

## Bad 'Girl

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# **Bad 'Girl**

by [Mebreb](#)

## Summary

Supergirl finally snaps.

# It Doesn't Matter

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### **7:00 AM**

Alarm rings.

Wake up.

Don't smash the clock.

You smashed the clock.

Oh well. It doesn't matter.

Brush your teeth.

Walk into the kitchen where Mom is making pancakes.

"Yeah, I slept well."

You didn't, but it doesn't matter.

Notice she left the TV on in the living room.

Hear about how awful Supergirl is.

You remind yourself of when you blew out a burning building full of men, women and children; the news complained you had caused the building "severe frost damage".

Ignore it, it doesn't matter.

Eat breakfast.

Change your clothes.

Pack your backpack.

Walk out the door before realizing you almost forgot your biology textbook.

TV is still on, still talking about how you caused a sinkhole in Central Avenue, stopping traffic there for several days, ruining local businesses.

They mean that time you flew out of the sewers holding ten dozen bombs set to blow.

Mom says no super-speed in the house, but nobody's there to see it, so it really doesn't matter.

Let Mom give you a ride to school where you walk around with your head to the ground and everyone is definitely not looking straight at you because Mom called you "sugar-boo" and then told you not to go breaking anything again.

It doesn't matter.

**7:29 AM**

Super-hearing picks up something about the news and how horrible Supergirl is and how she doesn't help anybody and all she does is make everything so much worse and how she should go bother some other planet, just so long as Earth doesn't have to deal with her.

They say it like you don't constantly put yourself in situations that would kill anybody else, all so that less people die.

Ignore it. Tell yourself it doesn't matter.

'Then what does?' you think to yourself.

'Them,' you answer. 'They're alive. That's what Clark would say.'

'Does Clark matter?'

'Of course!'

'If he were gone, what would happen?'

'I'd be sad... I think. I know I wouldn't have a cousin. And I'd have less help in saving the world.'

'And what would you do if the world was gone?'

'I wouldn't have a home. Everyone I know would be gone, too. I would... be sad.'

'But what would it do? What would it mean outside of that? What greater plan that you know of would be so devastated that the universe could not continue?'

You try to search for an answer.

**7:30 AM**

The bell rings.

Remember to walk at a normal pace, don't use super-speed where people can see it.

A student bumps into you, shouting "move it, already!"

And then another.

And another.

Slow down, you're too angry, you can't risk it.

And another.

**7:35 AM**

The bell rings again.

You're late.

Open the door.

Don't squeeze it. You know you're angry, but just don't squeeze it.

You squeeze it, reducing the doorknob to a piece of modern art.

Ask yourself if you can somehow fix it, maybe use your heat vision to melt it down and shape it back into its original—

You hear the teacher on the other side of the door practically yelling at you to come in already.

Look in through the window.

He looks angry.

You leave the doorknob in the shape it's in.

It doesn't matter.

Come in.

Put your head down.

Everyone is definitely looking at you now.

It doesn't matter.

Sit down.

Right there, the seat next to the door.

Take out your algebra textbook.

You forgot your algebra textbook.

It doesn't matter.

Cross your arms and cross your legs and stare ahead and act like it matters.

Teacher asks why you don't have your textbook out.

Tell him, "it doesn't matter."

He scoffs, does a double take, flips his lid. He flies off the handle with 'respect' this and 'vital education' that. Every disdainful word sends you closer and closer to the edge of boiling over. Don't. *Don't*. You know you shouldn't. Not with your powers.

And then he says those magic words: "something tells me you don't care about *anything*."

And there you are, right where you know you should never go: *over that fucking edge*.

Stand up.

Look him in the eye.

"I... *don't care?*"

"Yes," he repeats.

Crack a smile.

Laugh.

And laugh.

And laugh some more.

You haven't laughed this long since you can remember.

Everyone else in the class is on the edge of their seats. Many are leaning in, interested in what's about to go down. Some are leaning back, scared of what's about to happen.

Try to get some words in between breaths of air and adrenaline-fueled chuckles.

"You... you think... I don't care!? Well, *whoop-dee-fuckin'-doo!*"

"*Miss Danvers!*" he snaps. "I do not *appreciate* this language and behavior in my classroom!"

"Oh yeah?"

Walk out from your seat, get closer to him.

You're still smiling. You don't know why. Maybe it's because your brain's snapping back, maybe you're losing your mind, or maybe – just maybe – it's just that you're finally getting what you wanted this whole time.

"You know what I don't 'appreciate'?"

He's crossing his arms now.

"And what would that be?" he asks.

"I don't appreciate that nobody thinks I care – I mean, everything I do, I do for other people! Nobody thinks I do anything, but still, I'm the one that ends up doing everything! I don't appreciate that I don't get appreciated! And why shouldn't I!? Can't I just do a good job and get told I did a good job like everybody else, like a normal person, is that too much to ask!?"

"Miss Danvers, maybe you should go see the counselor about th—"

He would have finished that sentence. You would have had to listen to the exact response you knew you were going to hear from the very start of walking up to the teacher and telling him you're tired of his and everyone's shit, that you knew was never going to help because no one is ever meant to know. But he didn't finish it. Instead, with all your might, you sent your desk flying into the opposite wall, crashing through the window, the bricks, the pipes, and being reduced to a mess of splinter and steel on the school's front lawn. Now you stand with your shoulders squared beside your head, breathing heavy, eye twitching, and every student clinging to the back of their seats in absolute terror.

This is the end.

Everyone saw you.

Everyone knows.

*'Good.'*

**7:36**

The teacher is snapping his fingers in front of your nose, bringing you back to reality.

You're sitting at your desk. Your secret is safe.

Look up at him through rapidly blinking eyes.

He keeps snapping, just for a second, just to really take the piss out of you.

*"Miss Danvers!"*

"Yes?"

"Am I boring you?"

"Yes," you don't say. Shake your head 'no.'

"Next time, make *sure*..."

He really likes that word, 'sure,' saying it louder than anyone else would say it, even putting his oily, grubby little finger down on your desk. Like you're an idiot.

"...you bring your textbook to school. Okay?"

'Okay.' God, just him saying it makes you hate that word with every fiber of your being. But there's no way to come out of this easily without absolutely agreeing to everything he says, which just makes you hate it even more.

Give him a quick nod. Nothing more.

"*Good.*" He takes time to look around the classroom. You dread he's about to make an example of you.

His mouth opens. Why did it have to be there on his head in the first place?

"And I hope everyone else takes note of this as well..."

*Shit.*

Pull up your collar. Bury your face in your jacket. Slide your body further down beneath the desk. Don't put yourself out there, you're in your civvies, you shouldn't put yourself out there, that's what Clark taught you.

They're looking at you. You can't see them, but you can hear the joints in their necks grind in your direction, and the sliding of their eyes inside their sockets as they laser-focus themselves on you without turning their heads and looking suspicious.

It doesn't matter.

Just like it doesn't matter when Good Ol' Teach slaps the back of your chair and tells you sit up straight, and in that jolt of surprise while you're already so very, very anxious, you do.

Just like it doesn't matter that the man you want to punch into oblivion, even though you know it would kill him but you still want to do it so badly, is walking down to his desk and his chalkboard to carry on with something you don't give one shit about.

And just like everybody hates that you do your best to be like them and take out their trash and move their mountains and reverse tornadoes and fly head-first into pants-pissing prehistoric alien rage-monsters just to save their goddamn fucking lives every fucking minute of every fucking day, and every fucking day nothing you do means anything to these people because they're so fucking absorbed into their ignorant fucking lives that they can't begin to comprehend that the person who is the very reason they're even alive gives a single shit about what they're saying.

But it's okay.

Because it doesn't matter.

None of it matters.



Some 'Institutionalized' by Suicidal Tendencies vibes in this one – not intentionally, just because I thought it fit in with Kara was going through.

# Stop the Presses

## Chapter Summary

Kara tries to sweeten things up for her rep, which means having a little talk with her old pal, Lois Lane.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### 5:01 PM

A short stack of papers gets slammed onto Lois Lane's desk by a hand she recognizes. Her eyes trail up from her laptop to meet the blonde's intense gaze for the first time in so long. Too long.

"Kara Danvers." Lois leaned back in her chair, hands behind her head. "We meet again. How I can I help you?"

"Supergirl."

"Oh my g— are you still on about that? Maybe your hair was in your ears last time, so read my lips: if there's nothing this Supergirl does that's worth reporting—"

"Lois, just listen!" Kara held up the stack of papers, taking out a photo from between them that showed a vaguely feminine figure holding an entire building over a flood. "This Supergirl, she doesn't just save lives, she does it on a regular basis! Like— like it's just *nothing!*"

"If it's 'just nothing,' why would I put it in the school newspaper?"

"It isn't! That's exactly my point! A-a-and the people in this city, they— they treat her like she just bursts through walls and breaks stuff!"

Lois seemed to channel all her smugness into an unconvinced smirk. "Makes sense. Bad news sells better than good news. What's your point?"

"My point!? My point is, this *needs* to be out there! The people need to know, isn't that what journalism is all about?"

Lois raised an eyebrow. "Maybe. But what do you plan to do about it?"

"I have an article!" Kara shoved the papers into Lois's face. Literally. She actually had to back away just to make out any of it. "And it's all been checked out! I spell-checked it,

proofread it three times – which I rarely ever do *once* – *and* I had my AP English teacher look over it!"

"Really? Wait – Mrs. Lovero, or Miss Schaefer?"

"Lovero."

"Oh, that crafty old bag..." With brows furrowed, Lois grabbed the papers and started skimming from the top. Kara watched as Lois made her way down the first page, raised her eyebrows, turned the page, raised them some more, turned the page...

And then set it down.

"Well?" Kara asked.

Lois sighed and shook her head. "Sorry, Danvers: school's newspaper columns are full this week. There's no room for this."

"Oh, come on, there's gotta be something I can do!"

Lois had her tongue at the top of her open mouth about to say 'no,' but then she stopped. Rubbing her chin, she looked upwards in thought and, as the seconds ticked by, Kara became increasingly tired of being left so on-edge. Just when she had about had it, Lois snapped her finger and pointed at Kara.

"Dinner," she said. "At the Meat-Hooked down on Main Street. Six-thirty. And be there early."

"Deal!"

**6:27 PM**

Kara was standing at the chain diner called Meat-Hooked, located on Main Street, before 6:30, just like Lois said. Kara still had to wait for her to turn up, of course, but it was a small price to pay for a shot at good rep.

She came, finally, but gave Kara the excruciating pleasure of watching her walk down several blocks from miles away. She was used to it, having had super-vision since childhood, and she had waited for people before, but it was still so frustrating just knowing she would have to wait as many minutes for them to get there on their own time when she could just sweep them up and carry them in her arms like it was nothing, and seeing that play out before her. Krypton's red sun, Earth's yellow sun, her secret identity... it was like the universe itself hated her.

"Danvers," Lois greeted once she'd finally arrived.

"Hey," Kara shrugged off as cool as she could.

"Have any trouble getting here?" asked Lois.

"Nope, no trouble at all." As if being seen flying around downtown wasn't the only trouble she'd have.

They went in, sat down, and waited for someone to service them. The interior was very much your average diner, where the floors were linoleum, the seats were cushioned with deep yet plain red leather, and the walls were lined with photos you just assumed had something to do with the diner even if you were never sure how. One was just a desert scene with cacti and an old pickup truck that was clearly nowhere near here. One was a picture of someone dressed like Elvis on stage, not even in the same diner.

While Lois was looking around for a waiter or waitress, all that broke the silence was Kara tapping her fingers on the table rapidly (for a normal person). After about a minute, she groaned, getting Lois's attention.

"Alright," Kara said, "I'm here. What do you want me to do?"

Lois gave her a puzzled look. "What do you mean?"

"You know! For the article!"

Lois's eyes scanned the room. She shrugged. "This is it. Dinner."

Kara's eyes widened. "Oh! So, you just wanted...?"

Before she could finish, the waitress came over. Kara ordered a burger with soda, Lois ordered spaghetti and water, separate checks. They weren't using checks, but it sounded like the right thing to say. That said and done, the waitress left them to go about their business. Whatever it was.

Thankfully, Lois started.

"The article of yours is great. I love it."

"Oh! Well... thanks!"

"But I can't print it."

"What!?"

Lois leaned in over the table and, using her finger, motioned Kara to do the same.

"You can cut the crap," she whispered. "I know who you are."

"And, uh... who... am I, exactly?"

Taking out a pen, Lois scribbled something onto a table napkin and slid it over for Kara to look at. It was an 'S' inside of a diamond.

"...is it that obvious?"

"Are you kidding? How can it not be? You don't wear a mask, you don't disguise your voice, you don't even bother wearing different colors while you're in your civvies..."

"You should try asking my cousin, I'll bet *he's* got all the answers."

"Your cousin? So you *are* related!"

Kara scowled at the thought.

"Anyways," continued Lois, "it's funny you should mention him – I know a guy who knows a guy who knows about this... *cousin* of yours."

"Wait, you know he's Supe—!?"

"*Shhh!*" Kara's lips were pressed closed by the index finger of the reporter leaning almost her whole body across the table. Lois's eyes darted around the room, and Kara's eyes followed on instinct. There were people all around them, one grey-haired man even looking right at them before burying his nose back into his newspaper. The message was clear: keep. *Quiet*. Lois sat back down.

"Yes. And he makes a much better effort to keep himself hidden than you do."

Kara scoffed. "What, seriously? With the glasses? You're joking, right? I might be lazy, but at least I'm not stupid enough to think that's a good idea."

"What, you've never met someone you wouldn't recognize with a change of clothes and a pair of glasses you've never seen them in?"

Kara opened her mouth to say something about just how stupid and obvious that was. But the words just weren't there. Ten seconds passed by and her mouth was still open with nothing to say. Kara receded.

"Shit." She buried her face in her palms.

Lois chuckled, which really didn't do much for how stupid Kara was feeling.

"You've been half-assing it this entire time thinking you were just following your cousin's example, weren't you?"

Kara grunted, crossing her arms.

"I mean... not exactly..."

"*Apparently*. Matter of fact, you make it so obvious, almost any photo with you in it can be easily identified as Kara Danvers. That's the real reason why I can't put your articles in the school paper. You ever hear the phrase 'any publicity is good publicity?' "

"No."

"Well, it's bullshit. So long as you're not an active criminal, the less people think about you as a good person, the less they want to know who you are. The less they want to know, the less they try to look at what's already there, saving you a great deal of trouble in trying to cover up the obvious, thus attracting more attention *a la* Barbra Streisand."

"Who?"

"Not important. Any other questions?"

"Yeah, why help me with this now? Last week, you were the one trying to expose my friend's secret identities!"

"I *was*. Y'see, I started thinking how many people would see the story once it came out, and law of averages said bad guys would see it too, making your life, your friends' lives, everyone's lives a living Hell. More people that know who you are means more fights, more fights means more lives in danger, maybe even your own. And remember, I said bad news sells, I didn't say I wanted to make it happen. I'm not Jake Gyllenhaal in *Nightcrawler*, for cryin' out loud."

"I'm... just going to assume these are famous people I should know about."

"Ding ding ding, we have a winner."

"And, I mean, I kinda just thought you looked at a picture of us doing hero stuff and thought 'eh, maybe they're just trying to be heroes, I'll give 'em a break,' y'know?"

"Danvers, that's stupid. Not only is it contradictory to everything I put you through beforehand, especially given that it would have to come from out of nowhere for that to work, but immediately afterwards, I entered a contest to reveal Superman's identity. So make that *extra* stupid."

"Wait, that doesn't make sense, why would you—?"

"But I digress. The point is, lay low and you'll be happy."

Kara huffed, holding her head off the table with one arm. "I don't believe this, there's gotta be some way around it!"

Lois clicked her tongue and looked at nothing around the tabletop. Before long, she leaned in again.

"Look: because I like you, and because I'm such a nice guy, I'll look into it. But no promises. Capiche?"

"Is that another famous person?"

"*Yes or no, Danvers?*"

"Uh, yeah, sure."

"Good. Oh hey, food's here!"

They ate their food in silence, for the most part.

"Oh, uh, one more thing..."

Lois reached into her pocket, pulling out a barely decorated flyer, and held it out to Kara.

"Friend asked me to hand these out since I'm, well... into keeping people informed an' all. If you really wanna try getting a better rep, just overall, there's a party coming up for, uh, students only. Place and time's on the flyer."

Kara took the modest parchment and saw that it started at 8 PM with no end in sight. It also made mention of alcohol, which wasn't going to jive well with her parents.

"Think you'll be there?" Lois asked.

"Oh, yeah, sure, totally."

'Unless my parents find out,' she thought. 'Which they will.'

"Say," added Lois, "how well do you hold your liquor? I mean, did Su— uh, *your cousin* ever, uh..."

"I'm sure it'll be like nothing, don't worry."

Lois gave her a nod.

#### **6:40 PM**

Kara waved to Lois as they parted ways. Soon, Kara ducked into some empty alley devoid of human attention where she could fly off faster than anyone could see. Within a mere ten seconds, she was back home on her front doorstep.

Super-hearing picked up a third person laughing it up with her parents inside. She didn't care who, so long as it meant she could get in, go to bed, and take a nap – after today, with the hope of anything good coming of her little pow-wow with Lois being dangled in front of her like a cat and a ball of yarn, she felt she needed it. That wasn't even mentioning the matter of the party: if she wanted to go without telling them, she could, but they'd find out pretty quick and they'd no doubt read her the riot act in the most passively-aggressive way possible, just as they always did; she could easily leave out the part about alcohol if she *did* want to tell them, but if she did, they'd probably make her take a ride with them and they'd either embarrass her in front of everyone or they'd see right away what it was and ruin the whole thing for everyone, most of all herself; and even if she did tell them but refused to take a ride from them, they'd still find a way to show up, or else they'd ask Clark to look after her like he was suddenly her babysitter. God only knows how *that* would go.

God, *Clark*. At the moment, and pretty much that whole day it seemed, the last thing she wanted on her mind was Clark.

She opened the door to see her parents standing around in the kitchen with someone in a tight-fit business suit.

And there, right there in the kitchen, looking right back at her with that grotesquely smug face of his and that chin that was like a oncoming train to the eyes, was Clark.

"Oh, hi there, honey!" Mom greeted. "You'll never guess who decided to stay for the next few days!"

She was right after all.

The universe *did* hate her.

## Chapter End Notes

Thought it was a better idea to let the scene spill over into the next chapter since it has more of a thematic cohesion with what I have lined up so far.



# Compact Car

## Chapter Summary

Everything goes wrong for Kara: her family adds to her growing list of problems, her friends are seemingly unable to help, and complete and total strangers only seem to be making things worse.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### 6:43 PM

Clark was a talented person. Kara thought so as much as anyone; after all, no other person on Earth could make her blood boil as quickly as him just by existing. Now *that's* talent.

"Hey, Cuz!" he greeted from the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Danvers at his side. "Did ya miss me?"

*'Drop dead.'*

"Yeah, sure," she replied.

Mom stepped in. "Clark's apartment is having a little trouble. Smallville is just so far away, so we said, 'hey, we could always use the company, so why not stay with us?' And he did!"

"Really," said Clark, "I can fly over to Kansas at a moment's notice, you guys didn't have to do this for me."

Kara couldn't agree more.

"Ah, nonsense," Dad rebutted. "Family helps family! And besides, Kara might have some questions about growing up with powers – she's still getting there, y'know!"

"That's true!" Mom added.

Clark looked at Kara with a questioning glance. She quickly shook her head 'no,' but was soon met with Clark shifting his eyes left and right towards the Danvers, grimacing out of the side of his mouth with a small shrug.

As much as she hated to admit it, he was right: her parents were way too persistent to back down now.

Clark's eyes gave Kara the once-over, perhaps attempting to find a point to progress the conversation, when his gaze stopped at her hip. His eyes widened and his unsure grimace

turned into a cheeky smile.

"Oh hey," he said as pointed at the pocket where she hid her flyer, "students-only party! Nice! You gonna go?"

"Hey!" Kara shouted indignantly. Her hand jump over to cover her pocket, but it was too late.

Clark raised his hands in the air defensively. "Oops, sorry! X-ray vision! Was that not allowed?"

"Oh, it's alright, Clark," Mom said before Kara's lips could form the letter 'N'. "Your secret's safe here!"

"That's right," Dad pitched in. "Now..."

And all too soon, their focus shifted onto Kara.

"...what's this about a party?"

"Is it at a friend's house?"

Kara scratched the back of her head and averted her gaze towards some unrelated corner of the room. "Uh, no, not exactly..."

"There isn't going to be alcohol, is there?"

"Wh-what? Psh, no, there's... there isn't—"

"Kara..."

Mom stepped forward to set her hands on her daughter's shoulders.

Kara looked back at her legal guardian with a slightly concerned, slightly annoyed tiredness in her eyes. 'Oh, Jesus Christ,' she thought, 'here we go...'

"...we know the temptations that come with being a teenager, but, as your legal guardians, we feel that it's in your best interest to avoid situations where you could end up intoxicated and hurt either yourself or others, or worse, expose yourself as You-Know-Who."

"Mom, it's not *about* getting drunk—"

"Oh, of course not, trust us, we know! But still, as your parents, we cannot, in good conscience, allow you to put yourself in a compromising situation."

"But I never go out to things like this!"

"You go out with your friends, don't you?"

"Well... yeah, kinda."

"Then what's the issue?"

"It just— people, they— I just want— oh, forget it, you wouldn't understand."

"Then help us so that we do, Kara!"

She considered it for a second. She knew what they were saying was logical, everything they said was worded like it was, and yet something held her back. She crossed her arms and kept staring a metaphorical hole into an empty corner of the room.

Mrs. Danvers sighed defeatedly. "Alright. If you won't give us a reason why, then you're not going."

Kara only held her arms closer to her chest, narrowing her eyes intently.

The whole room was thick with silence. Clark could only stand there, epicenter of it all, glancing back and forth between his cousin, aunt, and uncle. He finally decided to cough into his fist.

"So, uh, Kara..." Clark ran his fingers through the back of his hair. "...anything interesting happen lately?"

"No," she spat back, not even deigning to make eye contact.

Clark shrugged. "Well. Alright then."

For ten agonizing seconds, the only sound in the room was the faint hum of air-conditioning.

Kara began walking towards the staircase between the kitchen and the living room. "You know what? It's been a long day. I'm going up to my room."

"Oh! Actually, about that..."

---

Before Kara first opened her eyes the next morning, she heard the faint sound of voices nearby. It wasn't crisp or crackly like the way voices sound on TV, and they were coming from somewhere close by so they weren't downstairs in the living room, but why anyone would be in her room while she was asleep was beyond her.

It was also beyond her why her bed was so small that her arm fell off the wayside, but her other arm was hanging over the headboard.

And then she remembered was sleeping on the couch.

Which meant the voices she was hearing were Mom, Dad, and Clark talking in the kitchen.

Kara opened her eyes and immediately felt her eyelids weigh a few thousand pounds more. From the faint light coming in through the window, it was barely past sunrise. Jesus, how early did they wake her up? Her neck was already positioned weird and off to the side, so her eyes only had to shift around a bit to face the clock in the living room. It read:

**5:07 AM**

What the—? How was she up so early!?

At first, Kara considered going back to sleep, but then thought that she might oversleep if she tried, so she might as well use this extra time to get ready for the day.

Kara reached out to take a random shirt and pair of pants from the neat little pile of clothes she'd picked out from her bedroom (now the guest room, apparently, though when exactly they decided that was beyond her). Sliding herself into a sitting position (which started to feel a whole lot better than a sleeping position on the same couch), Kara stretched and yawned and smacked her lips together in hopes to chase out the taste of morning breath. She was hoping to stay like that for just few more minutes, letting her savor the short moment of inactivity before the stressful day ahead, but the raucous laughter in the room behind her just wouldn't have it.

Begrudgingly, Kara stumbled half-asleep into the kitchen for a bagel, and Clark heard her coming in before she even left the couch.

"Mornin', Cuz!" He lifted the coffee mug he was holding up to her, directing Mr. and Mrs. Danvers to where she hobbled.

"Oh, hey!" Dad greeted her in surprise. "Good morning, sunshine! We didn't wake you up, did we?"

'Yes.'

She didn't want to say that, though; she was too tired to want anyone to feel bad, much less start a coherent conversation. She groaned instead, using the morning grog to mask the annoyance in her system.

"Awww, we're sorry, sweetie," her mother offered.

She walked up to the counter. Clark had to move out of her way when she tried reaching the cupboard behind him.

"Oh!" Mrs. Danvers exclaimed. "By the way, Clark's going to need a ride to an appointment this morning, so he'll need to use the car. I hope that's alright."

"Mmhm," Kara mumbled. She got out some sort of homemade hybrid-fruit juice from the fridge and poured some for herself. When she finished her glass, what her mother just said had actually sunken in.

"Wait, what time is it?" Kara asked.

"It's five-o'-eight, right about now."

"No, I mean when is Clark's appointment?"

"Oh, that? Half-past-seven."

"So, how am I getting to school?"

"We could take you early, if that's what you want."

Kara looked over at Clark and thought about sitting in a car with him for almost thirty straight minutes. That thought lasted her about five seconds. Five *grueling* seconds. She turned back to face her parents with a smile.

"Actually, I have another idea..."

**6:57 AM**

'...well, *this* was a dumb idea.'

Kara was trying not to squirm, despite being packed chafingly between a mother carrying her crying child and a bear of a man who looked like he needed a shower more than Bigfoot himself.

Kara sighed.

'To be fair, I came up with it at five in the morning.'

But the deed was done. All that was left was to wait it out and hope it didn't drive her insane.

**6:59 AM**

It was just two street corners from school that the bus halted abruptly at a red light, causing its beltless passengers to jerk forward, Kara included; even with her super-strength, sometimes the speed of travel didn't matter so much as the speed at which it stopped. It was the standard cost of public transportation, money aside. Kara accepted it like everybody else.

What *really* got her goat at that stop started as an incessant honking noise coming from behind the bus.

Kara turned around to look out the back window and saw a topless convertible painted an ungodly shade of bright pink. The first thing that came to mind when seeing it was the car Barbie rode around in, a notion only strengthened by the appearance of the driver: pale and skinny with long, bottle blonde hair and sunglasses that just screamed out, "fuck you, I'm from Miami!"

Barbie slammed her palm onto the horn. Again. And again. And again. All while shouting things like "move it!" or "just go already!" As if that made any difference at a red light.

Then the girl noticed Kara looking out her from the bus. She pointed. "Hey! Hey, you!"

Fucking dumb of her to think Kara could hear her at all. She could, but this girl didn't know that.

Kara decided to play along anyway. She put her hand on her chest and mouthed 'me?'

Barbie nodded. "Yeah, you! Tell. The driver. To GO!"

Kara just shook her head and went back to staring at the front. She heard Barbie trying to get her attention again with the horn and more yelling, but she did her best to block it out.

'What does she expect me to do,' Kara thought, 'pick up the bus and fly over the next stop? I mean, I *could*, but— no. I shouldn't. But I *could*. But I won't! And why should I, anyways? What did she ever do for me?'

She knew it wasn't the right question, it never was...

Barbie honked her horn some more.

...but at least it felt right to ask.

'Okay, maybe I'd do it just to get away from *her*, but— Jesus, this is the longest red light I've ever been in!'

As if on cue, the light turned green and the bus inched forward, the pink convertible tailing it much too closely before zooming into the lane next to it with a loud screech.

Kara swore she could see the girl's lips forming the word 'asshole'.

## **7:28 AM**

It was two minutes before first bell when Kara walked through the halls side-by-side with her usual group of friends, having luckily caught up with all five of them in the limited time she had. At the moment, she was just relieved to have someone to talk to, and it showed.

"...and the worst part is that Clark acts like he doesn't even care! He tells me I'm too young to go out on my own, tells me to stop doing what I've been doing for months and months now, and when my parents become a problem, he just steps out and lets me take it! And I can't bring it up with him because I know he's just gonna tell me he knows what's best or some crap like that! Oh, sure, he's this big-shot guy everybody loves, why wouldn't he know what's best for me, despite almost never being in my life!?"

"That sounds... pretty rough," Zee offered.

"Yes! *It is!*"

"Maybe just try talking things out with him," Jessica said. "It couldn't hurt, could it?"

"At this point, Clark's so boneheaded, I really don't think I can tell."

"Kick him out, then," said Babs.

"I seriously wish I could, but my parents wouldn't let me hear the end of it."

The shorter Karen quickened her pace to keep up with Kara, raising her hand as if to speak in class. "W-well, whenever one of my brothers would be a little too rough on me or one of my other brothers, my parents would—"

"Wait, wait, hear me out," Babs interrupted, "I got a plan: you tell him to leave to Smallville, drop the hint that maybe, *just* maybe, there may or may not be trouble there in Kansas. Then, after he leaves, you tell your parents he had to go take care of a tornado. That's where you come in, sneak off to Kansas without Clark or your parents knowing, and fly around and around to create an *actual* tornado—"

Jess cut in front of Babs. "I *really* think just talking to him would be more productive."

Karen waved her hand in the air. "If I could just say some—!"

"Sister Kara..." Diana stepped out in front of Kara and put her hands on the blonde's shoulders, eyes piercing directly into her own. "I may have little knowledge of the inner workings of men, let alone Supermen, but Amazons, of all people, should know that blood is thicker than water. Clark is your sister, in a manner of speaking – if you talk to him, it is his duty to listen. And if not, you find a way. You *make* him listen. Do you understand?"

Kara shrugged her off. "Like I said, I've *tried*! Every time I try talking to him about it, either it goes nowhere, we fight, or our parents turn it into a sap-fest which does nothing but frustrate the both of us."

"If you do not talk to him in earnest, why talk to him at all?"

"Because he's family, my parents make me do it anyways!"

"Kara, I believe you are missing the point. You say you will spend time with him regardless, yes? Then make the best of it. Speak to him in his own terms. Perhaps then he will understand."

"Wait, what do you mean 'his own-'?"

Kara's question was cut short by the ringing of the bell. Class was nearly in session.

"It seems we must go. We can discuss this later, if you would like."

Kara mumbled something that sounded like 'alright.' Diana walked away, with Zee and Jessica following suit.

Babs, on the other other hand...

"Wanna hear the rest of my plan? It involves multiple tornadoes, maybe an alien threat, but—"

"Thanks, Babs, but I think I'm good, for now."

"Oh. Okay!" Babs shrugged and ran down the hall, leaving Kara alone, except for...

"Gee, thanks for the help, Karen," Kara spat.

"Bu– wha–!? But I—!"

By then, Kara had already split away into another hall.

And despite what Diana said, Kara didn't want to discuss further. Every time she tried, it seemed like nothing helped. Nothing made sense. Nothing gave her what she needed, or even what she wanted.

The rest of the day, for the most part, Kara kept to herself. She was still thinking of what Diana had said before classes started: "speak to him in his own terms." What "terms" did Clark have, exactly? "Too young." That seemed to be a popular one.

But she found she couldn't dwell on it too long – the more she did, the angrier she got, and she couldn't risk blowing her stack in the middle of a crowded school which already made her so listless to begin with. She couldn't use her powers in PE, couldn't fly away from math or use superspeed to fill out her biology worksheet in an instant – she was grounded. Always had been, thanks to the Danvers, and even now, Kara had to remind herself they had her best interests at heart – something even her friends couldn't help, as great as they were.

It doesn't matter.

Because if it did, she wouldn't know what to do.

#### **4:07 PM**

Mom had just called to say Clark would still need the car, so Kara had to wait for the bus again. She could have just flown home like she did yesterday, but she was already on such thin ice with them about the party, she really didn't want to risk it. Besides, Clark would probably find out and tell them all about it anyways.

Still, it didn't help to know that the bus (the public bus — the school bus didn't go anywhere near her house) was already a several minutes late. Being on time was the least anyone could do for her.

'I know, I know, they don't owe me anything,' she told herself. 'I'm just... ugh. Frustrated.'

She tapped her foot, noted the people passing by (one green collared shirt, one blue blouse, one aquamarine blouse with khakis, three leather jackets with black greasy hair, two dog owners walking Pomeranians, one guy with a pink mohawk, one yellow shirt... and that's when she got bored) but nothing seemed to occupy her for long. She was restless.

There was screaming. Two corners away, she could hear it even without her super-hearing.

Not wanting to distress anyone or reveal her true self, she ran at a relatively human speed — granted, Usain Bolt probably couldn't have run faster, but at least she could be seen, at least she had an alibi for not being a freak. She only hoped, at this rate, that she would make it in time.

She rounded the last corner, and was met with more screaming from more people, all female, and all crowded around... a pink, topless car. And a blonde driver. Screaming with excitement.

"I know, right?" said the driver.



Kara couldn't believe it: Barbie, in the flesh, yet again.

"Daddy finally caved in, bought me this new compact car I've been wanting!"

"OhmygodthatisjustSOcoollikeicantevenrightnow!"

"Seriously? Amazing!"

"Hop in, bitches, Friday's shoppin' time!"

"Metropolis Mall?"

"You know it!"

"Don't need to tell *me* twice!"

And just like that, they drove off without even noticing Kara standing just off the edge of the curb. They at least drove on the wrong side of the road to not hit her, only to swerve and get into a honking battle with... wait a minute... was that the bus?

Oh no.

Oh no no no no no no no.

Kara ran up to it at the intersection, waving her arms to get the driver's attention, but the light was green and there were places to be.

The bus drove by, leaving Kara to cough up the exhaust it left behind.

*'Shit! Shit shit shit shit SHIT!'*

Kara didn't know what to do.

So she kicked the ground.

The ensuing 'thud' she heard wasn't alone; with it came a slightly sickening 'crack'.

Kara's head picked up. She really didn't expect to hit it that hard, even if it *was* just pavement.

She looked down at her foot and realized that she'd hit it with her heel, not the ball of her foot like she'd intended.

Cracks branched out and formed circles around her heel like a spider-web, the ground raising at some points and dropping off at others.

Kara looked around. Nobody saw it. That's good. She walked away from it, hoping to ignore it, hoping that that would be that.

But it wasn't. She couldn't.

Because, much to Kara's horror, as much as she didn't want to feel that way, the crack in the ground and the sound that came with it *felt great*.

**5:37 PM**

Kara decided it was best for her secret identity, relationship with her folks, and patience if she walked the rest of her way home. The only snag was she didn't know how.

Kara had been walking around for an hour and a half now with a dead phone, and while she was embarrassed to admit it, she was very obviously lost. She'd never had anything other than a bird's-eye view of Metropolis unless either her parents or her friends led the way, and those two options were out of the question. She could try using X-ray vision to look through all the different buildings and apartments and make her way through all of it with that, but the thing about looking where you were going was that you can't see where you currently are so hitting things was a lot more likely, and with all the things people do when they're alone that she'd have to look at first... she'd rather just stay lost.

Wherever she was, she could see a gas station. One of the hundreds in Metropolis. It was something, at least.

A payphone was right by one of the pumps, so Kara plunked a few quarters into it and did her best to remember her house phone number, since usually it was already in her phone's contacts list. She was down to her last two quarters when she got it right.

"Hello?" she heard her mother on the other side. "Who is this?"

"Hey, Mom. It's me."

"Kara? Oh, there you are! Are you coming home soon? I'm making eggplant for dinner tonight!"

Eggplant. Kara tried not to sound like she was gagging over the phone.

"No, yeah, I just..."

"What? Oh, it's just Kara. (It's Clark.)"

Because of course it is. Kara sighed, leaning her back and a free elbow on the payphone.

More chattering from Mom. "Okay! Here's Clark."

"No, Mom, wai—!"

"Hey, Cuz!"

Oh brother...

"Heyyy, Clark, it's, uh... good to hear you! Now, can you put Mom back o—?"

"Yeah, just wanted to check in, make sure you were alright. So, what's up? Didn't recognize your caller ID. You're not lost, are you?" he chuckled.

Kara's blood began to boil. He knew exactly what she was doing, that absolute bitch! Why the fuck was he just leaving her to out to dry like this? Like he always did?

Her fist tightened and her arms trembled, ready to crush the phone in her hands right there and then.

Soon, she was distracted by the sound of pop music blaring out of a moving car, followed by its exhaust fumes taking her superpowered lungs off-guard. She coughed, no doubt heard on the other side of the phone.

"What's wrong?" asked Clark. "You feeling okay?"

"Yeah," she wheezed, "I just..."

On instinct, she faced the source of her frustrations (the one in her line of sight, that is) as it pulled up to a gas pump, speakers pounding with bad music.

Once again, she couldn't believe it: Barbie again, in her pink, compact car with her gaggle of valley girl stereotypes. Shopping bags of every color sat in the seats between them.

As the car parked and the ladies opened their doors, chatting mostly about clothes, they left their bags in their seats and the radio still on to go inside and buy something no doubt cheap and sugary.

They left it all.

Right in front of her.

Kara smiled.

Now she *really* hoped Clark was watching.

"You know what?" she spoke into the phone. "I'm actually just making plans with some friends. My phone ran out of battery so I'm using one of theirs."

"And the cough?"

"Just outside Sweet Justice. Car passed by."

"Right. Think you'll be—?"

"Nope!"

"So then you'll probably—?"

"Yup!"

"Alright then! I'll tell Mom all about it."

"Thanks, Cuz!"

"No pr—!"

And just like that, the line was dead.

### **5:40 PM**

When Barbie (or, rather, Patricia MacIntyre) and her friends stopped hearing the sound of their radio playing outside, they each knew something had to be up — maybe it turned off by itself, or maybe someone reached in and turned it off themselves (which made more sense, but, like, also? *Rude*) — but when they exited the gas station store holding a bag of a couple candies and snackfoods per person, they dropped every one of them when they saw where the car had been now stood a mangled square cube on the ground roughly the size of a plastic tub.

Their shopping bags were still inside that thing. Now gone. All of it. Or at least trapped between several inches of metal, rubber, and circuits.

Hesitantly, they stepped forward to see its pink exterior was mottled with the indentations of what looked like human hands.

The culprit was nowhere in sight. She'd already flown off to brush up on her looks.

She had a party to go to, after all.

### Chapter End Notes

Alt. Title: "Kara Says Fuck It"

# Funnygirl

## Chapter Summary

Supergirl parties, as does an unexpected familiar face...

### 9:00 PM

Kara touched down just out of the party's line of sight, coming in from the back instead of the front. If she was gonna be a reckless teen, she might as well be careful about it.

The house was two stories tall, located somewhere between the suburbs and the middle of nowhere: perfect for a rager of a night. A tsunami of light and sound flooded out from every window and every door, enough that Kara probably didn't even need the location on the flyer so long as she knew that a party was happening at all.

She came upon a large pool in the back patio, which was great for parties just like this one (so long as nobody threw up in it). A couple partygoers had even gone into it already, fully clothed and playfully splashing each other in between dragging each other underwater. Kara thought about how she didn't want to get wet, especially since she planned to sneak back into the house later tonight, but thinking a little harder, she could probably just dry herself off if need be.

Kara walked around the pool to the sliding glass door. The dining area was currently being set up to play beer pong, which Kara would totally slam at later on.

"Heeey, Kara!" called out one of the guys setting up beer pong.

Kara smiled when she saw it was a familiar face: scrawny kid, death metal shirt, red mohawk and sideburns.

"Hey there, Josh!"

"Oh man, I haven't seen you since, like, first day of school, man! That foodfight? Fuckin' sick! Coulda used that kinda excitement more often, y'know?"

She did know. And she wished she didn't.

"But yeah," he continued, "whatcha been up to since then?"

*'Nothing you'd understand.'* She had to mentally slap her wrist. 'No! No angst tonight, no animosity, just two friends – two normal friends – catching up at a party.'

"Eh, this and that," she responded.

"Been keepin' it real for me?"

"Hell yeah."

"Sweeeet!"

He held his hand out for a shake. When she hit it lightly with the palm of her hand, he grabbed on and pulled her in for a backpat.

Kara always hated that: it always caught her off-guard and she had to lean into it every time just to keep from giving her real strength away.

Once out of it, Kara looked around and saw a few other people, but nobody who was obviously the host.

"So, uh, who's house is this?"

Josh chuckled. "It's mine, dude!"

"Wait, seriously?"

"Yup! Folks are *adiós* for the weekend, thought I might take a day to rip one and let it loose, y'know what I'm sayin'?"

Kara nodded. Truth be told, it sounded like he was planning on taking a 24-hour fart, but she got the basic gist.

"Do you still know Jesse?" she asked.

"Yeah! He's right over there!" Josh pointed across the room to a scruffy, ginger kid in baggy clothes and a trucker cap.

"S'up, bee-otch!" he greeted, raising his hand for her to see. Kara raised hers back.

"He brought what you might call the 'festivities'..."

"I brought beer!" cheered Jesse, grabbing a beer bottle off the ground behind him and raising it in the air. He walked off to some hallway taking a swig of the stuff, and

"Is that legal?" Kara asked Josh.

"Nope! Why, you cool with that?"

"Oh! Psht, yeah, totally, heh! I mean... *laws*, am I right?"

"Haha, yeah," Josh chuckled in earnest. "Think you'll partake in the, uh, 'festivities,' tonight?" He gestured to the beer pong table.

Kara opened her mouth knowing she should say 'no'. But then, she figured: a little drink and game couldn't hurt, could it? Not like she didn't know how to play, and besides, she could

always cheat by smacking the ball away faster than anyone could see it – what was a party for if not letting loose a bit?

She smiled. "I might."

"Great!" Josh held a thumbs up. "Just let's get this set up and we can get started!"

Kara watched him set the red cups in place as a crowd began to form, all of whom were slowly catching on to the game as it unfolded.

As Kara waited with the rest of them, she was sure she saw some familiar faces in the crowd: people she knew that she knew but couldn't remember their names, in most cases because she never talked to them long enough for them to make an impact; come to think of it, she never really talked to anyone outside of the Super Hero Girls, not since the first day of school. Had her life as a superhero really swallowed her up so wholly that she was even bound to it through the people she made friends with?

It was food for thought, but right now? All Kara wanted was her just desserts.

#### **9:40 PM**

Three rounds in and Kara had already become the undisputed beer pong champion. Even as the more experienced players came up to challenge her, none could land all that many cups for whatever reason. They could have accused her of cheating, but that wouldn't explain how their throws were weaker than they expected or how the ball became heavier in mid-air or how sometimes the ball would just flat out change direction, because that was obviously she didn't have that kind of control over the game... or so they thought.

That's not to say she didn't let them get a few cups in just to keep from raising suspicions: this, of course, led to her first ever drop of alcohol. It tasted like deer piss and it burned like hell going down her throat, but with much perseverance and pressuring from the crowd, she'd already gotten used to it by the time she chugged cup number four. At the end of those three rounds, she'd had somewhere around eight cups, and maybe it was Kryptonian biology or maybe it was just inexperience-fueled delusions, but Kara didn't feel nearly as out of it as she thought she would – it was more of a slight fuzzy feeling in her head than anything.

Whatever the case, she liked winning. She liked the cheers of approval with each new round. She liked knocking down each increasingly cocky challenger who dared think they were a match for her. She liked knowing she could finally use her powers for some fun with friends, even if they still didn't know she had them in the first place.

But all that could wait a minute.

"Be right back," she told Josh, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Aw, what?" he whined. "You're killin' it here! You're, like, the golden standard of beer pong players!"

"I know! That's why I'll be right back. Just gotta get somethin' to eat is all, 'kay?"

Josh smiled and shook his head. "A'ight, but you better hurry back, y'hear?"

"Will do, Jess!"

No, wait...

...eh. She shrugged it off.

Like any decent party, there was a snack bar. Pizza, soda, alcohol, chocolate-covered pretzels – you name it and it was probably being actively piled onto a paper plate by a throng of hungry teens. Kara headed straight for the pizza, and by the time she went to see what the rest of the party was like, she had the last half of her third slice sticking out of her mouth.

In the main area, most everybody had gone along with the lights and music and started dancing. A few people sat in the stairwell connecting it to the second floor, either passed out or making out with each other. A buzzing noise at the top indicated somebody was either using an electric razor or giving out tattoos, both of which (in a house full of drunk teens) sounded hilarious to Kara. For now, she decided to stick to the corner of the room where fewer people were either jumping or flailing while she finished her pizza, watching intensely as the people and the lights moved around, like watching a fish tank at a dentist's office.

Somebody swam through the sea of people. Kara didn't see who, at first, but as they got closer, Kara realized they were headed straight for her with a red Solo cup raised in the air, sloshing drops of beer on unsuspecting heads with every other step.

"Heeeey, Karaaa!" Lois called out as she exited the mass of dancers. "Y'made it!"

"Yup!" Kara called back.

"Wull, how 'bout that!"

Probably what took Kara by surprise the most was that Lois's hair was down. Seeing her with anything other than her usual messy bun made her look almost like a completely different person, even more so since, as frayed and messy as it was now, it still looked nicer than usual. Lois walked towards her where Kara could see an unsteady swagger in her gait that wasn't there before.

"Oh man," she continued, "almost thought you wouldn't come! Oh shit, I got— gotta— hey, hey, everyone! Guess who's here, it's Supergir—!"

In an instant, Kara had her hand over Lois's mouth, and the people in front of them wondered where that draft came from. Thankfully, as Kara looked around, that was all that came of it.

"Hey, what are you trying to do, give me away?" Kara took her hand off Lois's mouth.

"Pffft, relaaax, s'jus' a party an' all that, s'just..." She shrugged. "Jus' a party, y'know..."

"Jesus Christ, Lois, how drunk are you right now?"

"Whuh's it— what's it matter to you, huh?"



"Uh, nothing. Just... I never took you for the kind who drinks, is all."

"Oh, pshhh! Y'ever heard a' Fitzgerald? Faulkner? Heng— *hic!* —Hemingway? All the greats had just, y'know..." Lois peered down at the contents of her cup. "...li'ull... somethin' to drink." A flourish of the eyebrows and she brought the mostly full cup to her lips, chugging it like it was about to disappear.

Kara grabbed Lois's hand and brought it down, and the cup with it. "Ooookay, I think that's about enough for now."

"Aw, c'mooooon! I thought you were fuuuun!"

Kara cocked an eyebrow. "Really? You, of all people, think I'm fun?" She couldn't help but smile at the thought.

"Yeah, I mean... you do cool shit, like, all the time with your friends, an' ih— *hic!* —is... like, you don' even give a shit about nuthin', an' 'at's... is a li'ull sexy, s'whuh I'm sayin'."

"Okay, now I *know* you're drunk. Do you even have a ride home?"

"I'll jus'... call a cab or somethin', I don'..."

Lois patted her pocket. Then she patted it again.

"I forgot my phone," she deadpanned, her expression remaining the same.

"Oh, Jesus."

"S'not like you di'n' have a drink too!"

Lois tried pulling her drink up to her lips, but Kara's grip was... well... Kara's.

"Yeah, but at least I'm not ready to fall on my ass."

"Eh, 'at's a buncha bal—!" Lois pulled at her drink again, but somewhere in that brain of hers, she forgot to hold on and instead fell backwards, only to be caught by Kara.

"That's it. I'm taking you home."

Facing her, Kara grabbed Lois on both sides and lifted her up over her shoulder like it was nothing.

"WOOOOH!" went Lois. "Thah' was fuuuun!"

Ignoring her, Kara wrapped an arm around Lois's calves and hoisted her up to make sure she didn't slip.

That's when she went to speak with the host.

"Hey, Josh?"

"Hm?" He looked up from his Solo cup, still sipping the last few drops.

"I'm gonna head out. It's been nice, though."

"Aw, whaaat? What about beer pong?"

"Forget it. I gotta take a friend home before she does something stupid – well, more stupid, anyways."

"Tsh, alright. Drive safe, man."

Lois shifted where she was held. "Naaaah, she flew o'er, proolly. She does that, y'know... fly, fly, an' awaaaay!"

Kara exploded with forced laughter. "Oh, that Lois, what a kidder!" She patted Lois's back a little harder than she intended; loud enough, in fact, that it attracted nearby attention. With all those eyes on her, she couldn't help but turn red....

...it got worse when she realized she patted Lois's butt, not her back.

"WOOOOOOOH!" Lois hollered in her delayed reaction. "Fun girrrrr! Fun, funny, 'ey should call you Funnygirl, cuz is... it's..."

"Whoa," said Josh, "how drunk is she?"

*"Extremely."*

*"Whoof. You sure you can take her?"*

"Yeah. Pretty sure."

All they had to do now was get out of everyone's line of sight and take off, which seemed easy enough. Kara stomped off towards the exit, shoving past some partygoers and climbing over others who had passed out on the floor.

One boy in particular ran in her direction from the front. Veering off to her side, he held a hand out so it would land right on Lois's ass; at least, it would have if Kara hadn't caught it. She knew she didn't need to be grabbing his wrist as tight as she was, but... screw it.

"Ow-ow-ow, hey, let go!" the boy shouted.

"What is wrong with you!?" Kara pulled him close enough to burn a hole through his skull with her eyes, even without heat vision.

"Jeez, calm down, it's just a joke! I was just having a little fun! Could you please just... just let go of me? Please!?"

He looked scared. Sounded scared, too.

"Hands to yourself," she warned. She threw him to the ground behind her and hit the carpet with a thud. Kara kept walking.

"Mmf..." Lois moaned. "Sexy."

"Shut up."

**9:52 PM**

It took Lois a while to process that they were no longer in the party, having sidestepped the pool area, and were now wading through the grassy expanse out back. She was just staring at the ground the whole time, but when the grass just kept coming, she wondered.

"Whurrr we goin'?"

"You said it yourself: I flew in. We're going back out the way I came."

"Oh," she said matter-of-factly. What Kara had just said rattled around in her brain a little before it finally hit her. "OH. Am... am I gonna fly?"

"No, *I'm* gonna fly. You're gonna sit tight and hope we don't run into any birds on the way home."

"Hm."

Even as far out as they were now, there was a lot of ground to cover. Kara should have suspected they couldn't go that long without incident.

She felt something pressing into the back of her pants. It didn't take long to figure out Lois was poking her butt.

"Bope!" Lois said as she poked it again.

"Wh—!? Are you serious, right now!?"

"Wull, I'm jus'— I jus' think, y'know... s'fair, y'know? You slap my ass, I poke yers, like... y'know? Karma, 'er sum'in', I don'..."

Kara rolled her eyes. It was annoying, but she wasn't sure how to argue with Lois in this state. "Look, just... don't get grabby back there."

*"Humph."*

Kara walked about half a mile out before looking back and being just barely able to see the party without telescopic vision.

"I think this is far enough."

"Mmyeah? Whuh for?"

Kara fought the urge to groan. "I'm seriously considering just leaving you here in this field, right now."

Lois laughed.

Kara wanted to roll her eyes again, but thinking for a second, she realized this was the only time she had ever heard Lois genuinely laugh. It was... cute.

"You're fuuuunny!" said Lois. "Funnygirl..."

Kara sighed. "Alright, down you go."

With her hands on Lois's hips, Kara hoisted her off her shoulder for her to land facing her on her own two feet. Lois could barely stand on her own for long, but she wouldn't need to – Kara turned around and grabbed Lois's hands, tucking them around her shoulders like a seatbelt.

"Better hold on tight," she told Lois. "Got it?"

"Ayup."

Kara looked up.

She never did like flying at night all that much. Sure, it was faster than walking, but, like her brother, her Kryptonian cells absorbed energy from Earth's yellow Sun. She could obviously live without it, but her powers were slightly diminished, relying on her reserves from the day prior and whatever she had eaten, and given that she had just spent the past several minutes trying to get drunk... well.

Kara looked up. The stars were out and the skies were clear, save for a few moonlit clouds floating past. It was as good a time as any to go for a fly.

"Well then... *up, up, and away.*"

Kara bent down at her knees, and when she came back up, she was nowhere to be seen.

---

Lois couldn't tell you what it was like to fly that night. She was drunk, so the minutiae of it all were lost on her – the wind blowing in her hair, the cold vapors stinging her eyes as she watched mountains of grey fluff pass her by up close – but she could tell you the feeling she had: *weightlessness*. Total weightlessness. Like gravity had taken a holiday. For once, her feet weren't connected to the earth, not in a plane or a helicopter – hell, it wasn't even of this Earth.

And it was beautiful.

Kara said something while the wind blew in Lois's ears.

"Whuh!?" said Lois.

"I just asked where you live!"

"Oh! Uhhh..." Lois peeked over Kara's shoulder. Below them was the city, blocks of metal and concrete forming a grid filled with the yellow-orange glow of thousands of streetlights. She pointed.

"...down there," she said.

" 'Down there'? Can I get an address?"

"Uhhh... *no*." Lois snickered.

*"Oh my gawwwd."*

"Uh'm kiddin', Uh'm kiddin'! It's, uh... three-one-two-five-eight... Lois Lane."

" 'Lois La—'? Oh, I get it. Har-har."

"I was named after it."

"Yeah, I'm sure. Really, where do you live?"

"Three-one..."

"Okay."

"...two-five..."

"Alright."

"...eight..."

"Got that part, yeah."

"...Lois Lane."

"Goddammit, Lois."

"Issss right down there, look!" She tried pointing again, this time leaning further out.

"Riiiiiiight theh—!"

Suddenly, her arms no longer occupied Kara's neck; instead, they flopped in the wind as gravity finally woke up and grabbed Lois by the waist, sending her screaming towards the city below at a frightening speed.

"LOIS!"

Kara nosedived, heading straight for the girl doing flips in the air.

Something was off. She wasn't going as fast as she should have normally, and while this was to be expected at night, it was like Kara had forgotten how to fly down and not up. She was

essentially just falling with her hands out in front of her.

She had to hope the difference of air resistance would let her gain on Lois before the ground did. And it had taken her long enough to react to Lois falling in the first place...

Kara was close enough to see Lois's face when the individual cars could be made out. "Terror" didn't begin to describe it. It didn't matter how drunk she was – she was going to die, and she knew it. And the longer Kara took, the *more* she knew it.

The rooftops were so close now.

Kara couldn't reach her arms out any further in front of her than she already was, but she tried. By God, she tried.

'Just a little further...'

Words.

The ledges of taller buildings began to pass them by. Kara barely had time to thank Rao or God or the universe or whoever for not skewering Lois on the needle of a skyscraper.

Her hands were close. *Really* close. All Kara had to do was pick her up and curve their fall path into a flight path and they were scott free... but would Kara even have the chance to pick herself up between there and the ground? Can she really change course that steeply, at night and clouded by beer goggles? Lois was flailing and rolling over in the air so much, could she even grab her in time? Would the whiplash alone be enough to kill her?

Kara grabbed onto something. Fabric. Lois's shirt. It was something. She was processing all of this at lightspeed, but she still had to be quicker.

Using that something like a lifeline, Kara pulled her in close and pivoted her own body so that her feet were facing the ground, hoping to propel herself up enough to slow their descent. It wasn't working. They were still falling at the exact same speed.

With no other options, Kara held Lois like a baby in her arms: her head was safely supported, her back was curled, and all was done as gently as possible, before—

*KTHOOM!*

They stopped.

Kara had her eyes closed for those first couple of seconds after the landing. She heard car alarms go off – a lot of them. Probably every single one within a city block. Or more. Her arms were full, so she definitely still had Lois... in some form or another. But she felt some resistance when trying to move her own legs.

She opened one eye. That was all she needed.

As a result of their fall, Kara had essentially piledriven herself into the middle of the street from the waist down. Cracks in the asphalt spread out around her, the ensuing shockwave

having set off what sounded like every car in the city.

And just above the cracked street, in Kara's arms lay Lois, not moving, not breathing, eyes open wide and glazed over.

"Lois?"

No response. Kara shook her a bit.

"...Lois?"

Lois whimpered.

Dear god, she was alive. She was still alive, her spine didn't snap, she fell a straight mile into a crowded city and lived, thank Christ or Rao or Cthulhu or who-the-fuck-ever, because Lois was alive.

"*Oh god.*" Kara wept under her breath, voice cracking with the whiplash of relief that shed just saved someone who could have died, just in the nick of time – but only just. Kara held her tight like she would float away if she wasn't being held down, and with nothing more to do to keep her safe, nuzzled the girl's head under Kara's chin.

"Kara?" Her expression did not change. She looked shell shocked.

"Yes, Lois?"

"Can I go home now?"

Kara smiled.

"Yeah. Yeah, I can get you there."

**10:18 PM**

"Well, shit."

Kara had decided to walk the rest of the way (for obvious reasons) and did so holding Lois in the same position, though now with the passenger's arms dangling tiredly from her makeshift cradle. Right now, Kara was staring at a street sign marked 'Lois Ln.'

Lois chuckled. "Told ya."

"Yeah, yeah..."

Kara kept walking.

"Uh'm cold," mumbled Lois.

"We're almost there, just hang on."

"Uh'm cold *now.*"

Kara stopped and looked around. The street was dead, as far as she could tell. A dog barked somewhere off in the distance. No one in sight.

She sighed. Leaning Lois up against the closest building, Kara took off her jacket – a Velcro seal connected two strips of fabric running down the middle on either side, the same color as her shirt, thus hiding the big 'S' on her costume – and draped it around Lois. She could bear to be without it, if only for tonight.

"Better?" asked Kara.

"Mhm."

"Good."

**10:21 PM**

31258 Lois Lane, just like she said: a dinky little two-story rectangle huddled up in a line of other two-story rectangles. All the lights were off.

"Alright, we're here. Want me to leave you at the front door, or did you sneak out?"

"Snuck."

"Uh, okay, which window is yours?"

Lois pointed unsteadily towards a window in the second story, on the left side of the building.

Kara nodded. "Alright."

After slinking into the alley next to Lois's house, Kara floated up to a window where she saw a single bed and a framed picture of Lois with two older people – likely her parents.

She opened the window as smoothly as she could and stepped inside, laying Lois down on the bed before turning to leave.

"Tuh muh en," she heard from Lois.

"Uh, what was that?"

"Tuck me in, Supergirl."

"Uh... okay?"

Kara grabbed the sheets hanging off the foot of the bed and dragged them over Lois's body. When she stopped at Lois's neck, she noticed Lois smiling at her. Her cheeks glowed a bright red, both with both alcohol and a little something else, though she wasn't quite sure what. Kara stared, which only made Lois giggle like there was something she knew that Kara didn't.

"What?" asked Kara. "What is it?"



An hour ago, she would have genuinely been interested in an answer from Drunk Lois – she gave her so many more compliments than Sober Lois – but this was not an hour ago. Kara was exhausted, both physically and emotionally, and the night had gotten to the point where Kara just wanted to get this whole night over with, roll into bed herself, and forget this whole thing ever happened.

Except that at the moment that she stood over Lois expecting her to divulge some secret from her drunk mind, Lois raised herself up from the bed and pressed her lips into Kara's.

And Kara would never be able to forget that.

The kiss itself was short: Lois went right back to laying down and curled herself up in the sheets Kara had handed off to her. She was still smiling.

"G'night... *Funnygirl*." She cackled lightly.

Kara was speechless. What was there to say? Why say anything at all? Lois had already closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep rather quickly... should Kara stay? 'No,' Kara told herself, 'you snuck out, too. Remember, dummy?'

And so, knowing Lois was finally safe and sound, Kara crept out the window, closed it behind her while floating in mid-air, and flew up, up, and away.

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## 11:00 AM

Clark walked into the Danvers' living room to see Kara flipping rhythmically through channels on TV, her back facing him as she curled up on the couch that had been turned into her bed.

He didn't see it, at first (and even when he did, he decided it wasn't important enough to ask), but, for whatever reason, Kara was wearing her casual pants over just her superhero costume, which even Clark always wore under his regular suit.

"Hey there, Cuz'! When'd ya get back?"

"Been here all night," she answered.

"Actually, uh... no. You haven't."

Kara stopped flipping through channels. She fell silent.

"Y'see, having x-ray vision comes in real handy when you've searched every room in the house for your cousin. Especially when their parents said they can't go to a party they've been excited to go to."

A few bloated seconds passed. Not a peep out of Kara.

"It's alright," Clark spoke up, "I know what it's like. I'd be lying if I said I didn't do my fair share of sneaking out at your age. I mean, kids will be kids, right?"

Kara sighed.

Then she turned her head a bit – not to meet Clark's eye, but rather to see what she was already seeing slightly differently. She thought of something.

"You know Lois Lane?" she asked.

"The reporter? Yeah, she's hot! Why, what about her?"

"I kissed her."

Clark fell silent.

"Oh," he said.

More silence, save for the sound coming from the TV.

"Was it, uh... serious?"

She thought for a second.

"Wanna know where my jacket is?"

"Where?"

"Her house."

That much wasn't a lie, at least.

"Wait, so you—!?"

Kara nodded.

Clark started to scratch the back of his head. "So, uh... I guess this means you're into girls, then, huh?"

Kara nodded.

Clark slowly nodded back, though Kara couldn't see it from where she was sitting.

"That's cool, that's cool. And she's also...?"

*"Yeah."*

"Riiight, right. Well... good for you. Both of you, honestly. I, uh... I'm, uh, gonna..." Trailing off, he sidestepped out of the room, leaving Kara alone.

Kara smirked.



# Sublime

## Chapter Summary

Kara talks to Lois for the first time since Friday night and learns of a power she never knew she had.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### 7:20 AM (before first bell)

As much as she wanted to talk about the events of the previous Friday, Kara couldn't get to Lois all weekend. There was no phone number she knew about, no online presence, and it would have been entirely inappropriate of her to go back to her house after Friday night. She did it anyways, of course, but it was empty when she got there, so... basically the same results.

So there she was, just before the start of classes on Monday, storming into the glorified basement they called a newspaper club where Lois was sitting at her desk right across from the door.

"We need to talk." Kara crossed her arms.

Lois looked up at her with a slight glaze over her eyes. "Uh, sure. What about?"

"You know exactly 'what about'! You've been avoiding me all weekend after that—!" She looked around to see no one was in earshot. She lowered her voice as she continued.

"—that stunt you pulled on me Friday night!"

"Stunt? What stunt?"

"You kissed me."

Lois's eyes nearly popped out of her skull. Her cheeks flushed with red.

Kara didn't see it. "I mean, are we not supposed to talk about it, about how I'm supposed to feel about that?"

Lois sighed. "Look, it was just..." She shrugged. "...a drunk kiss! It doesn't count, simple as that. I mean, if a guy gets drunk and says to another guy, 'I love you, man,' that's not exactly coming out."

"Except you didn't just say 'I love you, man,' you went full-out French on me!"

"Same principle."

"You poked my butt and called me sexy! *Twice!*"

"Kara, I barely remember any of that."

"Oh yeah? And what *do* you remember, exactly?"

Lois huffed. She tapped her finger on her desk, trying to reach back into her memory for something to pull out.

"I remember falling," she said.

"And?"

"*And* I am vaguely aware of falling asleep in my own bed."

"*And?*"

"Nothing. I swear to God, that's it."

"Oh, come on!"

"And I haven't been 'avoiding you.' I have a phone number, you know. It's in the school newspaper, if you would have even bothered trying to look for it."

"Oh yeah? I tried going to your house and you weren't there."

"I was out shopping for, like, one whole hour on Saturday! You could have come at literally any other time!" Lois paused to adjust her seat, her face distorting with discomfort as she groaned. "Excuse me, I'm still aching because somebody with superstrength slapped my ass on Friday."

"I don't recall you complaining much when it happened."

"I was *drunk!* How many times do I have to say it!?"

"Yeah, I heard you, and I get why you kissed me, but not why you *wanted* to kiss me."

"I already explained that it—!" She stopped to massage the bridge of her nose. "Look, this conversation isn't going anywhere, so just drop it, alright?"

"Oh, come on! I mean, tell me right now you don't have feelings for me! Go on, look me right in the eyes and tell me you hate my guts!"

Lois fell dead-silent. It pained her now, to look up at the girl in front of her who had her arms crossed, saying what she had said. Before, Kara had sounded angry that Lois would kiss her at all, but now...?

"Kara, I don't—"

Whatever she was going to say next was stopped short when she looked at something behind Kara and her hands went up to her mouth.

Kara turned and saw the door had been left open – by herself – and that some dorky, curly-haired ginger with a camera strapped around his neck had taken one step in on them when he'd stopped dead in his tracks.

A jolt of fear ran through Kara's mind that she hadn't felt in a while. How long had he been there? Why didn't Kara, being Supergirl, hear him coming?

Kara looked back at Lois, who looked right back at her with impatience.

"I think it's time for you to go," said Lois.

Kara looked at the clock and noticed she was running late. Even if she ran to class, there was no way for her to be on time, unless she went full Supergirl in the middle of the hallway.

"Crap." Kara took off running at normal, human speed, pushing the photographer to the side as she passed through the door.

Now it was just Lois and the photographer. Lois gave him a stern glance.

"You're early," she said with gritted teeth.

"Hey, uh..." He pointed behind him. "Is that why you wouldn't go out with me last week?"

"Jimmy?"

"Yeah, Lois?"

"Just do your goddamn job."

---

### **7:28 AM (almost second bell)**

Kara stepped into the hallway to be assaulted with the usual fanfare of teenage voices, made all the worse by her Kryptonian hearing.

Some talked about assignments, which made Kara anxious for class. Some were talking about their boyfriends and girlfriends, which just made Kara want to push recent events out of her mind. Others talked about their pets, which wasn't as bad, but still boring.

And then, in the middle of it all, somebody said the magic word: 'Supergirl'. Kara's ear was immediately caught.

"You didn't see it?" said one girl.

"No," said another.

"So, like, she crashes into the street, like straight down, feet in the ground like it's made of snow, and it's clearly her, like she's got the hair and the body and everything... but she's not wearing the outfit."

Other Girl snickered. "What, she's naked?"

"No, not like that, no, ew, gross! She's wearing something, but it's not her usual outfit."

"So, she has another costume?" Other Girl was sounding less interested by the second. Kara was starting to like her.

"It's not a superhero costume, and would you stop interrupting?!"

Sigh. "Sorry."

"Right. So, she's just wearing what anyone wears, and she's holding somebody in her arms, but get this: there was a party that night, and a whole bunch of people who went to it swore they saw both of the people in that video leaving together."

"Hold the phone – does that mean we know who Supergirl is?!"

"Nobody's saying it, but I swear, she is a dead-ringer for—"

*"Kara?"*

Kara jumped as she swung around to see Babs standing right behind her.

"Holy—! Babs, you can't sneak up on people like that!"

"What do you mean? Nevermind, one-minute thirty-two seconds til we're late, I just wanted to show you..."

She held her phone up to Kara's face (prompting Kara to lean back a little) and pressed play.

"...this!"

It was a LexTube video – someone's dash cam at dead of night, when something comes crashing down in front of it: it was Kara, holding a drunk Lois like a baby in her arms. It wasn't too high-quality, so it wasn't clearly them, but it was exactly as the two girls had described.

Kara started to panic.

"How many people—?"

"Seven-thousand nine-hundred and eighty-five views since yesterday, and this is just a repost!"

Kara's mind raced at Flash-level speeds.

"Oh god..."

She bent down, holding her head in her arms. To say her world was crashing down would have been an understatement. People knew about her, and if people knew, then the media knew, and if the media knew, then villains knew, and if people figure out she hangs with the same group of friends, or that she and Clark are related...

"I gotta do something. I gotta... I gotta find out a way to... to do something! Gotta tell..."

She had to tell somebody, but who? Clark? Not likely. Her parents? Hell-fucking-no. Her immediate friend group aside, there was only one person she knew she could go to about that video: the only other person who was in it.

*RRRRRRIIIIIIING!*

"Fuck!"

"Aaand we're late," said Captain Obvious. "But hey, if you're worried about your secret identity so much, I could always spend some crunch time in the Girl Cave, maybe try pulling some of those videos off the air."

"You can do that?"

"What, are you kidding? I'm Batgirl! 'Course, it might help if you, uh..." She twirled her skyward-pointing finger in the air between them.

Kara sighed. "No, Babs, I'm not gonna go with your tornado idea."

"Aw, come on, hear me out! You'd be diluting the newsfeed to distract from your own news story – you'd literally make yourself not the news by being the news, which you already are, so how hard can it be? It's genius!"

"I can't even argue with how dumb that is, right now. See you and the Girls after class."

"Give it some thought, though, alright?"

Kara waved back at Babs.

"Not in a million years!"

---

Kara kept her head down the rest of the way, as she surely would be doing until this whole thing blew over. Even walking into class was a bit of a pain, since everyone seemed to look at her as she came in last... again.

While her slouch kept her close to the ground, her thoughts stayed closer to Lois. What had she done to her by being so reckless – made her a media target? A target for villains, just like they'd talked about? How would Lois feel from learning about this, if she hadn't already? She must have, she's a journalist, why wouldn't she? Then again, why wouldn't Lois have brought that up when they last met? She could have been too annoyed with Kara to bring it up, or she knew she wouldn't have enough time to show her and still let her get to class that morning...



It was all so much.

Then the teacher just had to open his mouth.

"Can I have everyone's attention, please?" He paused to look around at the students. His eyes spent an uncomfortable amount of time settled on Kara. "I would like whoever is responsible for destroying the doorknob to come clean. Frankly, I'm more interested in how it happened..."

Ugh.

---

#### **4:56 PM (after school)**

"Lois?"

Kara stepped into the newspaper club to see it empty, save for some desks.

"You there?"

"Just a minute," Lois called out from behind some door – maybe a closet or bathroom, Kara didn't know. X-ray vision would be too weird, not that she didn't consider it.

"I got something, and it's... pretty important."

"Just a minute!" repeated Lois.

Kara huffed. Her foot tapped against the unfinished concrete floor. She just wanted to rip the door off its hinges and tear Lois off whatever she was doing. She wouldn't, of course, but she wanted it. She really, really wanted it.

Her eyes wandered around the room to occupy her time. Eventually, they fell to Lois's desk where lay heaps of notes on either side of an open laptop. She tried not to pry, but... well, at least she didn't use X-ray vision this time.

That paper laying on the keyboard caught her eye first. It was a list of bullet points:

*'Powerful'*

*'Big presence'*

*'Intimidating'*

*'Doesn't need us(?)'*

The word *'need'* was crossed out, however, and above it was replaced by *'deserve'*.

Also crossed out was another bullet point: the lone word *'beautiful'*. It too was replaced by a different word: *'god-like'*.

Kara expected it to be another piece on Superman, something to "elevate the school newspaper," or some other literate jargon Lois would spout. Then she read further...

*'I look at her in the hallway after seeing her on tv and I think HOW??? How can I be looking at the same person, how the hell is she right there in front of me, acting like she's nothing when everyone, everyTHING else is so small next to her!?!?'*

"Her."

Kara's heart swelled. If this was really about who she thought it was, she had to know for sure.

She looked around for context, and her eyes settled on the computer screen where a document was pulled up.

*'At the Foot of God,'* the title read, *'by Lois Lane.*

*'While 'sublime' is often used as another word for beauty, but in the philosophy and literature sphere, 'sublime' means looking at something so vast that you can't help but feel insignificant and yet so taken with it all at once – to stare into a great abyss and feel fear of being drawn in, to gaze up at the stars and feel only a small part of something greater, or to see God Himself sitting at the throne of Heaven and feel both frightened and loved in the presence of this supreme being.*

*'I have met God – only one of two known to our world, but She is more than enough. Our Supergirl.'*

The door clicked open and was met with a gasp from Kara's lips. Using her superspeed, she stood at the front of the desk to make it look like she couldn't have seen what was on it.

Lois froze when she saw her.

It took a moment for Kara to realize: she was still holding the sheet of paper.

Kara held it behind her back, but the deed was done.

Lois pointed at the laptop.

"You didn't read that, did you?"

Kara's mouth was so dry. She barely knew how to respond.

She gave a noncommittal shrug, but Lois caught on quick.

"I was, uh... gonna delete that."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, um..." Lois scratched the back of her head, eyes doing their best to avoid Kara's gaze. It wasn't working. "It's just not what I'm going for. The way it is, I mean."

"Yeah?"

Lois nodded.

"And... what are you going for, exactly?"

At this, Lois stays quiet. After a minute where her eyes bob from side to side, she finally answered:

"Less... love-letter-y. I mean, it is kinda meant to be a love letter, in a sense. Just, not... you know."

Kara cocked her brow.

Lois was looking more tired by the minute, not so much angry as she was helpless.

"Look," said Lois, "I want you to be happy, I really do! But the world, it— it just isn't ready to see you as a hero yet. But maybe I can help."

"I thought this whole thing with my secret identity was keeping it, y'know... secret?"

"It was, but I figured it was a bad idea for you to stay unappreciated."

Kara's eyes widened.

"You really appreciate me?"

"Of course I do. Always have! It's just hard to show it without..."

"Getting drunk?"

Lois sighed. "Yeah..."

When searching for ways to break up the silence, a question came to Kara, but it put a knot in her throat when she tried asking. She tried again, opening her mouth to speak only for it to hang open and close again. Lois scratched the back of her head. As passionate as Kara was and how good Lois was with words, neither of them could speak.

Knowing this, at least, gave Kara some solace.

So, finally, she asked:

"Why does everyone hate me?"

Lois looked surprised. "Kara, everyone doesn't—"

"Bullshit! I help people, I save lives, I do everything in my literal power to reverse natural disasters, and I still get shit for it! What about Clark? What about the other Super Hero Girls? What does everybody else have that I don't!?"

"You won't wanna hear it."

"Uh, yeah, pretty sure I do, actually!"

Lois hesitated.

"Alright," she answered. "You really wanna know, Danvers? It's not the press, it's not your look or the things you do – it's you."

"Go on," said Kara.

"You're... too much."

"Too much?"

"Overwhelming, I mean. Nothing hurts you, because nothing can hurt you, and people aren't used to that. Speaking physically, it's like nothing really matters to you, so what's stopping you from ending us all?"

Kara blinked a few times. "What about my cousin?"

"He's a people-person. He knows how to do things in a non-threatening and even protective kind of way, but when you turn that off, you just seem so..."

"Alien?"

"...intimidating. I mean, anyone who knows who you really are – what you really are – knows you could kill them with just a thought."

Kara hadn't thought about it like that before. Why would she? She had learned much about being Supergirl from her cousin, and to her, he just seemed like a doormat – a big, muscly, thick-chinned doormat. But, if he was hiding that side of himself from everyone, he could very well include his own cousin in the mix, couldn't he?

Kara's eyes focused on Lois, her furrowed eyes, her slight frown, the microscopic tremors that were more than just from the slight bend in her posture...

"I really scare you that much?" she asked.

Lois's eyes spoke for her:

"Yes."

Kara needed to process this, but, rather than retreat into herself, she gave Lois a second once-over and realized for the first time now that her face had been getting more and more red throughout this entire conversation. Her heartbeat was doing interesting things on the other side of her chest, and, knowing all this, it would be irresponsible for Kara to take advantage of this fragile state of hers.

Very irresponsible.

Kara sneered.

"So..."

She tapped her chin.

"Let's say... that I wanted someone."

She took a step too close to Lois. Lois stepped back to try and regain her space, only for Kara to step even closer.

"And that someone..."

Lois's eyes darted between Kara's combat boots and the wicked smile on her face that was totally unlike her. She didn't notice at first, but Kara had just changed something about herself: her spine straightened, her chest puffed out, every little thing she did was more decisive – bigger, even. Lois's heart was doing back-flips and Kara could hear every second of it, the adrenaline flowing through her systems like water through a tunnel as fight-or-flight had been activated. Lois had already figured out what was happening. And it turned her beet-red.

"...knew exactly who I was."

Lois tried taking two steps back, but Kara had already lunged forward to come even closer than before. Lois tried scurrying, but to her apparent horror, her back was met with the wall. Nowhere to run. Her breathing was heavy enough for anyone in the basement to hear, and despite all of this, Supergirl kept coming.

Their noses were only an inch apart, to say nothing of their lips as they tasted each other's breath. Kara was almost as close to Lois as she could possibly be.

Almost.

Kara raised Lois's chin with a strong index finger, almost facing the ceiling though their eyes still met. Even though it was just a finger, Lois felt more helpless than she'd ever been in her life.

"I guess I could just... take her myself, couldn't I?"

Kara burst into laughter.

"Oh my god, haha! You absolutely fell for that didn't you? Like I would... oh my god, that was priceless!"

She backed away holding her belly as she continued to chuckle at the world's funniest joke to her in that moment, and as if her absence needed processing, Lois's head slowly fell down from the tilted position it was into a normal, forward-looking pose with a mile-wide stare.

That was where it was supposed to end: Kara laughing at her cruel sense of humor while Lois recovered from her existential crisis.

"Holy shit, that was hot," Lois said weakly.

Kara blinked. She shook her head free of whatever brain fuzz might have fabricated the sentence Lois definitely did not just say.

"Uh... heh, uh... what?"

"I..." Lois clasped her hands over her mouth before she could embarrass herself further.

Kara wrinkled her brow. "You're serious?"

Without even thinking, Lois nodded. Her knees buckled under her. Her back slid down the wall, just low enough that Kara was truly above her, looking down at her like she was no more to her than an ant asking to be crushed.

All of this was starting to look like a bad porno to Kara, and she wondered if any of this, if she went forward, would be something she'd come to regret.

And then she realized something:

None of this matters.

Her lips curled back into that same devilish sneer from earlier. Her hands felt Lois's face heat up at her touch as she pulled it closer to her, and their lips were hardly an inch apart.

"How can I resist?"

Kara held Lois's head like a glass chalice, and with force, she pulled it in to drink it. Weightless. As they kissed and their eyes closed, Lois reached around Kara's neck to pull herself in even closer, but Kara had already pushed them to their limit.

Kara pressed her full weight against Lois, lodging her between a brick wall and an immovable object. Kara would have made a joke about them making a 'Lois sandwich,' but her mouth was a little busy.

As it would be for the next several minutes.

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Lois's desk was just wide enough for both of them to lay down under and shield themselves from prying eyes, so long as Lois kept her head at the level of Kara's chest, which she was more than happy to do.

Kara was content with being close to her as she held her in her arms and drew little circles on the small of her back, feeling the dew of Lois's breath against the underside of her jaw.

To her, those three walls were heaven – if there was a fourth, she'd be ready to die.

"So," sighed Lois, "what now?"

"If you're into it, I could laser-eye 'Property of Supergirl' on your back like a tramp stamp."

"What?"

"Don't worry, I'll try to be careful around your spine."

"That is a joke, right?"

Kara looked cautiously at Lois's expression.

"Do... you... want it to be?"

Lois turned her head to the ceiling, staring off into space as she thought about her answer. It was actually starting to weird Kara out.

"Uh, moving on from that..."

Kara jogged her memory for a topic.

"I've actually been meaning to ask you something."

"Oh yeah? Shoot."

"You know that video that's been going around? Of you and me?"

"Oh, yeah! Wasn't sure if you'd seen it yet, but then, I guess you and I haven't had much elbow room to talk about it. It's actually what led me to start writing my piece on you in the first place."

"Yeah, it's, uh... made me start to think, too."

"About what? Us?"

"No, it just made me think..."

Kara bit her thumb. If she were to be honest, she would say she wasn't worried over the question itself so much as what Lois would say.

"What if I went public?"

Lois's eyes widened. She quickly sat up.

"Wait, you mean with your—!?" THUNK! "Agh!" Lois rubbed her head where she had hit the desk. She scoffed. "Great, now I'm sore from both ends."

"Oh man..." Kara quickly sat up. "Are you o—?"

"Kara, no!"

But Kara had already flipped the whole desk forward using only her head, sending papers flying and Lois's computer crashing to the ground.

"...oops."

"My stuff!" Lois lunged for the papers lying on the ground. Her laptop had been flipped upside-down, closing on its own – no visible damage was done.

"Uh, can I help?" Kara stood up.

"No, no, it's alright, just..." Lois sighed. "I had all this filed in an order I liked, and... you know how that can be."

Kara nodded. She usually just stuffed all her papers into her bag, but whatever.

"Hey, uh, it's getting late, maybe I should...?"

"Yeah. Just pick up the desk before you—"

Lois held her papers close to her as a gust of wind sent a few flying. Once the air had stilled, she looked around and saw an otherwise empty room where the desk was upright once more, her laptop sitting on top in its opened position, as if nothing had happened.

"Thanks," she sighed into thin air.

She'd go about the rest of her day as normal, filing through papers and trying to get her computer to work, but of course she was still thinking about Kara.

She didn't know then, of course, that Kara just walked away from perhaps the most important conversation of her life.

## Chapter End Notes

Lois is a freak confirmed.

Also, Jimmy has stealth powers capable of fooling Supergirl confirmed.



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