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 relationship but it will not happen over night.

Reiterating MATURE.

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 lack of alien interactions, Superman is considered a vigilante, shows up a little less often, obviously to protect himself. The people on the planet have had less alien exposure, which hasn’t helped the ‘build a wall’ ideals.
Kara laid 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 is brought out of her cell she knows but most often since the humans have taken over nearly a year ago, she is left alone, she is left 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.

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 knew that she had been floating in hyper-sleep next to the station for 24 years. 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.

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 pull her aboard. 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 devasted 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 Rao’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 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

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.
Chapter 1

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 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 exchange with intense curiosity.

“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 a lower ranking agent smile. Lena noticed both the director and doctor seemed to be watching their exchange with intense curiosity.

“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. Luthor.”

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.”

“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 intution.” 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 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 show’s 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 knew 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 sked, “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 be 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

Chapter Summary

Kara and Lena have a sit down.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Auction 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 realises 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 uh, 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 asked.

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
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.

“He?” 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 to Lena 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 Hank’s 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.” 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 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.”

“No 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.

“What’s 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 wont be more as it evolves but if you have thoughts feel free to send them to me.
Chapter 3

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 Sunlight 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 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 much Kara, Lena knew from her last meet with Kara that she had started out nervous, but it had fallen away quickly. 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Kara was sweet, kind, helpful, knowledgeable, and way too compliant. But mu...
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 confidentily, 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.
Okay, So I'm calling this a bonus chapter because I really didn't mean to write the Kara torture scene. I think you can see how I started and I meant to just basically summarize it but then it became a full flashback. The only way I can describe it just came pouring out I guess. You can choose to read it or not. There isn't too much by way of story progression here so if you skip you won't miss too much.

AGAIN! Don't read if you are sensitive to Kara being in PAIN. There is very little story progression in this chapter!

Sorry it's been a while. A LOT has gone on with life but I have already started the next chapter (what I really meant to write) and I am going to aggressively try to complete it and hope it can be posted sometime over this weekend.

Don't read if you are sensitive to Kara being in pain.

The Auction Chapter 4 (Bonus Chapter)

After Lena had proven herself and confirmed that the cuffs worked to General Lane’s satisfaction Dr. Danvers helped Lena assist a now weakened and wobbly alien to her car. Lena seat belted Kara in and she waited while Dr. Danvers and Lena talked. Alex gave Lena a brief rundown of the ‘How to Take Care of Your Kryptonian for Dummies’ handbook and handed Lena her card and a folder which was Kara’s updated medical charts and what the DEO did know about her biology, “Kara is very resilient. She’s normally very capable answering questions about herself. But if you need anything call me, day or night.”

Lena placed her hand on the doctor’s shoulder, “Thank you for everything you did in there.” Lena gave a solemn look at Kara who had leaned back in the seat with her eyes closed, then back to Alex, “I don’t think I could have finished that without you there.”

“You would have. Because you had to” Alex let her know. “It’s a shit situation Ms. Luthor, it really is, but, and I have talked to Kara about this, if Kara had gone to the auction…” Alex shakes her head, “Well, it could have been much worse and it isn’t because you stepped forward for her. She owes you a lot and she knows it. And I thank you too. Kara and I became… I don’t know if friends is the term to use considering I was her prison guard but I grew to like her and I’m sure you will too.”

Lena gave a slight nod and reached out to shake the doctors hand, “Yes, I’m sure that I will” she said as she took another glance at the alien in her passenger seat. Lena, still feeling her own nerves slightly trembling in her body made it to the driver’s seat and left the military base.

Lena and Kara were speeding down the highway in Lena’s red convertible sports car. Lena’s usually someone who likes to drive fast and push the limits, especially on the rare occasions she’s out on the open highways like this. But this afternoon Lena had the car’s cruise set for just a couple over the speed limit, not trusting her nerves to maintain a consistent speed. She’s not sure exactly if she’d be more apt to speed right now or end up doing the exact opposite and go too slow but she wasn’t going to risk either. She was pretty sure no police officer was going to pull her over for 2 miles over and after her experience while picking Kara up she wanted nothing more than to get herself and Kara home as fast as possible, WITHOUT dealing with anymore authority.

The car ride from the base had been excruciatingly quiet. Lena didn’t know what to say, didn’t even know if Kara wanted her to say anything. The Sun was shining down on Kara in the topless car and Lena couldn’t help but think she seemed so innocent, that everything happening to Kara seemed so unfair. Kara was leaning back into the passenger chair and door as far as she could. Lena wondered briefly if she should let Kara know that she could adjust the seat to lay farther but looking at her, she just couldn’t bring herself to disturb her when she finally seemed to be resting. Kara’s eyes were closed, head tilted back, hair blowing around her face in the open air. Kara had her arms in her lap, hands open, palms facing up. To most it would almost look as if Kara were doing some form of meditation but Lena knew better. Kara had told her once that her abilities worked much the same way as photosynthesis, Kara was sun bathing. Lena was thankful she brought the convertible now, because Kara was trying to heal.

Lena felt sick over what General Lane had made her do. Her options to leave Kara with that sadistic son of a bitch or to intentionally expose Kara to the Kryptonite in her cuffs is about as rock and hard place as Lena has ever remembered being. She didn’t want to do it, obviously. But leaving Kara wasn’t really an option either. And when Kara told her to “do it”, to “get it over with” Lena’s shoulder sagged, she pressed her lips together and released a frustrated breath in resolution. She gave Kara a barely perceptible nod and slid the Kryptonite Level to 1 on her bracelet. Kara’s reaction was immediate. Kara’s eyes shut and she leaned forward bracing her hands on her knees preventing her fall, her mouth clenched as she attempted to hold back a scream from the obvious pain she was feeling.

Lena was about to slide to the next level when she heard, “No, not yet” from the General, he was looking at his watch, “Five more seconds.”

Lena exasperated “What?” she couldn’t take looking at Kara hunched over in the pain she was in and when he didn’t explain she pressed, “Why?”

He ignored answering her question initially concentrating on his watch as if she were a distraction. Then he pointed at her, giving her permission to go to the next level. Lena HATED being given permission, she’s not someone that generally needs permission to do anything. Her lip curled in
anger, but she also knew she needed to get this over with. Lena slid her finger over one notch on the small touch screen of the Nth metal bracelet, to level 2. Kara’s knees buckled and they hit the floor and the scream she was fighting found its way out as a groan through gritted teeth. Kara’s body was hunched and tense, hands were opening and closing from loose to fists, back to loose and so on. She was trying to shake it off, as if she could. Breaking her worried look on Kara, Lena heard the General say, “Ten seconds per level.”

She looked over at him exasperated, partially shocked “Are you crazy?” she yelled, “There are three more levels!”

General Lane only infuriated her more by not giving a damn, only staring at his watch. “I’m aware of how many levels there are,” he answered. He began raising his hand again, getting ready to point to her to tell her when to hit level 3.

Lena’s body tensed, a hand instinctively went over her mouth in frustration and the other clenched in a tight fist. The General pointed to her. Releasing her breath, she notched the Kryptonite level up to 3. Kara screamed, unable to contain it any longer as she curled herself into an upright ball burying her head in her knees. Her fists hit the ground in front of her and what was left of her residual strength put a small crack in the concrete. She balanced herself on her knees and elbows quietly whimpering, hiding her head in her arms. Lena looking at Kara’s clenched fists could now see the green of the Kryptonite seeping in Kara’s veins away from the cuffs into her forearms.

Lena turned her back for a second unable to look at what this was doing to Kara anymore. Her head was down and her eyes were closed trying to expel the tension and frustration she was feeling. But she had to turn back, she didn’t want to miss the General’s cue. Every second delayed was more agony for Kara. When she turned back she found Dr. Danvers on her knees at Kara’s side rubbing her back. The doctor was attempting to reassure Kara, telling her she would be alright. Lena couldn’t be sure but she thought she saw Kara’s head nod, words seemed to be beyond her abilities right now.

Lena was grateful to the doctor in this instant. It’s something she wished she could do, she felt guilty about not doing it first, but she couldn’t. She just couldn’t. She couldn’t be the one cranking up the pain and trying to comfort her victim. She wouldn’t be able to finish, and she had to finish. Five levels, fifty seconds, this was turning out to be the longest minute in Lena’s life and she couldn’t imagine what it was like for Kara. The General gave the signal for Level 4. Lena notched it up.

Kara had just gotten her whimpering under control only to belt out again. She rolled onto her side, further into her tight ball, but eventually her body straightened itself out on her back. The green in Kara’s veins moved up past her shoulders to the base of her neck. She was tense, her ab muscles tightened, sitting her forward into crunches only to fall back. Her knees would come up only to fall. Her eyes were open wide but they didn’t seem to focus on anything. Her hands were tugging and pulling at her shirt until Dr. Danvers pulled the shirt from her grasp. Removing the shirt from her hands turned out to be a bad idea because Kara’s hands were seeking release. Her hands went to the elbows of the opposite arm and then dragged her nails down her forearms leaving small red lines, blood trailing, as her nails broke skin.

Lena gasped and covered her mouth. The doctor responded by pulling Kara’s hands away. Kara struggled because muscle tension and instincts seemed to want her to wrap around herself. Dr. Danvers pulled Kara up into a sitting position, holding Kara against her in sort of a strait jacket hold. Alex looked to the General, “Please, no more” she begged.

“All the levels” he responded simply.

Alex swore she saw a small satisfied smirk on the General’s lips which pised her off. She yelled at him, “It’s not about controlling her anymore! Look! I can hold her. She’s breaking her own skin. She’s lost her powers. If we go up another level, it’s just about pain!”

“All the levels” he responded simply again. He began raising his pointer finger again about to signal Lena to Level 5.

Alex looked to Lena, she began pulling Kara’s arms away from her sides holding her hands out in front of her as steady as she could, “Lena, before you hit 5 you need to turn the cuffs on.”

Kara whimpered a soft “no” barely audible.

“Lena, turn the cuffs off!” Alex pushed. The signal came from the General. “Then help me hold her!” Alex partially yelled.

Lena’s finger hovered over her bracelet, 1 second… 2 seconds wasted. Lena pushed the touchscreen and Kara’s wrists snap together. Then she knelt next to Kara on the opposite side of the doctor and slid the Kryptonite to the max, Level 5. She grabs hold of Kara’s upper arm to hold her steady just as Kara’s body jerks so violently that for a few seconds she’s nearly horizontal to the floor being held up only by her feet, her legs pushing straight out stiff as a boards with Alex and Lena’s hands wrapped around her arms holding her about a foot from the ground.

They lower Kara to the ground and when her back touches, she arcs off the floor. Kara’s eye lids have closed to just barely blinking slits, her hands are trying to pull away from the women’s grasps and even as weak as Kara is Alex and Lena struggle against Kara’s twisting movements, the cuffs help keep what would be two flailing arms center and in front of her. The green in Kara’s veins has traveled up into her face and down into her chest over her heart and lungs. Lena terrifyingly notices now Kara hasn’t screamed on Level 5. Her breath seems to have caught and she can’t release it. Kara isn’t actively breathing.

Dr. Danvers notices this too, “You pull her your direction, I’ll push. We need to get her on her side.”

Lena does as she’s told but as they’re fighting Kara’s straightening muscles they end up with Kara a little more on her stomach than on her side. It works though, pressure from Kara’s own arms being pushed into her diaphragm cause her to release her breath. Then there is a sharp intake of air
and Kara grits her teeth and groans. Lena looks at the General, “This is done!” as she slides the Kryptonite toggle back down to zero. Instantaneously Kara’s body goes slack. She’s still half on her side half on her stomach, being held up by the angle of her cuffed arms. Her breathing is quick paced and deep, trying to bring her oxygen up.

General Lane gets up from the edge of the desk he was sitting on, “You’d just reached 10 seconds” he said with a satisfied grin. As he began to walk to the door, “Congratulations on your purchase, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena looked up at him and if looks could kill he would be in dire conditions right now. “You’re a sick son of a bitch, you know that?” she said through gritted teeth. The General turned to look at her before exiting the room, pausing just briefly acknowledging he heard her. He didn’t say anything, just politely smiled with a nod and exited as if nothing that had just happened bothered him at all.

Chapter End Notes

Remember to leave me a blurb, critique, suggestion, review, and thoughts in the comments. I appreciate them.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

As promised, posted by the weekend. I hope you like it because I had fun writing this one once it finally got going.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Auction Chapter 5

Kara’s eyes opened wide as she entered Lena’s country home for the first time. Not far above and in front of her hung a beautiful chandelier and looking past that was a large and open family room. Directly to the left was a curved dark cherry wood banister that followed a staircase to the second floor. The dark glistening wood was used throughout, accented with antique stained-glass windows, black rod iron in the banister and rugs made from European fabrics. Kara wasn’t aware of country, modern, or contemporary furniture styles and decorations but the home mixed the modern with the rustic seamlessly.

Lena’s home was about as high tech as they came. Key pads and even voice activation, controlled functions all through out the house. The living area had extremely expensive large leather furniture that pulled in the rustic feel but paired well with modern elements like the coffee table, lamps and a 70-inch television which sat in an oversized entertainment center. Open to the living room was a massive chef’s kitchen filled with high end appliances, a massive island with built in seating, quartz counter tops, and cabinets that scaled to the twelve ft ceilings.

Kara walked in a few more steps taking in more of the home, then turned to Lena, “Your home is beautiful Ms. Luthor.” The open car ride had healed Kara and had seemed to have rejuvenated her spirits.

Lena dropped her keys on a little table under the staircase, “Thank you…” She said smiling, “I want you to think of it as your home as well. You can go anywhere you want on the property, nothing’s off limits.”

Kara’s arms were crossed over her chest because she was still very nervous but having Lena tell her that there was no where she couldn’t go, that she was without limits made her smile not only on her face but deep down in her core. This is because Kara’s life has been nothing but limits ever since Krypton’s destruction. Kara turned to face Lena, “I uhm… I need to thank you…” She nervously rambled, “For taking in me in. I know you didn’t originally want this and I just…. I know I owe you and if there is anything I can do….”

Lena cut her off, “Kara, you don’t have to thank me. Not for doing what was right for me to do in the first place.” Lena made her way forward and placed her hands on Kara’s shoulders in a caring manner, “Look, in this house, on this property I want you to feel safe. But if there is something you can do for me Kara it’s to trust me.” Lena released a little breath not really meeting Kara’s eyes for a second. Inwardly she was a bit amused at herself and wondered if this qualified as ironic. Literally, being the CEO of a top 100 fortune 500 company she bossed people around all day and here she was, uncomfortable asking Kara for something. But this to Lena was different, felt different. If her employees didn’t listen to her at work she would fire them, not cause them physical pain. She didn’t own her employees, they had free will. They did her bidding because she paid them to, not because they had to. She DID own Kara as uncomfortable as that thought made her feel and Kara wasn’t allowed her free will.

Success at L Corp was judged by an overall profit margin, you could lose money in R and D and gain in Pharmaceuticals and still come out a winner. But success here was much more specific, control over Kara, and if she failed, Kara would be taken away to who knows where. Probably by black ops in the middle of the night and that would be that. “I hate even saying this because of what it implies but,” for visual effect Lena grasped Kara’s wrists gently and held them up in view, displaying both Kara’s and her own Nth metal bracelets, “Right or wrong, in the world out there, there is a lot politics. And I’m going to need you to trust me; to follow my lead. I’m going to need you to listen to me and do what I say if I’m going to keep you safe. Can you do that for me Kara?”

Kara sensing Lena’s seriousness nodded and said “Yes” in response.

Lena released a nervous breath, “Okay then…. She smiled trying to lighten the mood. Turning Kara around gently, “Let’s stop being so serious for a little while shall we. Why don’t I show you around your new home?”

“I’d like that” Kara nodded and did her best to relax into Lena leading the way.

Lena led the way through the living area showing Kara around and then out the patio doors. Seeing how happy Kara was when she was outside Lena commented “I have a feeling your going to be out here a lot” with a small laugh.

“Probably” Kara responded with a smile, “I think it’s just that I’ve been inside for so long.” The patio area was luxurious, it had high-end grilling equipment, enough seating including lounging chairs for a small party, a decorative stone waterfall spilled into a pool/hot tub combo and the yard was beautifully green and well-manicured. Kara was looking off and beyond the manicured grass to a dense tree line. “How far does the property go?” she asked.

Lena thought about that wondering how to explain because she wasn’t really sure if Kara had a grasp of human measurement systems yet. “The property itself is about a thousand acres” Lena paused looking at Kara for any confirmation she understood the size. Kara made a cute straining face that said she didn’t and Lena laughed. “Uhm okay, the road in front of the house that leads to the highway we were just on, that highway is the property line in that direction.”
Kara nodded understanding.

“This house backs up into a National Park” Lena said pointing into the tree line. “I like my privacy” Lena said explaining. “I believe the property line that direction goes up to the spot where the hills start to incline into the park.”

“So, it’s a pretty large property” Kara exclaimed. She also made a mental note of her boundaries.

“Yes, we’re pretty alone out here. The nearest house is about three miles that way and I believe a rich actor owns that as a vacation property. He’s only there I think two months in the winter to escape New York weather and that’s if he isn’t filming something somewhere. Technically, the National Forrest is open to the public but this section right here is nowhere near any of the mapped-out hiking trails. I’ve never seen anyone on those hills” Lena told her. “I do have an on-call housekeeper for the place and now that I’ll be staying here more she’ll be coming out to help keep the place in order. There’s a landscaping company that comes out and takes care of the grounds on Thursdays.”

“Stay here more?” Kara asked. “Where did you stay before?”

“Oh, I have a couple properties” Lena answered. “I usually stayed in my apartment in the city, it’s closer to my work.”

Kara felt a little bad for inconveniencing Lena, “We can stay there if that’s what’s easier for you. I didn’t mean to change things for you.”

“I think I needed the time away from the city anyways so don’t worry about it. This will be good for the both of us” Lena told Kara smiling. Not wanting Kara to dwell on it she said, “Let’s go back in and I’ll show you the rest of the house.”

Lena led Kara back inside, “So, this is the kitchen.” Lena then went into trying to show Kara where the cooking things were like the pots and pans, utensils, plates, and where the garbage was. “This here is the pantry” she said opening a door with slats just off the kitchen. Lena pointed just further down that direction, “That door goes to the garage where we parked the car.”

“What about this door?” Kara asked motioning to a door between the pantry and the garage. Lena looked a little nervous about answering that but told Kara the truth, “That leads to the basement.” She paused a little before continuing, “It’s where I have a lab set up.”

Lena noticed Kara’s breath hitch just a bit but to her credit she recovered quickly, “Can I see?” Kara asked.

“You’d like to?” Lena asked making sure.

Kara nodded.

Lena led the way down the stairs allowing Kara to follow at whatever speed she would like to. The bottom of the stairs opened to a large laboratory. There was chrome everywhere and the smell was very sterile. The place was filled with stainless steel tables, lab equipment and a decent sized wall full of science journals and text books. Kara began looking over the lab equipment, “A lot of this stuff Dr. Danvers had on Fort Rozz.”

“So, you’re familiar with it?” Lena asked feeling a little relieved that Kara didn’t seem threatened by it.

“Some of it,” Kara’s eyes stopped on one machine in particular studying it, “This, I swear though my dad had a version of this in his junk pile. He built himself a better model he said.”

Lena looked at Kara inquisitively, “That’s a state-of-the-art incubator.”

Kara simply made a cute face that said she was ‘sorry for insulting your technology.’

“Well, if you remember how he improved it, I’m all ears” Lena told her with a smile.

Kara made her way to the wall of science journals and texts occasionally pulling a book out to look at it while Lena remained near her equipment. She began turning some of it on, adjusting some of the settings on the touch screens. By the time Lena looked up Kara had made it to the end of the book shelves and was about to round a corner in the lab where Lena had forgotten she’d placed something.

“Kara?” Lena tried to get Kara’s attention, but it was too late. Kara startled and took a few steps back having seen around the corner into the other area of the laboratory. Lena hurried over to her.

“I should have mentioned that was there. It’s new, so I forgot about it. I’m so sorry Kara. Let’s just go back upstairs?” Lena didn’t respond but allowed Lena to guide her with a hand on her back away from the cell and out of the lab.

Lena took Kara all the way the 2nd floor to get her away from the Nth metal cell in the laboratory.
Lena also half thought it might be to make herself feel better and prove to Kara that she does indeed have her own bedroom. Lena started opening the doors and showing Kara all the rooms starting with one that was a home office/library, another was a servant’s quarters, bathroom, a closet, guest room and then Lena got to Kara’s room. “This is your room” Lena started opening the door, then stopped closing it the few inches it had opened with a worried look on her face, “Just to warn you so you’re not surprised again, there are two red sunlight lamps installed in corners of the ceiling.”

Kara smiled at Lena’s worry, “Thanks for letting me know” appreciating the heads up.

Lena, thankful Kara seemed okay about that opened the door, turned the light on (the regular light) and stepped aside to allow Kara to come in past her to see her room. Kara stepped inside, the room was large, huge even. It had high ceilings, two dressers, one which had a vanity and stood in front of it, two designer chairs sat on each side of a bay window and the centerpiece of it all was a king-size four poster bed with luxurious linens. Off shooting the bedroom living space was its own bathroom that had a shower and a separate jetted tub and a massive walk-in closet.

Kara was feeling overwhelmed, “This is… uh, this is…” she was stammering unable to string her sentence together. Kara wiped away a tear that formed in the corner of her eye.

Lena began to look worried, “Is something wrong?”

Kara turned quickly, “No no no no…. I’m sorry. It’s amazing. Really.” She looked down to the floor and then back up to Lena, “It’s just, I’ve been living in a prison for 10 years. This…” she gestured around her, “This room, this house, the fresh air and trees…….” Kara paused looking at Lena’s eyes, “You” she continued. Lena couldn’t help but feel like Kara’s eyes had lingered on her just a little too long. Then she felt herself staring back into Kara’s deep blue oceans. “It all feels a little like a dream and I guess for a second there I was just worried I was going to wake up on Fort Rozz.”

Lena’s heart couldn’t help but feel warm, she was smiling at Kara, “It’s alright, I understand.” Lena continued after a couple seconds silence, “Look, it’s been a long day, a tough day too for you, I know. There are some clothes for you in the drawers, various sizes because I wasn’t sure. We can get some more things later. The towels are in the bathroom, maybe you want to relax and I’ll make us some dinner?”

Kara nodded, “Okay. When would you like me down?”

“How about 45 minutes?” Lena said.

“Alright, 45 minutes I’ll be down” Kara confirmed.

Lena exited Kara’s room shutting the door behind her. Lena paused for a moment making a mental note to check the thermostat, she could swear it was getting a little warm in here.

Lena was in the kitchen just finishing up a basic Spaghetti and Prego with hamburger crumbles dinner when Kara came down the stairs. Kara’s hair was damp hanging around her shoulders. She’d changed out of her DEO prison garb into a basic white T-shirt and jeans.

Lena turned the volume down on the television when Kara sat at the island to be near her cooking. Lena had the evening news on in the background. She was really only half watching it, it’s more ritual for her than anything and it’s surprising how much she actually absorbs about the stocks, the financial sector and business news considering she’s rarely looking at the TV. It’s just kind of like radio in the background and it works for her. (The Nasdaq fell three points today) Looking to Kara, “So, how was your bath? Or did you shower?”

“Bath, wonderful. I haven’t had a bath since I was a kid. You’ll have to show me how to work the jets though. I didn’t want to break it by pushing the buttons in the wrong order or something” Kara exclaimed.

Lena laughed slightly, “Sure, no problem. It’s a tub, you wouldn’t think it’d be as complicated as it is but I swear, everything now a days has a computer in it.” (North Korea shot a missile over Japan, it crashed 70 miles off coast) Putting down the glass of wine she had been nursing, “Wine?” she asked Kara. “Or I have water…. Soda, Milk?” Lena began listing off the beverages she could think of.

“I’ll try wine please?” Kara responded.

Lena gave a little nod and poured Kara a glass similar to hers. She then scooped up a plate of spaghetti and sauce for Kara placing it in front her. She repeated the steps for herself and sat next to Kara on one of the island stools. (In Entertainment News, Tom Holland just can’t stop spoiling the next Avengers film) Lena began cutting her spaghetti, “I’m sorry your first meal on Earth is as simple as this, it was just easy. I’m not the greatest cook. I’m used to eating out a lot and growing up we had someone who cooked for us.”

Kara was trying to respond but a length of spaghetti was fighting her, Lena looked over and laughed, “It’s delicious” Kara managed after she won the battle. She brought a napkin over her mouth to clean up sauce on her chin, “Sorry, I’m a mess.” (In Business News, Elon Musk tanks his stock prices by sending out a tweet suggesting he’s smoking weed)

Still smiling, “No, it’s okay. Usually for spaghetti we spin it like this,” Lena begins to demonstrate spinning the noodles into her fork and eating the bite, “Or, we just cut it into smaller sections and slide the fork under, like this.”

Kara nods also smiling, “Well, now that would make sense I guess. On Krypton we had these….” (Metropolis’s Vigilante Superman was sighted again today, he was seen here (Video Playing) flying over a burning warehouse.) Kara’s attention is grabbed by the television set after hearing about someone else with her own powerset. She begins staring at the TV. (He goes in and out of the building three times saving 2 adults and on the last time a child and a puppy.)
Lena’s eyes go wide with fear watching Kara making the connection that another Kryptonian is flying about on Earth, she thinks ‘shit, shit, shit’ but calmly says, “Kara?” as she tries to get her attention. “Kara?” she repeats touching her shoulder, worry creeping in. Whoosh, in a fraction of a second Kara is standing dead center in front of the television. The napkins fly off the quartz counter top in Kara’s first real demonstration of her abilities to Lena. Lena jumps off her stool adrenaline kicking in, her breathing quicker staring at the focused superpowered alien in her living room, ‘shit, shit, shit’.

(As seen here, he then uses his Icy breath to put out the blaze and flies off) Lena watches Kara intently not sure what the Kryptonian is going to do next. Lena hears Kara mutter “The crest… El Mayarah” more to herself than anything because as far a Lena can tell Kara is completely zoned in to the television and doesn’t even know Lena’s there anymore.

“Kara?” Lena pushed again. “Would you please come back over here and we’ll talk about this?” her adrenaline turning into fear. Lena didn’t even realize it but her hand began hovering over her Nth bracelet.

Lena watches as Kara takes another small step toward the television even though she’s within 2 to 3 feet from it. Kara leans in to really look at Metropolis’s Vigilante Superman, “Kal?”

Lena distinctively hears Kara give this individual a name. Shortly thereafter Lena whispers, “Fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

As always I thrive on hearing from you so please post a blurb, critique, suggestion, review, or really anything in the comments sections. I appreciate it.
“Kara?” Lena cautiously asked trying to get the Kryptonian’s attention for the third time with no response. Lena wasn’t sure what to expect right now, her adrenaline and fear were nearing an all time high. Lena’s breath had quickened and her nerves were making her hands shake. Her hand still hovered over the Nth metal bracelet on her wrist in preparation for nearly anything. Because standing before her, a mere 25ft away, was one of the most powerful beings on the planet and Lena had absolutely no way to gage Kara’s emotions right now. Kara hasn’t said anything since the news story ended, in fact she’s hardly moved. But Lena hasn’t gotten to where she is in business without being able to read people, and what Lena was reading wasn’t good. “Kara, Please? We need to talk about this?” she pleaded one more time.

Lena was observing Kara closely. Kara was still facing the television but no longer watching it. EVERYTHING about Kara’s body language was tense, tightly closed eyes, teeth gritted, arms straight at her sides with tight fists. Lena knew it was her imagination, from fear, from nerves, but she swore she could hear the crackle of energy in the room. Kara’s skin vibrating with power barely contained.

Lena begins to move her hand even closer to the bracelet, fingers actually touching the sides, pointer finger hovering millimeters from where she needs to push to protect herself from the nuclear explosion she’s afraid is about to erupt. Then Kara releases a very visible breath. In fact, Kara takes in and releases another, repeating this process two or three more times. Kara’s shoulders loosen slightly but Lena can still see Kara’s hands shaking from the pent-up energy as they come up to cover her face with the distinct sound of trying to hold back tears. “Rao, Rao, Rao,” she mumbles a few times even though Lena doesn’t know what that means. She wasn’t moving from the spot in front of the television but she wasn’t exactly standing still either, her body shifting, her feet taking small slightly pacing steps. Lena heard panicked mumbles, “Twenty-four years in the Phantom Zone. Ten on Rozz, he’d be 34… no, 35, maybe…. Length of time to get here? How old was he when we left?” Kara then yelled at herself in frustration with her memory, “I don’t know!” Kara stopped, gripped the hair on the top of her head in anger. Lena watched cautiously while Kara was trying to do the math on something. Something she didn’t quite understand.

Kara turned to the TV again even though the story was no longer on air. “Kal?” Kara says the name again quietly as the tears flow from her eyes. “Did you make it?” Kara asks the television, her face momentarily softening into a smile. “You did, didn’t you…. This whole time…. this time Kara wasn’t asking but was confirming it to herself as she wiped away tears.

Lena wonders if Kara is finally coming down, coming back into focus, “Kara?” Lena attempts again to gain the Kryptonian’s attention. Kara remains still in thought, hands covering the lower half of her face, back turned to Lena. For a few moments everything seems eerily quiet and Lena braces a few steps closer to the alien relaxing her own hand away from the controller bracelet when she hears Kara mumble something while shaking her head. “What?” Lena asks for clarification softly, not sure if Kara was talking to her or not.

Kara pulls her face away from her hands, wiping away the water that had leaked from her eyes, “two minutes” Kara repeats louder what she said before, looking at Lena for just a second before turning away again trying to hide her tears.

Lena looked at Kara confused not knowing what to say. Not knowing what Kara was talking about, but was relieved that she finally seemed to be communicating. “What’s two minutes?” Lena asks trying to keep the young woman in conversation.

“Two minutes…. “ Kara continues with her back still turned, softly but loud enough Lena hears. “Uhmm… two minutes… That’s…. “ Kara is burying her face in her hands again. Lena sees the tension build again in Kara’s shoulders, her fists clenched, as she chokes out the next few words, “Uhmm… that’s how long…. “ After a pause Kara lifts her head but keeps her hands over her clenched eyes forcing out the rest through gritted teeth, something like anger in her voice, “that’s how much time was in between our pods.” Lena lets that sink in, not responding, she’s still not exactly sure what that means. Kara’s breathing has gotten heavy as she continues straining through gritted teeth, “His pod made it.” Kara turns and Lena can now see Kara’s tense profile. Kara slowly lowers her hands and Lena sees the bright glowing red that emanates in and around Kara’s dangerous eyes, “But mine didn’t.”

Kara steps back quickly almost knocking over a side table next to the couch. Terrified, knowing exactly what Superman’s eyes can do when they shine that color. Her hand once again finds comfort in touching the bracelet, it becoming a security blanket in the last minute. This time though, it doesn’t go unnoticed.

Kara drops quickly to her knees, her hand covering tightly clenched glowing eyes aiming toward the floor in case the pent-up energy escapes. Her other hand shooting forward in front of her in an open palmed pleading position, “I’m Sorry! I’m Sorry! Please!” She continues begging, “Please, don’t turn on the Kryptonite” fear clearly being heard in her voice. “It’ll go down. It’ll go down” Kara says referring to the energy behind her eyes.

Lena, racked with her own apprehension, her own fear, listens to Kara’s words, her lucidity calming her slightly. She watches as Kara does regain control. Kara’s breathing although deep, becomes steady. The glowing that is partially being covered by her hand fades back to normal skin color. After a short period of time, fifteen seconds maybe, Kara’s hand lifts from her eyes, it joins the other one in front of her trying to project vulnerability. Her eyes have returned to normal, the only redness remaining is the signs of crying. Deep blue oceans meet Lena’s, silently pleading for mercy, unsure of how much she scared Lena, unsure of how much tolerance Lena has under that kind of fear.
Sensing she’d made it through the storm, Lena’s hand leaves the bracelet. She begins to feel relief and the tension everywhere in her body relaxes. With the adrenaline leaving her system her limbs begin to feel weak. Lena’s arms and legs are shaky. Hardly audible, she mumbles an explicative to herself while coming down from the adrenaline. Trusting Kara’s control again, she lets her eyes leave Kara’s and walks back to the counter where she left her glass of wine. Lena uses the countertop to steady herself, grabs her glass and in single gulp swallows what’s left. She grabs the bottle and two finger rule be damned, she refills her glass to the top.

Lena turns with her glass in hand to look at Kara. She isn’t sure where to start but the alien on her knees seems nervous and is intent on letting her make the first move. Lena, taking her glass with her, walks to the couch in the living room sitting while Kara’s nervous eyes follow her the whole way. Kara is just on the other side of the coffee table from her now. Setting her glass down, Lena pats the cushion next to her, silently asking Kara to sit next to her. Kara, still unsure, makes no move until Lena pushes lightly with, “Please?” and pats the spot again. Kara got up and made her way around the coffee table taking the seat next to Lena on the couch. “Thank You” Lena said and then continued, “I’m going to start out by telling you what I know, which isn’t a lot mind you, but I’ll tell you honestly anything I know about him.” Lena paused taking a drink of wine as Kara’s eyebrows raised slightly in surprise. Kara wasn’t used to people with authority freely handing out information.

Lena began again, “He is Kryptonian, like yourself. He’s said so, he doesn’t stay long places, flies in, saves something or someone and flies away. But a reporter at the Daily Planet in Metropolis always seems to be in the right place at the right time, manages to get a question or two answered before he flies away. He doesn’t give much detail, sometimes doesn’t answer at all, but he has said he’s Kryptonian.”

Kara smiled at the information, hesitated a second and then asked, “How long has he been here?”

Lena shrugged, “We don’t know. He’s been flying around in the suit and cape for……” Lena paused as she thought about how old she was when she remembers hearing about him for the first time, “twelve, maybe thirteen years. But that isn’t necessarily when he got here. There’s a rumor that he’s been here many, many years before that, maybe even grew up here.”

Kara volunteered, “My cousin and I were put into two different pods, the destination was supposed to be here, Earth. He was a baby.”

Lena quickly added understanding now, “And your pod didn’t make it.”

“I think his did” Kara affirmed.

Lena released a deep breath before taking another hefty sized gulp of her wine. “So, what you’re saying is you’re Superman’s cousin?”

“The crest he’s wearing on his chest, that’s my families crest” Kara answered.

“I thought that was just an S, for Super” Lena responded.

Kara was shaking her head, “It’s Kryptonian, it means stronger together. Please, I was originally sent to protect my cousin. Please can we go to this Metropolis and find him?”

Lena quickly and emphatically responded, “Oh, No no no no. We can’t do that, no.” Kara responded with disappointment and desperately pleading eyes. “Kara, they have been trying to capture him for YEARS. If the first thing you do on this planet is join him, they’re going to override your cuffs and take you back into custody” Lena said bluntly trying to make her understand.

Kara was quiet for what felt like a long time, but in reality, was much shorter, contemplating Lena’s words. “If Kal saves people, why are they trying to capture him?”

Lena answered, “Kara, the power you have on this planet, the power he has on this planet, it’s enormous. Humans can’t even begin to compete on your level and even though Superman, or Kal I guess his name is, is generally considered a hero. The people in power need to prepare for the worst, that he or you could use your gifts against us.” Lena begins looking at Kara for understanding and only receives a disappointed wave. “Come on Kara, imagine if you were back on Krypton and super beings showed up. How would your governments and militaries react?”

Kara didn’t answer but Lena could tell Kara was understanding her train of thought. “Theory has it that when he showed up on the planet so did the Kryptonite. I know that it’s been used a few times against him, by authorities and…. others” Lena’s voice wavered slightly at the thought of her adopted brother Lex. “He’s been injured by it, but so far has managed to get away.”

Kara had always seems to be in the right place at the right time, manages to get a question or two answered before he flies away. He doesn’t give much detail, sometimes doesn’t answer at all, but he has said he’s Kryptonian.”

Kara interjected, “That’s exactly the reason I should find him, to help him, protect him.”

“How Kara? If you or your powers were caught on camera anywhere near him……. The list of Kryptonians on this planet is extremely small. You’d get caught, and I’d be in deep right along with you. Plus, you might end up drawing MORE attention to him, do you want him in bracelets like yours?” Lena saw the hurt expression on Kara’s face as Kara looked down to her wrists. Lena tried to soften her demeanor worrying she had been too harsh. “Kara, I just don’t want you to get hurt” Lena told her. “Seeing what Kryptonite does to you first hand, I don’t want to see that ever again.”

Kara perked up a little at Lena’s concern, nodding slightly “I don’t want that again either. But my original duty, the reason I was put in that pod and sent to Earth was to protect him. I can’t ignore that.”

“Kryptonite Kara! You could get caught in the middle if they’re going for him with kryptonite. Not to mention it’s my job to keep you away from that kind of trouble” exclaimed Lena.

Kara sat back on the couch in frustration of the situation. She needed Lena to understand because there wasn’t any way she could do this without her consent, the bracelets on her wrists assured that. But not only that, Kara didn’t want to do this on her own. She was unfamiliar with Earth.
She didn’t even know where Metropolis was. Kara crossed her arms, not looking at Lena anymore, solemn and slightly pouting “He’s my cousin, the only blood relative I have left in the universe.” Then looking into Lena eyes, “How am I supposed to ignore his existence? How am I supposed to ignore the promise I made to his mother…? And mine, when we launched?” Because Kara honestly didn’t know how to do this.

Lena sympathized with Kara for wanting to find and protect her baby cousin. But what was worse, Lena felt the truth in Kara’s words, the conflict inside. Kara really wouldn’t be able to ignore this. This would eat at her insides until Lena would be dealing with superpowered problems. The reality of the situation is unless Lena now chose to keep Kara locked in the Nth metal cell in the basement, something she was completely against, Lena wouldn’t be able to leave the house or even sleep without the worry Kara might fly out the window in an attempt to find her cousin alone. That’s something Lena knew she couldn’t let Kara do. She was bound to get caught the first time, exposed to unfamiliar Earth customs. Lena took the last rather large gulp from her glass of wine, “Alright, I can’t make promises, but we will TRY to find him.”

Kara’s excitement beamed across her face in a smile that stretched ear to ear. “Thank you, thank you!"

Lena smiled at the site of Kara’s happiness but dread at the thought of their new mission, or rather terror about getting caught. “Don’t thank me yet. This isn’t going to be easy. And this may not be fast. He doesn’t fly around all day long, he comes and goes, randomly. And YOU need to listen to me, you need to stay under the radar, no powers or people are going to take notice and this is going to go all to hell. Understand?”

“Absolutely! If you’ll help me find him, I’ll do anything. Thank you, Lena” Kara said with giddy excitement still in her words. Kara leaned forward invading Lena’s space to give her a huge hug. Lena reacted a little stiff at first, not coming from a family known for their affection. But Lena soon appreciated the blonde’s contact and returned the embrace. She couldn’t help but smile watching the Kryptonian lean her head into the crook of her neck and shoulder.

Lena mentally shook herself out of it and was the first to pull away from the embrace, her professional side getting the best of her, “It’s been a long day Kara.” Lena stood up from the couch straightening her blouse, “I think we should call it a night?”

Kara, sensing the demeanor change, “Alright” stood up from the couch.

“If it’s alright, I’ll walk you to your room?” Lena asked.

“Of course,” Kara responded.

Lena escorted Kara up to her bedroom and made sure the Kryptonian had found her sleepwear in the wardrobe. Kara wore a comfortable night shirt and pant pajama set. She sat at the edge of the mattress and spoke up just before Lena made it to the door of her room, “I’m going to be honest. I might be a little too excited to sleep.” Kara quickly added, “Not just about my cousin either. Being off the space station alone…. and then add being here. How beautiful your home is, how great you’ve been. I haven’t been this happy in a long time.”

Lena smiled looking into the sincerity behind Kara’s blue oceans. Lena couldn’t help but feel affection for the beautiful blonde in front of her, her happiness seemed to make her happy. Lena made her way back to the Kryptonian, she felt compelled to touch her cheek adoringly, then sat next to her. “You say it’s because of the good that’s happened today but I get the feeling you’re a beacon of hope and light wherever you are” Lena tells her.

Kara looks down for a second, “Not always.” Looking back up to Lena, “I try, it’s been a lot better… since the humans. Mostly. But I feel like you saved me, sort of. I just want you to know I appreciate what you’ve done for me. I’m appreciative.”

Lena smirked slightly, “Noted. It’s time for bed though.” Kara nodded slightly unenthusiastically. Lena used a knuckle to lightly bump under Kara’s chin and was rewarded when Kara smiled. “Buck up, you’ve got a whole new path in front of you. And I’ll be here to help guide you on it.”

Still smiling, Kara made her way up the king size bed threw the comforter to the side and laid under only the sheet, “I get hot. Kryptonians run warmer than humans.”

With a small laugh Lena responded, “Also noted.” She paused briefly before adding, “Before I leave, I’d like to put the red sunlight lamps on low. It’s pretty dim, I’m hoping they won’t bother you.” Lena quickly adding, “It’s not a trust thing, promise. I was just hoping you’d allow me to take some blood samples in the morning?”

Kara answered “Yes, of course.”

“Then I’ll see you in the morning,” Lena said as she made the lights adjustments and, “Good night, Kara” before she shut the door as she left.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the long wait. Life has just been busy and shows no sign of letting up. Also I just needed the extra time I think in order to mull over Kara’s reaction to finding out Kal was alive and well on Earth. Because it really could have gone anywhere from pure joy to rage at her own misfortune. An extra shout out to Mlod for pointing that out actually, I was leaning toward uncontrollable over excitement and realized the other elements at play, shot for something in the middle.

So I feel now cats out of the bag on how I thought bonding to Supercorp might work, working together hunting down Superman. But this story just started out as a couple angsty scenes in my head so now I ask a favor if you have ideas, plot points, highs, or
I'm all ears. There's still some thoughts in my head but I'd love stuff to help push it along.

As always Please leave a comment, blurb, review, critique, thought in the comments as I do really really appreciate hearing from you.
Chapter Notes

Hope you like it. Little bit of bonding, little bit of angst, and hope just enough fluff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Auction Chapter 7

When Lena entered Kara’s room in the morning the Kryptonian was already awake, dressed and only somewhat patiently waiting for the day to start. Lena leaned against the doorframe of Kara’s room nursing a steaming cup of black coffee, “Morning.”

Kara bounced off her bed in Lena’s direction and with an excited smile, “Morning.”

“Looks like someone’s ate her Wheaties this morning,” Lena said with a smirk sipping her caffeine.

“What?” Kara’s eyebrows raised with a little confusion.

“Nothing, sorry. Cultural reference. It sort of means, ‘you have a lot of energy’” Lena stated.

“Oh”, Kara’s eyes lit up with understanding. “Yes, I suppose I do have energy this morning. All night really. I TRIED to sleep. I laid in bed all night telling myself to sleep. But my body just wouldn’t listen. Sorry.”

“No need to apologize. I understand, really. New planet, new home,” Lena walked over to the Kryptonian and moved a stray lock of hair to behind Kara’s ear, “New circumstances.” Kara looked up to Lena’s green eyes smiling, feeling genuinely happy, feeling safe for the first time in forever. Pulling away Lena added, “But some of us need coffee,” motioning to her cup.

Kara followed Lena down the stairs to the kitchen. Kara sat at the island while Lena fretted about making toast and more coffee. Kara sipped from the cup that was placed in front of her, then scrunched her nose obviously not a fan of the taste. Lena watched smirking. Then she went to the fridge and poured some cream into Kara’s cup, “Now try.”

Kara tasted the coffee again, this time nodding with approval, “That’s a lot better.”

“Black isn’t for everyone” said Lena.

After a moment of silence between the two Kara bravely asking, “So, where do we start?”

“Well, I thought we’d start by seeing if the red sun lamps worked over night, try and get a blood sample. We should do that right away actually, even now your body is reabsorbing our Sun’s radiation. Then I’ve got a whole range of tests I need to run. And a physical perhaps…” Lena trailed off.


“Oh….” Lena paused. “Kara, I promise you, we will work on contacting your cousin. But that will take time. It will probably take us to Metropolis too, which is quite a way. I can’t leave right now, there is too much going on with my place of work. And I’m going to be frank Kara, I need some reassurances before I take you to a busy city.” Kara pursed her lips slightly, disappointment showing on her features.

Lena continued, “Kara, your cousin according to you has been here for thirty plus years. He’s been flying around being a superhero and evading capture for over a decade. I assure you he is perfectly capable of taking care of himself. Please, give me a few weeks? There are tests I need to run.” Then Lena added nervously not wanting to offend Kara, “And I need to make sure you can control your abilities before we get near a population in the millions.”

“I can control my powers” Kara pressed softly.

“Then that flash of red in your eyes last night was intentional?” Lena counterfe. Kara’s mouth gaped a bit, “Well, no. But…”

Lena got up to refill her coffee. Turning back to Kara smiling, testing the conviction of Kara’s last statement. “You don’t think seeing your cousin after thirty something years is going to incite an
equally strong emotional response?"

Kara pursed her lips knowing Lena was right. She had a slight up tilt to one side of her mouth, a half-hidden smile. Kara responded by changing the subject, "We should probably get that blood sample you wanted." Lena smirked at the Kryptonian’s deflection.

Lena and Kara were spending the morning in the basement lab. The red sunlight lamps had worked making Kara’s skin soft and susceptible to needles, allowing Lena to get the blood samples she needed for her research. Right now, it was just about establishing a baseline but soon Lena hoped she would hone into some of the properties from Kara’s healing factor.

Using the pharmaceutical side to L Corp, Lena was trying to produce medicines and treatments that she could sell to the public and hospitals. With Kara’s healing abilities and metabolism in mind, it was quite possible Kara’s genes could hold the cure for anything from the common cold, to cancer, or to a diet pill that actually worked. Lena grimmed as she thought about hoping to find the cure for cancer, but finding a cure for love handles instead. With all the diet crazes out there, an actually working diet pill would be worth billions. With the right discoveries made in Kara’s genetic make-up, the possibilities and profits were endless. Lena liked to think she was a good person and after getting to know Kara she didn’t regret her decision to save Kara from the auction in the least. However, Lena laid a lot out on the line and she was a business woman first, philanthropist second.

Lena started running a number of tests on the Kryptonian. The blood she began running through some of her equipment, she set aside a few samples labeling and storing them for later needs. Lena began Kara’s physical and she would do another again when Kara’s powers returned to compare the results. The side by side comparisons would be crucial to learning about the ‘photosynthesis’ styled properties that Kara contained within herself and what role they played in the healing factor. Also, when Kara’s powers returned, it would be a great opportunity for Lena to test Kara’s control and compare the strength of Kara’s abilities on Earth to the results that were sent by the DEO.

Lena had thought it was adorable but it didn’t take long into the testing before Kara’s lack of sleep caught up with her. Kara had started yawning not too long after the original blood draws. Combination of the lack of sleep and the excitement from her arrival finally wearing off, Lena had Kara sitting on the edge of an exam table and being as thorough possible, testing everything she could. Lena started testing sight and reflexes, then began on all of the biological markers; temperature, pulse, and blood pressure.

Lena was surprised but then not at the same time, about the differences between average human markers and Kara’s. The Kryptonian did indeed run warmer, at least 4 degrees which would be low fever temperatures for a human. Kara’s resting pulse was that of a human’s during a brisk walk and her blood pressure, Lena wasn’t even sure if she could even calculate because her current readings seemed so wrong.

Standing behind and to the side of Kara, Lena grabbed the stethoscope to listen to Kara’s lungs, “I’m going to place this on your back, just when I tell you to if you could take in a deep breath?”

Kara yawned and nodded to Lena, “Sure.”

Lena placed the bell of the stethoscope on the right upper quadrant of Kara’s back, “Breathe in.”

Kara did. "Release," Lena moved the stethoscope to the opposite side of Kara’s back. "Okay again." Kara repeated her deep breath in. Lena released a slightly disappointed breath of her own, taking the listening pieces from her ears.

Lena knew what her issue was but was originally too embarrassed to ask, “Do you mind if I lift up the back of your shirt?”

Kara shifted to look at Lena, “Not at all” she said, like it was no big deal. Kara turned away, Lena began to reach for the bottom of Kara’s shirt when Kara beat her to it. She removed her arms from the sleeves and lifted the shirt to her shoulders so that it hung in the front around her neck, completely exposing her back.

A small smile crept up on Lena’s features as she watched the Kryptonian’s case with disrobing. Granted it was minimal. Lena placed the earpieces back in her ears and was about to place the bell to Kara’s skin again when she froze mid reach, seeing the distinct markings. Four scars, four faded slashes from Kara’s right shoulder to left mid back. They were extremely faded, they had smoothed over indicating they were very old. Obvious claw marks of some kind. These had to be Kara’s healing factor on Earth. Lena placed the earpieces back in her ears.

Standing behind and to the side of Kara, Lena grabbed the stethoscope to listen to Kara’s lungs. Lena had thought it was adorable but it didn’t take long into the testing before Kara’s lack of sleep caught up with her. Kara had started yawning not too long after the original blood draws. Combination of the lack of sleep and the excitement from her arrival finally wearing off, Lena had Kara sitting on the edge of an exam table and being as thorough possible, testing everything she could. Lena started testing sight and reflexes, then began on all of the biological markers; temperature, pulse, and blood pressure.

Lena was surprised but then not at the same time, about the differences between average human markers and Kara’s. The Kryptonian did indeed run warmer, at least 4 degrees which would be low fever temperatures for a human. Kara’s resting pulse was that of a human’s during a brisk walk and her blood pressure, Lena wasn’t even sure if she could even calculate because her current readings seemed so wrong.

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Lena couldn’t help but look at them, the scars, partially from shock, partially from deep curiosity. If Kara had been on Earth, Lena would have thought a bear might have been the culprit. But Kara was from outer space, the possibilities of what caused these marks was so wildly vast she couldn’t even begin to guess what might have caused them. Mesmerized, her hand came to the top where they had been extremely sharp. Hypnotically Lena stretched the four fingers of her hand out and placed them on the starting path of each scar. It was a stretch indeed, indicating a rather large hand that had to be used. Hypnotically Lena stretched the four fingers of her hand out and placed them on the starting path of each scar. It was a stretch indeed, indicating a rather large hand that had to be used. Hypnotically Lena stretched the four fingers of her hand out and placed them on the starting path of each scar. It was a stretch indeed, indicating a rather large hand that had to be used.
Lena’s hand jolted away from Kara’s back, “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

Kara immediately began responding, “No, no, no. It’s okay. It’s okay. I’m fine.” But Lena suspected she wasn’t, totally. It took a few more seconds for Kara’s tenseness to drop away, for her shoulders and back to return to where they were before they arched away in fear. Lena could see how hard Kara was working to push back a memory behind her eye lids before they too, opened. Kara released one more soft breath before she seemed to return to normal, “I’m fine. Just, you can keep doing what you need to.”

Lena hesitated momentarily but took Kara’s permission. Placing the stethoscope to Kara’s back to have Kara do the breathing exercises she needed so she could assess her lungs. Kara took a breath in when Lena asked her to, “Okay. Okay, now release.” Lena moved the bell to the opposite side on Kara’s back. She was about to ask Kara to take a breath in, when out of the blue she asked, “You wouldn’t tell me how you got that scar would you?”

Kara froze momentarily thinking. She angled herself to look at Lena and softly said, “If you asked me. I’d tell you.” Kara then expanded her answer, “I just hope you don’t…. not because I Don’t want you to know. I just…. don’t want to change the way you look at me.”

Lena started responding with something like, ‘Of course I wouldn’t look at you differently!’ but she stopped mid-sentence. Because she realized that she couldn’t actually promise that. She liked Kara but she didn’t know Kara super well yet and maybe finding out how she got those scars would change her view. And that’s exactly what Kara didn’t want. She wanted to be seen for who she was, not for what she’s been through. “I tell you what. I’ll ask you someday. But not today.”

Lena smiled at Kara and Kara smiled back in return thanking her.

By the time Lena had finished with her assessment Kara seemed completely back to normal, even joking about her lung capacity. Lena went along with it, ignoring the scars because that’s what Kara wanted. But Lena made a mental note, it wasn’t a bad thing, just…. a thing. That there was a lot more to Kara than she realized.

They had spent another hour together in the morning completing Lena’s extensive physical. Lena had done absolutely everything she could think of from an EKG to an ultrasound getting a view of Kara’s organs. Kara laughed at seeing the images of inside her stomach on screen. Lena wanted to do even more tests, but the larger equipment like X-rays and Cat scan machines were at the L-Corp labs.

By late morning Kara’s yawning had been coming more frequent. So, when Lena finished the studies that required Kara’s physical presence Lena paused to have a quick lunch with the Kryptonian. Then she told Kara she should spend some time outside to relax and rejuvenate her cells. Lena spent the rest of the afternoon compiling all the data into spread sheets and easily retrievable files. The afternoon had gone quickly. She was fascinated, a bit overwhelmed, and in a way, completely in her element diving into the research in front of her. She felt completely retrievable files. The afternoon had gone quickly. She was fascinated, a bit overwhelmed, and in a way, completely in her element diving into the research in front of her. She felt completely

Lena stepped outside to her back yard, the sun was shining bright and it was a sweltering 90 something degree day. Lena realized she had just the smallest amount of relief when she easily found Kara and there was no mischief afoot. Not that she thought there would be. Lena felt Kara could be trusted. She really did, but they were both still getting to know one another. And superpowers made it that much more complicated.

But just as Lena had suggested for Kara’s cells, Lena found Kara sunbathing. But adorably, she also found Kara in a DEEP sleep. Kara was laid out on an extra fluffy lounger wearing a jagger’s sports bra and shorts. Lena felt a twinge of guilt as she found herself involuntarily staring at her, first adoringly, watching the sleepy alien’s slow, deep breaths. Then the way she looked at her at changed. Lena took in Kara’s taut, but not masculine thighs and biceps enviously. She found her breath hitching as she watched Kara’s chest rising and falling in slow relaxed breaths. Her gaze shifted lower to the toned muscles of Kara’s stomach. Those muscles dipped underneath the V where her thighs and body meet. The elasticity of the fabric hugging Kara’s every curve. Kara was absolutely stunning laying in the sun.

Lena literally shook herself out of her stupor, turning herself away and bringing a hand up to cover her offending eyes. She thought to herself, ‘That was wrong. Stop it Lena!’ Her position of power over the young woman made staring at Kara in this manner feel slightly… inappropriate. At least in the world of business which is what this arrangement was supposed to boil down to. She found herself chastising herself on one hand. But on the other…. (Lena’s hand came down from her eyes to look at the beautiful alien appreciating sunny weather and sports bras. A smile crept onto Lena’s features as she defended herself mentally. Because after all, the exposed skin, that was for science, recharging Kara’s solar powered batteries.

Lena laid down in the lounger next to the Kryptonian. The legs scrapped against the concrete and Lena held still, hoping against hope she didn’t wake Kara. Lena felt the pang of guilt when she noticed Kara’s eyes begin to flutter. The Kryptonian softly groaned rubbing the sleep from her eyes, then scooting herself up in the lounger a bit. Turning her head toward Lena she smiled, “Hmmm, must have fell asleep.”

“You, looks like. I didn’t mean to wake you. Sorry.” Lena told her.

Kara was becoming more lucid, “It’s okay. I shouldn’t dream the afternoon away.”

“Well, then I hate to break it to you but you mostly did.” Lena said.

“What? Why, what time is it?” Kara asked.

“Five.” Lena responded.
Kara cocked her head in a little disbelief, “Really? I slept over 3 hours?”

Lena nodded, “How are you feeling? Do you think you have your powers back?”

Kara looked at her arms and down at her body in the lounger as if she could visually see if her powers were back. “Uhmm… I think so.” Lena saw Kara lean forward, then in a blur and a gust of wind Kara was gone. Lena looked out into the open space that is her backyard and Kara reappeared about 150 yards away in a split second. Kara stopped, turned to face Lena and the house, then the blur happened again and Kara reappeared right in front of her with a gust of wind a second or two behind. Kara smiled and plopped back into the lounger, “Yep.”

Lena laughed at the Kryptonian’s exuberance. Then a mischievous grin appeared on Lena’s face, “How do you feel about some more tests?”

Kara lolled her head back on the lounger groaning, “More tests?”

Lena shrugged, still grinning though, “It’s up you. I was just really wanting to see you fly.”

Kara bolted to an upright position on the lounger and a smile stretched across her face from ear to ear, “Really?”

Chapter End Notes

Please, as always let me know what you think, what you like, I can't get better without the comments. So whatever it is let me have it, critique, review, comment, pats on the backs are all appreciated.
I want to upfront apologize to and Spanish speakers for my attempt at Spanish. I do not speak it. If it is wrong I blame Google Translate which I used to help me write. I just thought it was important to tie in a little bit of diversity and what’s going on in the real world since the whole illegal alien stuff. Since it parallels with the USA/Trump and what going on in Season 4 etc…. Plus watching the premiere, Kara spoke like 4 languages or something, I thought it important to showcase how fast she adapts and learns.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Auction Chapter 8

Kara froze in her tracks, she knew better than to move. Hold completely still, the last thing she wanted to do is scare it. Intimidatingly looking at Kara it stood on its hind legs lifting itself to at least 10ft tall; it’s claws and fangs measured in inches, a growl so loud it echoed over the hills. Rounding the corner of a path, Kara had nearly run right into it. She stopped short maybe fifteen feet and now a Grizzly Bear stood bearing down on Kara.

Kara was pretty sure what animal she was looking at because Lena had told her about the types of animals that were in the National Park near her home. The bear stood surprised and angry at her abrupt arrival and growled loudly. It was all Kara could do not to turn and run. It was weird, she knew it couldn’t hurt her but instincts still told her it was larger, stronger and had claws. Kara fought those instincts because true, it was larger and had claws, but she knew because of her powers under the yellow Sun it was not stronger and was nowhere near as fast.

Instead, Kara being curious wanted to stay near it as long as it would let her. She found this animal to be absolutely intriguing and beautiful. Kara slowed her breathing and turned her gaze to the side and down still watching it from her peripheral vision. The Grizzly roared out once more but seemed less enthused and after a few more seconds of watching Kara not leave, it brought itself back down to all four feet. Kara hoped this was a sign it wasn’t feeling as threatened by her presence.

For another couple of minutes Kara maintained her submissive gesture of avoiding eye contact while the bear watched her, trying to figure her out. Kara couldn’t help but grin slightly as she watched its emotions play out over its features. The Grizzly would cock his head side to side, rock back and forth on his haunches in confusion. He was also growling occasionally but Kara couldn’t help but feel like he was more trying to communicate rather than be intimating. She guessed he could sense her calm heart rate, that she wasn’t scared. Maybe this confused him?

Quietly in a whisper voice she told him, “I’ve seen a lot of scarier things than you my friend.”

The bear huffed loudly, its fur shaking and prickling on the back of his neck in response. Kara could barely hold back a giggle and maintain her downward glance. His response seemed so perfect, but she knew he couldn’t have possibly understood her words. Still, maybe he understood the sentiment behind the words. Huffing one more time he started making his way the short distance toward Kara. She braced herself trying to be prepared for an attack, to run out of his reach at the first sign of aggression. However, she wanted to see him up close, give him the benefit of the doubt. He was huge, even on all fours he was nearly as tall as her shoulder.

Kara expected the Grizzly to stop when he reached her but surprisingly he didn’t. He maintained walking so close Kara felt his fur graze her skin and clothing. Just as he was about to finish passing her, she felt his backside hip check her slightly into the boulder she had originally rounded when she came upon him. It took her just half a second to regain balance. When Kara did, she turned just in time to see the Grizzly follow the trail around the boulder and leave her view. She couldn’t help but smile at her amazing interaction with the Grizzly, and laugh at the bear’s last-ditch effort for a power display.

“Kara!” Kara straightened up as her ears listened and caught the distinct voice of Lena calling to her from the house. She must be home.

Kara thought to herself, ‘Funny, she shouldn’t be home for….’ Looking at the watch Lena gave her, “Oh, shoot!” It was 5:48 PM, Kara was late. Kara took a quick glance around to make certain she was alone before she used her super speed to reach the tree line of Lena’s home, then started walking the rest of the distance across the yard just in case Estella the house keeper was still around.

It had been more than 2 weeks now since Kara came to live with Lena and she had to admit she’s been extraordinarily happy for the most part. The first few days Lena stayed home with her ‘running tests’, but after that, when Lena finally did go back to work Kara had become extremely bored. So, Kara started learning Spanish with Estella. Languages had always been one of Kara’s greatest talents and it wasn’t just because she was alien, most of Kara’s Kryptonian classmates only knew 3 or 4 languages roughly. But by the time Kara was jettisoned into space she knew 8, then learned 3 more on the space station including English. Spanish would be her twelfth language.

But Estella apparently mentioned to Lena how ‘Un-Earthly’ fast Kara was becoming fluent in Spanish and Lena had to ask her to pretend she was learning at a slower rate. After that, Kara began asking to venture out into the National Park to help put a little distance between her and Estella, creating a buffer to aide her ‘slower’ learning. Lena was hesitant to allow it at first, afraid Kara might run into hikers. But when Lena came home and Kara was having a full-blown
conversation in Spanish with Estella as if she were a native speaker Lena started to think that hiking might be the safer option. So, this whole week after Lunch with Estella, Kara had put on hiking boots and headed out into the wilderness.

Lena walked into her home at 5:45 on the dot. She hung her fashion jacket up in the nearby coat closet tossed her car keys into the dish that sat on the table near the door and threw the mail she picked up outside her door onto the pile that’s been growing substantially the last 2 weeks next to it. Most of Lena’s important mail was sent to her office at L Corp so the things that came to this address were usually political advertising, coupons and other junk mail that was generically sent to ‘Current Resident’ with her address. In fact, the only thing that she had actually gotten with her name on it at this address over the last couple weeks was a black envelope from an Auction House in New York City. On the outside it only read ‘You are Cordially Invited, Ms. Luthor’ then her address. She didn’t bother opening it up already knowing what it was for and she had no interest in purchasing another alien. ‘Kara was enough’ she had thought to herself with a smile the day it’d shown up, then threw it in the pile with the rest of the junk mail.

“Good evening Ms. Luthor.” Estella commented as she peeked her head around the corner from the kitchen to greet Lena coming in.

“Hello Estella. How was your day?” Lena asked.

“Fine. Fine, Kara and I had a good morning. I took care of the laundry and some of the first-floor cleaning. Tomorrow I’ll work upstairs, but I was hoping you’d leave a grocery list and I’d be happy to go to the grocery store and pick up a few things.” Estella responded with a bright smile and her Spanish accent.

Lena kicked off her heels and made her way into the kitchen to join Estella who was putting the finishing touches on dinner. “That’s absolutely fine. You can get whatever you feel the house needs Estella. But I’ll jot a few things down tonight and ask Kara if there is anything she’d like on the list.”

“Oh, I just need to know what you want on it, Ms. Luthor. Kara can come with me. I have no problem taking her…..” Estella started but was quickly interrupted.

“No.” Lena said a little too briskly. Catching herself she began again, “It’s just that Kara isn’t an employee and if there were to be an accident with the vehicle, she wouldn’t be covered. It’s just one of those crazy workman’s comp laws.” Lena knew it was a horrible excuse but Estella isn’t one to ask questions or push the issue when Lena made a decision, which she very much appreciated in the case of Kara.

Estella was a documented worker who came over legally from southern Mexico. However, Estella had found a way to bring over her two sons, undocumented. She had been trying to do it the legal way for years but when her boys got in the way of a local drug cartel down there, they had to get out fast. Her sons now run the lawn care business that Lena uses to take care of her property out of their truck. Lena technically doesn’t employ them, she just buffers Estella’s check and magically her grounds are taken care of every week beautifully. So, between that and Estella’s own generous pay she was the highest paid housekeeper Lena knew of. And that afforded Estella’s unquestioned loyalty on occasion, “Well, we wouldn’t want to break any of those insurance rules Ms. Luthor. I’ll go on my own.”

Lena pursed her lips and with a small nod said, “Thank You.” Lena felt a little guilty about holding Kara back from a fairly insignificant outing but she just wasn’t sure Kara was ready yet. And if she wasn’t, she wanted to be there. No, NEEDED to be there, just in case. Lena began looking around, “Where is Kara by the way?” she asked Estella.

“She’s still out on her afternoon hike,” Estella answered while walking over to the sink to finish up on a few dishes.

“Still?” Lena asked, concern building in her voice as she walked with purpose to the back-patio doors.

Estella looked out the window above the sink, “Yes. Been out there for hours. She’s got amazing energy that one. You’re a very lucky woman Ms. Luthor.” Estella finished with a smirk.

Lena narrowed her eyes a little bit in surprised confusion at Estella, “What?”

“Kara. Finding Kara, she’s such a sweet girl. You’re very lucky.” Estella expounded on her original statement.

Lena’s eyebrows went up with the implication that she and Kara were a couple, “Oh, we’re not…. I mean. We’re not together Estella.” Lena was a little frazzled pointing to herself and the general direction of where Kara was outside.

“MMM-huh” Estella responded unconvinced.

Lena opened and closed her mouth a couple times not really sure how to respond. Lena was curious and couldn’t quite contain the smirk creeping up on her own lips, “Uhm, why do you….. I mean, did Kara say something?”

“No, of course not Ms. Luthor. I have eyes.” Estella responded with a radiant smile.

Shaking off what Estella said Lena tried put her smile away and bring back her enigmatic features, mostly failing. Lena opened the door and stepped onto the patio, “Kara!” she yelled in the direction of the tree line.

Lena stepped back inside and it was Estella’s turn to look confused, “If she’s out in those woods Ms. Luthor she won’t be able to hear you.”

Lena shrugged, “She might just be at the tree line, you never know.”
Estella finished the glass she was washing and set it on the drying rack next to the sink. She briefly looked out the window, then down, then she did a quick double take back up to the window, “Well, I’ll be… Ms. Luthor you were right. Here she comes.”

Lena didn’t respond, but she smiled again feeling quite pleased with herself.

Estella was putting her shoes on near the door getting ready to leave at the end of her shift. Lena watched Kara saying goodbye from the dining area, a stack of spreadsheets and her Microsoft Surface in front of her spilling over one end of the table. Estella was using Kara’s arm to brace herself so she didn’t fall over while she slipped her shoes on, “Now, the timer will go off on the stove soon and then your supper will be ready.” Pointing at Kara semi-seriously, “You leave the dishes in the sink for me tomorrow young lady.”

Kara laughed, “I don’t think so.”

“Usted también lo hará ese es mi trabajo!” (You will too, that’s my job!) Estella told Kara. Lena looked up hearing Spanish being spoken.

Kara smiled and shook her head at Estella not noticing Lena, “Ya veremos.” (We’ll see.)

Giving up and shaking her head Estella conceded hugging Kara, “Tenga una buena noche, Kara.”

(Have a good night, Kara.)

“Buenas noches, Estella” responded Kara. (Good night.)

Estella, looking toward Lena slightly raising her voice, “Good night, Ms. Luthor.”

“Good night, Estella.” Lena said putting her attention back on her work. After Estella left Kara made her way back to the table. “Kara, I asked you to be careful with the Spanish” Lena said to her looking a little disappointed.

Kara put on a ‘cute’ guilty face, “It was just four words. Words she already knew I knew, nothing new.” Kara smiled at her own rhyme and put on a pleading face for forgiveness raising her right hand in the air, “What’s the saying again? Scouts honor?”

Lena dropped her pen and shook her head in pleased astonishment, “Kara, you’re just… How do you do it? You can learn whole languages in days, remember sayings from a culture that’s not even yours, hearing it only once. Your ability to adapt is just astonishing Kara.”

Kara was beaming, “Thanks.” The stove began beeping so Kara made her way over to it. “I don’t know. I just… languages, cultures, geography….. people were just always something I was fascinated about, picked up on quickly.” Pulling out the casserole from the oven Kara continued, “My Father would take me to different planets growing up, Star Haven, Rann, Tamaran, I’ve even been to Daxam and our planets didn’t generally get along and he would teach me things. Languages- he was just so-so at, but he stressed learning about cultures, said learning a cultural norm might save my life one day.” Kara paused like an epiphany just went off in her head, thinking about what she’d just said, sadness showing in her expression. “He said that about a year before he shot me into space.” Kara released a deep breath wondering now how long her parents had known they were going to send her away. How long had they been preparing her? She continued, “Then we would go home and my Mother would test what I’d learned. She was a Judicator on Krypton so words meant a lot to her. She was always dealing with other Judicators, Ambassadors, and people from different planets, it was part of her job. She’d tell me communication could take me anywhere.” Kara shrugged sadly, “I guess she was right” Kara wiped away a tear facing away from Lena, not wanting her to see her tearing up over memories. Then using a spatula, she scooped two portions out onto plates for herself and Lena.

Lena cleared her work from in front of her and didn’t say anything until Kara had set the plates down and sat next to her. She placed her hand on Kara’s back softly, rubbing it a little, “I’m sorry that you lost them. But it seems to me like they loved you a great deal.”

Kara nodded slightly but desperately wanted to change the subject regretting her tangent. Putting on a brave face and taking a deep breath, “So, you mentioned how well I adapt?” Lena nodded, “It’s just, you said a few weeks and It’s been close” Kara expressed.

“Kara, I’m sorry. The research…. and relocating to National City, a new board, I mean, I’ve been completely overhauling the company I’ve inherited…. “ Lena stopped mid sentence seeing Kara’s devastation, even though Kara herself would never actually complain about it. “It’s an excuse I know. The truth, but still an excuse.” Lena paused thinking. She reached over and took Kara’s hand giving it a squeeze, “Can I make you a compromise?” Kara looked at Lena curious. “How about we try National City first? This weekend? Consider it a test run of sorts?” Kara started biting her lower lip thinking about it, desperate to get out of the house but realizing it’s a step down from her actual goal. Lena raised her right hand in the air, “This weekend I promise, National City…. Scouts honor.”

Kara smiled, “Alright, I’m going to hold you to that.”

Lena couldn’t help toying with her, “I mentioned I was never a scout, right?” she added with a smirk.

Kara catching her jibe, “Hey!”
“We will! We will, I promise. Just teasing.” Lena responded as they were both smiling. “I already have an idea.”

Kara’s eyes shot open with a questioning look, “Really? What?!”

“No, absolutely not. It wouldn’t be a surprise if I told you.” Lena said enjoying the Kryptonian’s suspenseful pleading.

Kara’s jaw dropped in mock shock, “Oh, come on, Please?”

Lena shook her head with a succinct “Nope.”, leaving the Kryptonian to playfully pout.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I'm always saying this but, Sorry again for the length between updates. Life may be a little busy but the honest answer this time around is I was distracted so much by discovering and reading other people's fics that mine took a back seat.

The other honest answer is I was a bit lost. I had a concept but no real ending or plan of action. But last week I came up with a plan and an actual ending for this thing and I'm super excited about it (Like SUPER, and will be stoked if I can pull it off) so hopefully chapters will start streaming with a little more consistency again. I've already started the next chapter so expect it soon. I actually split this one because it was getting quite long. This chapter is more set up more character driven, not a lot of intensity (sorry) but I promise to the people who liked more of the earlier chapters the intensity WILL BE coming back so stick with me a bit.

Thanks for reading and as always I love hearing from you. I appreciate it when you leave me a comment, critique, blurb, review or absolutely anything in the comments section.
Chapter 9

I hope you like this one, it mixes in a little bit of everything I think. I know I really got into writing a lot of this chapter. A lot of this one and even last one I have to admit were tangents, but I think they do a good deal to flesh out the story and characters so I’m not even sorry for it. FYI, The Commander was a minor character in season 1. He was with Astra and Non and communicated to Vartox in the first episode.

The Auction Chapter 9

The days past from Tuesday to Friday excruciatingly slow for Kara. She begged daily to be let in on what they would be doing in National City this weekend with no avail. The only thing she got from Lena this morning were instructions; to come back early from her hike, take a shower and Estella would handle it from there. This baffled Kara but she was delighted to find out that Estella was in on the plans. Surely, she’d be able to get some information from her that she couldn’t get from Lena.

Immediately after Estella arrived for her morning shift Kara was glued to her side. “Can I help today, Estella?” Kara asked while trying to take a laundry basket from the older woman.

Estella’s eyes narrowed and she hesitated slightly but ended up letting Kara take the basket. “Only because it’s heavy,” she said as she started following Kara to the laundry room grabbing various towels from the kitchen and bathrooms along the way. “I’m old, but not too old to work Kara. You’re a guest of Ms. Luthor’s and I won’t have you doing my work for me.”

“I’m just helping, promise.” Kara said. “But what would be so wrong about me helping you get through the chores throughout the day? I mean some of these messes are mine,” Kara hesitated with the next part of the statement, “and we’re friends, right?” Kara hadn’t used that word in connection to herself since she was a child. She knew she was trying to butter Estella up a bit to get information from her, but still, she really did hope she could consider Estella a friend. Kara never had friends on the space station.

When her Aunt Astra was still in charge of what was going on on Fort Rozz, she was the only one her age on the station. Then after her Aunt passed, she had just been a prisoner. A couple times, whose prisoner had changed, at first, she was Vartox’s and his co-horts, he was Valeronian. Much of her physical damage happened while she was with them. But after about a year she was taken away from them by The Commander. He was high ranking in her Aunt’s hierarchy. Technically, her Aunt’s number two in charge, but her Uncle Non was often considered that with no real title to go with it. This created extraordinary tension between The Commander and Non that caused a divide amongst Kryptonian loyalties on the station. Each of them having loyal Kryptonians underneath them. Kara wasn’t really aware of this though until later.

When The Commander and his troops stormed in and took Kara from Vartox she honestly thought she was rescued, that she’d be going back safely to be with her people. She looked around for her Uncle Non, but he never came. She was given medical treatment for her injuries which were extensive, then was placed in a cell in a private room with a guard outside of it. Kara thought that was for her safety while she was recovering from various bruises, lacerations and broken ribs. But days passed, still Non didn’t come. Although not healed, after a few days Kara was finally well enough to get out of bed and go to the bars of her cell. She began demanding to see Non, to be let out. That’s when The Commander came in, he told her Non wasn’t coming. That Non was coward and traitor, that he and his ilk were on the other side of Fort Rozz and they would not be saving her. That Kryptonian’s had divided in two. That he understood, she was not Alura- her Mother, but she would pay for Alura’s sins and betrayal of Krypton anyway. That it was he who discovered her identity from the pod. That it was he who had been the one who told Vartox and the others who she really was. That Astra, hiding her identity, had sided with blood over Krypton and needed to be eliminated. But now, she was his.

Kara remembered verbatim what he said to her after that. “After all, she the heir to the great House of El,” he reached through the bars of the cell to caress her cheek. Gritting her teeth, she fought as best she could not to recoil away from his touch, to be brave, “the last female of our kind, shouldn’t be wasting away with the riff raff and other off-worlder scum.” His touch turned rough abruptly, grabbing her chin at the bottom of her jawline, pulling her a little closer as he stepped in as well, forcing eye contact. “When she should be here, serving her people.” He then pushed her away and walked out. Kara was 16, close to 17 at that time and would, by Kryptonian standards be considered an adult soon. The timing of her ‘rescue’ no longer seemed like a coincidence. Kara dropped to her knees and did her best to control her sobs, because with every deep intake of breath and tightening in her chest, she was reminded of the broken ribs that were still trying to heal.

Kara spent many years behind those bars before her ownership had changed hands again. One day there was shooting, explosions everywhere. She looked as best she could out the small windows that led from her room to the corridor but her cell was quite far from the door. She saw flashes of red at first; prison guard guns. Then of blue; heat vision. After that, green- lots of green. She didn’t know what it was but the green smoke took over the view of her little window. The door was shut and the smoke mostly stayed out, but what little did trickle under the crack of the door made her lungs hurt. There was screaming and yelling from everywhere and when the voices got closer to her door she took cover under her bed for safety, to hide. The bed was sturdy, metal and bolted to the wall and floor as it was made for a prison. Soon after, the yelling’s of soldiers...
was drowned out by a high-pitched frequency. It was impossibly loud and although Kara knew she was screaming at the top of her lungs from the pain of it she couldn’t hear herself. She couldn’t anything but curl into a ball and clutch her head.

When the noise was over she pulled her hands away from her ears to find the evidence of blood. She pulled her mattress off the platform and curled herself into a ball underneath it in the farthest corner of her cage she could get from the entrance of her room. She huddled there, shaking and terrified for what she thought was ever, but in reality, wasn’t more than a half hour later when three soldiers dressed in black tactical burst into the room.

Kara could hear the clicking and sharp motions of their movements and gear, signaling to each other. They were clearing and securing rooms. After a few seconds Kara heard “Clear” from two of the three soldiers, they turned to exit.

A second later she heard a soft, “No, wait,” from the one who seemed in charge. The other two soldiers stopped. Kara held her breath, clenched her eyes, prayed to Rao that they hadn’t seen her. The voice again, “The cell is shut, locked.” Kara heard the familiar clanging of the cell door being ratted. “If it’s empty, why is it locked?”

Kara internally panicked, then involuntarily she whimpered with the clanging of the bars. Next thing she knew she was hearing the cocking of the weapons the soldiers carried. She bit down on her fingernail. She heard the slow footsteps of the boots nearest her, outside her cell. They were walking away, she thought, ’that was good, right?’ but then she heard the familiar sound of the keys to her cell door jingle, ‘No, no, no.’ Fear was overtaking her, these people were about to get into her cage and she had no idea who they were or what to do.

The cell door opened and those slow steps made their way over to her. The voice said calmly to her, “I’m pulling away the mattress.” She felt the tug of the mattress being slowly taken from her, “I’m not going to hurt you,” the voice said. Kara didn’t move, she remained curled into a ball, eyes clenched even though she knew she was discovered. Kara resolving to open her eyes a few moments later saw kneeling next to her a dark complected man. His eyes meeting hers with softness, caring and concern. Kara felt almost lost in his dark brown orbs, comforted somehow.

One of the other soldiers nervously piped up, “Director Henshaw? What are you doing? That thing could jump at you at any time.”

The Director held up his hand to swiftly silence the soldier but didn’t break eye contact with Kara. Kara felt her breathing leveling out, a calm washing over her. “I’m not going to hurt you. I won’t let anyone hurt you. I’ll make you that promise.” Hank said while reaching his hand out for her to take. Kara looked at it for a moment, then slowly slid her hand into his, trusting him to lead the way.

That was a year ago now that her path had been intercepted and redirected by humans. “Kara?” Kara shook her head out of her daze, her attentions being drawn back to the female voice calling her name.

“What, I’m sorry,” Kara said apologetically.

Estella looked at the blonde quizzically, “I said, Yes, of course we’re friends. And as your friend, I don’t want you doing my work for me. Set it down right there, that will be fine, thank you.” Estella motioned for Kara to place the laundry basket on the floor near the washer and she began sorting the colors. She looked over to Kara who was just watching her, not leaving, “Where did you go right there? I said your name three times.”

“I… uhm… you know, space. Just lost in my head.” Kara tried to deflect as innocently as possible. Not wanting to give Estella a chance to push her on it further she quickly changed the subject, “So, Lena might have said you were going to help me get ready for whatever it is we’re doing tonight. Would you tell me? Please!?”

Estella smiled catching on, “Young Lady no, I’m not going to tell you Ms. Luthor’s surprise for you two. That’s her surprise and it’d be horrible of me to ruin it for her. Besides, I truthfully and thankfully, don’t actually know.”

Kara cocked her head side ways in confusion. “But she said you’d help me. To come home early, to shower, then you’d handle the rest?” Kara continued to look baffled, “Was I wrong?”

“No, I’ve got instructions myself Kara. To help you get dressed…… hair, make-up, that sort of thing.” Estella began motioning to Kara, “Though I don’t know why a beautiful young woman like yourself would need any help with that.”

Kara began beaming and looked down feeling a bit shy and self-conscious all of a sudden. “Thanks” she said barely audible.

Estella put her hands on her hips still holding a random piece of laundry and thoughtful grin beginning to show, like she’s debating whether she should say something or not. “I don’t know what you’re doing tonight. That’s true.” There was a pause while she was still thinking briefly, “But whatever it is, I can tell you you’re going to look stunning, Kara.”

This gave Kara a quizzical look. She wasn’t sure if she should press for more information, if there were just little more tidbits that Estella knew or if she was just complimenting her looks to help bolster her confidence. Either way, Kara decided Estella was right. This was Lena’s surprise and if Kara was planning one of her own she wouldn’t appreciate someone else spoiling it.

Kara spent the rest of the day trying to do all the things she normally did to pass the time with the only change really being in the morning. She had been a bit clingy with Estella in the earlier hours of the morning, following her from room to room asking in every one if she could help with something. Finally, after a couple hours of Estella telling her that she had everything under control, Kara left to go into the rooms the housekeeper hadn’t cleaned yet, trying to help in an unseen way. But Inevitably, like Estella had a super hearing of her own, she would walk in or
walk by and shoo Kara away from ‘her job’ within minutes of Kara starting.

Kara finally resolved herself to stay out of Estella’s way, and figuring it was nearing lunch that maybe she could help by at least taking care of that for the older woman. On Krypton, Kara wasn’t a bad cook, by twelve-year-old Kryptonian standards. But being new to this planet, none of the ingredients were the same, proteins were different, same as vegetables and even the starches slightly. Combine that with the amount of time since she’d really prepared a meal (that wasn’t a sandwich), Kara felt like she was back at square one basics.

But she remembered the first night she was on Earth when Lena cooked for her, spaghetti with meat sauce. Lena had told her how bad of a cook she was but she managed that, so Kara thought she could too. After all, all the ingredients were in the name of it. Kara started pulling the pots and a sauté pan from the cupboards. She unwrapped and threw the frozen chunk of hamburger into the pan. Realizing that would take the longest she turned burner up to ‘High’. Kara pulled a box of the noodles and a jar of the sauce from the pantry dumping each into pots of their own. She followed the temperature directions for the noodles but the sauce didn’t have directions written on the jar so she figured she’d match the temperature given by the noodles that would bring the water to boil. Now, it was just a little bit of a waiting game.

Kara only had to wait a minute, maybe two before she started hearing the searing sound of the meat. She walked over to the stove taking in the bubbling and sizzling coming from where the meat met the pan. She knew she needed to flip it but she hadn’t pulled out the utensil for that. Kara stepped away to go to the drawer in the island to pull out tongs as she heard a ‘plop’, she looked back and didn’t see anything. Pulling the drawer out she grabbed the tongs ‘plop’, she heard it again. She was just getting back to the stove when, ‘plop, plop, plop’ sauce splattered onto her shirt and across the stove top, “Hey!” Kara yelled at the sauce looking at her shirt, all the while the sizzling was getting more intense.

Kara stirred the sauce for a moment hoping that would squelch the ‘plopping’ that was getting more intense. Then used the tongs to flip the chunk of hamburger, the now blackened side up and frozen rock-solid side down. By the time she had put the tongs down the ‘plopping’ had returned splattering more sauce across the stove, her shirt, and even just a little on the floor. Kara stirred it and quickly turned the heat down from ‘High’ to 8. If it helped, Kara couldn’t tell, the sauce was fine while she stirred but within moments of her stopping it would start ‘plopping’ and splattering everywhere.

The noodle water came to boil and Kara knew she had to get the noodles in so she stepped away to the box. Sure enough, the ‘plopping’ and splattering came back. Around the corner came Estella’s voice, “What’s going on in here?” Kara jumped. Taking a look at the stove Estella moved quickly to it, turning the heat off on the meat and pulling the ‘plopping’ sauce from the burner, sort of stirring it in the air as she dug in the cupboard for the accompanying lid. Placing the lid on top of the pot she set it down on a burner that wasn’t in use or hot. She looked around the stove and at Kara, “Kara, what happened?”

Kara looked distraught, stuttering nervously while she was trying to apologize for the mess, “I’m sorry…. I didn’t mean to. I promise, I’ll clean it up.” Kara paused momentarily shrinking into herself a bit while Estella was still trying to gage the mess, “I just wanted to cook you lunch. Us lunch.” Kara corrected quickly and she grabbed some towels and hurried to clean her mess. “It won’t happen again. I promise. I’m sorry.”

Estella rushed to calm the distraught young woman, “Kara, Kara, Kara….”, she softly said gently pulling her away from the stove by her shoulders. “I’m not mad.” She looked at the mess again, “Just a little confused at what happened is all. We can clean this up. Super rápido. No hay problema.”

“I was just trying to help my friend.” Kara explained, “I haven’t really had one in a long time.”

Estella cocked her head to the side in a little confusion, “Sweetie, you’ve been helping me all morning.” Estella, calmly rubbing her back a bit, “How about you sit down a second” she said as she led Kara to sit on a stool at the island.

“You really aren’t mad?” Kara asked.

“No! Of course not,” Estella smiled, laughing a little at how seriously Kara was taking this. “Who in their right mind could ever be mad at you Kara? You’re the sweetest thing I’ve ever met.”

“Really?” Kara asked.

“Yes! Of course,” Estella confirmed. “If it wasn’t for the way Lena looks at you I’d be trying to set you up with my grandson.”

Kara smiled and her eyes went wide in shock, “What?”

Estella rambled as if she didn’t hear Kara, “Come to think of it, I wouldn’t do that to you. That boy needs to learn a few things.”

Kara, ignoring Estella’s statement about her grandson asked again, “What’d you say about Lena…….. and me?”

Estella’s eyes zeroed in on Kara’s, her realization dawning on her that the two women who live in this house, innocently, really don’t know how they each look at each other. Now all of a sudden Estella felt like she was crossing a boundary she shouldn’t. “Kara, I’m not going to say too much, but I’ve worked for the Luthor’s for a long time. And I’ve never seen Lena look as happy as she does when she’s looking at you….. You just think about that,” she finished giving Kara an encouraging touch on the cheek and bump on the chin.

“Kara!” Lena yelled up the stairs trying to get the Kryptonian to hurry up. “The car is going to be here in five minutes and we’ve got to go as soon as it get’s here!” Lena, herself was scrambling
with her last minute preparations before they headed out for the evening. She had been manic since arriving, running straight to her room to change and do hair and make-up. Currently, she was leaning against the banister balancing precariously as she attempted to put on her last Alexander McQueen stiletto. Lena had left work just a little bit early today in order to get ready but she was still in a bit of a time crunch with the 40-minute drive, each way from her home back to downtown National City.

Tonight, was National City’s Annual Black-Tie Gala, every year the event was put on by a committee filled with National City’s who’s who. There were professional sports players, Grammy winning music artists, Oscar winning actors, not to mention the richest and the most up and coming in the business world. Lena had flown in to the event in the past from Metropolis a time or two, but that was as Lex’s guest. Tonight, she’d be going under her own right and it felt important to her now to make a good impression.

Oddly enough, two months ago she wasn’t even planning on going to the event. But a certain alien’s genetics has recently pushed L Corp’s Pharmaceuticals and R and D departments into overdrive with small break throughs happening daily. It really wouldn’t be too much longer until Lena is able to present the FDA with medicines that provide astounding results. So, on the negative side a certain amount of schmoozing on the part of Lena the CEO was required. But on the positive, Lena couldn’t think of a better way to share the successes that stemmed from Kara, than with dresses, music, wine, and food prepared by chefs who thought way too much of themselves- with Kara.

“Almost ready!” yelled Estella from the top of the stairs.

Lena made her way into the kitchen and began loading only what was necessary from her purse into a smaller more elegant clutch using the island as her table. The clutch paired with her dress from Saks 5th Ave, which was a gorgeous, but sleek, black gown that flared out near her feet. Lena turned toward the stairs again when she heard the elder woman stampeding down them.

Estella made her way over to Lena quickly full of excitement. The older woman was beaming ear to ear with anticipation. “Ms. Luthor,” forgetting her place slightly she grabbed Lena by the arm and tugged her over to the bottom of the stairs. Her exuberance and excitement filling her so, that it began spilling out in her actions. Estella, gripping one of Lena’s hands in her own then using the free one to pat the top of it, “Okay Kara, come down!” she yelled up the stairs.

Lena immediately brought her gaze to the top of the stairs where seconds later Kara stepped into view. Lena’s mouth went slack and her eye’s opened at full attention. Lena couldn’t help but stare. Because what else should you do when a blonde goddess in a blue gown ascends from the heavens. Kara was half way down the stairs before Lena realized she had forgotten to breathe. Lena brought the hand that wasn’t being clamped down on by the housekeeper up to her mouth, “Oh my god Kara.”

Kara nervously gestured to herself when she reached the base of the stairs, “You like it?”

Lena slowly nodded momentarily forgetting how to form words. But then realized she really should verbally respond to a woman asking how she looks, “Kara…. you’re just… stunning….. Absolutely beautiful.”

Kara’s happiness at Lena’s response had put her over the moon. And although she still had goosebumps on her skin and elephants in her stomach she was more excited than ever to go out for the evening with Lena Luthor.

‘Ding dong’ the doorbell rang.

Lena shook herself out of her stupor that was staring at Kara, remembering the car she had rented that would take them to the Gala. “That’s probably the driver” she said as she quickly made her way back to the island to grab her clutch.

“I’ll get the door.” Kara call out to Lena. Lena heard the door open quickly since being at the base of the stairs Kara was the closest one to it anyway. Then Lena heard Kara’s greeting, “Hello, we’re almost ready” she told the driver.

Lena turned back to the foyer to head out quickly as soon as she got her clutch in hand. Rounding the kitchen wall so she once again had the front door in view, Lena stopped in her tracks. Standing in the doorway was a woman in her fifties, tall, arms crossed, pursed lips, piercing eyes with a seriousness and superior aura emanating from her that would make most people around her cower. She was using those eyes this minute to look Kara up and down while Kara looked on slightly perplexed. Lena commanded the woman’s gaze, crossing her own arms, shifting into a serious stance. Making her voice sound annoyed as possible for her greeting, “What can I do for you, Mother?”

Chapter End Notes

As always please let me know what you're thinking I REALLY REALLY appreciate hearing from you. leave a blurb, comment, review, critique, thought or absolutely anything in the comments section please
The Auction Chapter 10

“What are you doing here, Mother?” Lena asked the woman in the doorway, not bothering to hide the displeasure and skepticism in her voice.

“No, is that any way to greet your mother whose come all the way from Metropolis to see her favorite daughter?” Lillian responded feigning love and concern in her voice.

Lena scoffed but didn’t bother returning a comment. There was no point in hashing out their Mother/(adopted)Daughter squabble right here. With the Gala tonight, Lena simply didn’t have the time.

Kara had spent the last couple moments eyes darting in between the two women, shock finally wearing off and wanting to make a good impression on the Mother Luthor, “Oh, Gosh, I’m so sorry. I thought you were the driver.” Kara with an exuberant smile, stretched out her hand in greeting to Lillian, “Hi, I’m Kara. It’s so nice to meet you Ms. Luthor.”

Lillian’s lips pursed into a sneer while she took an up and down look at Kara, eyes then holding steady at Kara’s hand like she was wondering why it was still being offered. “That’s an awful gaudy bracelet, don’t you think?” she said not bothering with pleasantries.

Kara’s eyes averted, her hand nervously clenched and retreated. She placed both of her hands sheepishly behind her back hiding them, hoping before Ms. Luthor noticed the second bracelet on her other wrist.

“Mother!” Lena scolded. Lena also couldn’t help but to start to internally panic at her mother’s comment about Kara’s bracelet and her unexpected arrival. But unless she knew for sure why her mother was here, she needed to keep things as normal as possible. Thank goodness ‘normal as possible’ was trying to avoid her mother at all costs. Lena unfolded her arms referencing her and Kara’s dresses, “As you can see, I am busy this evening, Mother. Maybe, you should have called before you showed up unannounced.”

Lillian began making her way into the home stepping by Kara and Estella toward her daughter. “Yes, I suppose I should have.” She continues walking by even Lena, taking in the home she’s never actually been invited to. “But in my defense, you’ve developed a nasty habit of not returning my calls so….” Lillian makes a grand motion with her arms turning back toward her daughter, “here I am.”

“Phone calls not returned are usually a sign” Lena shot back.

Lillian waved off the comment. “What’s the big event tonight?” Lillian asked taking in Lena’s dress?

Lena crossed her arms again as her patience began to waver, “The National City Black-Tie Gala.”

Lillian’s eye’s narrowed at her daughter and then darted to Kara in confusion, “For one, Lena, I thought you outgrew….” Lillian actually paused trying to find the right words motioning toward Kara, “the blonde phase. But to bring an escort to the Gala….”

Lena could no longer hold the outright anger from her voice after Lillian’s referral to Kara as a prostitute. “Kara is not an escort, Mother! And you were not invited here, so you either tell me what you came here for, or not. Regardless, you have two minutes and then you ARE leaving.”

At this moment, a man in a black suit and drivers cap appeared at the door that was still ajar from Lillian’s arrival. He meekly waved, unsure if he should knock since the door is partially opened and his presence was noticed, “Hi, I’m here for Ms. Luthor and a guest.”

Lena’s gaze and anger had not dissipated ANY in the short moment between the driver’s arrival and her yelling at Lillian. Estella had noticed this and that the fire was about to be unhinged on the innocent driver for his untimely interruption. Estella quickly raised her hands and jumping into her visual to calm Lena, “Ms. Luthor, how about I escort Kara to the car where she can wait for you to finish there?”

Lena, emotionally taking a step back and releasing the breath that was about to be used to eviscerate the driver, “The National City Black-Tie Gala.”

Lena’s gaze and anger had not dissipated ANY in the short moment between the driver’s arrival and her yelling at Lillian. Estella had noticed this and that the fire was about to be unhinged on the innocent driver for his untimely interruption. Estella quickly raised her hands and jumping into her visual to calm Lena, “Ms. Luthor, how about I escort Kara to the car where she can wait for you to finish there?”

Estella ushered a worried looking Kara out the door following the driver, whispering “Come now, it’s best we leave those two alone, Kara.”

After the door closed behind them Lena returned her full attention to her mother, eyeing her up and waiting for her to explain why she was there.

“So, not only are you using a whore, but the help seems awful at home to interject herself in business that isn’t hers.” Lillian’s voice said with disappointment.

Lena looked her mother defiantly in the eyes, "I am proud to say that my so called 'Help' doesn’t avoid eye contact with me, or runs and hides at my mere presence in my home like your 'Help' does, Mother. And furthermore, you are NOT endearing yourself to me in the least by referring to Kara as a whore when I told you she wasn’t. And considering you came all the way to National City, you want something. So, I suggest you be a little nicer if you intend to get it from me…. but I wouldn’t count on it. So, for the last time, what is it that you want, Mother?”
Lillian pursed her lips visibly biting back what she initially wanted to retort to her daughter. Instead, Lillian swallowed and put a faux smile on her face, “I apologize. I didn’t mean to….” Lillian struggled a little to find the right words using her hands in the air to gesture her thinking.

“Yes, you did Mother” Lena interjected quickly wanting to stop the faux apology and feigned excuses from her mother before they started.

Lillian laced her fingers in front of herself giving up, “I really did come to spend time with you this weekend.”

Lena responded, “Oh, Please.”

“No, really.” When Lena didn’t interject again Lillian continued, “There’s an event this weekend. I thought we could go together.”

Lena’s eyes narrowed, “Well, as you can see, I am busy. Sorry, but I really do have to get going.” Lena motioned for her mother to exit.

“It’s not tonight!” Lillian exclaimed.

Lena’s frustration at her mother’s lack of details was beginning to be her undoing, “Mother! Spit it out already.”

“Sunday afternoon, in New York.” Lillian said testing to see if her daughter knew what she was talking about.

Lena’s eyes narrowed quizically at first and then the light bulb went off, ‘the Auction’ was this weekend, Sunday in New York. ‘Shit!’ Lena thought to herself and she couldn’t play dumb either, because she knew her Mother saw the light bulb go off in her head. “I’m not going to New York on a day and halves notice, Mother.”

“Day and halves notice my ass,” Lillian scoffed at her daughter. “Now, who’s playing coy?”

“I’m not going to the auction, Mother, never planned on it” Lena simply responded.

Lillian responded with shock, “How could you not? The experiments, genes, DNA, knowledge to be gained could be astronomical. Luthor Corp could….“

“L Corp!” Lena interjected. “L Corp needs to distance itself from the Luthor image, Mother! The tides are turning with the petition for Superman’s amnesty gaining ground and I will not be undone by having an alien- in a cage- in my labs!”

“Fine. How about you let the thing be- in a cage- in mine? I don’t have any qualms with it.” Lillian responded.

Lena’s eyes narrowed, “What are you talking about?”

“Lena, just because Lionel was a business genius and Lex is a genius all around doesn’t mean I couldn’t hold my own” Lillian answered her daughter. “You know I’m a well-regarded scientist in my own right. And I’ve been working with a group recently. We protect the homeland so to speak.”

Lena released a breath and placed her hand to her forehead, “So, what do you need me for? I could hardly condone anything you plan to do to some innocent alien.”

“Pssh,” Lillian scoffed a laugh. “It was an alien prison Lena, they’re hardly innocent.”

“So, go then. I’m sorry Mother, not my scene.” Lena expressed flatly.

Lillian herself released a breath finally feeling desperate, “Lena?” she said with a slightly needy tone. “You see, I would. I have the backing, the space needed, funding, etc…. but we’re a relatively unknown group and being that my name is no longer associated with Luth…. L Corp, my invite seems to have gotten lost in the mail.”

A knowing smile finally crosses Lena’s face, “You need me to get in.”

Lillian’s face-hardened sensing an unsympathetic tone in her daughter’s voice, “Need you to get in might be a stretch, but would it be easier, yes.”

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint you, Mother. But like I said, the tides are changing. Someday aliens might even have the same rights we do. So, I wouldn’t risk being caught dead at the Alien Auction” Lena said matter-of-factly.

Lillian’s lips pursed and real anger started to show through the cracks of Lillian’s normally impenetrable face of enigma, “How can you say that? After what they’ve done to your brother?” They’re no better than vermin. They’re things. The day they have rights in this country…. Over my dead body.”

“They…. Didn’t do anything to Lex, Mother! He snapped! He became obsessed with the alien vigilante, then became a criminal because of it!” Lena said.

Lillian was shaking her head fervently, “No, that’s not what happened.”

“Yes, it is” Lena said forcefully. Lillian didn’t respond anymore, not really seeing the point. Lena leaned against the island feeling thoroughly exhausted from her conversation with her mother. Looking at her watch, “Your two minutes are up Mother, and I really do have to go.”

“Your brother would be disappointed in you Lena.” Lillian said as she stormed away letting herself out.

Lena called after her, “My brother’s in prison!” Lena feeling absolutely overwhelmed by the visit from her mother quickly moved into the kitchen and poured herself a shot of liquor she pulled from the cabinet. She didn’t even bother to look at what kind it was before she downed it. Shaking
her head and reeling just momentarily from the bitterness of the alcohol, “Pull it together Lena!” she said out loud to herself. Lena made it back to the island, grabbed her clutch and headed toward the front door to join Kara.

Just as Lena was about to exit her house something in her peripheral bothered her. She didn’t know why but her mail on her entryway table seemed…. off. Lena started shifting through the mail, not finding what she was looking for. Then urgency taking hold, she picked up the whole stack and one by one dropped every piece of mail back down to the table looking for the one piece of mail that wasn’t junk. The invite to the Alien Auction, it was missing and Lena was sure she knew who had it. Lena stepped out her front door looking toward the now dark drive that leads away from her house, her Mother’s taillights long gone, “What are you up to Mother?”

Chapter End Notes

I know, short chapter. I debated holding off until I added the Black-Tie Gala but then I thought the chapter would be really long to get to the next stopping point and I wanted to get something out to you guys. Next Chapter though we’ll see our ladies having their evening.

As always leave a blurb, comment, critique, thought, ramble, pat on the back, snippet, review etc!!!! I REALLY appreciate your words. And THANK YOU SO MUCH. Because this story hit 1000 Kudos this morning! I was so phyched!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!