The Auction

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Summary

Mature. An AU where Kara was brought aboard the Fort Rozz prison/space station before she made her journey to Earth. The Earth thwarted the invasion and now has decided to sell the remaining aliens to the highest bidder. Eventual SuperCorp.

Notes

MATURE, This story will allude to MATURE themes. Proceed with caution if you are squeamish about abuse, sexual or otherwise. Most of it I think will be past tense, alluded to by a dark history. But just the same I don’t want to make promises I can’t keep for future chapters.

Also, just in case I don’t spell it out clearly in the Prologue, this is an AU or a ‘What if’ story of if Kara, after 24 years in the Phantom Zone was pulled aboard Fort Rozz and grew up on the prison as it spent many many years traveling the distance to Earth. I tried to set up the timeline so that Kara is still approximately the age she was at the start of the show (this Kara might be just slightly younger, a year maybe, if my math is right, I’m starting at 13 for Kryptons explosion and 10 years now on Fort Rozz (9 with prisoners and 1 with humans) so 23 and I think 24 is when the show started). Only other Difference to canon I’m going with is the Earth is a little more ‘Trump’-ian or ‘build a wall’ type attitudes. Not totally or anything, but because of this, Superman is considered a vigilante, shows up a little less often, obviously to protect himself. So the people on the planet have had less alien exposure, which hasn’t helped the ‘build a wall’ ideals.
Kara lay in the bed of her cell staring up at the ceiling. It’s what she’s done day in and day out since the Earth sent an organization called the DEO to take over the Fort Rozz Space Station/Prison. There are times she’s been brought out of her cell she knows but most often since the humans have taken over nearly a year ago, she is left alone, nothing to do except lay down, sit up, or maybe pace in circles. Fort Rozz was specifically designed for Kryptonians and other powerful alien species. The cells are made from Nth metal from Thanagar. The metal has a unique way of absorbing energies projected onto it making it impossible to break or bend the bars. This is why the humans have stayed on and occupied the Space Station rather than attempt to bring what remains of the alien prisoners down to Earth. Kara sat up from the mattress in her cell as she heard the recognizable key card beep indicating someone opening her door. She looked and saw Hank Henshaw walking in.

Hank was the Director of the Earths DEO, so since the humans took over the Space Station, he was the man in charge. “Kara, one of the other prisoners has asked to see you. He says he’s your uncle.” Kara’s eyes widened at this, looking slightly confused. Hank continued, “Is he not?... Because if he isn’t I’ll put him back in his cell.”

“No, no, no, Sorry. I do have an Uncle aboard. I just… I didn’t think he considered me family anymore” Kara tried to explain.

“Do you want to see him, or should I take him back to his cell?” Hank asked.

Kara nodded, “I’ll see him.”

Hank stepped out momentarily and then returned escorting Kara’s uncle Non by the arm into her cell. Non had Nth metal cuffs around each one of his wrists, the cuffs didn’t have a chain in between them, they were hyper magnetized and when activated would snap together bringing the hands they were wrapped around extraordinarily quickly. Kara had the same bands around her wrists but hers were not activated like Non’s were. This was actually an invention of the humans and although it worked negatively against her she had to admit it was ingenious. Instead of having to fight Kryptonians to put on and take off cuffs, especially if said Kryptonian was unruly, they invented a cuff that could stay on permanently. Non, and Kara for that matter were strong enough to pull apart the bands even when magnetized, but just barely. It was a constant struggle to maintain even inches of separation between the cuffs while they were activated. So much struggle that it was generally considered a waste of energy. There was also another feature to these cuffs that helped control their Kryptonian prisoners.

The Nth metal bands were forged perfectly for each person and their wrists. They fit snugly, but didn’t hurt, so snugly in fact they couldn’t be spun around on the wrist at all. This was important because for at least in the case of Kryptonian cuffs, the inside wall was designed like a trap door of sorts. If a button was pressed by the person controlling the cuffs, the inner wall could be opened to expose Kryptonite directly to the skin of the wearer. When the trap door was closed the Nth metal was dense enough to block the Kryptonite radiation. This way a Kryptonian could keep their abilities, but at the push of a button could be brought to their knees.

After Hank brought Non all the way into the cell, he released his arm and said to Kara, “I’ll be right outside if you need anything.” Kara nodded and Hank left the cell but stepped just outside the door and to the side giving them the illusion of privacy. He left the door open so that he would have quick access to the cell and also so that he could hear their conversation.
Kara looked up at her uncle from where she sat. She scooted over on her mattress and gave an obvious motion to invite him to sit. Kara and Non’s relationship, it was no secret between the two, was strained. When Kara was brought aboard Fort Rozz 10 years ago she was still a child even though she had been floating in hyper-sleep next to the station for 24 years. No one on the station in fact had aged, not Astra, not her uncle Non, none of the prisoners. The Phantom Zone where Fort Rozz was condemned was and area of space that not even time could touch, it was an eternal purgatory.

One of the prisoners, an extremely smart Coluan had found her pod and used a tractor beam to pull her aboard. The prisoners, who by this time had taken over Fort Rozz due to the lack of government oversight from Krypton’s destruction, used coordinates inside Kara’s pod to eventually give Fort Rozz a destination, Earth. When the station left the Phantom Zone those 10 years ago was when she and all the other prisoners began to age again. The behemoth Space Station was in disrepair and it had taken over 8 years for it to reach the Milky Way system from across the Galaxy. It was her understanding that when Fort Rozz reached the Milky Way the humans were alerted to their presence and that’s when the humans began to successfully plan for the stations’ arrival, thwarting the Earth’s invasion.

Nearly a year ago now when the humans boarded the station, there was fighting, a lot of fighting Kara remembered. But Kara didn’t have any stake in the fight so she hid until it was over. Kara knew that due to her strength and power in this solar system she was being monitored and celled like every other surviving Fort Rozz prisoner but Director Henshaw had soft spot for her, he had been kind to her. And she has appreciated it because before the humans took over Kara’s life had been cruel. That was the only way to describe it.

Non accepted Kara’s invitation and sat next to her on the mattress. He started and stopped a couple times not sure how to say what he wanted to, eventually he said “Kara, I needed to apologize to you. I wasn’t a good Uncle. You were a child, and when Astra passed, I blamed you. I blamed you even when I knew within myself it wasn’t your fault. Your Aunt, she was everything to me, my wife, my confidant, my friend, my General.”

Kara still felt a lot of pain about what had happened to her after her Aunt Astra had passed but her Uncle Non seemed so sincere. “I know you loved her” Kara responded to him to let him know she would hear him out.

“I did” Non confirmed, “immensely. So much so that when you were found and brought aboard, I became jealous of her affections for you.” Kara went a little wide eyed at Non’s openness but let him continue. “Kara, we were floating aimlessly in space for many years, the stations communications were nonexistent, power was being depleted, half the prisoner population had already died from starvation. Your Aunt, General Astra is the one who put in place order and a system of checks and balances. The system was harsh but it was what was needed for our survival.”

“I remember; the food rations, the power saving, even my pod got wired into the stations systems” Kara said.

“Yes, that was because your pod’s functioning life support and Omega-hedren helped maintain the station itself. To be honest with you, if we hadn’t found your pod I’m not sure any of us would be alive today.” Non stated. “But when she died, I blamed you. I relinquished our blood bonds and let a child fend for herself amongst some of the worst individuals in the Galaxy. That was wrong of me.” Non wasn’t crying but Kara could hear the cracking in voice as he forces out what he needed to say.

At this, Kara began to feel tears at the corners of her eyes. She wiped her arm across her face to
try and prevent them from falling before they started. Kara remembered the day that her Aunt had
died trying to save her. Kara had been on the station for almost two years so she was 15 years old
then. When Kara was first pulled aboard the ship and was found by Astra and the Coluan, Indigo
they had agreed Kara would go by another name to protect her from the prisoners, the ones who
might want to hurt her in retaliation against her mother Alura, who had sentenced many of the
prisoners to Fort Rozz. Kara and Astra had not slipped up but when another prisoner who wasn’t
Indigo began tinkering with Kara’s pod, they found Alura’s message to her daughter. It was then
pieced together who Kara was. Astra fought off many of Kara’s would be assailants, but in the
end succumbed to the sheer numbers she was fighting against. Non wasn’t present or he surely
would have attempted to protect his wife. But when he did show up he was devastated by Astra’s
body on the floor, and simply watched as Kara was dragged off. “Non, if you had tried to save
me, you would have just died too” Kara told him.

“I would’ve at least died with honor!” Non shouted more at himself than at Kara. “I would be
in Roa’s light with my wife. I’m a coward. And I can’t even ask you to forgive me because what I
did, Kara, relinquishing our blood bonds, that is unforgivable.”

Kara placed her hand on his leg trying to comfort the Uncle she thought hadn’t cared about
her. “Non, I forgive you. Because there is nothing you could have done. Now, please, forgive
yourself.” With this Kara wrapped her arms around her Uncle and pulled him in for a hug. Due to
Non’s cuffs he couldn’t return it but he brought his hands up and grasps the arm that wrapped
around him.

They spent a few moments in their embrace before Non broke it by turning more to face her.
He grasped her hands and said “Kara, I do not come here for myself. Or, maybe I did. I needed to
say these things before it was too late.” Kara looked at him curiously. “You’ve heard about the
auction, haven’t you?”

With the mention of the auction Kara clenched her fists and brought them into her lap
nervously, her jawline tightened, her eyes averted her uncle’s as she looked away with
apprehension. The human government was attempting to recoup some of the cost of the Fort Rozz
mission and occupation. Hank had once told her a money figure for what it cost to stop the
invasion and to continually staff and send supplies to the station that now just orbits the Earth. She
was less familiar with human money figures but it was astronomical to say the least.

The Earth, or to be more specific a country on the Earth, the United States was using what
aliens they could in their research and military. For instance, Non, Kara knew would be going to
the USA’s military, controlled by the cuffs he wears on his wrists. Because of the trap door
function on the unbreakable cuffs, Non was still a powerhouse of strength and abilities, but one
that could be controlled by the ever present Kryptonite. The US military would be taking control
of 7 of the remaining 8 Kryptonians aboard Fort Rozz as well as about 15 other aliens of varied
species.

Kara on the other hand was deemed too docile, no use for the military. Kara’s years aboard
Fort Rozz fending for herself had taken the fight out of her. In order to prevent some of her abuse
she had learned that complying with her captors wants was less painful. And that is why Kara
became so ‘docile’. For this auction, all of Earth’s richest individuals and corporations would be
invited to bid on aliens. Aliens that had no laws to protect them, and Kara would be the only
Kryptonian to get this privilege.

Non grasped her hands, “I don’t know if I will ever see you again Kara, but like it or not you
are the only family I have left and I fear for you. With these manacles the humans have invented,”
Non held up it wrists in anger, “I fear for you the most.”

Kara looked at him, “Your going to their military. Why do you fear for me the most?”
Non shook his head “The military is what’s home for me Kara. It doesn’t matter what planet it’s on.” He brought his hands to her cheek, “I suppose it runs in the family” he said. Kara looked at him confused, “You don’t see your beauty, do you?” Non smiled softly at her. “I don’t care what planet certain….” he emphasized his next word, “MEN come from, a vast majority of them will try to control what’s beautiful, make it theirs, conquer it. I don’t wish to see that happen to you but I am powerless to stop it.”

Kara understood then, what he was saying, her abuse, likely wouldn’t stop after Fort Rozz.

Hank Henshaw was listening to their entire conversation outside the cell door. Hank was very much aware of Kara’s situation aboard the station before humans took it over and it wasn’t good. During their many talks and initial interrogations Kara had been honest with him almost to a fault. She seemed grateful after the humans had taken over the space station.

Hank knew she had committed no crime and didn’t deserve to be lumped in with the other riff raff of the ship. He felt for her because he too, was an alien refugee. He had just had the better luck not to arrive on a huge space station filled with intergalactic convicts. Being Martian, he used his shape shifting abilities years ago to take the place of Hank Henshaw. Henshaw was an alien hating bigot but he was in a high position in an organization where J’onn Jones felt he could make a difference. And he has, but humans are slow to change.

Being an alien on Earth is hard but due to another Kryptonian in a blue suit and cape, views are softening…. a bit. Superman, as the Daily Planet is calling him is still very much a wanted vigilante to government authority but there have been a number of sympathizing groups petitioning the government for his amnesty, and that’s a start. But J’onn was powerless and bound by his orders. Kara, regardless of being innocent was an alien powerhouse and according to the US Government couldn’t be allowed to wonder freely on the Earth.

Hank stepped back into the cell, “It’s time to go Non.” Both Kara and Non looked up at him completely forgetting where they were for a moment.

Non stood, “Kara, I may not be able to be there for you, but I will always care for you. And I guess that’s what I needed to let you know.”

Kara stood next and wrapped her arms around him for a brief hug. When she released him she said, “Thank you, thank you for saying what you did. I know we may not control what happens next but just knowing you care Non, it lifts me. Thank you.”

With that Hank grabbed Non by the arm and led him back to his cell closing Kara’s behind him.
The Auction Chapter 1

3 weeks after the Prologue

Lena didn’t know why she was asked to board a shuttle to fly to the Fort Rozz Space Station. The Director on board the space station, Hank Henshaw had personally called to request her presence but refused to give any details why. She guessed it might be because she was considered a leader in the fields of bio and mechanical engineering. Lena’s brain was always problem solving, trying to be five chess steps ahead of all her opponents, so going in blind like this, unknowing was really unsettling to her. She couldn’t help but think of worst case scenarios to try and prepare herself, like maybe there was a dire mechanical issue, and if that were the case then she hoped it wasn’t so bad that this would be a one-way trip. There were a lot of cons to consider to why they would need her expertise on a ship like that and they only compounded when they refused to tell her why she was wanted aboard. But then, on the other hand; Space. How often do you get that chance? So, Lena jumped at the opportunity.

When Lena exited the shuttle’s ramp she was greeted by Director Henshaw, “Welcome aboard Fort Rozz, Ms. Luther.”

Lena reached out her hand to shake the director’s. “Thank you for having me” she responded and then added with a little reservation, “I think.” Lena was looking around taking in the massive cargo bay where the shuttle had landed.

“It’s impressive, isn’t it?” asked Hank noticing her eyes taking it all in.

Lena was impressed, period. Something this size with its capabilities, even if humans had all the specs, it would probably take decades to build on Earth. So, naturally, she played it down “It’s alright” she said with a small shrug.

Hank gave just a hint of a grin reading Lena’s play. He wasn’t reading her mind even though he had the ability to do that. He’s just been around enough bureaucracy to recognize when someone’s playing tight to the chest. After all, this was Lena Luthor, one of the richest and smartest business women on Earth, he didn’t expect any less. “Well, if you’d follow me?” he gestured to the door and hall he came in from.

“I’d like to know why I’m here?” Lena asked with a serious tone.

“And I will tell you” Hank said, “Just as soon as we get to my office.

Lena pursed her lips to show her displeasure with being kept on the hook, but she had just traveled over three hundred fifty thousand miles, she wasn’t exactly going to hop back on the shuttle and go home because she had to wait a little longer. “Fine” she said and started walking in the direction the director had indicated.

While Lena and Hank were walking together down the corridors of the station Lena would try to take in as much as she could see, trying to figure out on her own why they needed her expertise on this space station. She noticed damage in many places; burn marks, panels missing with exposed wiring, they even walked by a room that had looked like it had been completely engulfed in flames at one point. The walls were black and all the equipment inside, whatever it was, was
in flames at one point. The walls were black and all the equipment inside, whatever it was, was completely charred. Lena had heard about the battle that had taken place in order to take over Fort Rozz, she imagined much of the damage she saw came from that fight. The burn marks and missing panels were just superficial though and the exposed wiring she saw, all looked new or in order so she thought they must have an engineer and electricians already on board fixing things. Lena was at a loss as to what her purpose was here.

Lena and Hank walked by a huge, floor to ceiling window that looked out into space. Lena could see the Earth and the view was breath taking so she stopped. Hank noticed and stopped with her. “Beautiful, isn’t it?” he said.

“Yes, it is” Lena was smiling as she was taking in the beauty when she responded.

“Being up here a year now, you begin to take it for granted” Hank said appreciating the view.

“I don’t know how you could ever take this view for granted” she countered.

“You’d be surprised at just what can become common place after a while” he said.

“I don’t know how seeing your planet in your rear view could ever become common place” a new voice had interrupted Lena and Hank’s conversation. Lena turned to see a dark-haired woman, possibly red, it was hard to tell in this lighting and a blonde woman coming up behind them. The dark-haired woman was a doctor based on her dress, stethoscope, and clipboard. The blonde was younger, low to mid-twenties and had eyes so blue they drew you in like they were small oceans. She was striking in appearance even though she was wearing what appeared to be more comfortable attire, workout clothing perhaps, a tank top with the DEO logo and jogging pants.

Hank smiled at the newcomers, “I assure you, even that is possible Dr. Danvers” he greeted her happily Lena noticed. “Lena this is Dr. Alex Danvers, she’s the head medical specialist aboard the station, specializing in bio engineering and pathogens.” Lena reached out to shake the doctor’s hand and Hank continued, “The DEO snatched her up when we found out she also had a fascination with astronomy, there’s no one better suited for our mission up here.”

“And that is…..” Lena said turning her attention toward him. Lena couldn’t help but drop that one in there even though she was sure she wouldn’t get a response. And she didn’t.

“And this is Kara” Hank gestured to the blonde but didn’t expand on her job description Lena noticed. She was guessing an agent, perhaps out of commission due to illness or injury, that could explain the no title and doctor Lena thought.

“How do you do?” Lena asked reaching out her hand to Kara. Lena noticed Kara hesitate, momentarily looking to the director as if asking for permission. This actually wasn’t that unusual for Lena, she’s been apart of many meetings where less ranking secretaries or employees feel the need to seek permission from their higher-ranking employers to introduce themselves or speak up, a fear of overstepping their bounds she guessed. Lena felt this confirmed Kara was on the low end of agent rankings. She was young as well, so that made sense. Lena always tried to be approachable to her employees but sometimes rank, title, and power are just intimidating to people who have little to none of their own. Lena knew it wasn’t good for business if your employees were afraid to bring up ideas with you. Sometimes ideas from the quietest employees were the best ones.

“I’m fine, thank you” Kara responded while extending her hand to meet Lena’s.

Lena pulled her hand away flexing it a bit for effect. “Firm grip” she said hoping to make the lower ranking agent smile. Lena noticed both the director and doctor seemed to be watching their
“Did I hurt you? I’m sorry.” Kara asked with a slight uptick of worry in her voice. After this, Lena caught that Hank brought his hand up briefly to cover a smile. Lena was beginning to think she was missing something, a vital piece of information.

“No, of course not” she told Kara trying to reassure her still smiling, “A strong hand shake is a great sign.”

The doctor turned to Kara also confirming it, “It is a good sign Kara, just not too hard.” Then Alex turned to Director Henshaw going into her clipboard and pulling out a manila folder and handing it to the him, “Since you’re here, here’s the updated medical charts you asked for.”

“Thank you” he replied briefly eyeing the top sheet in the folder. Hank, reduced his smile to bring things back to a more serious tone, “Alex, how about you take Kara back to her room.”

Alex nodded, “Yes sir” and motioned down the hall to Kara.

Kara looked at Lena, “It was nice to meet you” she said sincerely.

Lena responded with a smile, “And you as well.” Dr. Danvers and Kara both proceeded down the hall in the direction they were originally headed. Lena turned to Director Henshaw, “Did I miss something?” she asked wanting to be let in on whatever she had missed.

“My office is just around the corner. How about we go discuss what I asked you here for” he said gesturing to an off-shooting hall from the one they were at. Lena noticed Hank skirt her question again but complied and walked to the corresponding hallway.

Hank’s office was bare bones. Lena supposed that was to be expected since bringing your personal belongings to outer space probably wasn’t easy. In the room was only the desk, a 4-drawer locking file cabinet and a half a dozen chairs; 1 behind the desk, 2 in front and 3 along the walls probably for when more was needed. Hank sat behind his desk and Lena took a chair in front.

Hank had thought previously how he was going to broach the subject of the auction with Ms. Luthor because he knew it was a bit of a tricky subject. He figured she was a well-regarded business woman so he would try to appeal to her fact driven business senses. “Business, is what’s brought you here, I suppose. I have a proposal for you, Ms. Luther.”

Intrigued now Lena asked, “And what kind of business could I possibly have aboard an alien space prison.”

Hank explained, “It’s an alien prison now, yes. But it’s not going to be for that much longer. The US Government has bigger plans for this station, repairs are going slowly while we have to maintain so much security but many parts of the station even now are being reconfigured and updated. The Government is trying to get as much bang for their buck out of this place as possible considering how much they spent securing it. The station is being segmented into 3rds, the first is the obvious, military use. Another portion is being outfitted for research, it’s going to have the most advanced technology available and because its large enough to house astronauts and scientists from countries all across the Earth, they’re hoping the unification will advance new technologies and medicines that much faster.” Hank went on with a slight eye roll for the next segment, “There’s also a section being outfitted for the rich as you might have guessed. There’s
going to be a luxury vacation get away for those families and high-profile guests that can afford the ticket to space” he finished.

“While that’s fascinating, it still doesn’t explain why I’m here” Lena said pointing out the obvious.

Hank leaned forward in his chair, “As you said, this place currently is an alien prison and the US government needed to figure out what to do with those aliens.” Hank paused for a moment, “After we had taken over we were given a little time to figure out which aliens were useful and which ones could be safely controlled. The ones that were deemed unsafe were,” Hank seemed to struggle with the next word, “euthanized.” Lena sat up in the chair fully engrossed now in what she was hearing. “After that, there were forty alien prisoners still on the station, twenty-two were taken by the military last week for research and… other uses.” Hank reached into a drawer in his desk and pulled out a piece of paper sliding it to Lena, “The other eighteen, the lowest risk ones, are being auctioned off to billionaires and rich corporations, like yourself and Luthor Corp.”

Lena took a look at what appeared to be a flyer of sorts for the auction that the director was talking about. It wasn’t a finished advert, perhaps just a mock up but it had much of the pertinent information on it; the who, what, where, when, and how. It would be held privately in New York in six weeks’ time. “First off, I’m in the process of changing the company name to L Corp. Second, why are you telling me about this?” Lena asked feeling uncomfortable.

“The honest answer is I’m hoping to appeal to your kindness, if not that, then your business intuition.” Hank said leaning back in his chair a little bit. “In about three weeks you’ll be receiving the finished invitation to that event, but I’d like to offer an exclusive. Now.” Lena’s eyes narrowed. Hank reached for another file in his desk sliding it to Lena, “there’s and alien. An alien who doesn’t deserve to be…” Hank struggled with finding the right words, “bought by just anyone.”

“And what makes me worthy?” Lena asked.

Hank shrugged, “Oprah wouldn’t take my call.” At that statement Lena eye rolled. “She’s hands down going to be the most in demand and the most expensive alien at that event, should you decide not to purchase. She’s young, she’s beautiful. She has extraordinary abilities including extremely accelerated healing which I’m sure the Pharmaceutical division at L Corp could make profitable, VERY profitable. And she’s the last female we know of her kind……..she’s Kryptonian” Hank said with finality, as if that should be all the information she needs.

Lena’s eyes went wide, “Kryptonian? Like the Superman in Metropolis Kryptonian?” Hank nodded confirming Lena’s statement. He also braced a little inside as he was trying to gage Lena’s reaction. He knew Lena’s brother Lex went to prison in part because of Superman’s vigilante work but he also knew the Lena had publicly denounced Lex and his crimes which was also a reason for the company name change she mentioned moments ago.

Hank knew from Lena’s public appearances she was much different than her brother and WAY different that her parents who ran the company before them. Lena has been known to be much more liberal in business and in her personal life. In business she was considered tough but still found ways to be green with her company and progressive thinking. In her personal life from what Hank knew, politically; she was an independent, a philanthropist with many righteous causes she’s championed, her largest being a children’s hospital. She’s also been photographed on dates with men and woman both, and Hank knows at least publicly, she’s mentioned support for Superman’s amnesty. Hank prayed it wasn’t all for show and public sway now, because the list of people who could afford what he asked is limited.

Lena flipped open the cover of the manila folder she was handed and immediately brought her
hand to cover her mouth with shock, “Oh my God.” Lena was staring at a 4 by 6 photograph paperclipped inside the file, of the blonde girl she had just met in the corridor, Kara. Lena was fumbling her words a little but managed, “Kara, she’s… she’s an alien?”

“Yes.” Hank said simply.

Lena began pouring over the file before her, absorbing the medical charts. She paid special attention to the information on the regenerative abilities because Hank was right, the medicines and treatments that could be harnessed from those genetic codes could be priceless. Then as Lena thought of money, she thought of price. “You mentioned an exclusive, so what’s the price?” she asked.

The director let a breath escape before he answered, “Five Hundred Million” he answered. Lena’s eyes bolted open. “All research an analysis shows her auction value could push toward a billion, possibly over” Hank said as he reached for another file and slide it to her. “You’re getting the option to purchase without competition at the opening bid price” he finished.

Lena flipped open the new folder briefly but wasn’t really interested in the auction analysis and closed it quickly. Lena almost choked out “That’s a lot of money. That’s an enormous amount of money.” Lena continued “But if she’s really worth this much, why me? Why am I getting a half off deal?”

“Because I explained to a dozen Senators the ramifications of a leaked photo of a beautiful young blonde girl being sold into slavery by the US Government. That it would look horrible.” Lena cringed at the word slavery. Lena had been so distracted by the business aspect of this she hadn’t yet thought about what this really was. Hank continued, “The media backlash alone would tank years of future stock in this station” the director explained.

“So, your motives are patriotic?” Lena asked, “Trying to save the government’s investment in this station?”

Hank sat forward and said with all seriousness, “I don’t give a crap about the government’s new military toy and vacation hot spot. The DEO’s job here is done when there are no more aliens to watch over. My motives are for Kara, you met her, she doesn’t deserve to bought by some Middle Eastern King and put into a harem.”

“But the other seventeen aliens in the auction do?” Lena countered testing the director’s resolve.

Hank quickly shot back, “The other seventeen aliens were convicted felons aboard this prison. Kara was, how do I put it, a hitch hiker who has gotten caught in the crossfire. Plus, they’re not humanoid in appearance the way Kara is. They’ll be purchased for study or for some symbol of status for rich people.”

“If she wasn’t a prisoner aboard the ship and isn’t a danger then why is she being held like this?” Lena asked appalled at this girl’s situation.

Hank paused trying to choose his words. He completely understood where Lena was coming from and quite frankly he felt the government was choosing to dole out punishment before a crime was committed which he thought went against American ideals. But on the other hand he began replying, “Kara’s abilities; her strength, her power, I know she wouldn’t, but if she chose to she could wipe out a city in hours. The US government isn’t willing to risk letting a nuclear warhead roam around the Earth unchecked.”

“No, but they’re willing to give the key to said warhead to a random asshole with a lot of
money. Talk about shirking responsibility.” Lena cringed again, she was shaking her head thinking to herself, feeling very much conflicted. “The power…. how am I to be expected to control that?” she whispered to herself. They obviously have the technology on the ship to control the Kryptonian. The cells were built for Kryptonians she knew but was that it, a cage? A cage in her lab, Lena thought and she didn’t like the idea of it.

Lena was having trouble with what was probably a great business investment and the thought of venturing into what is essentially human trafficking. Okay, not ‘Human’ trafficking per say but Kara was a person. How can you buy a person? How could she support this, be a part of this at all? Whatever cloak the government was trying to defend their actions with, this was straight up profiteering and trafficking; slavery. Lena moved forward putting her elbows on the desk placing her head in her hands, messaging her temples with her fingers trying to reduce the pressure she was feeling. “I don’t like this” she said eventually, “I don’t think I can be a part of this.”

“Ms. Luther,…” Hank started but was cut off by Lena.

“No, I’m not going to be a part of this. I’m trying to turn Luthor Corp around, start fresh, new name, new ideals. I’m trying to make it a company that helps people. Same thing you said about the picture of the blonde girl being sold into slavery that would tank this station, well it would tank L Corp, it would sink me and lump me right in with Lex if a picture of an alien, in a prison cell, in my lab was leaked. No, I can’t do it.” Lena said with finality.

Hank pursed his lips and released a breath in disappointment, but he understood. In fact, he was even more sure than before that Lena was the best candidate for Kara’s care. But her decision was made and how do you argue against someone’s values, especially when he thought they were right. He heard her whisper about the ability to control Kara and the off-putting idea of a cage. He felt he should explain Kryptonite and the cuffs they had developed but now wasn’t the time. It was obvious Lena had absorbed all she could from this conversation and needed a break. If he continued to push he would only stress and anger her further, “Listen, I’m not going to push you anymore right this instant. I will have one of my agents take you to a room that has been set up for you tonight. If you’d be agreeable though, I would like you to meet Kara?” Hank asked almost pleading with his eyes.

Lena’s shoulder’s sagged as she seemed to be thinking, no good can come from meeting this girl. “I’m not changing my mind” she told Hank flatly.

“That’s fine” he said. “But you came all this way, you might as well meet an alien while you’re here.”

Lena shook her head as she knew the director was playing to her scientific mind, shit, “Fine.”

“Good, after supper then” Hank smiled taking his small victory.

Chapter End Notes

I enjoy reading your comments and thoughts so don’t be shy, let me know what you think whether it be a critique, suggestion or a pat on the back I love them all. Oh, also I'm new and less familiar to AO3 so if you have tips or tag ideas for this story let me know.
Chapter 2

After supper Hank escorted Lena down the corridors to where she would be meeting Kara. Lena was nervous. She couldn’t figure out why, the girl was nice enough before but now that she knew she was an alien, a powerful one at that, things felt different. She tried to tell herself that she wasn’t scared, that she wasn’t scared of anything. But the reality was that Kara was an element unknown, a temperament unknown, with enough strength to snap her in two. Or burn holes in her with her laser eyes, ‘heat vision’ she thought CatCo magazine was calling it when referring to Superman.

Speaking of Superman, Hank recommended that she not mention that there was a rogue Kryptonian flying around free on the Earth. He said it’d be pretty hard to explain to Kara why he was free and she wasn’t. Lena knew the answer was that the government simply hasn’t been able to catch him. But still, she understood that would be a tough pill to swallow and it could give Kara the idea of escaping herself. And as much as she didn’t agree with Kara’s situation, she did understand the need to keep such power in check.

Hank stopped at the entrance of a door, “Kara’s inside.”

“You’re not coming in?” Lena asked trying to hide the slight up-tick of concern in her voice.

“I’ll be right outside” he said with a surprised grin. Lena scowled trying to convey she was offended by him thinking she was scared even though, just a little bit, it was true.

Hank used his card key to badge the door, there was a click and she pushed it open to find Kara sitting at a table. It was a small room, a table and two chairs, that’s it. The room reminded Lena very much of an interrogation setting, not cozy or welcoming in the least. Kara stood up from the chair she was in, “It’s nice to see you again Ms. Luthor.”

“Lena, you can call me Lena, Kara.” Lena walked over and once again offered an outstretched hand, this time Kara didn’t hesitate and shook it with a smile. Lena took the chair opposite of where Kara was and sat down.

“Okay…. Lena.” Kara responded appreciating the less formal name. Kara took her seat leaning forward on the table a bit. Lena remained quiet not really sure what to say. How do you just jump into ‘you’re an alien, tell me all your secrets?’ After a few uncomfortable moments of silence Kara spoke up, “Director Henshaw said you wanted to see me?”

“He did, did he?” Lena supposed she shouldn’t be surprised that Director Henshaw would try to make this meeting her idea, “Yes, yes, I did” she answered not wanting to sound like an ass to Kara. “Sorry, I’m just…. It’s just last time we met, I had no idea…” Lena trailed off trying to
come up with wording that didn’t make her sound bigoted.

“That I was an alien” Kara finished for her.

Lena nodded slightly embarrassed, “I had no idea.”

“It doesn’t happen often up here. But it was nice, actually” Kara said. “Humans tend to get nervous when they first find out” Kara motioned to her as if she were an example of such nervousness.

“I’m not nervous” Lena quickly countered. Kara only smiled and nodded allowing her the fib. Lena couldn’t help but feel like she’d been called out, but Kara had the graciousness to not judge her for it. That made Lena feel a lot more comfortable and she felt she owed Kara some of the same directness, “I’m a scientist of sorts on Earth, rumor has it that Krypton was quite advanced. I was wondering if you could tell me anything about the technologies you had on your home planet.”

Kara beamed, “My father was one of the leading scientists on Krypton, I could tell you a lot about Krypton’s technologies.” Hearing that Lena beamed her own smile and leaned forward in attention at the table.

Kara and Lena spent over an hour speaking in detail about a power source called an Omega-Hedren, a service robot called a Kelex, and a teleporter Kara’s mother used called a Phantom Zone Projector. Lena was absorbed into absolutely everything Kara was saying. Lena would ask questions about these devices and Kara would answer them to the best of her ability. Kara explained how old she was when she left Krypton and that it had been a long time since she had been exposed to many of the technologies but it turns out, a 12-year-old on Krypton had more knowledge than most PHD students on Earth. Kara, was a wealth of knowledge and she was fascinated. Lena just prayed she would remember even half of it since she didn’t bring anything to write it down, not expecting such a fountain of knowledge.

“Krypton must have been amazing. You make it sound like it was a world full of geniuses. And the tech,” Lena paused for effect, “What I could do with one of those Omega-Hedron’s… we could power a whole city with no adverse environmental effects.”

“It wasn’t all like that. I mean Krypton was amazing, but there was just as much bad as well. The poisoning and over utilization of our planet’s resources was what caused its destruction in the first place so no it wasn’t all great” Kara explained trying to balance out the positives she spoke of before. “Besides, humans are just as smart. Some of the technology I’ve seen built or improvised up here is just as amazing.”

Lena ponders that and then asks, “Like what?”

Kara eyes begin to go side to side as she is visibly trying to come up with an answer on the spot to Lena’s question. Her hands come out in front of her and she realizes she is wearing one of the said technologies, “These” Kara says holding out her wrists in front for Lena to see.

Lena’s eyes narrowed reaching out to Kara’s wrists to study the metal bands around them, “And what are these, exactly?” Lena asks while studying them.

Kara, now suddenly nervous having to talk about the manacles around her wrists, “There… there uhm, my cuffs.” Lena looked up at Kara a little shock in her eyes but didn’t say anything so Kara continued, “The humans figured out how to melt down the Nth metal in the bars of the cells to create cuffs we couldn’t break out of.”
“I don’t see a chain. Or a place to even connect a chain” Lena said looking at Kara inquisitively.

“There isn’t. They’re thicker because on the inside there’s magnets, very very powerful magnets that can be operated remotely.” Lena noticed Kara’s demeanor change quite a bit since starting to talk about the cuffs on her wrists. Kara has become much quieter and subdued. Kara continued, “There’s also….” Kara took a visible breath, “There’s also Kryptonite.”

Lena let go of Kara’s wrists almost dropping them to the table. She met Kara’s eyes in shock. It dawned on Lena immediately, these were how the human who bought Kara was going to stay in command. Lena had heard of Kryptonite, she was probably one of few humans who did know what it was and its effects on a Kryptonian. She had a conversation about it once with her brother Lex when he was obsessing over Metropolis’s vigilante.

Lena didn’t know what to say and the awkward feeling in the room was so thick it could have been cut with a knife. Kara pulled her wrists back to her and put them in her lap hiding them under the table. Lena wanting to do something, say something, anything to relieve some of the tension in the room. Lena looked at her wanting to change the subject, “What about you? How do you do what you do? Your powers are amazing.”

“Me? Me, I know less about. I know, under your yellow Sun I have gained abilities. I’m not sure what about my biology accomplishes this. Dr. Danvers has compared it to something like photosynthesis on your planet” Kara answered.

“Your powers are fascinating, Kara, really. Don’t take this the wrong way but as a scientist I would love to study…. I guess, you” Lena said just a little uncomfortably.

Kara nodded and with a nervous smile, “I understand.”

“So, your abilities, what is it that you can do? I mean I’ve heard some, but I guess I’d like to hear direct from you” Lena asked Kara.

Kara responded “I can fly, that one to me, is the most surprising. My senses, they’re all heightened, I can hear a pen hit the ground rooms away and I can see through walls with X-Ray vision.” Lena sat forward at attention listening in amazement. “My eyes can also create intensive heat beams, I can freeze things by blowing on them, when I’m injured I heal really fast. Oh, and I’m strong, very strong.”

“All powerful” Lena commented.

Kara looked up a little confused, “What? Oh, no. I’m not all powerful.” Kara was shaking her head in disagreement.

“Of course, you are” Lena said. Kara didn’t verbally respond to Lena, but she subtly just placed her hands with laced fingers on the table in front of her, putting the cuffs in view again. The gesture was so casual, without the previous conversation about them, the gesture would’ve gone unnoticed. But having had that conversation it spoke volumes, Kara was saying she may have amazing abilities, but she doesn’t have any power.

Lena found herself in a position again trying to move past awkwardness, “Well, I find your biology fascinating. Can I ask, I mean you weren’t always super strong, so with your strength, have you ever hurt anyone before, even by accident?” Lena asks.

Nervously, Kara seemed to contemplate on that one a little bit. She wasn’t sure how she was supposed to answer it, truthfully, yes, she has hurt people, but she was a little uncomfortable saying so, “I suppose” she said.
Hank has been listening to their conversation through a small speaker and watching through a one-way mirror that looks into the room. Well, one-way mirror wasn’t exactly accurate. Hank chose this room specifically. There was a control pad near the door and when activated, it created a large window to see into the room. But due to the holographic technology of the space station the people on the inside couldn’t tell that it had appeared. Because of this, it functioned in the same way as a one-way mirror, but to Ms. Luthor’s point of view she was only seeing a wall.

As Hank had been listening to their conversation, he was pleased with how well the two seem to be getting along, but it wasn’t enough. He was concerned that Lena hasn’t brought up anything regarding Kara’s future. Lena seems to be avoiding the auction, Kara’s thoughts on it, or Kara’s life past it. All Lena’s questions to Kara have come from scientific curiosity. He’s figured out what Lena’s trying to do, she’s trying to keep it from getting personal. It’s much easier to walk away when things aren’t personal. He was hoping this meet would keep Lena from walking away. So, Hank realizes he needs to do something. He decides it’s about time he makes it personal.

“Do you want me to tell her or you Kara?” Hank directs to Kara as he walks in shutting the door behind him.

Both women turned to look at him after his surprising entrance, Kara particularly looking a little panicked about what he said. Kara turned back to the table clasped her hands together above it and looked like she was trying to shrink into herself. To Lena’s observation Kara felt uncomfortable about something. She didn’t seem to want to give eye contact anymore. Lena was starting to feel uncomfortable just watching Kara attempt to ignore his question and hide. She felt she was invading something private, “That’s okay, she doesn’t have to say” she told Hank trying to avoid the topic and help Kara out.

“But I think it’s important” Hank said emphasizing the “I”. He crossed his arms all too seriously and leaned on the wall only a few feet from them in the small room, “We, humans, had been on the station for about two months before the cuffs were developed. Before then, the Kryptonians were confined to their cells 24/7, they were too strong and too dangerous for us to safely open their cells. They were all in one cell block including Kara, separate cells of course, but Kara,” he paused looking for the right word “was heckled a lot, whistled at, shouted at. Verbally tormented would be accurate, by many of the prisoners in cells next to hers.”

“But when the cuffs were put into place it gave my agents more safety and that’s when I gave the okay to move Kara to a cell in her own block. What I regret though is not doing it myself. I gave the order to an agent of mine. He was a good agent or so I thought. He escorted her to her new cell without incident but when they got there, to her new” Hank then put emphasis on the next word, “private cell, he ordered her to remove her clothing.” Lena looked at Kara with sadness, maybe even pity in her eyes. Kara shifted uncomfortably crossing her arms across her chest, not wanting to hear this story retold. Walking over to the table looking between both women sitting there, Hank continued, “Not really knowing the full extent of the power in the cuffs on her wrists yet, Kara refused.” Hank looked at Kara proudly for a brief second.

“But my agent persisted, after about a minute of their exchange my agent decided stupidly to force her clothing off himself. Kara picked him up by his neck like he was a feather. She was only defending herself, all video footage of the event shows it. My agent struggled for a few seconds and then pressed the button on his wrist controller exposing the full force of the Kryptonite in Kara’s cuffs. Kara jerked and she ended up throwing him across the cell into a wall where he lost consciousness.” Looking to Lena now, “Kara was brought to her knees and then to the floor where she was screaming in pain. After 8 minutes, Kara lost consciousness. Kara was exposed to the highest level of Kryptonite for about 22 minutes before they were both found unconscious in that cell. Kara spent the next day and a half recovering in the medical wing” Hank said.
Lena was looking back and forth from Kara and Hank. Kara’s eyes still avoiding contact with the other two in the room staring down looking at the table and her hands in front of her, obviously not comfortable talking about this. Lena looked at Hank, “What happened to your agent?”

Hank answered, “Physically, he suffered a concussion, broken collar bone and arm. But being that Kara isn’t human, no crime was technically committed. Legally, nothing could be done, prosecutors wouldn’t press any charges. All I could get him for was insubordination and his employment has been terminated.”

Lena sat back in her chair in shock feeling completely overwhelmed by what she had just been told. Kara was still shifting in her chair uncomfortably, sometimes her arms across her chest and sometimes her hands finding placement on the table in front of her but regardless she still wasn’t meeting either of their eyes or commenting on the personal information Hank had just divulged. Lena had thought ‘how the mood had changed since her and Kara’s conversation had first begun.’

Hank looked down at Kara, “But you haven’t refused any orders since then, have you Kara?” Kara and Lena both looked to Hank a little surprised by the new tone of voice. Hank seemed to be purposely standing over Kara now, purposely looking intimidating. When Kara didn’t answer due to her confusion, Hank pressed, “Answer me” looking straight at her.

Kara straightened up in her chair nervously, “No.”

“No what?” Hank asked.

“Hey!” Lena tried to jump in, but Hank without even looking at her, held up a hand to silence her. Kara could still feel Hank’s eyes boring into her, “No, I haven’t refused any orders since then.” She then added, “Sir.”

Hank nodded excepting her answer. “Do you know why Lena’s here Kara?” he asked her. Kara looked unsure, not really knowing, “She was a perspective buyer for you Kara.” Kara’s stomach dropped with fear and she couldn’t help swallowing hard. Lena was looking at Hank with daggers in her eyes. “She WAS a perspective buyer Kara, but she said no earlier. But I think if we show her how well you listen, maybe we could change her mind.”

Kara’s eye’s darted back to Hank’s. Director Henshaw has never treated or spoke to Kara in the manner and Kara was confused. Confused and frightened.

“This is completely unnecessary” Lena said standing from her chair, anger seething from her voice. Lena wasn’t sure what game Hank was playing at but she wasn’t going to tolerate it.

Hank ignored her, “Stand up Kara.”

Kara wasn’t looking at Hank, she was meeting Lena’s eyes now breathing a bit harder from the adrenaline and fear. Kara stood from her chair. Lena was almost apologizing to Kara with her eyes.

Hank moved the chair out from behind Kara stepping behind her. He placed his hands on her shoulders, looking to Lena now, “She’s very beautiful, isn’t she?” He asked Lena as he slid his hands possessively down Kara’s arms and sides.

“Don’t touch her.” Lena just shot back to him.

“Why? She might as well start getting used to it” Hank countered. “Or maybe you’d like to? Touch, that is?” Hank said not shying away at all from meeting Lena’s eyes, almost challenging her. Hank stepped to side of Kara, “Kara, remove your clothes.”
“No!” Lena said. Kara was looking between both of them completely unsure of what to do. She looked next to her at Hank who pursed his lips and gave a nod pushing her to listen. Kara closed her eyes and started to comply reaching to the bottom of her tank and pulling it over her head depositing it on the table in front of her.

She began reaching into the waistband of her pants, when Hank said “Stop.” Kara stood there dropping her hands to her sides, in her bra and pants, her cleavage and stomach exposed, her hands shaking.

Lena sat in her chair again but facing away from what was happening on the other side of the table. She knew Hank was doing this for her. To cause her to rile up, to get her angry. It was working. It was very much working. She had to somehow find a way to ignore it. If she stopped reacting to it, it would stop, she hoped.

Hank noticed Lena sit, noticed her turn away, he knew he had to do something to draw Lena’s attention back, “Kara, turn toward me.” Hank saw Lena tense up but she didn’t return her attention. Hank brought a hand and touched Kara around her neckline. Kara closed her eyes trying to take herself out of where she was. Hank slid his hand down over her chest, slightly cupping a breast as it past finishing on her stomach. “Get down on your knees” Hank said giving his next order. Kara’s eyes shot open.

Lena turned her head at light speed. She couldn’t believe she could have possibly heard what she just did. But she must have, because Kara began lowering herself to her knees in front of Hank. Lena was physically covering her mouth with her hand, elbow resting on the table, to try and hold back her screaming.

Looking at Kara, Hank commanded, “Undo my pants.” Lena was feeling physically ill as she buried her face in her hands clenching her teeth to hold herself back. Lena then looked up seemingly unable to stop watching this train wreck.

Kara closed her eyes and turned her face away, herself unable to watch what she was about to do. Kara reached for Hanks belt and undid it. Next, she unsnapped the button on his black military pants. Hank touched Kara’s cheek guiding her face back to facing his direction and that’s when Lena lost it. Standing up, screaming at the top of her lungs, “GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY ALIEN!” Kara and Hank both stared in her direction. Lena’s hand shot up to cover her mouth as she shocked herself with the words she had just said. Lena, overwhelmed quickly walked to the door and stormed out.

Hank quickly snapped his pants and raced after her. He found Lena right outside pacing the corridor, rigid with anger. “Ms. Luthor?” He asked pensively.

Lena paused for a moment, then turned and closed the distance between them. She came up on him fast and slapped him as hard as she could across his face making a huge ‘crack’ noise in the corridor. After a second had gone by, she decided that had made her feel better so she wound up to do it again, this time Hank blocked her incoming hand. She pulled away from him and flexed her hand still feeling the after-shock of the original slap. Hank brought his hand up to his face covering where she hit him. Hank put up his hands in surrender showing he was there to talk.


Hank brought his hand up running it through his hair obviously uncomfortable. He turned away from Lena, one hand on his hip and placing the other on the wall that looked into the room leaning on it. Hank looked in on Kara, and Lena finally coming out of the peak of her anger noticed the view into the room and saw Kara as well. Kara was still on her knees, but her posture was
completely deflated, hunched over and arms wrapped around herself. “There aren’t that many Billionaire’s in the world” Hank said. Lena looked at him but didn’t say anything wanting him to finish. “But with the price she’ll go for….” He stood, raised his hands and dropped them in a defeatist gesture, “98% of the world’s Billionaire’s are men and 100% of the ones who would buy her,” He shook his head, “They’re not buying her to play cards with or to have a Supernanny. Just so you know, I wasn’t going to let that go any farther than that. It’s just…..” Lena released a breath she didn’t know she was holding, “you needed to get my attention” she finished his sentence for him and he nodded. “That comment earlier today, ‘Oprah didn’t return your call’, that wasn’t a joke was it?”

Hank shook his head, “too busy running her Presidential campaign.”

“You what? Just went down the list of female Billionaire’s, called them up and tried to sell them an alien?” Lena asked a little exasperated.

Hanks eye’s narrowed, “Well, when you put it like that, it doesn’t sound good does it” he answered. “I my defense that’s actually a very short list. When I got to you I was running out of options so I just asked you to come up here and meet her yourself, hoping that would seal the deal.”

“But when it didn’t…” Lena verbally nudged him to continue.

“But when it didn’t I pushed” he said indicating the room they just came from.

“Whose to say, I don’t buy her and do exactly what it was you were trying to prevent?” Lena was trying to counter his thought process.

Hank actually smiled and gave a small laugh, “I’m sorry call me biased or old fashioned, whatever you want but I guess I can’t picture you, or any woman doing to her what a man could. Sex? Sure. Take her home use her for your own pleasure if you wish. But with you, with a woman…there would at least be respect there, mutual pleasure. A man would see her as an object, he would turn the Kryptonite on high just to see what it would do. With a man it’s about control and possession and I just couldn’t let that happen to her, not with what she’s already been through.”

“You don’t think fairly highly of your fellow man, do you?” Lena told him.

“Experience” he said. “I don’t hear you countering my opinion.”

“I don’t think very highly of my fellow billionaires” she said.

Hank looked back into the room, “I need to get back in there.”

Lena just nodded to him and he turned and stepped back into the room. Lena watched as Hank grabbed Kara’s shirt from the table and knelt next to her handing it to her. She clutched it tightly to her chest. She couldn’t hear what Hank was saying but Kara was nodding, apparently understanding. Hank put a hand on her shoulder and pulled her in to an embrace. Kara seemed stiff at first but then buried her head and eyes into his shoulder and he rocked her, holding her. And in this moment Lena thought, ‘Fuck, she had just bought an alien.”

Chapter End Notes
Just to let you know it might be a few weeks before the next chapter gets up, July is going to be busy. I LOVE reading your comments so please leave one if you like what's going on. Also I have one more good scene idea to get to for this story, not that there won't be more as it evolves but if you have thoughts feel free to send them to me.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Auction Chapter 3 (approx. 2 weeks later)

Two days ago, Lena had sat across from Senator Crane finalizing the last of the purchase arrangements concerning Kara, her new Kryptonian property. Lena found out that Kara’s case was being treated differently than the other aliens that would end up in the auction. Perhaps it was due to Kara’s power level or maybe it was the fact that she looked so human. Either way, the amount of paperwork involved was so extensive Lena was beginning to think it would be easier to purchase ocean front property in Kansas. There were non-disclosure agreements, confidentiality statements, tax forms, security arrangements, contractor requirements, privacy agreements, and many other forms. The government had their hands all over setting up this sale. And yet, there were also thousands of pieces of paper it seemed set up to deny any knowledge of this transaction. After all, the US government wouldn’t want to be caught involved selling someone who looked so human.

Because of all the conditions for bringing Kara down to Earth, the last two weeks for Lena has gone by in a whirlwind. She’s had security analysts and contractors in an out of her homes and business on nearly a daily basis since she landed, trying to keep up with the demands that seem to get more extensive each day. Yesterday, Lena finally passed inspections for her country home just outside of National City. Her home had been inspected by an Agent Vasquez of the DEO to make sure that all of the requirements were met. Some of those requirements set by the US government were that Lena’s home be outfitted with a Nth metal cell, Red Sun light lamps and that Lena herself be fitted with a Nth metal wrist controller for Kara’s cuffs, now in place, Lena just like Kara, would not be able to remove it. Luckily it disguises fairly well as a bracelet.

Originally the government was also wanting Lena to install the Nth metal cells at her L Corp lab and at her Penthouse, but Lena negotiated to just installing the Red Sunlight lamps in a room at each location. Lena would’ve preferred not having the cage in her country home as well but they were not budging and were requiring it at Kara’s main residence. Lena normally stayed at her penthouse in the city but she felt that reclusiveness was probably a better idea for Kara to acclimate to Earth. Besides, it’s a short drive to National City, only twenty minutes to the city limits and not more than fifteen minutes to get downtown after that, where the L Corp building was located. Lena felt the drive was very much worth Kara being more comfortable.

Today was the day that Kara was landing on Earth for the first time. Lena was escorted onto Kennedy Military Base where she would watch the shuttle carrying Kara land. Lena hoped she was hiding it well but she felt her nerves kicking up again. Over the past two weeks she’s gone from one thing on her to do list to another, plus trying to run L Corp. She just hasn’t had time to think about what exactly she was doing so it hasn’t hit home the way it was now. It wasn’t so much Kara, Lena knew from her last meet with Kara that she had started out nervous, but it had fallen away quickly. Kara was sweet, kind, helpful, knowledgeable, and way too compliant. But then again Lena thought, she hasn’t had her world stripped away the way Kara has. Nor has she got radioactive material strapped to her wrists the way Kara has. She really wasn’t in a place to judge. Lena only knew that Kara was a young woman who’s gotten a raw deal.

What Lena was most nervous about right now, was all the red tape. Senator Crane was clear that the government would disavow any knowledge of the existence of Kara and their agreement. That
Lena would remain Kara’s guardian ONLY IF Kara didn’t become a media fiasco. Lena had asked “What defined a ‘media fiasco’?” She wasn’t given definitive parameters which is where Lena is far more comfortable. It was just stated that it wasn’t so much that absolutely no one could know who Kara was and where she came from, but that she best play it tight to the chest, because if humanitarian rights groups began swarming, the plug would be pulled and Kara would disappear. Lena was worried about what that meant for her studies and investment, which she FULLY intended to get back. But most of all she realized, she was terrified for what that meant for Kara.

Today was a beautiful day, very bright, 75 degrees and not a cloud in the sky, perfect. The shuttle landed and Lena waited with abated breath next to her red Tesla Model S convertible as the shuttle taxied to the hanger nearby. When the shuttle stopped Lena walked to the backside where the cargo door would open. When it did, at first Lena couldn’t see anyone, but after just a few seconds she saw Dr. Alex Danvers, minus the lab coat. The doctor today was dressed no different than any of the other DEO agents Lena has grown used to seeing, black military pants, boots, and black polo with the DEO logo. Dr. Danvers motioned for someone to come along and then Lena saw her.

Kara, stepped to the exit of the cargo shuttle wearing the same style clothes Lena had last seen her in, a DEO tank top, jogging/yoga pants, and thin slip on shoes. Kara’s blonde hair was down cascading around her shoulders and Lena stepped closer so that she could see what she was most looking forward to, Kara’s eyes so blue and deep as oceans. That’s when Lena noticed something was wrong. Dr. Danvers helped guide Kara down the cargo ramp as Kara was squinting badly and was trying to block her eyes from the light with her hands. Then Lena noticed as well, the magnetism feature in Kara’s cuffs, was turned on.

Lena met the doctor at the bottom of the ramp with much more anger in her voice than she meant to, “Why are her cuffs on? And what happened to her eyes?”

Alex responded to Lena calmly, making it obvious to Lena that a calm demeanor was probably best for Kara right now, “Everything is fine” she told Lena. “This is just the first time Kara has been under any direct sunlight in many, many years. It’s just a VERY sunny day. Kara, you’re doing great. It’s just going to take a minute or two for your pupils to adjust.” Alex turned to Lena, “As for the cuffs, I’m under orders from even higher than the Director that they were to remain activated until our transfer was complete and your wrist controller was tested.”

Lena calmed herself, took a breath and very much tried to start over with a much more natural tone, “Welcome to Earth Kara.”

Lena could tell Kara’s eyes were already adjusting to the new lighting conditions, she had lowered her hands from blocking the rays and was now just squinting a bit, “Thank You” Kara answered. With Kara’s vision getting better both Lena and Alex watched in amazement as Kara began taking in Earth and her surroundings. Her eyes were getting wider, filled with awe at her new world. Kara looked up to the blue sky, she followed the flight path of an eagle to across the landing strip beyond the fence to lush green trees. Kara actually walked around the other side of the cargo shuttle to get a less impeded view. She was smiling. Kara was beaming with happiness ear to ear regardless that the cuffs magnets were turned on. Lena watched as she knew that at least momentarily, Kara had completely forgotten her troubles. “It’s beautiful” she said to Lena and Alex as they walked up next to her.

Lena was smiling as well, watching this alien gaze upon the Earth for the first time was mesmerizing. “Is it anything like Krypton?” Lena asked.

Kara slowly began shaking her head, “No, not really. Krypton’s sun Rao was a Red Giant. It gave everything a red hue. The blues and greens you have here are so…. rich. Plant life didn’t grow
this abundantly either, the soil was too dry. Is your whole planet like this?”

Lena answered, “A lot of it. But there are vast areas of deserts, and mountains as well.” Kara nodded in acknowledgement to Lena’s answer but remained focused on her view.

A voice came up behind the women, “If you lot are done looking at the scenery, we’ve got business to attend to” it said gruffly.

The three women turned around to see who was addressing them but it was Dr. Danvers who responded, “General Lane.” Alex continued in a voice that was hard to mistake her dislike of this man, “How pleasant it is to see you again, sir.”

The General approached, “Ms. Luthor” he greeted while extending his hand. “Dr. Danvers”, he simply nodded his acknowledgement. Then looking passed both women towards Kara, “This must be your alien then?” he sneered slightly unable to keep some of his disgust from showing.

Lena responded, “Her name is Kara” she said implicating he play nicer.

With a raised eyebrow, “If you ladies will follow me?” General Lane turned and began leading them into the base.

Once inside the base’s hanger they swung just inside to an office. General Lane shut the door, “I’m simply here to oversee the successful transfer of power over this al…… Kara, to you, Ms. Luthor.”

“Changing the settings of Kara’s cuffs to respond to Ms. Luthor’s controller is a really quick process. It could have been done outside” Dr. Danvers explained.

“Well, get on with it then” the General pushed not so nicely.

Alex gave her head a small shake to release her frustration with General Lane but complied because the sooner this was done the sooner she could be away from him. She set a small pelican case down on the desk and pulled out a hand-held scanner. Alex walked over to Lena who held out her wrist to her. Alex held the scanner over the bracelet and an audible ‘bleep’ was heard. She pushed a few buttons on the touch screen and then repeated the process over Kara’s wrists, each.

“There, all readings look good. I’m picking up the signal and the cuffs are communicating. Everything is complete.”

“Good” General Lane looked pleased. “Now, prove it” the General said with all seriousness in his voice.

“What?” Lena asked. Kara began looking at Lena with concern.

“I’m answering to a Senator, I need to SEE with my own eyes that the cuffs are working” the General said.

Lena was about to protest more when Alex approached her confidently, grabbed her wrist and pushed a small button on the touchscreen. Kara cringed last second, not really having much time to react. Then, Kara’s cuffs demagnetized and her hands dropped loose. Kara smiled with relief and began massaging the area around the cuffs on her wrists. “There, they work” Alex responded feeling like she got around what the General was implying they do.

“Well, that’s one of the features I need to see” General Lane responded coldly. “I also need to see them snap back and for Ms. Luther, HERSELF to toggle through the Kryptonite levels.”

Alex interjected, “I was told only that Ms. Luther’s controller needed to be tested.”
“And I’m telling you what the test actually is” said the General unflinchingly.

Lena responded, “Senator Crane is going to hear about this”, trying to make the General back down.

“You’re right, she will. Who do you think I’m reporting to?” said General Lane. “You don’t actually think we’re testing your controller, do you? The cuffs on that alien’s wrists”, he pointed to Kara, “are pointless if the person holding the remote is afraid to push the button.”

“This is sadistic” Lena spat.

“These are the terms, take them or leave… her” General Lane said with finality.

Lena was about to go another round with the General when Kara stepped in front of her, “It’s Okay, it’s alright” she said putting up her hands trying to calm the heiress. “I’ll be alright. It’ll hurt… but I’ll heal” Lena half wondered if Kara was trying to talk herself into it now.

Lena shaking her head said quietly to Kara, “This isn’t right.”

Lena learned a lot from the way Kara responded next. Kara turned to the General briefly, let out a sigh and shrugged, then returning her gaze back to Lena she said, “Maybe not. But I just want to go home.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for returning to the story, I appreciate all your kind words. With that being said please leave a comment, blurb, critique, review, suggestion, anything really. Just let me know what you think. I like hearing from you.

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