

# ~ Supergirl in Linda's Closet ~

by Red Hope

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## **Disclaimer**

**Copyright:** I do not own such characters as Supergirl, Linda Danvers, her folks, Maggie, and Wonder Woman. Other characters and the plot I do own.

**Subtext:** That's all I can write.

**Notes:** Just for those that follow Supergirl, this is the Matrix Supergirl not Superman's cousin. This story takes place just after Supergirl merges with Linda Danvers.

**Summary:** It's only been a few weeks since the merge between Linda and Supergirl. Linda Danvers enters college and starts to meet some new friends. Along the way, Supergirl discovers something about herself that Linda has been keeping secret for years.

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## *Prologue*

Sometimes, I can't seem to get use to any of this and by this, I think I mean a life, a real life. More or less I was born in a lab, well part of me, and I'm not quite use to having parents. The Kent's were family to me but not mother and father, not like Linda's parents are to me.

"Yes, mom... I know." I slightly sighed at my mom and I could see my father staring at me with his dark eyes. I guess he still expects me to be like I use to be... or is that like what Linda use to be? I can never answer that one right.

"Dear, come here and help me with the carrots."

I quickly listen to my mom, standing up from my chair at the dinner table and coming around the counter. When I come beside her, she hands me a peeling knife along with several carrots. I quietly clean the carrots while listening to mom and dad idly talking to one another.

"Linda, how has Maggie been? I've been meaning to ask you that."

I glance at my mother and reply, "She's been fine... rather busy I'd say. I haven't really seen much of her lately."

"No?" My mom turns her attention to me, away from the pot on the stove. "The hospitals have been filled lately?"

"I suppose." I shrug a bit. "I think a lot of people have been getting some kinda of fall flu." I don't say much more since lately I really haven't been around the apartment. I'm always too busy playing Supergirl more than anything. "Carrots are done," I announce

to my mom. I pick them up handing them to her then cleaning up the small mess I made. I rid myself of the knife as I ask my mom if she needed anymore help with the dinner. She says no and I decide to sit back down in my usual spot at the dinner table.

I then hear my father turn a page in his newspaper; he's busy reading the local paper. I just silently sit here, thinking to myself on how I planned to ask my parents for... some help. They never expect me to ask for their help but here I am, hoping they will. I honestly don't know what to expect from them but I am sure to find out soon enough.

"Okay, dinner is ready everybody." Mom comes around and places our full plates in front of us.

Dad quickly closes up his newspaper and puts it on the floor.

Then we all hold hands as mom says a pray for us. I keep my head low, I never have been into religion but at the same time I still respect it. Afterwards, we begin to eat without much talking.

I start in with the chicken and after eating a few pieces of it, I decide to take a deep breath. "Mom, dad?"

Both my parents stop in the middle of their eating, they peer up at me.

"May I ask you both about something?"

Dad raises his eyebrow at me, unsure what to think. But mom on the other hand lowers her fork and knife, taking me more seriously.

"What do you want to ask, honey?" inquiries my mom.

I lick my lips, readying myself for their reaction. "Well... I've been considering the idea of going back to college." I bite the inside of my mouth, just waiting.

My father is the first to start. "Why, Linda?"

I give a heavy sigh, turning my attention to my father. "Because I know I made a mistake in dropping out of college."

"What you think makes us so convinced that you'll stick to your schooling?" My father pauses for a moment then adds, "And why do you expect us to even pay for your schooling? You screwed up your chance."

I close my eyes, biting back any harsh words. I've come to realize my temper never solves anything just worsens the situations. "Dad, I made a mistake and I realize that now. I'm just asking for a second chance."

Finally at that moment mom spoke up. "Personally, I think its a wonderful idea." She gazes down to my father and says, "Honey, we should-"

"No, I'm not wasting my money." His expression is filled with anger.

"Linda should be-"

"Sylvia, she won't-"

I suddenly cut in, deciding this isn't getting anywhere. "Its fine, dad." I half glare at him because I can't help being upset that he won't give me a second chance. "I'll put myself through college."

My father huffs and mutters, "I'd like to see that."

I grind my teeth a little but repeat to myself, let mom talk to him, she'll fix him. After taking a moment to calm down, I continue eating my meal.

For the rest of the dinner, we all stay silent. At the end of dinner, I decide not to hang around and get into another fight. I thank my mom for dinner and inviting me. She mentions to me that she'll talk to dad about the college issue. She has more confidence than me about him coming around and supporting my idea. I then say goodnight to my father then quickly leave the house.

With a fast pace, I head for home but as I think more about how my father never gives me a chance, the madder I become. Suddenly, my brisk walk turns into a run then I'm off into a super-run, disappearing in a blur. My form turns into Supergirl; I'm flying high in the night sky with my regular clothes on me.

At that point, I've never felt more frustrated. I think mainly because I hate how my relationship with my parents has turn upside down, especially with my father. At one point, I could have cared less about them but ever since... we merged, I care more than anything for my parents. It's more stressful trying to fix my relationship with family than fighting the bad guys.

As I keep flying over Leesburg, my temper calms down that's when I hear somebody yell for help, of course. The bit of irony slightly makes me chuckle but I quickly land on top of a building near where this person was yelling. I scan the streets and find the source of the yelling. Three men were attacking a young woman; I raise an eyebrow at this, deciding that I don't need to be Supergirl to solve this one. Carefully and quietly, I leap into the dark side alley, morphing back into Linda. Again, I hear the same woman yelling for the men to let go of her. I race around the corner of the alley onto the poorly lit street.

"Hey!" I call to the group, "Try me out."

The three men turn their attention to me, grins forming onto their lips.

"Looky, we got two now." The guy then licks his lips; he was the one holding the girl.

The two other men come towards me, I grin in excitement because I knew they weren't expecting much of a fight from me. As they near me, I slightly bend my knees ready for them to jump on me. They do that exactly, toppling me over onto my back. I instantly rock my body upwards while pushing my legs up and throw the two men off me. As they came to make a landing, they both smash into a light post, knocking them both out. I spring back up onto my feet, preparing for the third guy to attack me.

The man instead takes a few steps back, pulling the woman with him. I can see the fear in his eyes; I guess at this point I look pretty scary.

"Stay back," he orders me. He reaches back and removes a knife, placing it at the young woman's neck.

Oh great, I hate these... especially when the hostage is too scared to do anything.

"Alright, " I say, taking a step back myself. "You win." I have to do something... but what? If I can distract him just long enough I can rush him and get the knife but then I'd have to morph. Not good. Maybe I can get that girl to distract him... I shift my eyes to the girl, hoping she could at least read my expression if not my thoughts. "So what you want me to do?" I ask the man.

He glares at me. "Just wait there for a moment." His eyes flicker to the two men near the light post.

I quickly glance at them and realize they're about to wake up any moment. Just great, I should have stayed as Supergirl. But soon as I look back to the girl and the man, she suddenly moves her hands up. She grabs his right hand, with the knife, and starts pushing his arm away.

"You fuckin' bitch!" he yells and punches her in the side of her stomach with his free hand.

That's when I move, running in a blur and morphing into Supergirl. As soon as I approach them, I grab the knife from the man's hand, breaking the blade in the palm of my hand. Deciding not to let the girl see my physical changes, I elbow her in the head hard enough to knock her unconscious. She begins to fall so I quickly catch her and lay her against the building next to her. Standing back up, I turn to the guy and I wish I could describe the look on his face but I think it's close to like seeing God for the first time.

I take a few steps to him, he's frozen where he stands but he then falls flat on his butt once I'm close enough. I guess in his life he hasn't seen too many people change forms. I lean down and literally pick him up by the collar of his shirt. I walk over to the other two men while carrying him in midair. They are both awake now and had seen what just happened.

"Stand up you two," I growl.

They both climb up to their feet and I pick them up off the ground by their shirt collars. Then I walk into the dark alley away from the street. I have a few words with them before tossing them back onto the street. I stood there at the edge of the dark alley and watch them run away. After they're gone, I shift back into Linda.

"Hey, you alright?" I whisper while kneeling beside the girl. I study her for a moment; she's rather short about my height and has short almost spiky blond hair. She seems rather well built but her facial expression is rather gentle and femme. And then when she finally opens her eyes, I can see they're soft, swirling amber.

"God," she mumbles while touching her forehead. "What happened?" She then looks back up at me. "Not that I don't know just... I mean how'd I get knocked out?"

I smile at her warmly. "Somehow you got knocked unconscious and I caught you in time." And she seems to accept the explanation from me. "So what are you doing out here in this part of town?"

"Well I wasn't exactly planning to stick around," she starts, "I was driving through here as a shortcut. I usually don't but I had to because my car ran out of fuel. I was kinda hopin' she wouldn't run out but..."

"Mmmm." I nod and stand up, helping her up onto her feet.

"I'm sorry." The young woman shakes her head before asking, "What's your name?" She's slightly brushing some dirt off her pants.

"I'm Linda... Linda Danvers." That's when she stiffens up; she just stood there staring at me in awe. "What's wrong?"

She shakes her head yet again. "God... this has been a hell of a night. I heard about you in the papers from a couple of months ago." She ran her fingers through her short hair. "You were supposedly killed by some cult or somethin' but then you came back from the dead."

I chuckle at her words. "Not completely, I was almost killed... I was just lucky enough to make it out."

"You can say that again. I've heard things about that cult."

"Mmm," I simply agree my mind dazing out to a few memories of that night. I quickly shake them away, returning my attention to.... what's her name? "I didn't catch your name?"

"Oh I'm sorry." She laughs quietly. "I'm Kallan Thompson."

I cross my arms against my chest and rest my weight onto my left foot. "So you need gas for your car huh?"

"Yeah... I'm pretty sure there's a gas station about ten minutes down here."

"I think you're right too." I turn towards the direction of the gas station. "Well, we better get down there."

Kallan smiles at my offer to go with her. So together we walk down the dark streets in hopes this gas station isn't far off. At first neither of us have much to say but I know that won't last since... well I'm a newspaper article to Kallan right now.

"So... I heard you like sculpting....?"

Bingo! I think to myself. "Yeah I have for quite sometime."

"How do you do it?" Kallan suddenly puts her full attention on me. "I mean, go about creating the sculpture?"

"Well... first you figure out obviously what your subject or subjects are going to be." I press my lips together in thought but continue my explanation. "I then draw the sculpture onto paper."

"You do the drawing from your head... your imagination?"

I plainly nod in response. "I never really use anybody else's ideas. I usually draw from all sides." I bring up my hands demonstrating what I mean as I explain it further. "The front, the back then both of the sides."

"So the drawings are like your blueprints?"

"Pretty much." I laugh a little at myself. "Although sometimes the sculpture doesn't come out exactly as my drawings. I make some modifications as I go because... well a better idea comes to mind."

Kallan even laughs lightly at my words. She smiles at me before asking, "Do you ever keep your drawings?"

"Yeah, I normally do."

"So how do you sculpt the... clay? Do you use that spinning thing?"

I grin at her. "No, I don't use the wheel that's more for throwing bowls or vases, anything round really." I take a deep breath and continue with the little lesson. "I just use my hands and some tools. Once I have the sculpture complete then I fire it in a kiln."

"How long can it take you to sculpt something?"

I shrug. "It can take me a day to a month. It just depends on my mood, time, and how hard the sculpture is." I glance at her; also adding, "Sometimes I do paint them, forgot to mention that part."

"Huh," she mutters quietly. "That's pretty cool. I've always wanted to take some kind of ceramics class." She thinks about it some more. "I'll have to do that actually. The only problem I have is I can't-"

"Draw?" I cut her off as a grin develops on my lips.

"Oh it's not so much the drawing part... I can do that it's just... well I'm more of a copy machine."

I raise an eyebrow at her, not quite understanding what she meant by that.

She giggles at my expression but explains, "I can't really draw from my imagination. I have to see the drawing in front of me to actually draw it... I can copy."

"Oooh... well then you might wanna take a drawing class first," I tease.

"Thanks," she deadpans to me.

We both then look away from each other and see the gas station ahead.

"Hey there it is," she declares happily. "Thank god too."

We quickly make our way to the gas station and go inside, finding an older man working tonight. We approach him in front of the counter.

"Excuse me, sir," I begin, "can we burrow a cherry jug?"

The older man grins knowing what most likely happened. "Car run out huh?"

Kallan sighs but is smiling at the same time. "Yeah unfortunately I did."

"Hold on a sec." The older man runs into the back of the store. Within a minute, he returns with a one and half gallon cherry jug for us. "I imagine you'll both be back to fuel up the car completely?"

Kallan nods. "Definitely."

"Go ahead and fill the jug up and pay when you get back here."

"Thank you very much." Kallan takes the jug from the man and we both leave the store. We go to one of the gas pumps and fill up the jug. Afterwards, we continue our journey down to wherever Kallan's car is located.

I catch sight of Kallan struggling with the jug; even I know a gallon and half after a while can weigh a bit. "Here, I can care of it."

"No, its okay." Kallan's right hand goes white at the knuckles as she held it.

"Kallan, I can handle it."

"Oh I know that... its just you've done plenty for me as it is."

I chew on the inside of the lower lip and decide to help anyway. I reach down and grab the jug out of her hand and switch it to my right hand so it's not between us.

"Lin-"

"I got it," I imply.

She grumbles but at the same time I can tell she's glad she doesn't have to carry it.

"How much further to your car?"

"I imagine not much further." She looks to her watch; she gets a worried look

suddenly. "I gotta get home soon. My parents will kill me."

"I'm sure if you explain what happened they won't kill yah."

Kallan gives me a funny look. "You don't know my parents."

"True," I admit.

"There she is." Kallan points down the street and I can see a red Honda Civic.

"Nice car."

Kallan smiles at me. "Thanks... it was a high school graduation present."

I nod a few times. "Not bad." I can't say I received that much on my high school graduation. Shoot I don't even have a car to begin with but then again, flying is a little faster.

"Shit," mutters Kallan as she approaches her car.

"What's wrong?" I come up beside her and find out what she's cursing about. There's a rather large dent in her drive side door.

"Some fuckin' idiot did this," she grumbles. "Probably one of those goddamn guys from earlier."

I doubted that myself, considering they were pretty... scared after I had a little chit-chat with them. "It can be fixed," I remind her. "I'll put this fuel in."

"Hold on, you can't open the gas door without the car being unlocked." I hear her fishing around in her pockets for the keys. While she's unlocking the car, I unscrew the cap on the jug and pull out the long funnel neck, screwing that into place.

"There you go," she calls to me while coming around the car to me.

I open the gas door and unscrew the cap off. I carefully lift the jug and tilt it so that the fuel pours directly into the tank. After I'm finished, I put the funnel back inside and screw the cap back on tightly. "All done."

"Thank you."

I smile faintly at Kallan before handing her the cherry jug. "Think you'll be alright from here?"

She starts to nod but stops suddenly. "Wait, where you going?"

"I gotta head home myself."

"Linda," she grabs my arm and continues saying; "I can at least drive you home. You frigen save me from those guys, walk me to the station... put the fuel in. Even let me bother you about sculpting."



I give a silly grin to her. "It's not a big deal." I gesture to my right. "The bus station isn't too far off." Not that I would even consider going on a bus.

"I don't care; you're comin' with me," she orders, "Get in the car."

My mouth slightly hangs open as I watch her go around the car to the driver's side. Alright then, I guess no doesn't work for her. An amusing smile crosses my lips as I decide not to argue and climb into her car. We take off for the gas station first. Kallan fills up her car; returns the cherry jug, and then we're heading through the last bit of the bad section of town.

"Where do you live?" she finally ends the silence.

"On the west side, near the plaza."

"Gotcha," murmurs Kallan. She drives onto the ramp, taking the main highway of Leesburg. It doesn't take us that long to reach the exit for the Leesburg Plaza.

I glance to her and say, "Take a right at the light and go for about... half a mile."

She simply nods her understanding and follows my directions. "Are you there at the Lee Heights Apartments?"

"Yeah that's me." I point to my left. "If you take that street it'll lead you to a back parking lot."

Kallan quickly changes lanes then gets into the left turning lane. The light sits on red for a moment then turns green, and she whips around the turn. Coming into the parking lot slowly, she stops her car; placing it in park.

"Thanks for the ride, Kallan."

Kallan smiles at me warmly. "Hey thanks for savin' my butt."

"Anytime." I wink at her with a teasing grin. I open the door, climbing out and hanging my head low. "Be more careful for now on. I'll see yah."

She laughs lightly. "Thanks again, I'll catch yah later."

I say, "Bye," then slam the door shut. Turning around, I head for the entrance of the apartment housing. Once I reach the glass door, I stop and turn my head to see out of the corner of my eye, Kallan driving off. I shake my head a little while grinning to myself. When I get inside of Maggie and I's apartment, I flip the light switch on.

"Hmmm... Maggie isn't home yet." Figures, I thought to myself. She's never home until about two in the morning sometimes. She's been getting one too many late night shifts.

Walking into the kitchen, I see Maggie had already gotten today's mail. I quickly thumb through it and find the letter I've been hoping to see soon. I quickly tear into it

and while I read it, a smile creeps along my features. "I made it," I mumble in surprise. "I can't believe it."

I fold up the letter, placing it carefully back into its envelope. "A full scholarship even." Taking the letter with me, I go into my bedroom. In a couple of minutes, I'm ready for bed... crawling under the covers and eventually dreams of two lives fill my mind.

### *Part 1 - What's in the closet?*

She throws the book bag onto her back after she stands up from the bus seat. Quickly, Linda walks down the bus aisle once it makes its stop. She carefully goes down the steps and hits the concrete walkway. Standing there for a moment, she listens to the bus roaring off in the distance.

Linda gazes ahead, studying the huge building before her and it makes her grin. Taking a deep breath, she walks down the sidewalk towards the building. As she is walking, she pulls out a piece of paper from her leather jacket pocket. She studies it while mumbling, "Room 119 in the Lee building. Easy enough."

Once entering the Lee building, Linda looks for room 119 knowing it was downstairs somewhere. It's her first class of the day, first class in a couple of years for that manner. She finally spots the room after walking a ways down the hallway.

Entering the room, she notices she's the first person in the classroom this morning, which she was a little happy about. She finds herself a seat close to a window in the middle of the row of desks. Her book bag is tossed onto the floor before she sits down.

After a few minutes, several other students enter the room. They all find their own spots amongst the herd of desks. Linda really does not recognize any of the other students but she is sure soon enough she'll get to know them. Then about after five minutes, a better part of the room is filled up with students and the professor had already arrived.

"Good morning, everybody," announces the professor. "And welcome to English 101." He pauses though as a few other late students come into the classroom. He then continues explaining to his students about the course they are now taking.

Linda keeps her attention on her teacher while she idly spins a pen between her fingers. She then notes the classroom door opening as two more students come into the room. She quickly glances at them but then does a double-take.

"Sorry, professor," says the girls that just came in the room.

"It's quite alright, ladies. Please sit down."

The two girls hastily find a desk and quietly sit down.

Linda keeps her attention on one of them, her eyes on them like a humming bird drawn to nectar.

Soon enough, the girl turns her head to Linda after feeling somebody staring at her. Her eyes widen as she realizes its Linda Danvers and a laugh bubbles up in her.

Linda waves to Kallan and gives a warm smile.

Kallan waves back from her desk about two rows over and up from Linda. She then mouths out, 'how are you?'

Linda mouths back, 'I'm good. You?'

Kallan smiles at the response and just simply gives a thumbs up for an answer.

Linda grins to herself and returns her attention to her teacher, deciding she'll catch up with Kallan after class.

The class goes on for the rest of the period, Professor Walls continuing to explain to his students about the criteria of his class. He also hands out a summary sheet on everything he spoke about along with a general syllabus for the semester. Afterwards, he lets out class about twenty minutes early and reminding everybody that tomorrow to be on time as class starts first thing.

Outside the classroom, Kallan and her friend wait for Linda to come out.

"Hey, Linda," greets Kallan.

Linda smiles at her friend and says, "Didn't expect to see you here."

"Neither did I," confesses Kallan. "Pretty weird." She then turns to her other friend beside her. "Linda, this is my best friend Laura."

"Hey, nice to meet yah." Linda smiles to Kallan's best friend.

"I've heard quite a bit about you from Kallan," reveals Laura. "Not to mention-"

"The newspaper... yeah I know," finishes Linda.

Laura grins at that briefly but then says, "You're pretty damn lucky, you know."

"I won't argue about that," replies Linda; a sigh coming from her.

"I didn't have any idea you were coming to this college," finally speaks up Kallan.

Linda shrugs slightly. "Neither did I really. I was just accepted... I honestly didn't think I'd be coming here but... it worked out."

Kallan and Laura both nod, accepting the answer.

"What's your next class?" asks Kallan as she decides to start walking down the hallway; leading the others down the hall.

"I have a drawing class next in the Smith building."

"Seriously?" questions Kallan excitedly. "With Professor Stine?"

"Yeah that's the one. Why?"

A broad grin creeps along Kallan's lips. "Well I took your advice on taking a drawing class first before the ceramic class."

"Oh no," laughs out Linda. "So I'm stuck with you in this class too huh?"

"Yup pretty much," answers Laura for Kallan. "Better you than me, Linda. She can talk your ear instead of mine for once."

"Thanks," deadpans Linda to Laura. "I appreciate that."

Laura snickers in response. "Well, just think I've had to deal with this one," she points at Kallan, "for five years now."

"How you manage? I might need some pointers for later on," teases Linda some more.

"Okay, okay you two... glad ya'll get along so well," chided Kallan Thompson. "You two are both alike on one thing."

"What's that?" inquires Linda. She opens the door to leads outside and holds it for everybody while waiting for Kallan's answer.

"Well that ya'll are smartasses and like to give me a hard time." She stops at the doorway after Laura had already stepped out. Kallan points a finger at her new friend. "And you even hardly know me yet."

"Damn, you said yet... does that mean I'm suppose to get to know you?"

Kallan's jaw drop as she tries to come up with a retort. "Just... whatever." And she goes through the door to join Laura.

Linda clearly smirks as she finally walks outside with her friends.

"I'll catch you two later for lunch," calls Laura, she's already headed off.

"See yah," hollers back Kallan. She gives a brief wave back to her best friend then looks at Linda. "So what other classes do you have?"

Linda grins at her friend and reaches into her back jean pocket. She pulls out a folded paper and hands it to Kallan. "That's all of them."

Kallan carefully takes it, unfolds it, and scans over the five classes. "Not bad. Oh

wait..."

"Oh no, what?" teases Linda.

"We have CIS109 together," gushes Kallan and she laughs.

"Damn," jokes Linda. She takes the paper back from Kallan when she's finished with it. "That's a late class too," she complains.

"Yeah it is," agrees Kallan. "Between it and the lab."

"Mmmm." Linda starts up the steps beside her friend. "This is the right building?"

"Yeah." Kallan drops her head back as they pass under the overhang. "Rodriguez building." And as soon as she enters it with Linda, she sees all of the art work hanging on the sides of the hallway.

"Room 111."

Kallan faintly nods and she spots the room just ahead.

Linda grabs the door and holds it open for her friend. She follows behind and they find themselves a small art studio with a huge white table in the centre of the room with a white board against a wall and the opposite side there's a row of windows. She and Kallan take a set of stools on the side of the long table and already there are several other art students at the table too.

After about three minutes, the rest of the students show up and the teacher does as well. The teacher discusses the plans for the class this semester and hands out a syllabus to each student. She then tells her students what she expects from them if they wish to pass her course. Afterwards, she lets them leave a little early and tells them to be on time promptly tomorrow.

Kallan and Linda hurry out of the classroom and head across campus again. They head directly for the cafeteria where they find Laura waiting for them. After a lunch together, Laura breaks from them and heads to her next class but Kallan and Linda don't have their next class until six o'clock tonight. Together, the pair starts to head to the front of the campus where the entire student parking is located.

"You'll be back tonight for class?" inquires Kallan.

"Yeah, definitely." Linda smiles at her friend.

Kallan smiles briefly but looks away just as quickly. "I'm surprised how many classes we have together."

"Uncanny, huh?"

Kallan chuckles and nods. "Yeah... it is." Then a thought occurs to her and she looks at her friend. "You need a ride to your place?"

"No, no," brushes off Linda. "I'm going to take the bus."

Kallan stops and grasps her friend's arm. "No, you come with me." She squeezes harder.

Linda stares into soft amber eyes and she can't help but smile. "Alright... thanks." When Kallan pulls her hand away, she realizes her skin seems to be burning.

"Come on." Kallan flashes a warm smile and leads the way through the parking lot to her car.

Linda takes a deep breath and quickly follows. Ahead she sees the red Civic from the first encounter with her friend.

"Hop in." Kallan holds up her hand and clicks the button on her key pad.

The Civic unlocks in response. Both girls climb in and again Kallan drives Linda to her apartment house.

"Hey, I'll call when I've come to pick you up for the computer class."

Linda has her right hand on the door handle and her left hand on her book bag. She looks back at the younger woman. "It's okay, Kallan. I can catch the bus."

Kallan reaches forward and grabs her cell phone off the dashboard. "So what's your phone number?" she insists, a grin creasing her lips.

Linda sighs heavily knowing she won't win. "305... 345 5565," she quietly says.

"Great. I'll probably swing by around five-thirty since the class is at six."

"Call me first," Linda reminds. She gets out of the car.

Kallan softly smiles and leans to her right. "See yah, Linda."

"Bye, Kal." Linda winks and turns around while throwing her pack onto her back.

Kallan just blinks and stares at Linda's back. She shakes her trance away and puts her car into gear. She drives out of the horseshoe parking lot.

Linda peers over her left shoulder and watches her friend leave the parking lot. She then looks back at the heavy doors of the apartment complex, she continues to them. Once she makes it into her apartment, she looks around for Maggie but doesn't find any signs of her. After a big sigh, she goes into her bedroom and tosses her bag by her desk. She then goes to her bed flops into it, back first.

"I should really go check on the town," she mutters between her hands that cover her face. She pulls her hands away, turns her head to the right and she stares at her clock on the nightstand. "I have four hours... that's plenty of time." She sits up and walks over to the closet.

Slowly, Linda opens it and reaches in to grab something. She pulls her hand back out and holds the hanger out in front of herself. "It's like another personality," she jokes and chuckles to herself. She drops her head to one side and stares at the huge 'S' design in the middle of the costume.

Linda softly smiles and she fills with a sense of pride. She carefully lowers the outfit to her bed and begins to strip out of her clothes and slips into her Supergirl outfit. Once she's in the larger outfit, she stares at herself in the full-length mirror from across the room. She shakes her head and finds herself amused by how large the outfit is on her. But then she closes her eyes and concentrates for a split second. When she opens her eyes again, she's no longer eye level with the mirror and she can only see from her chest down.

Supergirl shakes her head and softly laughs. She goes to the closet again and retrieves her red boots and slips into them. After straightening out her sleeves, she walks over to her window peers out of it.

"Thank god Maggie let me have this bedroom against the alley way," she mutters. Supergirl then lifts the window and carefully slips out of it. Once she steps out into the open air, she instantly floats in midair and she turns around to shut the window sum.

Supergirl then looks up and she flies off into the blue day. She goes high up until she has a clear view for miles around. She begins to slowly fly through Leesburg to make sure everything is peaceful. She finds everything rather quiet and she happily flies over to capitol building and lands there.

Supergirl contently sighs as she watches people moving far below. For once things were quiet and she found that rare anymore in Leesburg. She hopes it will remain this way while she's in school but with her luck, she knew it would not last very long if even a week.

Slowly her thoughts though begin to shift to her friend, Kallan. For some reason, she really likes Kallan and she's never felt so close to somebody. To her it, it's funny how much she's grown to like Kallan when she has yet to really know her. Yet something in her refuses to dismiss Kallan as some fluke person. So both Supergirl and Linda accept Kallan as some part of her fate.

Supergirl reaches up and brushes back some of her blond hair. She looks off to her right when she hears some kind of funny noise. She narrows her eyes when she hears it again but more distinct this time. Then she feels a presence of a person behind her and she quickly spins around with her hands up.

Supergirl's angry expression slowly shifts into surprise and she straightens up to her full height. "Wonder Woman?"

Wonder Woman grins and folds her arms across her chest. "Good afternoon, Supergirl." She's still slightly hovering off the rooftop but she lowers down. "How are you?"

"Uh... good. You?" Supergirl tries to rid of her surprised look as she approaches the

older woman.

"Pretty well." Wonder Woman's grin is changing into a warm smile. "I happen to be passing through Leesburg. I heard you were taking up residency here now."

"I am," agrees Supergirl.

"Hmmm." Wonder Woman lowers her arms and puts her hands on her hips. "I heard from Superman what's happened to you."

Supergirl slowly lifts a blond eyebrow. "Oh? Word sure does get around."

Wonder Woman softly laughs and looks down for a second. She then peers back up with a more serious expression. "I know we have never really been... close but..."

Supergirl tilts her head to one side. "But?"

"But I want to change that," offers Wonder Woman. "When I heard from Clark what you did for Linda Danvers... I was surprised; I guess is the right word."

"Why is that?" Supergirl has yet to uncross her arms. She's still a little unsure of Wonder Woman's unannounced visit.

"I'm not sure..." admits Wonder Woman, "yet." She gives a heavy sigh and comes within body length of Supergirl. "I just want to offer my help, Supergirl. I have always meant to get in contact with you but between the JLA and my job... and everything else it's been hard."

"I can understand that," agrees Supergirl.

Wonder Woman again smiles and holds out her hand. "I'm Diana... Princess Diana."

For the first time, Supergirl smiles and takes the older woman's hand. "Linda... Linda Danvers." She receives an instant attraction for Wonder Woman when their skin connects.

The two women briskly shake hands in a bond that would grow strong over time.

When they broke the hand contact, Wonder Woman reaches to her right side and unties a bag from her belt. "I brought a gift for you; to help you." She holds out the pouch in offer.

Supergirl collects the red bag that had blue draw strings, which have the pouch sealed. She gives a questioning look at Diana but she pulls open the pouch and is greeted by metallic small items inside. She carefully pulls one of them out and holds it in the palm of her hand. Her confused look gives her away easy to Princess Diana.

"It's a tracking beeper," explains Wonder Woman. "You simply press the center of it and it'll activate it."

Supergirl studies the beeper that's in the shape of her famous 'S' sigma. She pushes in



the center of the beeper and a tiny red light glows in the middle of the 'S'.

"Then you wear this." Wonder Woman holds up a small watch that had a LCD screen instead of a clock face. She shifts closer to the younger woman and shows the watch better to her.

"It's a GPS tracking system," Supergirl realizes aloud.

"Yes. State of the art." Wonder Woman slightly grins and adds, "Provided by our technical, resourceful-"

"Batman," finished Supergirl. She chuckles and pulls her attention away. She smiles at Wonder Woman. "Thank you."

"It will come in handy on many levels," explains Princess Diana, "You'll be able to track anybody or anything whether they know it or not." She pauses in thought. "I have my own and have given some to people I am close to so that they have a way to contact me for emergencies. In other case, I've activated one and attached it to cars or people I may need to track." She now hands the GPS watch to her friend.

Supergirl carefully slips the beeper into the pouch again and does a quick count. There are a total of six beepers. "Thank you, Diana." She now smiles.

Wonder Woman returns the warm smile. "Let me know if you need more. Batman can easily have them made."

Supergirl nods her head. "Tell him thank you too."

"Of course." Princess Diana takes a partial step back. "I should be on my way. If you ever need my help, Supergirl I live in Gateway City."

"That's what I hear." Supergirl closes up the pouch and holds it with the watch in her right hand. "And I'm always here to help out too."

"I appreciate it." Wonder Woman takes a few steps back but says, "Get in contact with me soon. I would like for you to meet some... friends of mine."

Supergirl feels a smile tug at her lips. "I'll take you up on that offer."

"Good." Wonder Woman mirrors the smile back then starts to lift up into the air. She stops about six feet up into the air. "I'll see you soon, Linda."

"Bye, Diana." Supergirl watches her new friend fly off into the horizon. She shakes her head some. "That was... different." She gazes down at the red silk pouch and the watch in her hand. She was surprised by Wonder Woman's arrival but she's even more shocked by the gift. She takes a moment to tie the pouch onto her belt then put on the watch, which had a red band and the watch itself was blue. She has to admit that Batman certainly customized it to suit her.

Finally satisfied, Supergirl lifts up into the air but her attention is on the GPS watch. Now she realizes that the watch does in fact tell the time as well. The time registers in

her mind. "Damn it. I need to get back," she hotly whispers and takes off towards her apartment.

It isn't long before Supergirl slips back into her room and just in time as the phone rings. She rushes to her desk and scoops up the cordless phone. Thankfully she has quick thinking because as she answers the phone she shifts back into Linda. Her voice would have sounded too different as Supergirl.

"Hello," she answers.

"Hey Linda, I'm about to leave. I'll meet you outside your apartment in a few minutes."

Linda was slightly grinning at hearing Kallan's voice. "That'll be great. I'll see you then."

"Alright. Bye."

"Bye." Linda ends the call then sets the phone back on the desk. She releases a long sigh then gazes at her clothes she'd been wearing earlier. She picks up the black, plain top and merely tosses it back on the bed. But she remains standing there, staring down at the red boots on her feet. "I should have asked Wonder Woman about something to shrink my boots," she mutters in irritation.

Then a thought occurs to her. She slips out of her boots and as soon as she does so, the boot slightly slumps forward from the lack of support. "Hmmm," she mutters and picks up a boot. With both hands, Linda easily squishes the soft boots. "Perfect."

Linda hastily unhooks her cape, tosses it onto the bed along with the boots on top. She then pulls on her black, long sleeve top she'd been wearing earlier. Then she realizes there an added weight to her right side so she quickly removes the pouch that Wonder Woman had given her. She quickly tucks it into a drawer at her desk. Yet she hesitates and now glares at her jeans on the bed because she knows they'll be tight when she's already wearing this skirt. Another thought springs to life into her mind and she spins around. "I know I still have those," she complains to nobody but herself.

Magically the loose jeans that Linda is looking for appear in her hands. She pulls them off the hanger and puts on the baggy jeans. Linda walks over to the full length mirror and stares at herself in it. She doesn't notice the Supergirl outfit at all but she still tilts her head to one side. "I look... butch." She shakes her head and decides she better keep moving. She grabs the boots and cape then pulls open her book bag. She removes all the books but sets the book for tonight's class aside. Once she gets her boots and cape into the book bag, she throws the bag over her back and picks up her book.

Linda rushes out of the apartment, locking the door behind, and hurrying down the steps to the ground level. When she gets outside, she finds Kallan waiting for her so she doesn't wait and climbs into the car. "Sorry about that. Were you waiting long?"

"Only a minute." Kallan offers a smile. She then hurries them out of the parking lot. "Get something to eat?"

Linda groans and slumps in her seat. "No. I should of huh?"

Kallan quietly laughs and grins at her friend. "There's a vending machine close by the classroom."

"Which requires coins or one dollar bills," points out Linda.

Kallan sighs dramatically for effect then reaches forward to open her ashtray. "Grab some."

Linda raises an eyebrow at the ashtray full of quarters. "Wow." Just as she reaches forward, her hand grazes Kallan's and a charge runs through Linda's body. She tries to ignore it and instead counts out about three dollars. "Thank you... you're my hero." She then thinks about what she just said and the irony.

Kallan suddenly laughs and Linda joins in with the laughing. Despite the pair were laughing for different reasons, they felt a sense of enjoyment together.

The pair arrives at the school with about ten minutes to make it to class on time. Kallan predicted they'll make it to the classroom in seven minutes and that'll give Linda some time to get a snack or two. And turns out just as Kallan predicted, the girls are happily seated in the front of the class and Linda has a few snacks to her right. Kallan had gotten a soda herself.

For the next hour plus, they listen to the teacher introduce the computer class to them. It was a class that they both are required to take since it gives every student a base in computers. Linda isn't as savvy with computers yet she had a feeling that maybe Kallan is more so. By the end of the class, Linda figures the class may be a bit of challenge for her but she's excited as well since she knows so little about computers.

At the end of class, the friends slowly walk out of the room together and down the hallway; other students hastily pass them. They are silent together but it's Kallan that breaks the silence.

"You need a ride home?"

Linda switches her textbook from one hand to the other. "No. I'm actually going to go visit a friend nearby." She bites the inside of her mouth, she hates lying like this.

Kallan nods her head. "I'm going to see a friend as well. She's close by D.C."

"D.C. isn't far," agrees Linda, "just be careful about the traffic that way."

"I know." Kallan sighs. "That's one thing I hate about that area."

Linda reveals a dip grin. "You're such a great friend."

Kallan rolls her eyes. "Too nice sometimes." The doors are just ahead so she shoves them open for her and Linda. "I guess I'll see you Wednesday for classes...?"

"Of course." Linda hurries down the steps then follows Kallan towards the emptying parking lot. "You think you could provide a ride?"

"I'll call before I get there," teases Kallan.

"Great."

Kallan steps away but turns around to face her friend. "You sure I can't take you to your friend's place?"

"No... that's okay. It's not far." She assures her with a smile.

"Okay. I'll see you, Linda. Have a good night." Kallan flashes a smile.

"See yah and be careful," hollers Linda to the retreating form of Kallan.

Kallan merely waves back in understanding then jumps into her Honda.

Linda watches as her friend pulls out of the parking lot and out the gates of the campus. She then scans the campus and finds an area that is rather remote. She strolls over to that area where she is surrounded by tall trees. She's just as thankful for it being dark out. Within a few seconds, she strips her clothes off to reveal her bright Supergirl outfit. She then removes her boots and cape from her bag and slips them all on. Once her cape is in place last, she only has to think about being Supergirl and her body morphs.

Supergirl straightens out her skirt some that'd been ruffled by the jeans earlier. She picks up the bag and textbook, she places the book inside, zips it close, and flies up through the trees. Her first stop she makes is to her apartment and drops her things off quickly before taking off again into the starlit night sky. She flies straight up into the night sky until she reaches several thousands of feet up and she's staring at the speck of Leesburg and Washington D.C. just east of it.

For a moment, she finds some sort of peace at being so high up in the air where nobody is close and it is only her and the stars. She gazes across the dark sky and smiles at the crescent moon. Her blue eyes are suddenly coated silver by the moon. After Supergirl takes in a deep breath, she turns down ward and flies back down to the Earth.

She makes her way in between the buildings so that she's flying over the streets and roads. She slowly follows and scans over everything to make sure all is quiet. Just as she comes around a bend of two intersection streets, she detects a familiar but alarming smell in the air. Supergirl curses under her breath and wills herself to fly faster. Now she clearly picks out the reverting alarms of the fire engines.

Next Supergirl's vision is swallowed whole by the tall building engulfed in flames. She immediately picks out the yelling and screaming from inside the six story building. She brings her right hand forward and fists it as she aims for a window then crashes through it.

Below all of the glass shards come raining down on many of the suited firefighters.

They stop and peered up just a red streak disappears inside of the building.

"My god, what was that?" calls one firefighter.

"Was it Superman?" questions another.

The lead firefighter waves his hand and yells, "I don't care who, we need to go!"

Supergirl comes to a stop and stands on the burning floor below her feet. She gazes about the burning walls, she's standing in the middle of an office. She tilts her head and carefully listens for people, her body tense. For once she's wishing she had Superman's hearing or x-ray vision to make this much faster. But then there's a scream for help again and Supergirl hears it directly under her. She quickly moves several feet away, kneels down just enough, and punches her hand through the burning floor. The flaming carpet that's attached to the concrete floor falls through and comes slamming down onto the floor below.

Supergirl quickly floats through the hole in the floor and sees the three people blocked into a corner by the fire. Now she makes another mental complaint that she doesn't have the super breath that Superman has. She shakes away her frustrations and lands in front of the scared people.

"Supergirl!" cries out one woman.

"Thank god." The man is relieved but he suddenly coughs heavily from the smoke.

"I need to get you three out of here," informs Supergirl.

"Wait." The second woman coughs but then grabs Supergirl's arm. "There's another here. John was coming up the elevator before this happened."

"Okay." Supergirl steps closer. "Let me get you three out of here first. Hold onto me as tight as you can." She sensed the three of them all wrap around her and for once her telekinesis came into use. She mentally lifts all of them up and flies them through the hole in the ceiling and back out of the window she'd broken earlier.

Once Supergirl safely lowers them to the ground, she takes off before anybody can stop her for a word. She quickly flies back through the window, into the burning building, and quickly scans for the elevator. It takes her a good minute as she hunts for it but then she hears somebody yelling for help despite it is slightly muffled. She lands in front of the locked elevator doors and she wedges her fingers between the two doors. With her super strength, she rips the doors open and instantly smoke envelopes her. Supergirl also senses the intense heat suddenly and when the smoke clears up, she gazes up to the burning flames on the ceiling of the elevator shaft.

Now she looks down into the shaft and sees the elevator two floors lower. She hears the man not only yelling but now pounding against the doors. Before she can act, there's a loud snap and the elevator lurches down some. Supergirl acts quickly and flies into the shaft, her hands wrapping around the heavy metal cable just as they break away from the rotor at the top of the shaft.

"John" yells Supergirl, "can you hear me?"

John is crouched in the middle of the elevator with his hands over his head. He realizes he's not falling but instead hearing somebody calling his name. He stands up and calls back, "I can hear you."

"Listen, I'm going to pull up the elevator two floors, the doors are open, get out when I lift you high enough. Okay?"

John is completely confused what is happening but he didn't care at the moment since he's still alive. "Okay!"

Supergirl reaches down with her right hand and pulls up then her left hand. She repeats the process while flying up some towards the shaft's ceiling. She can feel the flames lapping down towards her but they don't bother her. Finally she sees the elevator come level with the doors she'd open earlier. She senses John hurrying off the elevator but she decides to double check. "Are you off?"

"Yes," comes the male voice up the shaft.

"Move away as much as you can!" orders Supergirl. She waits for a moment then releases the cables and the elevator dives for the bottom. She watches as the elevator disappears in the abyss of darkness then a large boom vibrates up the shaft followed by debris spewing up.

Supergirl hastily flies out of the shaft and lowers in front of John. "Are you okay?"

John stands there with his mouth gaped open.

Supergirl dips her head some then repeats herself. "Are you okay, John?"

That seems to work John out of his awe struck. "Yes, yes. I'm fine." He pauses then adds, "Thank you, Supergirl."

Supergirl briefly nods then it occurs to her that they still need to get out of the building. She now looks down at the hall and it's now lined in flames. She turns back to John. "Where's there the closest window?"

John also sees the predicament they're now in but the question makes him quickly think. "It's actually at the other end of this hall." He points. "But I can't even see it with all these flames." He then bends over some and begins coughing from the increased smoke.

Supergirl's expression darkens at the man's coughing. She needs to act quickly. An idea comes to mind so she undoes her cape and orders, "Wrap this around yourself as much as you can."

John doesn't hesitate and is able to cover his entire body other than his head. He then coughs again and his chest grows tighter.

Supergirl then picks up the older man and cradles him in her arms. "Keep your head

tucked under my chin. Do not pull out your hands, arms, or anything. My cape will protect you from the fire."

John coughs while nodding his head.

Supergirl hovers off the floor and just in time as the floor falls through from the flames burning underneath. She doesn't wait any longer and covers the man's head with her left hand as she bolts forward and into the flames.

The fire flares up when the two bodies come flying through with such a strong wave.

Supergirl finally makes out the frame of the window and has a split second to make the perfect judgment. She tilts some to the right just as she drops her head forward and her head slams first into the glass. When they enter into the cool night Supergirl lets out a small sigh of relief. She lifts her head but gazes down at John.

John opens his eyes and is amazed to find himself flying several hundreds of feet above ground. "Wow," he murmurs.

"Hold tight," utters Supergirl. She carefully lowers to the ground until her feet connect with the pavement. She then lowers John next and he takes a step back, relief at being okay washing over him.

"Thank you so much." John removes the cape and hands it to Supergirl.

Next several officers and firemen arrive next to them.

Supergirl already had her cape back in place so she moves away some. One of the officers is about to approach her but she lifts up about twenty feet into the air. "Next time don't take an elevator in the fire, John."

The older man drops his head back and smiles at the super hero. "Never again," he jokes back. He smiles as Supergirl takes off into the night sky.

Supergirl lifts higher and higher until she's far above all of Leesburg. She studies the Leesburg bypass and watches the traffic's headlights zip around it. With her focus on the traffic, it made her think about Kallan and how her drive is going. She figures Kallan had to be in D.C. by now, which makes her turn her head to the east where the D.C. lights are just on the horizon.

A thought blossoms in her mind, which causes her to fly down some and follow the Route 7 that leads into D.C. She watches the headlights and tail lights of the cars and trucks. She then comes to the small bridge that crosses Goose Creek and she debates what to do. She remains standing in midair and staring down at the dark lands far below. Her eyes wonder over to the Goose Creek Golf Club that neighbors Route 7. A faint smirk curves her lips.

Supergirl slowly floats down until her feet meet the green and she sits down on the soft grass. She closes her eyes and for once in several months she relaxes.

The sound of the creek babbles up to her and the leaves on the tree to her right begins

to rustle. The sounds begin to sooth Supergirl then she listens to the cars rumbling across the bridge. She feels her muscles begin to untense and her thoughts slow down.

Kallan yells goodbye to her friend one last time then climbs into her Civic. She sighs while slumping back in the driver's seat. "I hate seeing her and I love seeing her." She grumbles to nobody but the car. She runs her hand across the steering wheel then finally puts her key in. When she finally is out of the parking lot of the restaurant, she finds her way onto Route 7 west. As she merges onto Route 7, a yawn comes over her but she can't hold it back. To help her drive better, she puts the radio on then puts the window down some. The cool air whips through the window and hits the tired girl in the face.

Kallan drops her head back against the head rest. She steals a quick look at her cell phone but nobody has called or text her. She is happy though that her friend, Amanda, met her halfway instead of in D.C. because if it is one thing she disliked it is driving in D.C.

After about twenty minutes, she's only a mile from the Goose Creek Bridge but her eyes are so heavy. The constant headlights of the oncoming traffic start to put her into a sleepy hypnotic mood. Her car slightly sways off to the right onto the shoulder but the rumble strips sound in protest.

Kallan catches herself and is relieved she is in the slow lane of Route 7. She relaxes again and only too soon as her driving concentration falters and the car ahead of her pulls into her lane too soon. Kallan is shot full of fear as she instinctively brakes then pulls the wheel to the right to get onto the shoulder.

The Honda Civic suddenly loses control and Kallan compensates by turning the wheel to the left. The car though reels into the fast lane and just misses a tractor trailer's front.

Kallan then freezes when the Goose Creek Bridge's jersey curb walls are coming right at her. She closes her eyes and drops her head forward as her last prayer goes out. Just as she expects to have immense pain hit her body there is nothing but she waits yet there's still no pain. Kallan holds her breath then lifts her head to find everything dark around her but for distant lights.

Kallan's fears spike through her body as she absorbs the fact that her car is in midair. Her attention finally settles on the woman's face just over the hood of her car. "Oh my god!"

Supergirl stops herself from smirking at Kallan's shocked expression. "Just stay calm!" she hollers. "You're just fine!"

Kallan's eyes are wide, her expression stun, and all she could do is nod.

Supergirl does her best to keep the car level while turning her head to the right. She stares down at Route 7 and the flying traffic. She gradually floats down and aims for the shoulder. Just when they're about fifteen feet above the ground, she looks back at



Kallan. "Put your car in park," she yells.

Kallan blinks.

Supergirl sighs when she figures out that Kallan is in utter shock. "I can't put your car down until it's in park." She lifts a blond eyebrow at the young woman behind the wheel. "Or else I'll be run over." She could only hope the joke would filter through Kallan's shock and fears.

Kallan shakes her head when she sees Supergirl grinning at her. She clears her throat and whispers, "Right." She easily puts her car into park then finally her car is gently lowered onto the shoulder of the highway, just past the bridge. She remains sitting in the car; hand on the wheel and hand on the gear shift. What has just happened washes over Kallan like a waterfall and her stomach pitches with her emotions.

Supergirl has just released the bottom of the car and straightens up as the driver's door swings open. She's about to go check on Kallan but she stops herself when Kallan races out of the car.

Kallan runs behind the back of the car and goes into the grass, on her knees, and hunches over.

Supergirl comes around the front of the car. The distinct sound of throwing up comes to her and she frowns at seeing her friend sick to her stomach. She didn't expect Kallan to be so shaken by the events. She silently comes up to Kallan and lightly touches her back. "Are you okay?"

Kallan couldn't look at the woman. Her throat burns and her stomach is still turning. She waits for a minute then she stands up with shaky legs. "I'm sorry," she whispers without really looking at Supergirl.

Supergirl is slightly confused by the apology but she tilts her head some. "I'm just glad you're okay."

Kallan nods her head, clears her throat and moves to the passenger door. She opens it and picks up two important things she needs right now. She grabs her half leftover bottle of water and her box of Altoid mints. "Excuse me."

Supergirl steps back and watches her friend.

Kallan takes a swig of water then spits it out into the grass. She then pops in a mint to help with the taste. First she slips the box of mints into her back pocket of her jeans then while she twists the cap onto the water, she finally looks up at Supergirl. "Thank you." She shakes her head. "I don't know what happened."

"A car came into your lane and almost struck you."

Kallan nods her head. She then is about to reply but suddenly flashing lights of red and blue are coming up from behind. She turns her head to see a state police patrol car coming up behind her car on the shoulder. She turns her head back to Supergirl but she is gone. "Whaaat...." She lifts her eyes to the skies by sees nothing with it being so

dark.

"Ma'am, are you okay?"

Kallan faces the officer now. "I'm... I'm fine, sir. I was just...."

"I saw her," confirms the trooper.

Supergirl is far from ear shot but she's not out of viewing distance. She remains hovering in the night sky and watches the exchange between Kallan and the Virginia trooper. She never thought she could have a sense of fear but she had when she saw Kallan's car reeling out of control.

Supergirl had been relaxing on the green when she heard the loud honking and wheels squealing. She instantly flew up high enough and followed the sounds of the oncoming accident. For a split second, she'd felt frozen by fear when she recognized Kallan's car. Now her heartbeat is just settling back down since she knew Kallan is safe.

It took a solid twenty minutes for Kallan to finish up with the officer. The officer seemed content that the driver and car were fine. He wrote his report and then sent Kallan on her way.

Kallan puts her car into drive and drives down the shoulder until she gets some speed built up. She then left blinks into the slow lane.

Supergirl finally takes off and decides to follow Kallan to be sure she makes it home safely. It isn't long before they arrive on the outskirts of Leesburg and Supergirl watches Kallan's car weave through the large town. She then stops flying and hovers as Kallan pulls into a driveway in a housing development.

Kallan pushes her door open, turns her car off, and climbs out. She runs her fingers through her short hair then slams the door shut. As she makes her way to the garage door, she clicks the lock button on her keychain. Just after she unlocks the garage door, she senses something that makes her turn around. Her eyes scan across the street to the neighbor's yard and house then she finds what she felt she was looking for. There is Supergirl flying skyward from the neighbor's roof.

Kallan's eyebrows are tightly knitted together. "Strange," she mumbles, "I didn't think she would...." She turns away and enters the garage after deciding she really needs to sleep. Today has been much too long.

## *Part 2 - Who's in the closet?*

Supergirl silently slips into her bedroom through the window. She never thought she could be tired but tonight she certainly is. She summarizes that her human side must be kicking in. She takes a small breather then figures it's best to get ready for bed. For

the first time, she looks at her watch on her wrist and sees it's almost eleven. She needs rest because tomorrow she plans to job hunt.

Supergirl walks over to her closet and spread the hanging clothes open so she can get to the shelves behind. She carefully picks out her sleepwear for the night. Something loose, comfortable, and very soft. Just as she's about to readjust the hanging clothes, something odd catches her eye.

"Hmmm," mutters Supergirl. She pulls out the brightly colored box from the lower shelf then sits on the foot of her bed. After she deposits the clothes onto her bed, she settles the box into her lap and pulls the cover off.

Supergirl tries to run through her memories of what this box contains but nothing comes forth. She starts to weed through everything and most of it happens to be letters or cards. Near the bottom, she comes across an envelope of photos and she removes them.

Supergirl slowly flips through the photos and her memories are slowly surfacing. There were pictures of her or rather Linda and some blue eyed blond together. The photos were taken at various spots but they were either of them together or just of the blond.

"Sam," she whispers as her fingertips graze over the single profile photo of the blond. She then flips to the next photo and the next one causes her to straighten up in shock. "My god...."

Supergirl stares blankly at the photo but her eyes are suddenly filled with memories of her and Sam. Linda's memories rapidly flood Supergirl's mind and she loses grip of the photos. The photos slide off her lap and flow out onto the floor in a fan except for the one photo still in Supergirl's long fingers.

Gradually Supergirl's steel blue eyes focus back on the photo of Linda and Sam kissing. She runs her fingertips across Sam's face before she gazes over her legs and down at the spilled photos. Her eyes search over the photos and she absorbs all the romantic photos of Linda and Sam from so long ago.

Supergirl clears her throat some and runs her hand through her long blond hair. She again stares at the photos of Linda and Sam kissing. It is beyond her belief because she never realized women could... be together. It is something beyond her knowledge yet as Linda's memories bubble up she understands so much now. It now explains to her why she felt such an attraction towards Wonder Woman when in past times she never had. It even explains Kallan.

"Linda is...." Supergirl finds the word as her eyebrows are creased together. "She's gay." She suddenly stands up and walks over to the window. "I am... I'm Linda." She brings her right hand back into her hair but this time her fingers wrap around a few locks. "Linda is me." She finally pulls her hand free of her hair then lifts the photo that's still in her hand.

"I'm gay," Supergirl whispers.

Supergirl never knew if that was ever a question or a statement.

**The End.**

**End Note**

This is my first Supergirl fiction and I did start it a long time ago. I never finished it until recently because I think the new Superman movie inspired me again. I do not know if I'll ever write the planned out sequel but I am really happy to have finished this one. I cannot imagine if anybody is or would like to read about a gay version of Supergirl but the idea is always fun in my head! I hope my readers enjoyed this though, always.