. Seven thousand seems like a reasonable amount for an oven.*

“Oh,” there was a small crinkle of sadness that formed between Leia’s eyebrows accompanied by
the pout, “That’s... That’s more than one hundred dollars.”

“It is.” Lena smiled sadly, “but I’m sure if we ask nicely, the lovely oven people might make an exception for us.” the white lie was worth seeing the excitement on Leia’s face.

What Lena wasn't expecting, though, were the small arms wrapped around her neck and a small head tucked perfectly at the crook of her neck. Lena could have sworn she heard a muffled squeal and a giggle from where Leia was nestled.

And the embrace ignited something in her heart. The type of ache that made one think of an alternate lifetime. A chapter of their lives they’ve never really thought about reading. The simple grateful hug knocked the breath out of Lena’s lungs because how could it be so easy to bring a smile to an innocent face that deserved to always be smiling. It was so easy and Lena wished everything else was this easy.

Leia didn’t notice the disappointment in Lena’s eyes when she broke the hug to sit back on her lap and face her. Lena cleared her throat and opted to say something to push away thoughts she had no idea from where were emerging.

“So, tell me about what's been going on at the house?” she asked, smiling and tucking a curly strand behind Leia’s ear.

“Charlie is starting to dress like a hamster.”

Lena couldn’t help the shocked grin on her lips, “Hamster?” she asked with confusion, though she should really get used to Leia’s unusual and abrupt comments.

“Mhmm. He says he doesn’t dress like a hamster but I think he secretly likes wearing hamster clothes and looking like a hamster.”

At last, Lena was able to decode what the little girl was saying, “Oh honey, do you mean hipster?”

“Was the difference?” there was a confused expression on the little girl’s face, filled with innocence as to why Lena thought there was actually a difference between the two words.

Lena let out a little laugh, “Aside from Charles dressing up like a hipster, what else is new at the house?”

“Granny just finished season 10 of Law and Order.”

Lena gave her a stern look, “Have you been watching from behind the couch again, Leia?”

“I have to see what happens in the end!” she exclaimed dramatically. “Someone put a needol on a chair! Everything was getting more crazier!”

Lena had no idea what she was talking about. She laughed shaking her head, “And how’s Granny?”

“She’s ok. She’s getting older everyday.”

“Are you giving her a hard time?”

“Why don’t you ever fink it’s the other way around? Maybe she’s giving me a hard time.”

“Is she?”

Leia’s shoulder slumped and her head fell down in guilt, “No.” she mumbled.
“And are you?”

“I try not to. But last time she saw me reading under the covers pas’ my bedtime.”

“What were you reading?”

“My plant book.”

Lena was at odds between chastising the little girl for staying late and being proud of her for reading about plants. She leaned in to whisper mischievously, “I sometimes forget about the time and read past my bedtime too.”

“You do?”

Lena nodded, “But we really shouldn’t. How about we make a deal? We only get to read fifteen minutes past our bedtime if we really really can't put down the book. And if we sleep early, then we could wake up early to finish reading the book. How’s that?”

“But wa's the point of sleeping? I don't like it. Everything is black and I don't mmmber anything.”

“But if you don't sleep, then you won't be able to read.”

“D'as not true!”

“It is. Your body needs rest so it can function.”

“Fumtion?”

Lena smiled, “Function. It means work properly. Your body won't be able to work properly if you don't give it some rest.”

Leia huffed in frustration, “It doesn't mattah anyway, we're all just floating on a ball in space.”

Lena’s laugh froze in her throat before she let it out. A loud heartfelt laugh. And she couldn't help but notice the fact that there were only two people able to make her laugh like this.

“I beg your pardon?”

“We're floating. On a ball. Kinda like a beach ball.” Leia responded with, as though if she broke her sentence into pieces it would sound less absurd.

“Did you know that this beach ball that we're on is actually spinning?”

“It is?”

“Not only is it spinning but it's also rotating around the sun.”

“How does that work?”

Lena looked around her for something to use to demonstrate her meaning. She found a copy of CatCo magazine on the coffee table.

She grabbed it, “Let's imagine this is the Earth.”

Leia's little eyes crinkled at the edges as she giggled, “Tha’s not a ball, silly.”

Lena let out her own little laugh, “I know, but humor me ok?”
“Wa's humor you?”

“Oh, well it means...” Lena was losing one answer to a question to another answer to another question, “It just means let’s imagine.”

Leia nodded as she looked at the magazine in Lena's hand, “Oh! Look that's you!”

Flipping the magazine over, Lena found herself on the cover with one of Kara's article headlines on the side, “She sure looks like me.” she noted with a smile.

“That's is you, silly.” Leia giggled.

Lena narrowed her eyes at the picture, pretending to closely study it, “I suppose it could be me.”

“Ok, ok. Tell me about the beach ball now.”

Lena chuckled as she demonstrated how the Earth was spinning on its axis while also rotating around the sun.

After long moments of Leia's baffled silence, Leia walked paced a few steps back and forth before saying, “So, if I was spinning on a ferris wheel while the ferris wheel was moving in a circle and the Earth was spinning while moving in a circle around the sun...” Leia’s eyes went wide with craze, “What would happen then?”

Lena’s mouth opened and closed before she was able to form any words, “W-well, I’ve... I’ve never tried something as crazy as that.”

“We should try it next time we visit a ferris wheel.”

“We should, we definitely should.” Lena replied, still shocked at the length in which Leia's mind reached with her clever imagination.

“But, now,” Leia gave her a stern look, her little eyebrows coming together and her eyes squinting. Her serious look was anything but. “You didn't give me a word. Did you forget?”

Lena gasped mockingly, bringing her hand to her chest, “I could never.” she smiled warmly.

“Good answer.” the little girl nodded.

Lena smiled fondly, “What would you like your word to be about this time?” she asked as she sat back down on the couch.

Leia brought a finger over her chin, a gesture elaborating her being deep in thought. Her eyes went up, lips pressed tight, and Lena found it all very amusing.

“Hmmm. I want my word to be about...” she looked up in thought, “About space.” she grinned.

“You’ve really taking a liking to space, haven’t you? What happened to plants?”

“I still love plants. But now I wanna know so much things about space.”

Lena loved how Leia’s eyes brightened up exponentially, “That’s wonderful darling.”

“I want a really really really super awesome word about space!” the little girl opened her short arms to demonstrate just how much awesome she wanted her word to be.

“Oh?” Lena replied cheerfully.
“Mhmm. You're smart, you'll figure it out.” she shrugged as she sat down on the coffee table in front of Lena.

Lena found herself laughing at the statement, “Well I'm glad you find me both rich and smart.”

“I think you have to be smart in order to be rich.” Leia stated matter of factly, her little legs dangling off the side of the table and rocking playfully back and forth.

“That's an interesting perspective. But I don't think it's always true, darling. There are some people who are very very rich but aren't very nice people.”

“Smart isn't aw'ways good. There's good smart and bad smart. So maybe they're bad smart, so they became rich. Right?”

There wasn't a single time when Lena spent time with Leia that she didn't find herself absolutely stunned by how smart the little girl was. “You,” She leaned forward and playfully tapped the little nose of the young girl, “are too smart. The good kind of smart.”

“You said there's no such thing as too smart.”

“Which is why you're some kind of miracle.”

Leia’s eyes beamed at the compliment, squinting from how big her smile was. “That means one day I'll be as rich as you?”

“Even richer,” Lena assured with a smile.

“OK enough sweet talk. I want my word.”

Lena opened her mouth in surprise, “Where are you learning all of this back talk?”

Leia's eyes widened, “No whe'h.”

Lena arched an eyebrow, “Leia.” she warned dangerously.

The little girl bowed her head down immediately in defeat, “Charlie.”

“I think I need to have a word with him.”

“No, please don't. Then he wouldn't bring me here again. And I won't see you anymo’.”

“Darling of course you'd see me.”

“But you don't visit too much. And one day people are gonna take me away and I won't see you ever again.”

Lena frowned at that, “What people?”

“tupid people who take all the other kids at Granny's house.” Leia crossed her arms in exasperation.

“Do you mean adoptive parents?”

The young girl didn’t give Lena a chance to meet her eyes. Her head was bowed down, eyes watching her little feet rock back and forth. Noticing the way Leia's lips were pressed tight and her hands clutched the edge of the table, Lena knew there was more to this.

“Leia, is that why you're here today? Are there any parents coming to see you today?” she asked
softly as to not startle the girl.

Leia didn't answer. Refused to even look at her. That alone gave Lena all the answer she needed.

“Sweetheart?”

Leia suddenly got up from the table, “We should order that cooking machine so we could make some cookies.” she said out of the blue.

Little feet walked off putting distance between her and the couch. She reached Lena's desk, standing on the tip of her toes and reaching for a pen.

Lena hated that a small part of her didn't want those parents to take Leia. She hated it immensely. Terribly. Leia deserved a loving family. Parents who would love her unconditionally. She deserved to smile every minute of everyday and a family to be the cause of that smile.

But...

There was this ache. This small pebble weighing in on her heart. A pang of jealousy that shouldn't exist.

She pushed away the wandering thoughts. Now was not the time to act foolish. She was the adult here and her thoughts were borderline childish.

There was absolutely no reason for her to be jealous.

No reason to not want Leia to be adopted. Quite the opposite actually. It would be

Lena swallowed down the lump in her throat before shifting her eyes back to the fidgeting little girl.

“Leia?”

“Mhmm?”

“You want to come here and sit beside me?”

“Not really.” there was a pout accompanying that sentence. Lena could feel it, even if she couldn't see it.

“Even if I have Jess get us some cookies and hot cocoa?”

Leia's head turned around so fast, Lena barely had time to register the pout turn into a surprised wide-eyed look.

“Jessie would do that?”

“You can ask her yourself.” Lena pointed at her desk, “Do you see that little red button on the phone. Press it down and keep holding it and you'll be able to talk to her.”

Leia's excitement could barely be contained. She scurried over to the other end of the room, emptied out a box that had been filled with papers, and carried it back. Lena flinched at not having seen that box and having no idea what those papers were. Work for another day, she decided. Leia carried the empty box all the way to the side of the desk closest to the phone. She flipped the box on its opened mouth and held tightly onto the desk as she stepped over the box. Lena found herself scooting to the edge of the couch in case Leia tripped, but she wasn't surprised when Leia easily reached the phone. The girl climbed trees with those little feet, stepping on a box is nowhere near as difficult.
“Hello? Someone there?” Leia spoke out after pressing and holding the button Lena told her about.

“Hello, Ms. Leia. What can I do for you?”

“Jessie? Is that you?”

Lena could make out a small chuckle on the other end of the intercom, “Yes, it's me.”

“What are you doing Jessie?”

“Well, I was finishing up some work for Ms. Luthor.”

Lena could see a small frown form between Leia’s eyebrows, “Does she give you homework like Granny gives me?”

“Yes, she does. But I quite like it.”

“Does she also give you coloring homework?”

“Sometimes.”

“If you want, I could help you with the coloring homework. I'm good at that. I don't like coloring. I think it's stupid. But I'm good at it so I can help you.”

“I'll keep that in mind, Ms Leia.”

“You don't have to call me Ms. Leia.”

“Ok then. What would you like me to call you?”

“Princess Leia is OK with me.” the innocent little girl said casually.

“Leia!” Lena exclaimed from the couch.

Leia put up her little arms up dramatically, “What? It's yo’ fault. You named me after a princess. It's only fair that people call me princess Leia.”

“I’m more than happy to call you Princess Leia. Was there something you wanted from me when you called?”

“Ummm... No it's ok. You're busy with all the coloring you have. I don wanna give you more wore stuff to do.”

“Oh not at all. I'm actually finished with all my work. What is it you need, Princess?”

“Well, we kina wanted some cookies and hot cocoa if it's ok with you.”

“Of course. I would be more than happy to order some for you. Is chocolate chip ok?”

Leia turned to look at Lena balancing dangerously on the box, “Do you think they have scotch cookies?” she asked her nonchalantly.

To anyone else, feeding a four year old scotch cookies was an absurdity fit to be baffled by. To Lena and Granny Goodness, however, it just meant butterscotch. “I don’t suppose they do. And even if they did, honey, they won’t be the same as Granny’s.”

“You’re right,” she turned back to the phone, “Chocolate chip cookies please.”
“Alright, Ms. Leia. Chocolate chip cookies with hot cocoa. Your usual espresso drink, Ms. Luthor?”

“Yes, please.” Lena called out from the couch, “Thank you, Jess.”

Leia frowned, “No, Granny says Rich Lady drinks too much coffee. So, I think we gonna have two hot cocoas, please. Thank you, Jessie.”

“Leia!” Lena warned from her place on the couch.

“It’s true! Coffee is no good for you. Right, Jessie?”

“Well, I... I don’t really...” Jess seemed to be having difficulty siding with one of them.

“Use your words, dear.” Leia urged on.

“With all due respect, Ms. Luthor, maybe a hot cocoa will be a nice change?”

Lena narrowed her eyes at the grin-plastered face of the four year old, “It’s not fair that you can charm anyone with your cuteness.” she mumbled.

That victory grin grew exponentially, “Two hot cocoas please and lots and lots and lots of cookies.”

“Right away. Anything else, Princess Leia?”

“Wha’ are you getting, Jessie?”

“I’m sorry?”

“For yourself. Wha’ are you gonna get for yourself from the cookie place?”

“Well I wasn’t going to get anything actually.”

There was a shocked, “Why?” that sounded off. And then, before Jess could answer, “I think you should get the chocolate chip cookie.”

“Well, I’m not much of a cookie person to be honest.”

Leia gasped dramatically, “You can’t saaaay stuff like that. You’ll make my heart stop. I’m too old for these kindsa things.”

Lena noticed how Leia spoke more and more like Granny everyday. It warmed her heart that Leia had someone like Granny to look up to.

“Oh, I’m sorry. How about I get the oatmeal raisin cookie then?”

Leia’s eyes widened even more. She turned to Lena with a disappointed frown on her face, “I don’t think we could stay friends with Jessie. She’s saying some hurtful things.”

Lena couldn’t help but chuckle at the serious tone Leia had used. “I’m sure we could make an exception for Jess, darling. Not everyone likes cookies.”

Leia rolled her eyes dramatically, “That’s prospetorous!”

Lena shook her head, smiling at the little bundle of smarts standing on a box, “It’s preposterous, sweety.”

“Jessie, write this down. We need three hot cocoas, and lots and lots and lots and lots of chocolate...
chip cookies. None of that raisin stuff. No funny business, please.”

Lena could hear Jess laughing on the other line, “Got, Ms. Leia. No raisins. I’ll place the order now.”

“Thank you, Jessie.” Leia said politely, before letting go of the button, jumping off the uneven box and walking back to the couch where Lena was seated. She chose not to sit back in her original seat and instead scooted over onto Lena’s lap, crossing her legs on top. Two pairs of green eyes held each other, the younger pair carrying a sense of guilt in them.

“Oh, we can talk about it now.”

Lena gave her a warm smile. She pushed a strand of hair behind a little ear, “Tell me.”

“I don wanna be adopted.” Leia blurted out.

“Why not, sweetheart?”

“Lotsa reasons,” she pouted, and Lena remembered just how much her pout reminded her of Kara’s. It reminded her that Kara still hasn’t replied to any of her texts. Lena pushed away those thoughts about Kara’s whereabouts to focus on Leia’s words. “I don wanna be away from Granny. Granny gives me a hard time, but she’s growing on me. We have moments.”

The more the little girl spoke, the more Lena’s heart sank deeper in an endless pit, “Darling, Granny is getting old. Don’t you want a family? A family that is just yours?”

“Families are tupid,” the little redhead mumbled.

“What does Granny say about using that word?”

Leia crumpled her face in annoyance, “Not to use it,” she mumbled, “But... But I don wanna family.”

“Honey, a family is a beautiful thing to...”

“Not yours.”

Lena was taken back by those two words. Her shock drenching her face as Leia’s words registered in her mind.

“When you first brought me to Granny, you said that you were like me. That your family wasn't very nice. Mmber?”

Lena felt her throat constrict in on itself. Tighten around her windpipe and rob her of the ability to speak.

“You said that me and you...” Leia flinched slightly as she caught her mistake, “That you and I understood each other because we were the same.”

Lena tried to speak. She tried desperately to explain. To deny what Leia had said. Her heart ached at the idea that this young, bright girl thought families were the worst thing that could ever happen to her. When she had told Leia about growing up in a family that wasn’t conventionally nice, it was only because she wanted the girl to find something and someone to relate to. According to Leia’s file and from what Granny knew, her former foster parents weren’t all that... familial and loving. They cared more about cashing those checks than caring for the little girl. And Lena wanted Leia to feel as though she wasn't the only one like that.

So, she told her about the Luthors.
And now, Lena felt the guilt eating her inside because this bright girl thought all families were like the Luthors.

There was a certain fear in Leia’s eyes as she said her next words, “Is it ok if we stop talking about this?”

“Sweetheart, let me just…”

“Please.” the little girl pleaded sadly.

“Leia, It’s better if we talk about it. Not all families are like mine. There are families out there that are absolutely wonderful and would love nothing more than to take care of you.”

Leia pouted even more, her eyes glistening with tears, “Promise we would talk about this another day. Not now. Please?”

Lena sighed, “Ok, sweety, we’ll talk about it another day.”

There was that sad smile once more on Leia’s lips and Lena hated it. It always drove her to do the impossible to take it away, “How about I give you your word instead.”

Though the fear remained on Leia’s face, she smiled expectantly and nodded.

“Do you know the word Nebula?”

At quarter to 3, Lena found herself pacing the length of her office. Her phone clutched in her hand, rereading the message she had sent to Kara hours ago.

I know you’re busy baby but I just want to make sure you’re alright. Call me? Or text me back?

Charles had come around 9 to pick up Leia to take her back home with him. She promised both of them that she would be visiting the house soon and asked Charles to bring Leia over when he had his next entrance exam. Leia was ecstatic. She danced in circles around the poor teenage boy and climbed his back when he bent down for her. There had been a frightening ache in Lena’s chest when she saw Leia leave her office. She didn’t like the image of her leaving.

It was all a beautiful distraction. But the distraction was over.

An hour after 3, while Lena had been watching the skies from behind the glass window of her office, her heartbeat skyrocketed when she noticed Kara flying near her balcony. She all but ran to her balcony and called out to the blonde superhero, only to be met with the sound of her flying away. She had held her phone tighter and sent out another text.

Kara? You just flew past my balcony. Are you doing this on purpose? ;)

She put one of those smiling faces at the end to make it sound as joke. Because maybe that’s what it all was. And Lena held on to the possibility that all of this was a misunderstanding or a practical joke Kara was playing with her.

She held onto that possibility so tightly, if only to push back at those dark wandering thoughts that were invading her mind.

Two hours later, she had kicked off her heels, messed up her bun, and given up on pretending that
Kara was alright. She had tried calling Alex Danvers, only to be met by the endless ringing. She tried Winslow Schott, but was also met with more ringing on the other end. Desperation took over and soon she found herself trying to hack into the DEO systems to... do something. Anything. But, like everything else, it was a dead end. As though the whole of the DEO ceased to exist.

And she knew... she knew that it wasn’t because they were a secret organization and that their sole job is to remain as though they ceased to exist. She knew her way around their firewalls, it wasn’t the first time she had hacked their systems.

But said firewalls didn’t even exist. It was as though the whole DEO had gone offline. Like a power outage.

And she hated that she didn’t believe in coincidences. Because if she did, this would be so much easier.

But she didn’t. And so she didn’t believe that none of this was connected. In fact, she was sure of it.

At 7 in the evening, she decided to go back to her apartment. Her mind spinning lies, trying to rescue her sanity by telling her that Kara was probably already there. That this was all a misunderstanding.

When she arrived, there was no misunderstanding the silence left behind by the lack of the blonde’s presence. Her mind tried once more to deceive her, telling her she was being over dramatic and sounded like one of those clingy girlfriends that she had once avoided in boarding school.

But her heart won over every time. Because her heart knew something was wrong. Something was not right. Her heart battled against her mind, reminding it of the precious moments she had shared with Kara just yesterday.

I spent the better part of my first few weeks here on Earth looking for that color and it was you all along.

Her heart reminded her brain of that flutter, the one only reserved for Kara. The smile that only ever formed in Kara’s presence. The tremble in her voice when Kara was too near.

She forced her mind to remember the way Kara looked at her. The way she trusted her with stories of Krypton and the way she helped her open up about Lex. She urged her mind to remember the many things Kara said and did that showed her love and devotion.

And suddenly, she remembered the promise she made.

I would rather go through night and day of worrying about then not have you at all, Kara Zor-El.

She remembered making that promise with conviction, not knowing that the worry would eat away at her sanity the next day.

But she held on. She waited. She paced and she drank. She texted and called again. Everyone she knew who remotely knew Kara. Granted she had to dig for each of their numbers seeing that she had spoken to none of them on the phone before, but she found every and each number and she called every and each one.

Nothing.

As though they all disappeared.
Midnight struck and she still held on. Her sanity telling her to try her balcony trick once more. Spike her heartbeat up to a point where Kara couldn't ignore it.

But somewhere deep down, she had a terrifying feeling that Kara wasn’t ignoring her. But was being kept from her.

An hour after midnight, or maybe two, she wasn’t sure anymore. Her mascara had run down her cheeks, the lipstick long wiped off. She was still in the same black sheath dress she wore to work, her coat left unattended on the floor somewhere. Her cup of scotch emptied out for the third time.

She was a mess in all of its meaning. The not knowing of whether Kara was dead or alive was like a sickness eating away at her very soul.

Never in her life had she ever experienced worry such as this. She had never had anyone to worry about, no one to miss, to fuss about. It had always been her. And Lex, once upon a time, but he long became undeserving of her worry. But this was new. Actual physical pain. Not just mental. She could feel her stomach turning at the idea of something happening to Kara. Her heart throbbing so loudly she heard it in her aching head.

_I hate that you being worried is part of this._ Kara had said yesterday. _Is part of us being together._

She hated it. Absolutely hated it. But she would never exchange it for anything in the world.

And she slowly realized how scary it was when your sanity depended so strongly on someone being alive.

Lena had learnt from past experiences that a visit from one Agent Danvers was never a good sign. As much as she hoped to change that for Kara's sake.

But this time there was something in the air.

Some catastrophe leaning on the edge and Lena could almost taste it.

Maybe it was because she hadn't slept at all. Maybe it was how late it was. 3 or 4 am, maybe. Maybe it had something to do with how tired and distraught the older Danvers sister looked. It could have also had something to do with the fact she hasn't seen Kara in a day and she was walking on a very thin line of sanity.

So, when Lena opened her door to find a grim-looking Alex Danvers, she knew something was wrong. She wasn’t sure what it was, but something definitely felt different. It wasn’t like any of their past confrontations. There was no silent struggle between them for the upper hand. A mute argument of who had Kara's best interest at heart more. There was no deafening mistrust between the two of them. No voiceless accusations of Lena being a Luthor.

There was none of that.

There was only Alex Danvers. Her face haunted by ghosts. Her skin pale, unhealthy even, as though she hasn't eaten in days. Her hair, as short as it was, tied back in a small tail. And Lena noticed that small detail. People with short hair rarely tied back their hair. There were only so very few reasons as to why they would do so.

And Lena noticed that very small detail. That huge change in Alex’s appearance. It kept repeating on a loop. That detail kept badgering her focus.
Her hair is tied back. Something's wrong.

There was a deep dark purple under Alex’s eyes. As though her sleep deprivation was only met with caffeine. Although the exhaustion was clear, the Agent's face still had that authoritative look. The slightly raised chin, the ever present half frown half neutral expression, the hands behind her back. It was as if that stance was a part of her now.

And Lena was more than familiar with wearing her own masks.

The agent stood there motionless and silent. It seemed as though she was deciding on what to say. Some inner war within herself. But Lena could never be sure with that neutral look she still had on.

Why is your hair tied back? Lena wanted to scream the question. Demand an explanation for something so mundane.

“Ms. Luthor.” Alex croaked out and Lena almost gasped at her voice. If she couldn't tell she was tired from how she looked, Lena would have definitely guessed it by how Alex sounded. Her voice came out hoarse. The exhaustion latching on to it in a vice grip.

“Agent Danvers.” Lena nodded back, keeping to their usual professional confrontation.

“May...” that same voice faltered, as though what she was about to ask was taboo. She swallowed down before trying once more, “May I come in?”

“Is Kara alright?” the words just escaped her mouth. She had no control over them. No control over how frightened they sounded. She barely even noticed she was speaking before those three words were tumbling out of her mouth.

There was a small twitch at the corner of Alex’s mouth, as though the remnant of a controlled flinch. As though, if Alex wasn’t trained to keep her composure, she would’ve flinched on the spot from the words and broke down.

“May I come in, Ms. Luthor?”

Lena wanted to shake her. Shout at her. Scream her frustration out towards her.

Why is your hair tied back?!

She wanted so much but her body did so little. Her body was slowly sliding down the slippery slope of shock. Her heart starting to drum against her chest painfully.

“Is Kara alright?” she repeated.

They both played a dangerous game or holding onto questions that held their own sanities. Alex focused her energy on the aspect of coming in and Lena on the notion of Kara’s wellbeing. Both not wanting to answer the other.

But somehow, they both knew the answers. To both questions.

Alex couldn’t come in. And Kara wasn’t alright.

“I’ll take you to her.”

Chapter End Notes
Just a little reminder that the most expensive oven I found online was around 1000 dollars and Lena thought that 8000 dollars 'sounds about right' for an oven. I love when this baby doesn't know how much shit costs.
I'll take you to her.

Those were the only words uttered by Alex Danvers when Lena had asked her about Kara's whereabouts. Six measly words that told Lena nothing. Instead they haunted her. Because during the whole time, Lena was left wondering whether she was being led towards Kara herself or...

Her corpse.

The agent said nothing resembling a detail on whether Kara was alive or dead.

And Lena was too scared to ask. Couldn't even fathom to form the words in her mouth.

But she willed her heart to calm down. Willed her wandering mind to slow down.

Is she dead or alive?

Lena imagined being escorted to a cold morgue. Kara's body white and lifeless on a metal table. The scent of ammonia could almost reach Lena's senses in the van she sat in.

There was a van. Lena remembered getting into a black van. A voice telling her to watch her head. Endless driving on bumpy roads that did nothing to wake her from her thoughts. Armed men and women ushering the car into an underground entrance. She remembered Agent Danvers sitting in the back with her, never once meeting her eyes. In fact Lena remembered her eyes closed. Not asleep, just closed in concentration the whole drive.

It was only a series of flashing images and sounds that Lena remembered. The rumbling sliding of the van door being opened. ‘Please step out of the vehicle, ma’am’. Her heels getting caught in the rigged surface of the van's footboard. Feeling the ground beneath her sway as she lost her footing, only to be caught by Agent Danvers’ hand.

She didn't remember wearing heels. In fact, she didn't even remember putting on her coat. She remembered Agent Danvers showing up on her door, and nothing after that but a series of
distorted images and sounds.

“Any updates?” she heard the red-haired agent ask the man who met them at the entrance. Lena didn't pay attention to what was being said. Her eyes staring ahead into nothing. Aimlessly focusing on a pebble a few feet away from her.

“We have a team closing in on one of two possible locations of the perpetrator. They're on their way over there now.”

“Keep me updated.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Lena was then escorted into an elevator by Alex and and two of her agents. She huddled to the back of the elevator, her arms around herself, her nails digging in her elbows. Though she was detached, she didn't fail to notice the way both of the male agents refused to give her their backs. They instead stood to the sides of the elevator, hands grasping their automatic weapons tightly, eyes focused ahead as though to each other. But Lena had a feeling they were watching her from their peripheral vision.

Because no sane person would ever give their back to a Luthor, regardless of which one it was.

Lena had an inkling feeling that this was not to be the last time she would be met with a hostile behavior from people here.

And she wasn't wrong.

Lena Luthor stepped into the Department of Extranormal Operations. Lena Luthor, sister to the notorious Lex Luthor and daughter to the nefarious Lillian Luthor. And if only they knew how much worse Lionel Luthor was. If only they knew she was related to him by blood unlike the former two Luthors.

Lena Luthor stepped into the DEO. Not blindfolded and not in handcuffs. She wasn’t being dragged nor was she coerced. She stepped into the undercover government facility with her head held high and her heels clicking on the concrete floor.

It was a nice distraction. The many eyes that widened in her direction. The gasps. The whispers.

“Is that Lena Luthor?”

“There's a Luthor here?”

“How are they allowing a Luthor inside the DEO?”

“She shouldn't even know about our base of operations let alone be in it!”

The whispers were not much whispers with the silence that accompanied them. It was always the silence that made all the difference. That pin-drop silence that suffocated you. That made every step taken, every breath drawn magnified tenfold. That same silence that made you feel as though everyone could hear your heartbeat.

Lena hated silence. She was used to it, especially this type of silence that normally accompanied her. But she hated it nonetheless.

She much preferred the peaceful lonely silence instead. The one that accompanied her with a cup of wine, a good book, and some music.

But this one. This one asphyxiated her. This silence scratched its nails on the chalkboard surface
of her brain.

And she welcomed it. Because it was a distraction.

It was all a distraction from what really could paralyze her.

Kara.

Dead. Or barely alive.

She still didn't know. Couldn't find it in her to ask. It was way too late to ask anyway.

Kara was either dead or barely alive and Lena wasn't sure which one she was more terrified of.

It felt like walking towards a storm. Standing on a peaceful, sunlit sidewalk and walking towards those dark haunting clouds in the horizon. All the while, knowing you shouldn't. Knowing it to be a catastrophe in the making. But your body refusing to listen. Ignoring your pleas.

And Kara was the storm that Lena gladly walked towards. She was the storm that Lena fell in love with.

She carried on following the agent further into the DEO, slightly flinching when several DEO agents gripped their sidearms ready to fire if she so happened to take a wrong step.

*Can’t have a Luthor loose walking around without taking precautions.*

Lena spared them a glance, staring them down with a dangerous look. And that only enticed one of them to step closer, daring a slight hand raise to his gun. And she almost ducked, her reflexes telling her she’ll be shot at. Just like all the other times before. But the bullet never came. It was the agent’s own reflexes, just like her own, telling him to keep his guard up around a Luthor.

Alex Danvers didn't seem to notice, in fact her focus seemed to stay latched forward towards one particular room at the furthest wall where Lena guessed is where they were headed.

*Where Kara's body was. Or her corpse.*

Lena kept her focus on reaching that room. It was difficult enough as it is. Lena was not used to this. Not used to facing the pain headfirst. She was used to drowning herself in work to forget the problem, hoping it would simply go away. She was used to avoiding the problem, denying it, never thinking about it at all costs. And if it didn't go away, she made it go away.

But this? Walking towards her worst nightmare?

This was new. Scary. Uncharted territory.

She didn't like it.

She hated it.

But she didn't dare avoid it.

Her thoughts were interrupted just as their walk was by a large muscled man. Lena could have sworn she had seen him before. Maybe when she had tricked her mother that night into thinking she was a Luthor and was about to release a virus on the whole alien population of National City. Lena wasn’t sure, but she guessed he might have been there.

“Sir,” Alex nodded once in respect to the man.
“Agent Danvers,” he replied, his tone walking a thin line between anger and affection.

They stood silent. Neither of them uttering a word, but a series of facial expressions confused Lena into thinking they were in fact in a conversation.

“And you're sure?” he finally said, as though maintaining a conversation they were having.

Alex didn't answer. She continued to stare at him. And the man nodded as though seeing her point of view on a matter.

Though Lena's thoughts stayed glued to Kara's wellbeing, or lack thereof, she couldn't help but be perplexed at what was transcribing in front of her. Both agents spoke no more than two words to one another, but they stared at each other with facial expressions as though they were having a conversation.

Lena was sure it had something to do with her not having slept at all.

“She's Kara's friend.” Alex finally sounded out, “She deserves to be here just as much as all of us do.”

Lena dug her nails in her palm at the word friend. Looking back at the timeline of their reconciliation, Lena figured Kara hadn't yet told anyone about them being together. They had spent the last two days together without anyone interrupting them. In all honesty, Lena wasn't sure if she even wanted anyone to know. ‘Friend’ is what she can be right now. It's what got her through those doors and it's what she was going to be.

“Sir, as you are well aware, she saved Kara last time. I owe her my sister's life. And if Kara doesn't…” she choked, Lena noticed Alex's hand shaking at her side before it was fisted, “She deserves to see her in case something happens, sir.”

*If Kara doesn't make it. She was going to say if Kara doesn't make it. Kara's alive. But she's barely holding on that even her sister is starting to give up.*

Lena didn’t know what to make of that information. She didn’t even know how to begin comprehending the idea of seeing Kara, her Kara, barely alive.

But she stood there, focused all her energy on digging her nails into her palms to ground herself.

“Very well.” he nodded, before turning towards Lena. She almost backed away by his intense stare, her reflexes once more telling her to seek shelter before she’suffed and thrown into a cell. But the tall, muscled man simply gave her a sad smile, “The DEO thanks you, Ms. Luthor. And I feel the need to thank you personally for saving Supergirl’s life at the warehouse.”

*The warehouse. Fright. Helena. Kara. Goodness, that sounds as though it happened months ago!*

“I wouldn’t want to know what could have happened to Kara have you not arrived there before us.”

*I don’t care about your gratitude! I just need to see Kara!*

The superior agent frowned, as though taken back by something she said, “I know right now it might not seem like much, but I owe you a great debt. And I am a man of my word.”

Lena could see it. The worry that trickled on the edges of his eyes. This man was not some DEO agent following orders to protect the Girl of Steel. He was not another agent in the mix of DEO uniforms. She noticed the way he spoke about Kara and the way he looked at Alex.

She didn’t say anything, though. Didn’t trust herself to be able to sound out words anyway.
He sidestepped to let them pass, but before they started walking, Agent Danvers looked at him, “Sir, I'd like to request leading the second team out to search for the assailant. Seeing that my sister will have someone by her side, I'd like to be out on the field again.”

Dark eyebrows furrowed together on the man's face, “Agent Danvers, I think it's best if...”

“Please, sir.” Alex pressed further.

“Very well. Please be careful Alex.” he said softly, placing a hand on her shoulder.

“Always.” she replied with. They both shared a nod before Alex began walking again and Lena reluctantly followed behind.

This is it. Kara's on the other side of that door. She's there. Maybe she'll be smiling. God I hope she'd be smiling.

Her heels clicked on the floor loudly, contrasting the muffled sound of Alex's boots. The closer they got to the room, the further the room seemed to be for Lena. Like her mind was warning her away. Pushing the room away from her.

She quickly realized how ridiculous the notion of seeing Kara smiling was. False hope planted in her mind by her betraying heart that was too afraid to face whatever was on the other side of the room. If the look on Agent Danvers’ face was anything to go by, Lena knew that Kara wouldn't be smiling once she entered that room.

Halfway there, and Lena began to hear a faint sound coming from where they were headed. Her mind still didn't piece together enough to recognize the sound as a ventilator, but her heart reacted to it terrified nonetheless.

They stopped at the door. Agent Danvers placed her hand on a panel and a scan was done. There was an access granted sound that accompanied a green light before the agent pushed the door open.

And Lena finally stepped inside.

Lena walked into the room and witnessed firsthand what it felt like to be faced with the ‘worst case scenario’. When your mind jumps to those absurd conclusions and ridiculous scenarios about why someone wasn't calling you back. Those usually ended with a little laugh about how crazy you sounded then. No one ever believes they would actually face the worst case scenarios they've drawn up in their heads. Because that's what they were. The worst of the worst of what could even remotely happen. Which was a rarity.

But Lena stood there motionless, the worst of the worst before her and none of what her mind had come up with came remotely close to the dreadful pain of the real thing.

Kara laid on a bed, looking paler than one could or ever should be. Machines latched their tubes into her like leeches sucking the life out of her. Lena's eyes traced where one tube twined itself around the machine until it ended inside Kara's arm where blue veins popped up dangerously noticeable.

There was a slow heartbeat playing on the AKG machine beside the bed. And Lena's mind refused to comprehend that this slow - agonizingly slow - heartbeat belonged to the woman in the bed. It refused to come to terms with the fact that the sound she was hearing belonged to the heartbeat she had come to love. The one she would hear when she would rest her head on Kara's chest. The one she often went to sleep to its lullaby. The one she felt beneath her fingertips whenever she would touch Kara and smiled when Kara's pulse would speed up from her touch.
She knew that heartbeat well. She had come to love that heartbeat just as she had come to love the woman who the heartbeat belonged to.

But *this* heartbeat. *This* one she didn't recognize. Not at first. She didn't form the connection between Kara and the sound it made.

But when she did, it was as though the air was ripped from her chest.

The heartbeat was slow. Leaning on the edge of death. At one point, the silence between each beat made you think that maybe there won't be a next beat. That that was it.

Lena stood there frozen in place. Her eyes glued to someone she barely recognized. She didn't dare pass the threshold of the doorway. Too scared of anything and everything. Too terrified she would sink into the reality of it all.

Because somewhere deep down, her mind still tried to spin lies of all of this not being real. It still tried to deceive what her eyes saw before them. Deny the inevitable and undeniable truth.

*She's not dead.*

That thought kept repeating on a loop. Dreadfully accompanied by another.

*But... She's not alive either.*

Stagnant she remained standing, staring at the lifeless body of someone who had been so full of life.

*How long? How long has she...? How did this...?*

She tried latching onto a single thought, a single question to sound out. But they all came crashing through her, toppling her ability to speak and dizzying her with desperation and hopelessness. She continued running her eyes over every detail. The blonde hair that had a few darker strands formed by sweat. The chapped lips, broken and barely pink. The disheveled eyebrow and the hollowed part of Kara’s neck that was outlined by deep veins.

And then there was the breathing tube. The indescribable terrifying notion that Kara wasn't able to breathe on her own. The gut wrenching sound of yet another machine breathing for her. Lena felt the pain slice through her heart at the image. Tear those pieces of her heart into nothing but remnants of scrap.

The notion of a plastic tube creating dread inside someone's chest was ludicrous. In the end, that's all that it was. Plastic. But that plastic tube connected to someone's mouth illustrated more than words can ever express. The hopelessness of the situation squeezing a person's heart and roughly shaking it in their chest.

It was much more than plastic. It was the notion of someone not being able to breathe on their own.

Lena stood there, mouth agape and eyes wide with fear. There were so many thoughts. So many painful emotions flooding her mind but she was too distorted to clutch at one.

*She said it was a simple transfer. That's what she said. A simple transfer. Nothing to worry about.*

Lena wanted to sound out those words but her throat wouldn't budge. Nothing obeyed her. All her senses were too staggered to function properly.

*She said it was a simple transfer. What the hell happened?*
Deciding she had had enough of her betraying voice, she cleared her throat and pushed herself to sound out words.

“H... How long has she been...?” Lena asked fearfully. The first few words she uttered ever since that dire confrontation at the door of her apartment. The words barely came out a whisper. Her throat parched. She didn't want to know the answer to her question.

“25 and a half hours she's been comatose.” Alex replied almost instantly. As though, she had been counting each minute passing by.

Lena felt the sting of those hours. The sour distaste of every hour that had gone by without her knowing.

25 hours. 25 hours Kara has been like this and I didn't know.

You didn't call me!

She wanted to scream the words to the Agent's face, throw them at her in frustration.

But instead she said, “Thank you for coming to tell me.” her voice shaking; breaking at the very end.

And it hurt. It made her bleed to utter those words when all she wanted to do was shout the fact that no one - not a single person - thought to call her.

But she knew she had no right. It was her own damn fault. She was the one who had no relationships with anyone aside from Kara. She didn't mend things with her sister. She didn't go to that game night when Kara had once invited her. She didn't have any resemblance to a relationship with any of Kara's friends.

And if she was truly being honest with herself, she wouldn't even have had a relationship with Kara if Kara hadn't pushed so hard for their friendship.

And now, staring blankly at the lifeless body of the woman she loved, she pondered over whether even that was a sound idea.

Still she couldn't help but wonder what could have happened during those 25 and a half hours.

She could've died. She could've died and I wouldn't have known about it.

The dread of that information left her almost breathless. It traveled through her body like a trail of boiling water burning her from the inside. The image of her showing up at the funeral of the woman she loved scorching her mind ablaze.

Kara could've died, and I wouldn't even have know about it.

Alex's voice broke through her thoughts, “Kara would've wanted me to call sooner. I should've remembered.”

Lena's mind was too clouded to wonder about whether or not Kara has told her sister about their relationship, so she didn't even bother to ask. But her answer came nonetheless.

“Kara hasn't really mentioned...” She struggled to find the right words, “Anything about what had happened between you two. All I know is that you aren't on the best of speaking terms at the moment. But I thought maybe you would want to know. And I know that she would want you to be here.”
She thinks I’m still...

Lena should’ve mentioned something. She should’ve spoken up, telling the older sister that she and Kara had fixed things. That they’ve cleared everything up. That she had finally let go of her resentment and her stubbornness and finally forgiven Kara.

But she didn’t. She couldn’t. Not when Kara was lying on a bed looking like she might die any second. She didn’t want to sound out words that resembled her love for Kara when Kara herself might not make it. Because then it would all be too real. The fact that she was in love with the woman who was fighting for her life. She refused to say it out loud.

Alex carried on hesitantly, her eyes never leaving her sister’s face, “I just wanted to say that...” clearly the agent wasn’t used to speaking about personal matters. “That Kara only kept her identity from you to protect you. I was partly responsible for her keeping her identity a secret. If there’s anyone you should be blaming, it should be me. Kara wanted to tell you from the start, but she just didn’t know how. We fought about it, and I told her telling you would be a mistake. But the more I saw how much Kara trusted you, the more I trusted her to know that you deserved the truth.”

There was a pause. Then, “My sister can sometimes be...” there was a bitter laugh from beside her, “Impulsive. She quickly realized that she made a mess out of things when she started umm befriending you...” Lena knew that was code for sleeping with her, “...As Supergirl and lying to cover up for Kara Danvers. She was wrong in pursuing you like that, and she understands that. And it was part of the reason why she took so long to tell you. She was afraid of your reaction. But the main reason was that she was too afraid of losing you. Whether as a friend or more, Kara wanted you in her life. And in her impulsive mind, she thought the only way to keep you was by not telling you.” Alex scoffed, Lena could feel that her eyes had not left her sister, “My sister isn’t afraid of much. But you not being in her life terrified her. And I know that feeling well.” She sounded as though she spoke from experience. Lena wasn’t sure if she meant her fiancé, the detective, or if she meant Kara herself.

Alex cleared her throat, “Anyway, I just...” she shuffled uncomfortably beside Lena, subtly sniffing away tears that Lena never saw. Her hands pushed into her jacket pocket and as though just remembering she reached further into the pocket and took out a folded piece of paper. She held it out in front of Lena, “I found this in one of the hidden pockets of Kara’s suit. It’s what reminded me to come over and tell you.”

Lena ignored how her hand shook as she reached out and took the paper, not bothering to open it just yet. Her eyes had only stole a dashing glance to where Alex held the paper, less than a second was enough time for her to take into her own hand, before returning her sight to that of the woman on the bed.

She stood there frozen in place. She thought about how stupid she was for wearing heels. Her mind clutched at any thought that wasn’t concerned or slightly associated with the fact that Kara was on the bed dying. How stupid was she for wearing heels. Her knees felt weak, ready to give in from standing on...

At least I'm not obsessed with a canoe on a stick!

I beg your pardon?

Heels! They're basically oval shaped opened boxes on a stick! Canoes on sticks! You're obsessed with canoes on sticks!

Kara's voice resonated in her mind playing that distant memory and tuning out Alex's voice before she left the room.
Five hours Lena remained silent.

Denial came first. Two hours had passed and her brain still refused to process what her eyes saw. She didn't remember sitting down but found herself so. On a chair beside Kara's bed, she found herself sitting on the edge, hands tucked in her lap, and eyes piercing in concentration.

She didn't understand. Try as she might, she couldn't understand. Kara, her Kara, was indestructible. Bulletproof. She bent steel with her bare fingers without so much as flinching.

Her mind refused to grasp at the mere fact that there existed a substance, a crystal as green as her eyes, that defied all that she knew of Kara's steel immortality. She found herself drifting to that night, their first night, when she found the bandages on Kara's stomach.

What happened?

Oh, that. It's nothing.

It's obviously not nothing. You're...

Lena remembered the exact moment she realized it was that green crystal rock.

Kryptonite.

Hey, hey. I'm fine. Look.

It was a bullet, wasn't it?

Yes.

That's when her denial began to desiccate. And anger began to rear its head inside of her chest, threatening to boil over. During the third hour, she blamed everyone and everything. She blamed her brother, the egotistical maniac who was hell bent on killing the love of her life. She blamed Fright, for being nothing but a money hungry, chaos-addicted lackey. She blamed the universe for allowing the existence of Kryptonite. She blamed the DEO for their incompetence at keeping Kara safe.

But most of all...

She blamed herself.

Because she shouldn’t have let her go.

I have to go because tonight we’re transferring Fright onto this Earth.

It's just a simple transfer. Nothing's going to happen,

I know, I know. It's just the idea of you being anywhere near that woman...It makes me sick to my stomach.

Around the fourth hour, desperation began clawing at her mind, raking its sharp nails on the fragile walls of her thoughts. Begging for Kara to wake up. On the outside she was calm, numb even, but on the inside her mind rattled its cage begging to trade places with Kara. Offer herself to the universe instead. Bargaining was the third stage that she often welcomed freely. This time she was reminded of the day she went to save Kara from Fright, offering herself without a second thought to the matter.
She remembered Fright’s revolver aimed straight at her. Remembered the sound of Kara’s desperate pleas.

*Fright please just look at me! Please! I’m begging you! You have me! You have me instead of her! Look at me! Fright! Look at me, please!*

She remembered being surprisingly calm that day. Having only one objective in mind. Save Kara.

*As dangerous as you think you might be, you pale in comparison to what I am capable of if you so choose to hurt her.*

And this time was no different. She would bargain anything just for a glimpse of that same smile. Trade places with Kara in a heartbeat. All while being as calm as that day.

Lena thought she heard someone come in. She smelt the faint smell of coffee. There was someone speaking.

“*You haven’t spoken a word...*”

“*Ms. Luthor, can I get...*”

They sounded like distant echoes from across a very long hall.

“*You should try talking to her. She might be able to hear you.*”

The last one she recognized as Alex’s voice. Although she shouldn't recognize it from how soft and fragile it sounded, contradicting the way Lena normally was used to her voice as being stern and accusatory.

But still she stayed silent. Wordlessly staring at the body that lay in the deathly bed of a suffocating room.

Surrender came next. Her mind finally giving up. On the fifth hour, she found herself slipping deeper and deeper into that dark side of hers. The one that didn't much care for anything. She was so tired. Her mind a spinning chaos of emotions and feelings that were taking their toll on her.

The final stage of grief - acceptance - never came.

It took five hours for her to process what was in front of her. Five hours to speak her first words to the woman she loved.

“I... I’ve never...” it came out as a hoarse whisper, a voice on the verge of breaking. She swallowed down the dryness in her mouth, not realizing she was parched from lack of speech, “I’ve never talked to someone who was...”

She squeezed her eyes shut to calm herself down. To soothe the sting behind her eyes from her unshed tears. To hide away from the image of how still Kara was, how silent. Hoping - praying - that maybe if she blinked her eyes open again, all of this would have been a dream.

But it wasn't. And when she opened her eyes again, Kara was still there.

Not dead but barely alive.

She looked down to find her hand shaking, a tremor she could feel ringing in her bones, an excruciating ache in her very nerves. She brought her left hand over the other to stop it from trembling.

A painful throbbing in her chest resonated as she realized that the act was of her comforting
herself. That Kara wasn't there to listen to her heartbeat, to feel her pain so that she could bring her arms around Lena and squeeze her hands tight with warmth.

She was comforting herself, something she used to do but had stopped when Kara became hers. And now she was back to doing it again.

“Can you hear me?” she breathed out before staying still and waiting. Somehow expecting Kara to just smile and say something snarky like ‘No of course I can't hear you, it's not like I have super hearing or anything’.

Lena waited. Any other time she would've laughed hysterically at what she was expecting, at what she was hoping. Who in their right mind sat beside someone who was in a coma and asked them a question while expecting an answer.

“I don't suppose you can.” she frowned, “Research says that you could. I’ve read about it. But the science behind it was never proven and I’m not one to believe in miracles.” a scoff escaped her lips at her last utterance, “That’s odd to say out loud seeing that you’re a walking miracle in itself.”

The woman that possessed powers beyond research could ever prove walking the Earth and looking no more than human. Kara was a miracle. More so than her cousin. And Lena knew aspects about Kara that made her more into a miracle than anything else in the world. Things that had nothing to do with Kara's powers or her origins.

Kara was a miracle in Lena's eyes for her kindness. Her beauty. Her soul. She was a miracle because of how blue her eyes were. Because of how persistent she always is at helping people. Lena saw Kara as a miracle because she always had her focus split between what she was doing and the rest of the city. And that had to be exhausting. She was a miracle because she went out of her way to always smile when Lena knew that the fact that she was the last of her kind was never far from her mind.

Most people didn't know this, but the miracle itself wasn't that Kara could lift a whole ship or stop a rocket from launching into space.

No.

It was her smile. It was that she smiled even with the knowledge of her family - her culture, her whole world - was never to be seen ever again.

*That* was the miracle.

And Lena couldn't help but feel angry that that smile wasn't on Kara's lips now.

“You promised.” she uttered, conviction in her voice. “You promised me you'd come back.” the conviction slowly died as the words were sinking in. “You pro...” she couldn't finish. Couldn't sound out words that held meaning far heavier than what she was able to carry.

*I just want you to come back to me. Come back to me, Kara Zor-El.*

*I will. Nothing will keep me from you. I promise.*

*Good. Because I have enough Luthor blood in me to kill you if you don't.*

She breathed a ragged breath, the fear evident on her face, her eyes bloodshot and glistening from unshed tears. “You said nothing will keep you from me, so don’t you dare...” she still couldn't finish. And she hated it. Hated how her words failed her. Just like everything else. She squeezed her eyes tight, banging her fist on the edge of the mattress.
The smile haunted her. As her eyelids closed down, she saw it clearly. That damned alluring smile. It felt more of a curse now. The fact that Lena can only see it in her mind. That the reality was the mere fact that she couldn't see that smile.

When she opened her eyes, she was met with that haunting reality.

“Please don't make me do this, Kara.” she whispered so weakly her mother would've been horrified, “Please don't make me do this.” she repeated, her voice so low that only Kara would've picked it up.

She traced her eyes onto Kara's beautiful features, missing the blue of her eyes that refused to show itself, “I'm not good at goodbyes, Kara. Please don't make me do this.”

She sniffed, still refusing to let her tears fall down, before looking down at her folded hands in her lap. The shaking had subsided, and Lena took the opportunity to look up at Kara's hand and consider holding it.

She reached out, the shaking in her hand immediately returning, and touched the skin on the back of Kara’s hand. The gasp came involuntarily. Her chest rising so suddenly at the suffocating air of shock going into her lungs. Kara’s skin was ice cold. It was deadly cold. Which shook Lena to the core because Kara had always been warm. Skin always running hot. Always pushing away the covers at night. And Lena had come to realize that she herself didn’t need the covers as long as we nestled alongside Kara.

She tried to think of a single instance in which Kara was cold and couldn’t find one. Making the air around her that much more difficult to breathe in.

She ignored her berating heartbeat and laced her fingers with Kara’s, getting lost in her own thoughts about saying goodbyes. “You know, everyone I ever cared about has left. But not a single one of them I was forced to say goodbye to. I’ve never said goodbye to anyone in my life. No one. There was no one that stayed long enough.”

Memories of words she shouted at Kara in her office during their argument floated in her mind.

*It's just you. You were the one I let inside. You were the exception.*

She had been so angry that night; furious even. She spoke those words in the depth of her outrage, but now she found herself saying them once more out of desperation. That ache in her chest returned, throbbing painfully. “It's just you. You're always the exception, Kara.” she tightened her hand on Kara's, squeezing tightly to hold on to what's left of her sanity, “So, please.” her eyes closed in surrender, the sting of the unshed tears too painful, “Please,” she whispered again, her voice breaking, “Please, I'm begging you. Please don't make me say goodbye to you.”

Overcome by the despair she felt inside of her, the sob stuck in her throat as she whispered words that came out broken, “Because I don't know if I could.”

She lowered her head down onto Kara’s knuckles, breathing calmly to slow down her heartbeat. Kara’s voice, her smile, made their way into her mind.

24 days.

24  days what?

*It's been 24 days since I've told you you're beautiful.*

And?
And I promised I would tell you you’re beautiful everyday so it never seems like it’s goodbye. I have 24 days to make up for. 25 including today.

You’re not honestly going to...

She had rolled her eyes that day, thinking Kara was being overly dramatic. Oh, how she wished she could hear the words ‘you’re beautiful’ from Kara’s lips again. What she would do just to hear them one more time.

“It's too hard.” she admitted, which was something Luthors never dared to admit. “It's not fair. You're a good person. You're far more worth living than I could ever be. It's not fair that I'm sitting here and you're just...” she gasped in disbelief, “You're a good person.” she finished weakly.

She grimaced, “I remember you telling me that we were worth it. And I was just starting to believe it. But you getting hurt isn’t worth anything in the world to me.”

That moment on the balcony just before Kara took off played in Lena’s mind.

You are making it so very hard for me to leave.

I’m just making it easier for you to come back to me

Lena squeezed her eyes tight before opening them again, “I shouldn't have let you leave. God, I knew... I had this feeling that something wrong was about to happen.” she ran a hand through her hair, “I felt it. At... At the balcony, a-all I wanted to do was keep you and not let you go. Something kept telling me to not let you go.” She dug her nails into her palm, her voice slowing down and taking on a somber tone, “But I knew I couldn't ask you that. I would never ask you to choose me over everyone else. I would never ask you to go against who you are.”

Lena sighed. She closed her eyes briefly, rolling her head back, and opening them to the image of the ceiling. She didn’t know what to do. How to fix this.

And she hated this feeling of powerlessness. This incapability she had of changing Kara’s fate.

She looked back at Kara's body as she thought back to the very beginning. Just like she always did. Reminiscing about moments that left her breathless even in the present. Like the day Supergirl walked into her office that night after the Daxamites had left. That day that pushed the long line of domino bricks of a series of events that led them to this exact predicament.

Supergirl? Is this your first time using a band aid?

Me? No! I've used plenty of band aids before! I use them practically every other day!

She remembered that night down to every minute detail. The concentration on Kara's face, the dirt on her boots, the smell of ash. It was surprising, too, since she had been slightly intoxicated that night, but she did. She remembered everything.

She especially remembered the promise she made to herself.

“You know, it's funny because I spent so much time building these defences. This whole armor.” she found herself saying out of the blue. She wasn't sure who she was speaking to, herself or Kara, but she directed her eyes to the patterns she drew on Kara's palm, “For years, I had it perfected. The notion of not letting someone in. And it worked.”

Lena pondered over all those years she spent down in her labs or the late nights she stayed up reading business proposals and studying negotiation tactics. When she looked back on the past
“My life wasn’t perfect, but it worked for me. I quite liked the solace of the solitude. It was quiet. And I’ve always been fond of the quiet.”

Fingers traced over Kara's hand, transcribing promises and confessions of her love as her mind drifted off to the day Kara walked into her office, “But then you showed up one day. God, I was so wrong about you. I figured you for those naive blondes at first. I’ve met reporters that had the same resemblance. Always hoping to catch a Luthor in a lie just so they could spin the truth and write about it.” she scoffed.

Memories of that day Kara had come by her office floated in her mind. The day Lena had read Kara's first article about her. The day Kara commented about her flowers, telling her how they reminded her of her mother.

*Those flowers are beautiful.*

*They’re called plumerias. They’re pretty rare.*

*They remind me of my mother. Was your mother a writer too?*

*No. She was uhh umm I guess sort of a lawyer.***

Well, you’ve a natural gift with words. *The article is amazing. I knew you’d make a great reporter but after I heard your bleeding heart pro-alien views, I was afraid you’d do a hatchet job on me.*

“But you didn’t. And somewhere between scheduling interviews with you and grabbing cups of coffee, I forgot that I wasn't supposed to let anyone in.” she smiled. A sad longing smile of what used to be. Of the very beginning of them. “And the more I spent time with you, the deeper I started falling in love with you.”

She didn't dare look up to see Kara's face, she focused her eyes on her hand. She knew if she so happened to even steal a glimpse of Kara's ghostly face, she would break down.

“And then one night,” she breathed out, shame masking her furrowed eyebrows. She closed her eyes in that very same shame, opening them up after a sigh, “One drunken hideous night, I decided to rebuild those defenses. Rebuild that armor. I decided to shut you out. Go back to that life that wasn't perfect but I had been content with.”

As you can see I'm in no shape to help you at the moment with whatever it is you came here for. *Was there something in particular you needed from me?***

*I saw your light was still on and thought I'd check up on you, see how you’ve been since...everything.*

*You mean since I almost single-handedly destroyed this whole city?***

She smiled once more, a bitter smile that spoke of the nonsensical coincidence of Kara always showing up at the right moment. Always showing up when Lena was giving up. Always talking her back from the edge. “But then you showed up again. As Supergirl. And Goodness I was wrong about you again. I figured you the same as your cousin. All narcissistic perfection and that revolting American patriotic glory. Hating me like any other Luthor.”

She let out a small laugh, “But you didn't. And somewhere between you saving me and you depending on me to stay sane, I forgot that I was supposed to put a distance, to stop letting anyone else in.” Her finger drew a slow path on Kara's knuckles, “And the more I spent time with you,
the deeper I started falling in love with you.”

She remembered both of them saying distinct versions of the phrase ‘I love you’ but never those exact three words together.

_I want to say it._

_Say what?_

_You know what._

_Don’t. Not now. If you say it now, it’ll seem like goodbye._

_Would you say it back?_

_In a heartbeat._

_Kinda ironic how we’re both ready to say those three words without having gone on our first date yet._

Her lips curved at the memory, “That’s what I meant when I told you I fell in love with both sides of you. Because it was two different people that saved me from myself.” her smiled remained, loving the constant idea of Kara saving her.

“God, sometimes I think about how we weren’t supposed to fall for each other. That the universe sent sign after sign that we shouldn’t be together.” she stole a glance at Kara’s face before looking anywhere else, “But then I test out the idea of you being with someone else and I lose my mind.” she smirked. “I don’t think I very much like the idea of not being with you.”

Her eyebrows furrowed before speaking, “But I still can’t help thinking about it.” she leaned her elbows onto the bed before looking straight onto Kara’s face, whispering her next words, “Why couldn’t you have fallen for someone else?” she asked despondently. Hopelessness filled her voice like smoke filled a jar, suffocating the air out of it. “Someone normal.” she whispered hoarsely, because normal was not a word she associated with herself. “Someone who doesn’t have a lunatic of a brother that finds pleasure in what can and can’t kill you. Someone who isn’t a Luthor. Someone who...” she choked, the sob feeling like a thorned rose digging its claws in her throat, “Who isn’t me.”

She intertwined her fingers with Kara’s cold ones, bringing their joined hands up to rest on their elbows to look at how they fit perfectly together. “But of course you wouldn’t rest until we became star crossed lovers, would you?” she let out a bitter small laugh.

She clasped and unclasped her fingers between Kara’s cold ones, ignoring the fact that Kara’s fingers hanged lifelessly without clasping back her own. “Sometimes I feel as though I'm meant to love you without being with you. You’re only bulletproof when you’re away from me. All of this... Lex, Fright... It's all...” Her voice broke. She choked on a sob in her throat and felt her hand shake where it held Kara’s cold one.

Another memory sneaked within the walls of her mind and invaded her thoughts. It was the night Kara had been sitting on the railing of her balcony. The night they finally talked. The first time they’ve actually held an honest conversation.

_You shouldn’t tether your life to mine._

_Convince me._

_What?_
Convince me why I should just leave right now and never see you again. Give me one good reason to leave, and if it’s true, if it truly shows that I deserve better than you, then I’ll leave.

She sniffed before continuing, “And I thought about it. About just...just giving up. Leaving. Convince myself that you’re better off and starting over somewhere else where no one knew me. I’ve thought about it so many times that I’m ashamed to even bring it up. Countless times I’ve thought about how easier your life would be if me and my horrid family never came near you.”

She switched the hand intertwined with Kara’s and brought her right up to trace her finger over Kara’s chest, the thin plastic of the medical gown cold under her touch. “But then I remember the symbol you wear on your chest.” She traced the symbol with the tip of her finger, watching as the imaginary lines formed to make that royal S. “And what it means. And I remember the way you look at me. The way you smile when you see me. The way you smile when you kiss me. And I remember how happy you were telling me about Krypton. How you held me close at night. And I think,” she let out a bitter laugh, “Screw the universe. Because somehow, by some miracle out there, you’re happy. With me. I don’t fully understand it but it is what it is and I won’t argue with something in my favor. Somehow for some reason I make you happy. And I want to stay for as long as I could just to keep that happiness on your face.”

Kara’s voice sounded in her mind once more.

What happened between this afternoon and now that has you so distant.

I realized I had broken my promise. And I don’t like breaking promises.

What was the promise?

To not get emotionally attached to anyone.

That’s not a way to live.

It’s what works for me. It’s what I deserve.

She squeezed Kara’s hand, the one’s fingers intertwined with her own, bringing it closer to her lips to plant a small kiss there, “So for once in my life, Kara...” her smile grew bigger, “I’m not leaving. I’m not running.” she rested her cheek on the back of Kara’s hand, shaking her head and smiling proudly, “I’m not going anywhere without you.” her voice faltered at that last one. Because there was still a chance.

There was still a chance that Kara wouldn’t wake up.

But Lena forced herself to avoid thinking of that small detail, “And you taught me that. You changed me. Changed that engraved notion in my head. You taught me that love isn’t some bizarre idealistic nonsense made to hold people back. So, I need you to wake up.” she nodded once to assure herself, “I need you to wake up, darling, so you could see for yourself how much of a better person you make me.”

Lena had her forehead rested on the bed over Kara’s hand when she heard commotion outside the room. She lifted her head towards the sound, trying to figure out what was happening, but she couldn’t make out the words being shouted. She chose to ignore it, pulling her eyes back to Kara’s face, but her attention flickered back to the outside when she heard Kara’s name being mentioned.

Placing a soft kiss to cold knuckles, she got up from her chair and headed towards the door. When she opened it, she found Alex shouting at the brown-haired worried detective, her fiancé.
“No! You don't get it!” she threw her hands up in rage, “I'm the one who's supposed to protect her! She protects the city and I protect her!” she pointed towards the door Lena stood beside, “That's the deal. She might be bulletproof but she is my responsibility. Mine! And I failed to do the one thing I should have done!” Lena could see the clenched jaw from the side where she stood, the way Alex’s eyes watered.

“You know she came to me scared. She told me Barry asked if we wanted to transfer Fright onto our Earth or keep her on theirs for the time being. And I remember her saying that she knew we had to bring Fright back to this Earth but she couldn't shake the feeling that it was a bad idea.” Alex paused, her face scrunching in disgust at her next words, “And you know what I said? I told her she had nothing to worry about and that Fright was our mess to clean up. And she did the one thing she always does.” her eyes bore into those of her fiance’s, “She trusted me without any doubt.” she shook her head somberly.

Lena watched as the detective inched closer, her hands stretched in front of her ready to comfort the other woman, “Alex, she's going to make it. You just need to calm down. Everything's...”

Alex flinched away from her touch, “Don't you dare say everything's going to be alright. My sister is on a bed inside there and she is barely - barely - staying alive. Kara flatlined in front of me twice. Twice she just died on the table. And I...” she pressed a finger into her chest, “I barely managed to bring her back. Her insides are eaten up. The kryptonite burned through muscles, bones, and tissues and we were lucky enough to take it out before it also ate out her organs!”

Lena watched in horror, feeling as though she was intruding on something. The always calm and collected Agent Danvers having an outburst in front of her felt misplaced. She felt as though she was witnessing something she shouldn’t be. But she couldn’t look away. Try as she might, she couldn’t pull her eyes away from this person who cared so deeply for Kara.

“Even if she wakes up - and that's right it's not when she wakes up its if she does - even if she wakes up, she wouldn't have her powers. She doesn’t now. That’s why we have to take her in for another surgery once her body’s recovered enough. Because she’s not healing. She’s... She’s not responding. It’s like she doesn’t want to wake up.”

It's like she doesn’t want to wake up.

The words echoed around in Lena’s thoughts, bouncing on the walls of her mind. They replayed over and over again, an agonizing lyric to an intolerable song.

It's like she doesn’t want to wake up.

Her eyes widened as she stood there, listening to those words repeat in her mind accompanied by that smile that haunted her.

“You’re wrong.” she blurted out, causing both woman to suddenly flinch at her presence. Alex looked away, clearly not liking nor wanting the Luthor to witness her breakdown, “You’re wrong.” Lena repeated hoarsely. “Kara wants to wake up. She wants to wake up. She has too much to live for.”

Alex then turned to her, desperate anger filling her face “I’ve been sitting in that chair of yours more than twice as long as you have. And everytime I convince myself that she was fine, that any minute now she was gonna wake up...” Her eyes held Lena’s in an iron grip, “She doesn’t.” she mutters angrily, “Not only does she not wake up, but she flatlines in front of me. And I'm the one who has to watch as my sister dies over and over again! So, come back to me when you’ve sat in that chair as long as I have,” she pointed behind Lena, “And then try telling me that she wants to wake up.”
And with that, Alex turned around and stormed off away from Lena. The detective gave Lena a weary apologetic look before running behind her fiance.

It's been 32 hours.

32 hours Kara has been in a coma.

8 hours since Lena had sat beside Kara's bed.

5 of those hours were spent silent.

2 were spent talking to herself to the woman who could not hear a word she said.

And an hour of either pacing the length of the room or sitting down and staring blankly.

On the 9th hour of Lena holding the chair hostage beside Kara's bed, she noticed the door opening. From her peripheral vision she could tell it was Agent Danvers. Lena's hostage chair was facing Kara's face, the door on her right side across the bed.

She stood there silently, neither making a sound nor moving a muscle. Lena tuned her out, her mind barely registered her presence.

“We need to take her back into surgery.”

Lena's ears might have heard the words, but her mind didn't. Her mind kept replaying memories of Kara's smile on a loop.

“Ms. Luthor.”

That smile. That beautiful contagious smile that Lena adored.

Figures wearing lab coats began filing in, pulling up the sides of the bed and taking note of the blood pressure and pulse on the screen. Lena suddenly snapped out of the echoing void inside of her mind to register what was happening around her. She turned her head to find Agent Danvers looking at her sister with her arms crossed. The people around began adjusting the bed to transport it somewhere else and Lena held her panic down not to attack them.

“Where....” she didn't know what to ask, what to say.

*Is something happening? Where are you taking her? She's fine here! Did I miss something? Was her heartbeat slowing even more?*

“Ms. Luthor.” Alex finally looked at her, there was an anguish on her face. Some sort of apologetic shame at what had happened between them hours before. “They're taking her back to surgery. Replacing some of the temporary fixes they placed.”

Lena looked around her at the doctors pulling the bed away. Pulling Kara away from her. Her heart reacted in horror, her mind understanding that Kara was alright, but nonetheless not knowing how to process the information properly. So her heart beat terribly fast. Painfully so. Her eyes stayed glued onto the bed until it turned a corner and Lena found herself staring at the emptiness it left behind.

Alex came beside her, her arms still crossed and Lena turned to study her face once more. She looked even more tired than yesterday. Delicate but deadly purple veins showing under her eyes, red ones inside her pupils. Her hair was still tied back and Lena found herself transfixed on that
detail once more before the agent cleared her throat.

“There’s someone else you need to see.” she simply said. Nothing more. She said the words, made sure Lena heard her, and then began walking in the direction of another hallway. Lena followed suite, not sure who else she might know here other than Kara.

They made several turns until Lena noticed a woman crouching in front of a young boy holding his shoulders firmly and whispering to him. The dark-haired woman stole a glance at them as they walked towards her, but returned to speaking to the boy for brief seconds before standing back upright.

Alex was the first to speak, she nodded to the woman before looking at the boy and addressing him gently, “How’re you doing Liam?”

Lena frowned, having heard that name before but not gathering her thoughts orderly enough to focus.

“I’m ok.” he smiled weakly.

Liam. Where did I hear that name before?

The woman brought the boy closer to her side, rubbing his arm warmly and smiling down at him, “Your mother is a fighter. She’ll get through this.”

Mother?

“Liam and I were just going to go get something to eat.” she said to Alex before holding the boy’s hand and beginning to walk away. And just when she came close enough, Lena took the second to study her face properly.

Gypsy!

Lena’s eyes widened when she recognized the woman who helped her and Helena defeat Fright the first time at the warehouse.

That boy is Liam!

Flashes of when she first met Helena, when they were merely strangers who quickly became friends. Of when Lena had asked Helena about how she came up with the idea of using hugs to spread a cure.

The truth of the matter is that that particular simple concept was not my idea per se. Believe it or not it was the idea of a 10-year old boy.

His name is Liam. He was watching me work on how to spread the cure as fast and efficient as possible. I remember being so utterly frustrated for not being able to crack it.

Lena gasped as her mind slowly began piecing together the puzzle of who might be on the other side of the door they were walking through. The dread slowly creeped up its way on her heart again as she slowly realized who it was.

Helena!

They walked into the room, with another bed and another woman lying down lifelessly on it. Lena choked on another sob in her throat. Her heart couldn’t take so much pain. She wanted to run, to flee, to wake up from this dream that had no end.

Helena’s face was calm. Too calm for Lena’s liking. Her lips devoid of both that crimson red she
always had on and the seductive smirk she often wore. Her eyes were sealed, hiding those ocean blue eyes. Her hair cascading around her face, the locks seeming darker than from what Lena remembered them to be.

“She's not in a coma.” Alex's voice sounded from beside her. “She's fine actually. Just sleeping. She's on a high dose of painkillers. There were some complications with her surgery and we had to sedate her for a few hours. She woke up yesterday. A few hours before you arrived.”

Lena heard fragments of what she said, but sighed in relief as she understood that her friend was fine. She cleared her throat, “It’s my fault she's here.” she whispered coming closer to Helena.

Alex remained silent for a few seconds before attempting to answer, “I don’t think it's...”

“No, I mean it. I called her.” Lena interrupted, “Told her I was worried about Kara. And asked her to accompany her and the rest of you during the transfer.” she brought her hand to push a hair away from Helena’s eyes, whispering those last few words painfully, “She wasn't even supposed to be there. I... I called her.”

*I put her here. It's my fault.*

“Was anyone else hurt?” Lena was fairly sure that Kara and Helena were the only two people she knew, but she wanted to ask anyway. Ask about Kara’s friends.

As much as Kara? No. A bunch of my agents were hurt pretty. Oliver Queen, one of Kara’s other Earth friends, was also injured. But three people got it the worse. Kara, Helena, and someone named Nyssa. We had no idea what Helena and Nyssa were doing at the transfer. But we know that Helena was hurt badly from the Martian that attacked us and Nyssa seemed to have taken on Fright all by herself before she escaped. Both of them woke up though.”

*Not Kara. Kara hasn’t woken up yet.*

Alex words rang in her head once more.

*It's like she doesn’t want to wake up.*

Lena was walking back to Kara's room when she saw a blonde storm inside the DEO.

“Where is she?!” she screamed to no one, looking around frantically. A group of four men and two women strode behind her as she whipped her head from side to side, panting heavily. “Where's Nyssa?!”

Lena found herself in yet another uncomfortable situation feeling that she might be intruding on. She watched as a man in a green hooded suit came out from another room towards her to calm her down, “Calm down, Sara.”

The woman, Sara seemed to be her name, calmed down slightly as soon as she saw the blonde male, “Ollie, please tell me she’s ok.”

“She's hurt badly, but she's fine. She woke up a few hours ago telling everyone that she was fine and that she needed to get back to her people.”

“Where is she? I need to see her.”

“She's sleeping right now, but I'll take you to her.”

Lena couldn't help but empathize with the woman as she watched her and the man walk past her towards one of the rooms. This Sara person seemed to be going through what she was going
through right now. Having her heart clench from desperation at the image of the woman she loved dying.

Only difference is, the woman Sara sought after had woken up. And Kara still hadn't.

Lena stood idle and watched as Kara's bed was wheeled back into the room. The breathing tube had been removed. The numerous tubes and wires that had been probing her skin were reduced. Some of the color was back onto that flawless skin.

But Kara was still very much... Unresponsive.

Lena had taken the time during Kara’s surgery to read about her condition. She was damned if she would sit idle and watch as Kara died right in front of her. So, she read the reports, talked to one of the surgeons, talked to her sister. But to no avail. They all said the same thing. There's nothing we could do but wait. And if she herself hadn’t checked, she might not have believed them. But it was grievously true. The doctors and surgeons had done everything they could. The bullets were out. The damage was fixed. Kara was given enough blood by her cousin. Her body was even healing itself; not as fast as a Kryptonian would, but still faster than a human. All that was left was for Kara to wake up. But she just wouldn’t. And the longer it took for her to wake up, the closer they got to her never waking up.

Lena nodded back to her sister as she made her way out with the rest of the doctors and closed the doors behind her. The terrified CEO drew closer to the object of her affection. To the woman she had come to call her home.

She stood beside the bed, her fingers reaching to touch Kara's face gently.

She kissed her forehead lovingly before drawing back to look at her. A small smile broke on Lena's lips as she gazed onto Kara's features, “You're so beautiful, darling.” she whispered, trailing her finger along the side of Kara's face. “So terribly beautiful that sometimes I forget to breathe whenever I look at you.”

Lena leaned down, brushing her lips over Kara's forehead tenderly once more, “Wake up for me, Kara.” she breathed out, leaving a kiss to the cold skin, her lips lingering for a few more seconds before she rested her forehead over Kara's and closed her eyes. “Open those pretty eyes for me, baby.”

The world around her melted away as she breathed in Kara's scent. Breathed in the feeling of having Kara so close to her again. As she sighed at the silence that accompanied her request. She would be lying is she said she hadn't imagined Kara opening her eyes, smiling, and saying something snarky like 'only because you asked so nicely'.

She opened her eyes to the sight of Kara still lifeless, “How about we pass the time by reading that paper of yours?” she smiled, picking up the paper from the bedside table next to her and taking a seat back into the chair. “I swear Kara Zor-El if this is a love letter or some goodbye nonsense that'll make me cry my eyes out, I'll kill you myself.”

The heaviness of the joke didn’t get by her without bringing with it a chill down her spine. She ignored it and began unfolding the paper. Scribbled onto the paper was a list. A list long enough to take up the whole page. And her eyes widened when she began reading.

First date ideas:

2. **Office or penthouse balcony?** Maybe some music and wine. Dinner from that restaurant she likes?
3. **National City art exhibit?**
4. **Dinner and a movie?** Nope.
5. **National City orchestra?** Hopefully, playing something to do with Bach?
6. **Picnic while stargazing?** Maybe I could get a telescope!
7. **Carnival rides!** (I don’t think Lena has ever been to one)
8. **Hot air balloon ride?** No. Lena doesn’t like flying.
9. **Learn how to cook something and make it for her.**
10. **Skydiving with Supergirl?** Bad idea! Very bad idea!
11. **Show Lena Midvale.**
12. **The Opera?**
13. **Bicycle trip.**
14. **Trampoline park!!**
15. **All the Disney movies Lena hasn’t watched Marathon!**

Lena read the ludicrous list written by the insane woman she was in love with. Just before going to transfer a psychotic prisoner, Kara casually sat down and wrote a list of possible first date ideas for them. Lena couldn’t believe what she was reading.

She looked up briefly at the woman on the bed, staring at her overwhelmingly. Scatterbrained and stupefied, Lena simply looked at her as though Kara was about to explain herself.

“Why is it do you like to do things that make me fall more in love with you?” she whispered, before biting down on her lower lip with a smile.

She looked back down at the paper only to look back up at Kara, “You were going to learn how to cook for me?” she couldn’t help the grin on her lips, spreading wider as she imagined Kara learning how to cook.

She once again returned to the list, “I have to agree with you on numbers 8 and 10. Let’s refrain from anything that has to do with flying on our first date,” she chuckled, “Maybe 7 and 14 as well.” she murmured, as she looked horrified at the idea of going to a trampoline park.

“I do appreciate that you’ve added the art exhibit, the orchestra, and the opera on there. I would love to go with you to those.” she smiled as she kept on rereading the list for the third time now.

When she reached number 11, she looked up, her eyes smiling at Kara’s face, “I would love nothing more than for you to show me Midvale.”

She couldn’t help but feel that bittersweet feeling as she glanced back at the list, “I want to do them all.” she declared suddenly, stealing a glance of Kara before returning to the paper, “Every and each one of them. Even the flying ones.” she leaned forward, took Kara's hand in hers and stared at those closed eyes, “So, wake up for me, Kara. Wake up for me so we could do all of these together.” she smiled sadly, sniffing before checking the paper once more.

She flipped the paper to see if anything was on the back and was met by two other lists. “What’s...?” she began reading and her eyes widened in horror. The first list was slightly fine, but the second!
Things to ban Lena from saying:

1. *I'm fine.*
2. *Of course I've eaten.*
3. *I don't know what you're talking about, this is only my first cup of coffee.*
4. *I'm fine. (Again, because she says it too much)*

Things Lena's into:

1. *Desks*
2. *Carrying her*
3. *Science talk*
4. *Arm and shoulder muscles*

“Kara! You wrote down my kinks on a piece of paper that your sister has read??!!” she asked horrified. “Oh, just you wait until you wake up!” she threatened coldly, “And do you really think you can just ban someone from saying something?!”

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Hours later, she rested her head onto Kara's hand, vowing to just let the headache pass. Not realizing that sleep was easily pulling her under.

She dreamt of Krypton. Of a happier Kara. Surrounded by a loving family and the fact that she wasn't the only one left of her kind. She clutched Lena's hand, showing her around Krypton like a child showing their new friend to their room. They were in a busy street and Lena looked above to cast her eyes at the flying transport pods that Kara had told her about. Cars passed by them, not touching the ground but hovering instead. Buildings stood tall, taller than the clouds dared to be close to the ground.

It was the color of the sky that mesmerized Lena the most. Crimson red. An astounding contrast to the blue she was normally used to.

Lena blinked and she was somewhere else. Kara stood before her smiling at her, using one of those contagious smiles that was able to brighten anyone's day. Lena forced her eyes away from Kara's smile to look around her. They stood in a hall. A beautiful crafted hall with architecture that spoke endlessly of its history. A glass ceiling looked down at them illustrating carved phrases in Kryptonian symbols that seemed to be forms of prayer. Red sunlight shined through the glass ceiling and reflected those phrases onto the walls of the hall. A deep woodsy incense filled Lena's nose as she inhaled the peculiar scent. Her senses found the smell of musk lingering with the astonishingly rare Arabian oud in the mix. Something primal. A smell that spoke of royalty and fierceness.

The scent reminded her of Kara. Before she was Kara Danvers.

Lena noticed they stood under an arbor, an arch of branches, vines, and jasmine flowers. She then noticed her and Kara weren't alone. A group of people stood further down the small steps that led to where she and Kara were standing. A woman in a blue gown gushed into both her palms as she smiled lovingly. Silk brown hair flowed down beautiful features encompassing her face.

Lena instantly knew she was Kara's mother. She shouldn't be able to know since she has never met her, but her dream self seemed to be quite sure of it.

She looked back at Kara, who was still smiling that smile. Still looking gorgeous, clad in a royal
blue armor that looked like it was only ever worn for special occasions. And when she glanced down where her right hand was clutched by Kara's own, she noticed how cold those hands were. Her brain malfunctioned, telling her Kara never got cold. If anything, her body always ran a bit hotter than anyone else Lena knew. But the hands that held hers were cold.

Deadly cold.

But Kara was still smiling that smile. And Lena couldn't find it in her to say something that might change that. So she smiled back and watched as Kara took a bracelet from beside her and began speaking words as she unclasped the ends of it. She wasn't sure what it was they were doing, but her dream self knew immediately to hold out her hand as Kara gently wrapped the bracelet around her wrist and clasped it with more words spilling from her lips.

_You're hands are cold. Why are your hands cold, darling?_

It was the only thought that kept pushing and pushing through to the front of her mind. As though there was something she was missing. Something catastrophic. A Boulder hanging on the edge of a hill overlooking a small town of innocent people.

But Kara was still smiling that smile. Still looking...

She wasn't looking at all like her gorgeous self. When Lena looked up, she saw Kara's face looking tired. Bags under her eyes. Sweat on her forehead. Skin ashen rather than its everlasting glowing warmth.

It was like looking at a smiling corpse. And Lena let out a horrified gasp at what stood before her.

“Kara?” she whispered. Too scared to speak it louder, somehow her dream self still felt that sense of embarrassment of making a scene in front of all these people.

“Kara?” she uttered again. Blinked. The darkness taking longer than a blink usually would. “Kara?” she breathed out as the darkness slowly began to fade and she found herself back in the medbay of the DEO.

Lena lifted her head from where it had been resting over Kara's hand, intertwined with her own. She blinked several times and moved a few loose strands away from her eyes, “Kara?” she groaned out, her voice laced with sleep - or sleep deprivation, she wasn't sure anymore.

Kara lay in front of her. Her skin like marble. She stayed there like a permanent entity in a world of change. And Lena couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness as she sat there gazing at her for a few seconds.

She sighed. A long sorrowful sigh filled with regret of what she hadn't said and things she hadn't done. Sitting up, she bent her neck once to the right then to the left to relieve the ache that had formed from the awkward position she had slept in.

The clock read 4 in the afternoon, 12 hours since she had left her apartment with the older Danvers sister. She calculated that she must have slept less than 3 hours in the last 2 days and her body was slowly giving up on her. Limbs began to ache and the headaches have gotten worse. But none of it came even close to the things she was concerned with.

She spent the next hour pacing the length of the room, moving her limbs and replaying memories of Kara's smile. She nitpicked through the plate of food that was brought to her, swallowing down a few pieces of steamed vegetables just to keep her awake and sustained. She lost count the number of times she ran her hand through her hair, the number of times she pinched the bridge of her nose. Eventually, she always went back to her chair. Sitting back in defeat.
Lena bent down, resting her forehead on Kara's knuckles, breathing in her scent that was slowly starting to be wiped away by the smell of medicine and rubbing alcohol. Closing her eyes, she imagined all the things she wanted to tell Kara. The things she should have but never did.

_I love you. I'm so in love with you that it hurts._

She remembered that night in her office. The night she and Kara argued to the break of dawn until they could argue no more and Kara asked her a question Lena hadn't been expecting.

_Do you still love me?_

_So much that it hurts._

And here she was again, her chest burning with the sensation of how much she loved Kara. An agonizing ache that wrapped around her heart.

But she would never think to ever cure herself. Because her love was chronic. And she planned to love Kara until her last dying breath even if she had to live with this constant worry.

She drew her head back up, studying Kara's features closely. Pulling Kara's arm on her elbow, she placed a kiss on her knuckles and nestled the cold hand against her chest, “You owe me a date.” she whispered smiling. “You owe me a date, Kara Zor-El, and I won't let you get out of it that easily. So, I suggest you wake up, darling. Wake up so that we can finally go on our first date.”

She let out a small, sorrowful laugh then. Remembering their ongoing disagreement over who gets to take the other out first.

“I'm even willing to let you be the one to take me on a first date.” the corner of her lips lifted, “Just this once I'm willing to put my stubbornness aside and let you have this.”

She closed her eyes, rested her forehead on Kara’s knuckles and let Kara’s voice fill her mind. The many times they’ve disagreed on who got to take the other out on a first date.

_Go on a date with me_, Lena had demanded. They were trapped in a heated kiss with demanding hands tugging at bodies and locks of hair.

_No._

_I promise I'll take you somewhere nice._

_I'll take you somewhere nicer._

They had fought about it all day. Hard to imagine this all happened before yesterday. That the day before yesterday they were pressed against one another in the comfort of Lena’s bed, with Kara telling her stories of Krypton and Lena listening intently with a smile.

But all her thoughts, all her bittersweet memories, came to a sudden deafness when she heard a rough and tired voice sound out words from beside her.

“I had a feeling you'd finally let me take you out on a date if I managed to get shot.”

Lena's head bolted up. Because there was no way... No possible way that she conjured up that voice in her head.

Her eyes widened when she saw the smile. It was a weak one but nonetheless a smile.

Kara's eyes were still closed but Lena could only focus on that smile.
Chapped lips pulled at the corner in a half smirk, “I'm gonna charm you so much on our first date.” she croaked out.

Lena's breath hitched, a sob caught in her throat at the chance that her sleep deprivation was taunting her with hallucinations.

She blinked.

Once.

Twice.

The smile remained. Growing brighter it seemed.

“Don’t tell me you changed your mind now,” she teased casually, as though the past 13 hours never happened.

“Open your eyes, Kara.” Lena whispered under her breath, her face close enough for Kara to hear her.

“No.” she groaned painfully, a sound so soft that cut through Lena's chest, “You're too pretty. I might not...” the blonde swallowed down, wincing in pain, “I might not survive it. And I’m not taking any chances on my life if you don't mind.”

*She’s awake. I'm not imagining this. She's talking.*

Lena leaned forward, her face inches from Kara's, eyes starting to water and sting from the emotion behind them, “Open your eyes, darling,” she whispered lovingly, “Open those pretty blue eyes for me, baby. Please.”

Lena was panting now, her breaths short and rapid, barely keeping up with her erratic heartbeat. Her chest rising heavily, as she rested her forehead on Kara's. It was all too much and not enough. She couldn’t decide which was worse, finding Kara like this and enduring the last 13 hours, or hearing her voice and not knowing if it was just all in her head.

Because God only knew Kara’s voice had been bouncing on the walls of her mind all day.

And for this to happen...

The off chance that this might all be a hallucination in the end...

Lena didn’t think she would survive it.

She closed her eyes tight against the sting behind them, sniffing and gently pushing her head further onto Kara’s to ground herself, “Kara,” she whispered so brokenly, she barely recognized her own voice, “Please,” she pleaded, “Please, baby, I can’t do this without you.” she finished weakly, sliding her palms on those cold cheeks.

*Open your eyes, Kara.* She willed it in her mind, forged it from ash and watched it redden from the heat. Grasping onto any chance of pushing this into reality. Because she still wasn’t sure. This could all be in her head. It could all be a dream. She might wake up momentarily beside Kara and she didn’t think she would survive the notion of it not being real. She wouldn’t survive her reality.

Lena opened her own eyes to watch the miracle.

Because that was what it had been.

A miracle.
Watching Kara Zor-El open her eyes was a miracle and Lena’s breath caught in her throat at the prospect of being lucky enough to witness it.

There was a flutter at first. Eyelashes too shy to move, but not shy enough to stay still. Her eyelashes fluttered as though preparing themselves. An epilogue to a grand unveiling. The corners of Kara’s eyes squinted, squeezed tightly for less than a second before relaxing again. Kara swallowed down, winced in pain, and smiled weakly again.

She then opened her eyes.

And Lena stopped breathing. She gasped a long breath in and never remembered to let it out. Those baby blue eyes were looking back at her. They were real. They were as blue as she remembered them to be.

And they were looking back at her. Kara was looking back at her.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Lena registered the sound of Kara’s heartbeat on the AKG machine beating faster once her eyes opened to meet her own. But she was too busy drowning. A light mischievous twinkle sparkled in the sea blue eyes as Kara tried to speak again, “See? I told you. Way too pretty for anyone to survive it.” she croaked out weakly.

The tears finally fell from Lena’s eyes, she finally breathed out that gasp, she finally saw Kara speaking with her eyes open. The gasp she let out came in the form of a small disbelieving laugh, because out of all the things Kara could have first said coming out of a coma, she chose those words.

“K-Kara?” Lena wanted to kiss her, wanted to say something much more substantial, but how could you when the last 13 hours were grasping your voice hostage and clutching at your mind’s ability.

“Were you expecting someone else?” she replied roughly.

Lena closed her eyes again, held softly onto Kara’s cheeks as she shook her head no. She smiled, trying to will her chest to calm down, to will her heart to slow down. But everything felt as though it was about to burst. Her chest, her heart, her mind. Her whole body shuddered at how unbelievable this moment was.

She breathed her in. Breathed that scent that was her Kara. Her thumbs swiped at those delicate cheekbones, their coldness forgotten. Lena was too scared to open her eyes. Too scared at all of this toppling over yet again.

But she forced herself to look deep into Kara’s and smile once she held them with her own. She brought her lips to Kara’s forehead, “You’re ok,” she whispered onto her skin before planting a soft kiss there, “You’re ok, darling.” she repeated for her own sake, tasting the salty liquid in her kiss.

“I’m ok.” Kara whispered back, her hand slowly touching Lena’s elbow and squeezing weakly.

Lena bent her head to look back at her, not wanting to let go of her eyes, “I thought I lost you,” she said, tracing her eyes over Kara’s skin; her cheeks, her lips. “I thought I...”

“Never.” Kara croaked out, seemingly finding it more and more difficult to speak. She coughed a few times and Lena backed away to find the pitcher of water that was left for her. She poured a cup and immediately brought it back.

“Here you go, darling.” she pressed the button on the bed to incline it slightly and held the cup
onto Kara’s broken lips, her other hand under her chin, as she made sure to go slowly. Kara winced every time she gulped down the water, the corner of her eyes squinting in pain. It broke Lena little by little as she watched helplessly wanting nothing more than to take her pain away.

“Kar?”

They both looked up to find a distraught Alex standing by the door, eyes wide and chest rising heavily.

“There she is.” Kara’s smile was brighter than ever, her voice although was rough, still held a wave of affection, “What took you so long? Been waiting forever.” she said it slowly, weakly, her eyes barely open.

Alex already started making her way towards the bed, “I’ve been waiting much longer than that.” she whispered brokenly before she leaned in and kissed Kara’s forehead lovingly, cradling Kara’s head with her arms and burying her face in blonde hair.

“Really? How many years have I been out?” she replied jokingly as she wrapped her arms around Alex's waist.

Lena felt as though she was imposing on an intimate moment. Seeing yet another side of Agent Danvers that she never normally witnessed. But she couldn't look away. The bond between the two sister brimmed with years of affection. It was breathtaking.

“I sure hope you two have been getting along without me.” Kara chuckled weakly.

Chapter End Notes

So? Tears? No? Meh? Let me know!
Next up! We get to see Lena in action using that pretty brain of hers to face Fright!
Oh and there's gonna be a wonderful guest appearance that I've been looking forward to.
Until next time ;)

End Notes

Thanks for reading!
I am a sucker for comments and desperate for praise. Let me know how you feel in the comments section!

Come rant my ears off on Tumblr -> justmickeyfornow

Tea has been my friend writing this story :) Buy me a cup of tea for more chapters?

-Mickey
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!