***Super Girl 2!***

Writing by,

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109,509 words…

*Is she a friend or is she a foe?*

Supergirl lands outside a building that in earth terms she knows is called a radio station... Something back home in Argo City they have not got! There they play music live still in public forums and such, for over all they haven’t much of a need for transmitting sounds over air waves for people on her planet to listen too! Their people it believe it helps to keep the community and families closer also, by insisting on having functions that require everyone to participate, rather than staying home and turning on some contraption that distances them all from one another. And with everyone’s hearing it would cause many to have something earth calls MIGRAINS. The radio station where she happened to be standing once she looked over at it and read the sign above upon arriving here on earth, said it was called Astral Media!

Super Girl!

“Now, where is she?”

Supergirl said to herself as she started looking around for the woman calling herself Superwoman.. She begins walking around the Town as she thinks about the invitation this woman was trying to make with her back on Argo about being friends before disappearing that first day they met, when she was covered from head to toe with there being no way for Supergirl to identify who it might possibly be. As for there being someone who is going around implying that Clark Kent’s twin’s sister is still alive, that he has any other leaving relatives from his home planet at all that was a pretty serious statement in itself. What happened on Krypton was a terrible tragedy; he lost 3 sisters that day, if his twin was indeed in that number of those that died on their planet. Yes it was true that he (KAL AL) was his Fathers only son, which is why sending him to earth was so important to him; Super girl therefore new to be leery of such an offer of friendship.

Of course she remembered earth quite well, and understood that she was much younger then, as was true for this imposter calling herself Superwoman, where back home on Argo their true age would show, but here on earth, because of the slow rate of aging, it was like going backwards into a fountain of youth for both of them, so finding this imposter she realized might not be so easy a thing to do, since here on earth they would look so close in age. But having the advantage of having been here she believed she might have an upper hand there.. Supergirl never thought she’d have a reason to come to earth again after what happened the first time she was here, when she came to meet KAL’ AL to have him help her retrieve the article that she lost but indeed here she was on earth once again this time a little older and wiser and less naive.

She immediately wondered about her old friend the girl she met at the bordering school she hid herself at when she first got here, she wondered how things worked out between her and her boyfriend?, As well as what happened that of her older Sister The Reporter who worked at the Metropolis Paper who was very close friends with the person Earth knew as Superman! It was LOIS that sent her sister that poster that was on their wall in the room they shared! With all this passing through her mind quickly she realized it was necessary to change into human clothes again, as she suspected the one calling herself Superwoman has already done by now as well. She could not be certain how far ahead in travelling time there was, so to guess where she might be on this planet from she is standing is exactly that just a guess, but starting with old familiar grounds she thought might be a safe place to begin. She walked in between 2 places and came out clothed to imitate her surroundings. Now to get to work finding this other woman, for the amount of time she has to find her and what that purpose might be for, she is still uncertain of What could she want?

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

The woman calling herself Superwoman back on Argo left un-announced of course she did this with a plan in her mind, and well it didn’t take long for her to feel that it had indeed worked. From the back of her head she could feel that Super girl saw her flying away; off in the distance. No one else aware of this transaction, just what the imposter wanted all of them busy doing something more important than to notice her leave she said to herself;

“ Oh Good she’s noticed me, I wonder how long it will be before curiosity will get the best of her and she will have to fill that need to follow me? It shouldn’t take long if I know anything about her past and what she is like in her naturally curious nature!”

When speaking of this the imposter is talking of the catastrophe that caused her to leave Argo once before she was much younger then.

The imposter continues with

“Just what I want, if all goes to plan I may get 2 birds with one stone as the old saying goes.. Or maybe 3 if the rumours I hear are true?” She was referring to the capture of Supergirl and who she was going to earth seek ... None other than the real Superwoman herself. The imposter decides that portraying her might actually turn out to be a bit of fun. From the rumours that were reported to her the imposter was excited to learn that this Superwoman Twin Sister of KAL ‘ AL (Clark Kent) on earth, not only has one but 2 children... and EACH OF THEM are a NEW KIND of SUPER “Something” unto themselves, for she did not breed both with One Specimen... the imposter thought

what a remarkably smart thing to do, to see which one would be the fittest or strongest, maybe one of her 2 children is more powerful than us all in the end? The imposter clearly knows very little about this thing on earth humans call falling in love; so thinking in a logical order she could not compromise in the mind that maybe Superwoman having 2 children with different fathers was not actually planned in the way her logical mind thought of it! Of course there is love and families in outer space, meaning Argo City, but this particular imposter has not had much luck in experiencing or coming to know of this family love or unity, that of the kind of stories told to her about what happens on earth or which she has seen growing up in her own surroundings. Her childhood history was that of a curious one and not something she wished to be thinking of at this moment, so she focused back on the matter at hand finding her target or target(s) this including the Super Girl she knew would be following her shortly, she had to how could she resist such an offer when the implication might be referring to saving a life?

Yes just the thought of it, Superwoman Alive and well and here on earth all these years and now add to that the wonderful gift of children?

“Well now if one doesn’t learn something new every day?” She say’s out loud to herself!

Why how could such a thing have occurred beneath the noses of those banished to the phantom zone or even herself? No matter now this information has been discovered and what happens in the immediate future is what counts now! The imposter was determined to learn everything she could;

"Even If I have to play her for myself, where there is a will there is a way, Superwoman wherever you are.. Come Out, Come Out to Play!" For knowing she could never convince Superwoman to be her friend (how obvious Superwoman's intuition would know the truth) as she's attempting with Supergirl she realizes her focus must remain on finding those children if they do indeed exist if what her little birdies have told is true about the whole little happy Girl Power family! Rather hard to dispute now when she is already working hard with the playing leverage of having Supergirl think that's exactly who she is as well as everyone she meets as she settles here on Earth for her first visit, this she is certain if the future holds well there will likely be a lot more than one of!

"Blondes" She thought,

"I wonder are they just as gullible on earth?"

End Scene!

Once arriving on earth more specifically in Metropolis a place she’s heard so much about back on Argo. Immediately she noted the pollution issues the funny looking colour in the air and the smell, “I guess on earth this is what they call smog!” she said aloud. There was stand still traffic all around her, again she said, “Hmmm this must be what’s known in earth terms as Rush hour, I picked quite a time of a day to land here in

Metropolis, well if all goes according to plan things should only be getting better for me from here!” The Imposter was referring to what plans she had in mind for Super-girl, but before she could do that, she was aware that she must resolve one immediate obvious problem and that was to deal with what it was she's wearing. She could only imagine what would happen to her if she tried to go take care of business in this outfit as she looked herself over? The imposter looked around her, and saw lots of windows and buildings, things she understood were stores, confirming her reflection in the window of one as she was walking, and the fact that she indeed needing to go shopping, she also noticed one very positive change in her features and said,

Imposter

“My, My don’t I look ever so many more years younger than back on Argo City, if this is a benefit of being on earth I think I’m going to like it here!” (With that satisfaction she sighed and went on her merry way with a smile on her face.) “Maybe I’ll make earth my second home, if it keeps me feeling so fit and looking so young, yes I like the idea of out- living human’s for thousands of years indeed, Earth could ultimately become all of my ancestors second natural home with Krypton having been destroyed. All there is for them is the Phantom zone and well one clearly doesn’t want to go live there", she chuckles to herself because of the devised plan in her head and how it may indeed have the Phantom zone as some part of it, but she would not give away any part of her plan in outspoken thought.

“Now shopping, let’s get some clothes for me for I haven’t much time, I can only imagine how much younger looking coming back to earth is going to make Super-Girl, which means she’s going to be STRONG, and have lots of energy, and without her Super-Girl outfit I might actually have trouble identifying her, for then my plan would be spoiled! She might look so young one could think she is a college or University student when in fact she is old enough to be a teacher or professor, well I could only wish she would wind up in diapers”, she throws her head back with a laugh as she starts window shopping for earth attire!

“This should be fun,”

She said upon entering inside of a store where she saw something she liked in the window display! Through conversation and distraction she was testing the minds of the few shoppers in there as well as the cashiers, (she couldn’t believe how easy their minds were to manipulate in the same manner as hypnosis only they are still awake and functioning.) By the time she had finished shopping at this store everyone in the building didn’t ask her about money or payment; it was subliminal that they were all behaving as though she paid with a credit card. She left the store stressed in an outfit to cause a car accident where are concerned while driving if she had been on a busy corner street. Much more confident but also aware of her pressing time for the engagement that waits

she goes on to the other stores and shops there until she feels she has enough to get her through for a period of time. The downfall to this manipulation of the mind is that it would only be temporary. Once she was away from the vicinity after a certain time has passed, the workers will find the products missing from the store, but what they will have trouble with is the memory of what happened and where all the stuff went. The imposter was sure she was protected and safe in one way that they wouldn't remember her, but none the less workers will start worrying that everything is missing in the same district of stores that means she needed to get away from there in case one had a mind strong enough to look at her and suddenly remember and say HER, that’s the lady she’s the one doing it! She wondered though what Super Girl would do for Earth attire, she’s not a dishonest person or crook in anyway, should be interesting to see what kind of attire she winds up in? Hopefully it would be something she could be easily spotted in in fact the imposter was rather betting on it!

Still as the imposter moved away from the stores she shopped at on this day, knowing it was time to find a place to stay and safely store her belongings and move ahead in quickly finding the kind of people she would need to help her with Super Girl she was definitely certain of one thing and said out loud again as she began to fly above the city from a place where no one notice her take off from the ground, Shopping was so much fun this way, she thought

" I most certainly need to do this again!" And just like that this Imposter and first time visitor to Metropolis and to Earth, from a place quite far away was out of site!

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

The World is in a catastrophic state, SuperGirl knows she can’t do it alone; she has to find help and Fast! Without warning everything went white and then her mind went blank!

She lays unconscious in a hospital bed…

The sound of her heart beat off the machine and the oxygen feeding her brain is all you hear. She arrived in the emergency department with no I.D. Upon first glance it seemed to look as though she had suffered a random attack or robbery by a thug on the street.

The most apparent injury was the bandage that lay wrapped around her head, where there was a contusion bleeding fairly steady that they were trying to get under control. She was left overnight under close observation near the Nurses station. The next morning the Nurse in charge of her condition reported, that no complications occurred, but that there was also no apparent changes. It was around lunch hour when

the Dr that was given her case finally entered her room where sometime that morning she was moved upon her stabilization being confirmed.

The Dr. noticed her unusual quick rate of healing with respect to the severity of the injuries on her arms and legs. The bleeding on her head had slowed down tremendously but still hadn’t stopped. With the apparent speed of recovery noted for the rest of her, the Dr. didn’t think too much of it. He ordered routine blood work, adding one request only, which could be deemed Un-Orthodoxed; he asked to see if a donor match for her blood could be found. He stated as his excuse that in case the bleeding on her head sped up again and it is found that she is losing to much blood it would be good to have ready. Then he signed and dated the chart and hung it back at the foot of her bed, and moved on to the next patient. Later the nurse who came to take Jane do’s blood recognized which Dr. had made the blood donor request, and found it to be unusual for he was known for encouraging blood alternatives whenever and wherever possible. But there’s always a first time she thought to herself and then proceeded to move forward completing the requested blood-work.

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

It took about a week for the results of the blood work to come back, by this time Jane do, was in and out of consciousness. She would come to; on occasion, when a Nurse would be checking her temperature or taking her pulse. It’s normal in the beginning to have trouble remembering how to speak the longer one is unconscious, so rarely would the Nurses be able to make out what she was trying to say. A few said that they thought she was just trying to say Hello, but the one that got it right was Nurse Adeline,

Nurse Adeline

“She said, water: it took me a minute of listening to her say it again, but I got it and said to myself with a chuckle; I’m a Nurse of course she’s thirsty, noting how dry and parched her voice sounded.”

Immediately upon realizing what the request was; Nurse Adeline, went to the night stand where a fresh jug of water with ice cubes in it stood, lifted it over the glass with the paper cover on it, (a new thing in patient rooms to reduce dust and germs from spreading) removed the cover and poured a small amount of water into the glass, she than tore open a bendable straw and wrinkled it till she thought it was good enough for Jane Do to drink it. She stepped over to the side of the bed and leaned in and carefully put the straw up to Jane Do’s mouth. “Alright, try this and don’t push yourself to hard if you don’t think you have the strength to suck it up the straw, I can give you water another way, the Nurse said, ” Jane Do put her lips around the straw and lightly closed them; she was weak but managed to drink what was in the glass. She then took one of

the Ice cubes and swiped it over her bottom and top lip to reduce the dryness and cracking.

The chart showed that she had one of the rarest blood types, and as the Dr. reviewed the notes even further he found that the analyst had discovered that there were a few noticeable differences to her blood than most peoples. When looking at the blood under a microscope you could clearly see that the blood cells had a mind of their own, it was like they were trying to protect themselves by crystallizing right before the analyst’s eyes. Something to the effect of when a normal person’s blood hits air, it turns red. Only in this case it shines and the color of the substance is almost yellow as it covers itself over the blood sample, and looks to be as though it still has life.

After the Dr. reviewed the results he got a bit excited and started to think of the possible explanations for the results, and the reality of what kind of possibilities of helping other patients or even as far a stretch as to say Mankind; and with the ongoing studies and positive results of DNA testing, and most recently studies on amniotic fluid he thought maybe Jane Do’s blood was meant to be discovered for some unknown purpose that is meant to be included with the current progressions of medicine. So Dr. McArthur encouraged the researcher to continue investigating to see if any particulars could be found that possibly could be of more help in understanding how to speed up the patients healing process or benefits to other areas of medicine outside of the ones he was already thinking of.

It wasn’t long till someone got word of the lab work who was on the Luthor Corp acct, that thought the information discovered and still being worked on might be of use to the company, and possibly bring a hefty finder’s fee.. “If I play my cards right, the orderly said to himself I should be able to max out on the reward fees, depending on how badly they come in search of the most important facts, that being, all the information that can be found on the patient.

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

It took some convincing but Dr. McArthur eventually gave in to signing the un-named patient over to the Luthor Corp health staff. She still had amnesia when she was released from the hospital. She was immediately taken to the Mansion and given all the luxuries she needed. The full intention was to keep her occupied as more information about her rare blood type and conditioning for quick healing power and possible I.D. on who she was, continued. There were many thoughts on this but the one Lex liked best was that she was possibly related to Superman.

A few days into her stay at the mansion, a report was brought forward where there was mention of a company check that had been forged and cashed. Knowing Lex’s temper he abruptly demanded an answer. “What am I paying you for, if you can’t tell me how and who’s spending my money?” Those were the words Amnesia girl heard

as she walking passed his office door. The check looked so authentic the teller never questioned it; and cashed it as usual. Camera’s in the bank could not show the location of the assailant due to the angles of the camera’s. The man using a magnifying glass examining the check became absorbed over the talent and skill of work done. This only infuriated Lex even more.

She’s not sure why but for some reason thinks she has an answer. So she pushed the door opened wider and entered the room and said, “Do you mind if I take a look at it?” This got the attention of everyone in the room. “I was just taking a walk through the halls, and the door was ajar and I overheard the conversation, so I apologize for my interruption. Lex having a weakness for pretty women smiled and suddenly put aside his anger he poured himself a drink and said, “No harm in letting her look at it, the damage is already done.”

End Scene!

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Seeing that the fight which ensued between SuperGirl and the counterparts she hired has caused SuperGirl to stop pursuing her counterparts the imposter thought that making a visit to the Luthor Corp underground location to visit in person with Lex was at this time a good idea.

On site at Luthor Corp

Lex was busy put-ting around (quite literally playing a game of indoor golf) and talking to Otis about what he should do next with his valuable time when on the radio in the background there was a program talking about a product called koQ10, said to give back to our bodies very important elements that were all so short of. The Dr. on the show mentioned three words, Energy, Endurance, and Stamina.

And Lex barked out and said,

Lex

"Hey, sounds like I should get me some of that stuff, After all I am not getting any younger am I Otis? A pill filled with all the bodies most important natural substances that we could all use a lot more of, just might help me with the ladies... (he chuckles) not that I have any problems with the ladies right Lex? I have always been known to be somewhat of a ladies man now haven't I?"

Otis finally gets a word in edgewise...

"Oh no Mr Luthor you’re definitely good with the ladies, did ya want me to phone in for a bottle of the stuff, the radio announcer says, One free bottle per household is the limit only thing we have to pay for is shipping and handling."

Lex

"Pay, Pay, You want me to pay for something since when do I pay for things around here… (laughing at Otis muttering an insult about the guy under his breath) sounds like some kind of mail order scam or something that's right up my ally to offer to the public myself. Now Otis I want more than one bottle I want a LIFE TIME supply of the stuff. After all I am not Superhuman, so I mean what do I have left in me, another 30, 40 years maybe. It shouldn't be too hard to come up with a lifetime supply of that amount; you only have to take so many of those little darlings every day."

While Lex was talking Otis responded to the radio announcer and the phone number invitation.

Otis

"Ok Lex whatever you say, but the announcer made it pretty clear how it's only one bottle per household. I got the phone number here just in case, (waving a piece of paper in his hand) these numbers are still good even after the advertisements on TV and radio and all that stuff are finished their public announcements.. did ya know that Mr Luthor?"

Lex

"Imbecile" He says under one huge breath. Good, Good, I am glad you wrote the number down Otis it will give me an opportunity to think about how I should go about getting myself some of that stuff. Now get out of the way of my golf balls Otis so far you've been lucky but if my swing keeps this up I'm bound to hit you with one."

Otis moves out of the way and sure enough Lex exercises an extra hard swing and the ball didn't go anywhere near the direction he wanted it to go in, from the balls flight it would have left a nice bruise and tender muscles on Otis’s calf. Guess Otis was lucky today Lex is in such a good mood.

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

~Kara~

The Lady portraying Superwoman overheard this conversation as she found a way to invite herself into Lex’s office, shuffling her throat around before speaking up to introduce herself.

"Perhaps I can help you with that," she said, as Lionel was taking a swing at another golf ball and completely missing the ball altogether due to the sound of her voice.

Lex

"What's that I hear, the sound of a ladies voice in my presence, how did you find your way in here?"

As he looked over in her direction he took notice of the fact that she wasn't a lady hard to look at not at all. His tone of voice then changes with his infamous smile,

"And to what honour do I owe this visit?"

Lady (Superwoman Imposter)

"You don't know me but you should, just call me Superwoman, I just heard you boys speaking about something called koQ10 well let’s just say that I could possibly arrange for you to have a lifetime supply of it if you wish."

Lex

Lex walks over reaches out his hand in a gesture to shake hers, she shakes his back...

"There now we've shook hands so now we know each other.. and on that note I will share what I am thinking, if you know anything about me and I imagine you do since you’re here then you know I don't work well with others, I am a man that likes to work on my own. I have found time and time again that every time you go to team up with someone something always goes wrong. And when you’re in the business of being the bad guy and you work together with another bad guy (or Lady) one of those bad people always tends to get a bit greedy and wants more than their share. So as nice as the offer sounds I think I can manage to get myself a lifetime supply of KoQ10. I may be getting on in years but I still have my wits about me."

Lady

"You've misunderstood I don't want any of the KoQ10, you can keep the entire supply to yourself."

Lex says,

Lex

"Nope don't think I am having a problem understanding you, you give me a lifetime supply of something that you don't want any of but you do want something back for it. And that's the part I was trying to explain always seems to get a bit shady."

Superwoman

"I am just going to cut to the chase, I want SuperGirl. I have my reasons for this request and that there really is no good time or place to get into why."

Lex

"Supergirl, you heard about that? Boy does news ever travel fast, just get the poor darling home, trying to rest her up and get her all better and here you are, I don't even know for sure if it’s her yet, were still doing tests and waiting for results. Just have a hunch she has to be someone with some kind of mighty power to survive a battle like the one she was left for dead at where she was found and taken to hospital."

Otis

"Get her well, you mean everything but the amnesia right Mr Luthor we like her this way she is more beneficial to us."

Lex

"Quite right Otis quite right.. as we can see already from this Superwoman’s appearance."

Otis

"What’s in it for us besides a lifetime supply of KoQ10?"

Superwoman

"Name your price, whatever it is you want I can more than likely get it, I have my ways."

Lex

"Yeah and I am sure there charming ones too."

Superwoman smiles slyly lifting her shoulders in a slight shrug, before saying;

"Well I give you an A for being a master at being condescending."

Lex

"If that is all you've come to say then my partner Otis here will show you too the door."

Otis

"Right this way Superwoman, (Otis gestures as he's walking towards the door showing her the way back from which she came) as you can see now is not a good time he's busy at the moment." (pointing and looking back to Lex playing golf who looks at Superwoman with a smile and waves her out saying Goodbye.)

Lex

"Goodbye Superwoman or whoever you are, have a nice life and don't you worry your pretty little head about SuperGirl if that is in fact who is in my care she will be fine in my hands I plan to keep her too busy to let her memory come back. Whoever you were too her before you're nothing now, whatever she knows is safe with her and I am going to do my best to see to it that it stays that way. That should be enough to make you happy and rest easy; at the very least you don't have to lose any sleep over it. And I'm certainly not interested for the moment about what she knows which IS what brought you here today if I am correct! Now don't make me regret saying that, another words as long as you’re not out to cause me any trouble your free to go."

Superwoman imposter

She follows Otis in the direction of the doors, but is complaining on the way,

Superwoman imposter

"You haven't really given me a chance to appeal to your sense of greed you’re really not being fair. SuperGirl belongs with me she's not worth the trouble your about to go thru for her."

Lex

Lex says, “I'll be the judge of that!"

Superwoman imposter

("Blood work? What blood work?") Kara says to herself before taking one last opportunity to talk to Lex before leaving.

"I will be back with that KoQ10 and then, then we'll talk, because you will come around to your senses by then and see that I am serious."

Otis opened the door for her and she walked thru it turned her back from them both and walked away.

\*\*\*\*Notes for later, \*\*\*\*

Lex and Otis have the conversation about who was responsible for SuperGirls injuries. His side kick makes an off the wall comment about there being a slight possibility that this so called superwoman might have had something to do with it. Lex falls quiet into a thinking moment taking that comment to it being very plausible and rests that thought carefully in his mind.

Otis

"How long before you think you will get any results about that blood work boss?"

Lex

"Haven't the faintest clue but my patience is running short and you know how I don't like being kept waiting. If I have to wait to much longer I am not sure what I will do. But I will do something."

Otis

"Do you really think the girl is SuperGirl"

Lex

"I haven't the faintest idea Otis I was just bluffing my way thru that part of the conversation with that so called Superwoman, hadn't the slightest inkling that we could have SuperGirl in our midst till she brought it up. All I was concerning myself with were the weird blood results and wondering if she holds the key to some kind of rapid development in medicine for us lowly humans here on earth. I mean just the thought Otis, that I might be on the lead to something that could develop into a finding which could make me rich beyond my wildest dreams is all I have been thinking about.

Although I am sure without a doubt that this girl whoever she is would have other positive attributes that I could use in my current empire Otis. She is definitely someone that's not from our world and I want to know the answers and then figure out where I could best use her in my work. If she is indeed SuperGirl then it’s just that much more of a bonus."

Otis

"But how are you supposed to find out whether or not she is in fact SuperGirl? I don't think we have any kind of testing for that sort of thing here on earth Lex?"

Lex (Taking a deep breath over Otis's effort to have an intelligent conversation with him) says,

Otis

"Leave that to me Otis you just use your brain for things much more useful then what kind of tests I am going to give this girl to confirm whether or not she is in fact SuperGirl. What we do know is that she is indeed beyond human and for the moment that really is all that matters, how can I best utilize that to my benefit whilst she herself forgets her own identity?"

Elsewhere in New York on another day!

Superwoman imposter

As per her conversation with lex, she indeed keeps her end of the bargain and successfully achieves obtaining a 5 ton truck of KoQ10 and now awaits the perfect opportunity for its delivery.

End Scene!

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Results from the blood work confirm that it’s still usable for medical practice, but that it definitely comes with limitations as well. The yellowish crystallization affect seems to be a protective defense mechanism almost like it’s asking to be left alone like the blood cells have an intelligence of its own. This we know is not true but still it leaves a fascinating stack of questions about what the possible benefits of being a different kind of blood might have too human life, if in fact there are any benefits at all. (GROWING UP AROUND THE OMEGAHEDRON HAS HAD A LASTING AFFECT ON SUPERGIRLS BLOOD and possible genetics in other areas, as well probably benefiting

others on her home planet of Argo City) Very useful to the mutants future regarding cross breeding possibilities!

Lex wonders if she really is SuperGirl and if she like her cousin would be affected by Kryptonite? There's only one way to find out.

End Scene!

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SuperGirl 2 Outline Notes (explanation)

To further the answers of Lex Luthor’s exhibition from prison his new found freedom I guess it would be good to tell what happened at the last parole board within the prison walls he and his counterpart Otis sat out for a meager 30 yrs in.

`For being a smart criminal, and not having a wrap sheet as long as his leg, Lex knew in the beginning that with good behaviour they could only hold him for so long, so after 30 well behaved years another parole date was set… and this is what happened..

Prison Guard banging on Lex’s cage, with (HIS DIPSTICK) as Lex like to call it…

“Get Up, Luthor, your time has come.” He bangs even louder on the bars… and repeats only louder

“Luthor I’m talking to you, answer me, acknowledge I understand that these events are getting to be tedious, but still the LAW say’s you must be provided with the right to these hearings.”

Lex Luthor

“Yes, Yes, alright, alright, I’m up I will drag my tired old bones out of bed and get dressed for this parole event, how much time do I have to prepare?”

Prison Guard

“30 minutes, I thought I’d be nice for a change!”

Lex Luthor

“Instead of 10 minutes, Oh I see, why they I guess I should say thank-you!”

Believe it or NOT on the inside some of the Prison Guards Luthor found have (DARE HE SAY a little something called HEART). So I guess you could say a bit of a bond or attachment grows between some prisoner’s and the guards.

Prison Guard

“And Lex, one more thing, You didn’t hear it from me, but after 30 yrs of good behaviour and attending parole hearings year after year, there is only one that I got to say to you today.”

Lex, Luthor

Treating the guard with his typical luthor like accord…

“Oh and what’s that BOSS?” He smiles as he continues dressing looking up at the guard.

Prison Guard

“GOOD LUCK!” And that’s it with a mild grin on the guards face he turns and walks away, after cracking open the cell doors enough to show Lex he’s free to leave his cage.

After 30 yrs, of remaining alive behind these prison bars, amongst the jailers who are much younger wilder, and thoughtless or insane, all any of the guards who’ve been around for many of the years they’ve watched him age and survive, (could say) was well, if anyone within these walls has earned their fair chance to freedom whether reformed or not, (something you can’t tell with behaviour such as Luther’s after this length of time aging behind these brick walls, it was him.)

Lex Luthour

Thinking to himself, I guess I see his point, I may be crazy but I’m not lunatic, I’m not trying to cut people up and dump them in garbage bags into garbage cans.. “I’m no Charles Manson as it were, my goal as everyone who knows me simply is what it will always be.. Too take over the world… Too make them all worship me, to make them need their food, their shelter, and employment from me. What can I say as a mastermind criminal I’ve learned it is necessary to have a little bit of this ONE thing… dare I say it again.. HEART! But know that word will NEVER LEAVE my Lips again once I have been expelled from this buildings walls.” Of course he fairs that this event will go like all the others did before. On that note he completes getting himself in order and grabs his cane and exits his cell turning left heading in the right direction for yet again another parole hearing.

Once at the Parole board office, the Guard that walked with him their said,

“Sit here and wait they will call you in.”

Lex Luthor

Before the guard proceeds to his position Lex say’s

“What about my loyal companion, Otis much younger then myself is he not up for his parole as well?”

Guard

“I can’t tell you much but I can say YES, he’s up for another parole hearing as well, the detail however are confidential so I can’t say anything else.’

Lex Luthor

“Understood; return to your post, and thanks for the heads up!”

Lex gets comfortable in his seat and turns to face the parole room. All he can do now is wait!

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

It felt like he had only been sitting there for but a minute when he was finally called into the room, he of course didn’t waste a second following the given instructions, something felt different this time, something different from all the other parole board review visits. He quickly sat himself down in the chair before the table of members on the board, and Immediately he noticed a NEW member of boards.. right then a smile came across his face has his brain was quick to understand that the other’s the ones he was so used sitting before all these years that every hearing that was ever given him, have FINALLY RETIRED!

Lex Luthor

“Well now doesn’t that beat all,” He said to himself under his breath as he looked across both the tables and saw that only 2 faces were familiar out of them all, and those ones were still fairly young and would probably be doing this job for some more years yet. But never the less it occurred to him right then that his luck had finally changed and he knew that if they didn’t know much about him, that today would be the day! Lex wasted no time taking over the room…

Lex Luthor

“Well let’s just skip over the small chat, and not waste anyone’s valuable time, by allowing me to start with Introducing myself, My name is Lex, Lex Luthor to be exact, and if you are up to date on what is before you then you full well know that I am a man in my 80’s now and have been incarcerated for some 30 plus yrs and have grown used to hearing the parole boards turning me down, so I ask that since every minute of the life I have now is precious to me for not knowing which one might be my last, that the board please be quick in asking their questions and giving their review with their typical reply of my Parole being denied!” (SUCKERS, he thought, “I have them eating out of the palm of my hand.”)

Lex (continuing)

“As some of you may know I have a history of small petty crimes, and a list of pranks I became mildly famous for in the prime of my life, I am not proud of the legacy that my list of pranks left me to have to live out, but it is certainly that justice has been given, by having taken so many years of my life, that I am now reduced to nothing but this withered up Old fool that once had a following and a bit of attention in the news, in the underworld of crime. But many of those people have long since moved on with their lives, or have perhaps even passed away, and other’s still have moved to different places on earth, so what I am left with is me, myself, and I to entertain the last of my

day’s reminded of what all the previous parole board reviews have said to me every time I have been denied!”

Parole board member finally interrupts

“That’s enough Mr Luthor, we have heard what you are trying to say, and we are actually hear today to ask you rather not the typical questions as you just presumed we are here to ask. In fact one of the board member’s here is eager to be the first to ask if you will let us speak one very important question?”

Lex Luthor

“Why of course go right ahead, I know when I’m politely being told to shut up!”

Board Member number 2

“Tell me Mr Luthor do YOU believe that after 33 yrs in prison that you are indeed Re-habilitated? Because history here today show’s this board of member’s that in that entire time, You have never fought with the Prison guards or caused any trouble in the prison whether inside or outside in the yard. This speaks volumes to us as we make our decision here today!”

Lex Luthor (Holding back the DANCE he wanted to do in front of them all in all the seriousness that he could muster without giving away where he believed today’s parole hearing was going to go said)

“Yes, I do believe that my quiet behaviour displayed for all to see in the years I have been held within these prison walls, to the other MORE dangerous, younger, more evil criminals and the staff around that I spent no time wasting it, NOT learning from the experience of what it means to be spending the total amount of years I have now been kept in here! So Yes, I do believe after 33 years that I am Re-habilitated, and I thank- you for asking me this question. For so many years this was not a question at a typical parole hearing that ever even managed to qualify at the hearing, they simply sluffed it off as something not even to bother wasting their time to ask!”

Parole board member 3 said

“Well than today I guess is your lucky day Mr Luthor, because upon reviewing all that I’ve read I too simply wish to ask, that if you were released back into society do you believe that you could spend the remainder of your years, without causing any public chaos, or pranks as you correctly put it, that you could indeed live an honest and well-mannered life for the time you have left so that WE should NEVER have to see you before OUR Parole board member’s ever again?”

Lex Luthor

“Thank-you for putting your question that way Parole board member, (Lex quickly put his glasses on to peek at the name tag of the new member of the board that just asked his question) Dale if I am reading that name tag correctly? Forgive my eyes are clearly not as good as they once used to be.”

Parole board member Dale replies,

“Yes, you are reading my name tag correctly that is my name, thank- you for addressing me with it.”

Lex Luthor

“You are quite welcome Mr Dale, I have always had a well-established relationship with appropriately addressing people by their names hat is after all the generation I am from, I was born a long long time ago as you well now know. In my reply to your question, I do believe that my eye site does hinder the life I would have outside these walls for the remainder of my years, so to which I don’t think you or any member of this board would see my name in the paper with respect to any mastermind crime or public prank, the only section of the paper you might read about me in is the obituaries, a part of the paper I am afraid I can’t read all too well for myself at my current age! So Yes indeed again I do believe that I could live my life assuring you and the rest of the board members that you will never see me before you again, should you decide to let me out today!”

Board member Dale replied again,

“Thank-you Mr Luthor with what I do believe is an honest reply from you, which I hear from your reputation is something hard for you to do, but after 33 years I feel that myself and my parole board member’s believe that honesty is something you’ve learned to convey from all these years of good behaviour and parole board hearings always denying you the time to speak, so having earned you your 15 minutes to shine before all of us here today!”

The Parole hearing ran for about 20 minutes every member their asked Lex Luthor the question’s they had written down in preparation for his being brought before them, they were all indeed very well thought out and prepared, the entire 20 minutes ran delightfully well, but Lex could not stand it.. waiting to hear the finally decision, he didn’t know in which minute that he could begin dance, the dance of freedom? And then it happened they asked Lex Luthor to step away from his chair so they could talk amongst themselves, and only after a few minutes of whispering to themselves, they

came to a unanimous decision and called Lex back to his seat, which he was quick to take once again.

Parole board member Ester a women on the board of member’s one Lex did in did recognized from a few of the previous tedious parole hearings, who he realized from age was in charge here today with the years of experience she had already behind her finally said,

“Well Mr Luthor to waste no more of your time, because of how many years you have just given the prison system I am just going to say it, that TODAY IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, and that we the parole board member’s in this room believe that you have answered honestly to the best of your ability, and that your 33 yrs’ of well-behaved time behind you has indeed won you the right to YOUR FREEDOM today. So without further a-dew Mr Luthor, I would like to be the first to say, having sat through a few of these reviews with you before as you know, congratulations Mr Luthor You ARE free to go. Live the remainder of your years trying to find what kind of decent life you can with all the changes in the world that have taken place with technology and the Eco-system we imagine that alone will keep you busy and entertained long enough that we are sure we won’t see you in this room before this board of member’s again and that’s exactly what we want to see! So without wasting another minute of your PRECIOUS time as you so well put it here today for all of us, there’s the door, what are you waiting for? Get going, old age isn’t something to waste each precious moment is not replaceable.” She smiled as she stood to be the first to shake his hand good-bye while her board member counter parts also congratulated him, while stamping their papers with the GREEN STAMP that said PAROLE APPROVED!

Lex Luthor quick to get off his butt was more than gracious in accepting the handshakes before him, but still at his age he didn’t know whether to clap and rejoice OR FAINT that indeed this day HAD come that the IMPOSSIBLE was made possible, that he would not have to spend the rest of the days of his life behind these prison walls! After cordially shaking hands with the review board member’s he wasted no time turning around where he could see the Prison guard one that had become all too familiar to him was standing there with the door WIDE OPEN for HIM to LEAVE FREELY thru. What am amazing event as he stepped out of that room on this day understanding that it most certainly would be for THE LAST TIME! He wasted no time walking in the direction of his Freedom, holding back what he would release from inside him once he got outside BEYOND this PRISON’S GATES!

End Scene!

\* \* \* \*

It was a pleasant stroll through the hallway realizing that it was for THE LAST TIME, Lex almost wanted to start to start singing, song of the south, “Mr. Blue bird on my shoulder it’s the truth it’s natural, everything is satisfactoral..” Instead he contained it to a small chant beneath his breath as he was reminded in memory of the Tar baby the stick and the little napkin tied to the piece of wood as he and the black man were heading down the muddy road, giving away of course his age with the memory of such a historical story told in his life sooo many years ago!

Lifting up his cane he was acknowledging the entire prison staff all watching with a sort of relief on behalf of his freedom, in a silent understanding that if there is one thing most good Prison Guards hate to see happen it’s watching Prisoner’s with good rapport on the inside and a history of good behaviour like the one Lex Luthor had DIE on THE INSIDE of the Prison walls in which they come into and leave with their freedom for 25 -30 years, because they get paid to go there, it’s their job. The ones that noted his cane raised one of their hands in acknowledgement back of his old age freedom. Not to get to excited after all, all the guards there were well aware of The Lord of the Underworlds history, so there is much to be hesitant still as he stopped his walk in front of the detaining/release window.

Lex Luthor

“I can’t believe you still have my wallet, keys, watch, pocket change and certs in a brown envelope from 33 years ago back there somewhere?”.. as a big smile breaks out on his face looking straight at the ordinary not overly excitable guard who does this job day in and day out year after year…

Guard on the inside of window

“Just a minute Luthor, it’s going to take me a couple of minutes to find that box back here…”

Understandable considering like Himself no one else on the staff in house thought he was going to get released today either! But to both of their surprises, Lex Luthor is not the most popular name in the world so finding his double LL box of goodies was not but a minute or two before the guard was once again at the window. He quickly undid the string on the envelope and opened it, putting his hand inside he pulled out one item at a time, and slipped it under the face plate, separating him from Lex Luthor germs…

Lex Luthor

“When did they put this thing in?” He said as he raised a fist and knocked on the Plexi- glass! I can remember coming THROUGH going in, No window, no glass, Nothing but the guard standing on the other side of the counter with bars that had the option of being brought to the counter and locked in to place.

Guard

“Well lex you will find a lot of things have changed out there since you came in through these doors 33 years ago, and the progress of security system’s and it’s worker’s is just one of those minor areas that have changed out in the world. This here plexi-glass divide has been in place now for about 12-13 years.. we were actually late on the list of prison’s to get such upgrades! Yes the older guards were so used to things being a little more relaxed then perhaps they should be, because of the posing threat of bullets or risks of being stabbed etc… So they upgraded to this here idea, which I don’t personally know if it is really any better getting things done faster..”

While talking the guard undid the string around the brown envelope and stuck his hand in and what he pulled out he slipped under the window in a little silver like box below the plexi glass, the first item out of the envelope was his wallet… then he pulled out keys, and YES believe it or not the un-used certs along with that pocket change and watch he remembered handing over when he was just being brought in. Lex put his watch on right away, and chuckled with glee as he looked at the beautiful artifact back in place where it should be… and then he looked through his wallet, to see there his I.D.

Some of it expired, including his credit cards… and he didn’t remember having any bills in his wallet, but when he looked through his wallet further he did indeed find that he was not entirely broke, that he had actual cash bills in there his thought immediately focusing on the ability to phone a cab, to drive him to civilization from the first pay phone he discovers upon his walk after exiting those last gates. Once everything was in place as he chuckled at his old certs package sniffing the top one before re-closing the tinfoil and throwing the package into his right pocket, he looked at the guard and said,

Lex luthor

“Well if memory isn’t mistaken this is it, all I have to do now is sign on the dotted line somewhere on that clip board that I see you have right there… and then I can turn and head for the final doors of my freedom!” Smiling at this good news, the guard interrupted his thoughts of freedom as he acknowledged that it was indeed necessary to sign for the all the belongings that were just returned to him with this,

Guard,

“Well Mr. Luthor before you head for that freedom you might just want to know they’ve upgraded telephones, we now have this little item called cell phones, (and he pulled his from his pocket and showed Lex what it looked like, before going on to continue with

saying,) so what I am trying to say here is that you might be finding yourself walking a bit before finding yourself a Pay phone anywhere. And as for the pay phones themselves, the cost of a call has gone up, it is now 50 cents a call, so you might want to use the one we have IN the building if there is anyone you can phone after 33 years in prison to come and get you, because I don’t recollect you’ve really had any visitors while being on the inside.”

Lex Luthor

“50 cents why that’s highway robbery, and are you certain there still is a pay phone inside, as I have indeed through my years on the inside have heard of those technologically advanced wonderful little items you call cell phones. I do indeed look forward to getting my first one, but for the moment knowing where I can make that call I need (the one you just read my thought about wanting to make) where I can make it would indeed be a good thing to know!”

Guard

“Yes just follow that little yellow line on the floor and it will take you right to a payphone… “He finished taking the clip board back after Lex signed it, and watched him shake his head accepting the instructions.

Lex turned from the guard at the counter and the plexi-glass window and looked down at the floor and as the guard had just said there was indeed a yellow line on the floor, checking his pocket quickly to be certain he had 50 cents in his pocket, he then started his walk in the direction the yellow line told him to go. Saying to himself,

Lex Luthor

“Well so much for that walk I wanted to take on the other side of gates better make that call now as I was just instructed.”

Once the call was made Lex decided that instead of being showy, he’d opt for a wonderful cab ride back into civilization for the culture shock he was preparing himself for, including the missing twin towers which was eminent that once he located his counterpart Otis that visiting was definitely on his list of things to do! Once the phone call was made, he turned with a last breath and said to himself….

Lex Luthor

“O.k. old man, old bones, let’s get a move on it, next he found himself in front of doors that he had no one peering over him or opening for him, upon the outside he took a wonderful deep breath and headed toward the gates the ones that the guards above

would open once they could see that he was their ready for his final steps to freedom. Even before he reached those gates he was witnessing them open for him, he almost felt special, important rather in a way, not having to wait at the doors till they were open. When he reached them sure enough all he had to do was walk through them to his complete freedom.

Once on the other side of the gates he turned to watch them close, and looked down at his feet and thought come on feet don’t fail me now, ‘do a little dance for Daddy now.’ With the sound of the prison doors final shut behind him his feet started to move this way and that way and he broke out into that song and dance he was holding back that whole time he was in their…

Lex Luthor

“Lex Luthor, you brilliant, old man you, what you said in that Parole room today with those wet behind the ears new and young parole board workers was so convincing that even if I were a member of that board in there I too would have been certain to release you today indeed! Now we must organize the great task and deeds in front of us, there is so much work to do, and so much to plan to begin, what has been waiting for this day, all staring with keeping my underground haven up to date with the world for me to return to, remind myself to give my loyal little worker bees to give them some tips! NAHHH , he thought with a smile as that cab he phoned finally arrived and he got INTO the car and closed the door and said to the drive who asked him as soon as he got in,

Cab driver

“Where too?”

Lex Luthor

“Home, driver.. Home!”

And he sat back with a large smile on his face getting settled in for the long ride in, dug into his pocket pulled out the certs opened it up, and thought WHAT THE HELL, ”I’ve lived this long I think it’s safe to take my chances and popped one into his mouth and then returned to his thoughts about his current pleasant situation!

After a time of silence in the car enjoying the panoramic view of the great city that’s housed Lex for so many years, a place that will forever be home to him, a place he’s watched grow from it’s infancy to the Oh so Great Metropolis the world sees today, it suddenly occurred to him, the number, 33 the significance and he burst out in laughter disrupting the driver making steady progress to get him to his instructed destination,

Lex Luthor

“HAHAHAHAHA, OH CHRIST 33… I get it…”

Cab driver

“What?” Trying to stay focused on his job.

Lex Luthor

“Oh wait a minute I’m sorry that didn’t come out right, I wasn’t swearing, on the contrary I was acknowledging the blessing.. I have been incarcerated for 33 years my friend, and well Christ, Gods son who died for our sins so we could live and to sin some more… (HAHAHA well in my world of thought as it were…) Well after 33 years I was released.. so it occurred to me that Jesus must have found something good to see in me and had a moment of weakness.. so the parole board would agree that today was a good day to release me! Well I guess I had try to not let anyone down! “ LOL Too funny, just goes to show that even our main man Jesus even has a sense of humour!

Cab driver

“Christ, our King, yes, yes, without him I would not have life here in Metropolis and cab job… Yes I do sir that he meant to say that you should chave your freedom to enjoy your older years to pass away outside those prison walls, after surviving such a lengthy time inside of Prison Walls. Very good Jesus.. and very good day for you to sir! HAHA! Cab driver went back to silence and driving!

Lex Luthor

“QUITE RIGHT my fine sir quite right, on both those counts your job and freedom in the world North of the Equator and my old age, Quite right indeed! “

Lex chuckled a few more times shaking his head in a full smile at this funny little discovery before going back to the thoughts of what he would do first as soon as he gets in the door of his underground Layer!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lex Luthor now settled into his renovated and somewhat bigger underground layer… realizing this imposter Woman of a nuisance calling herself Superwoman was not going to go away so easily.. he resided himself on realizing that he still needed to move forward with his plans but that he would have to take extra care, caution would be needed to not error on the acct of what might happen should that woman find out what he’s doing before he could set sail to his plans a sail!

Lex Luthor

“Otis, Otis… where is that confounded sidekick of mine when I need him? (he laugh’s before going on to say) I must be growing soft in my old age did I just call that dimwit my sidekick?” Otis appearing from around the corner spoke up in reply…

Otis

“Why yes Mr. Luthor I think that is what you have indeed said and I thank-you for the compliment.” Otis now smiling with satisfaction for having caught Lex in a moment of weakness!

Lex Luthor

“Never mind what I said, you know I have an appt today with the President of Capital One who to my good fortune is in Metropolis on business matters saving me the trip to Virginia… and I want my plans to work I have to act fast, no time to waste so I cannot be late, bringing me to my point… WHERE is my NEW LUCKY suit Jacket? I would never dare go to meet this Mr… Mr… Mr… uh (snapping his fingers trying to bring the name to the forefront of his brain) Otis replies…

Otis “Mr. Fairweather, Lex, his name is Mr. Fairweather!”

Lex Luthor

“Yes, yes, that’s it… Mr. Fairweather (he chuckles) what a funny name for a fella who holds such important financial position in the world today! I just wonder if it will play out to be of benefit to me?”

Otis

“With how good your people skills are you are certain to get your way. Uh which brings me to ask, Lex what exactly are you looking for from the President of Capital One? I mean your money has been safely stored away in off shores accts racking up some good interest so what could you need the credit for, you have loads of money!”

Lex Luthor

“Otis honestly sometimes I wonder just how you managed to get this far along in your life? What would you do without me? (Not literally looking for an answer) Otis replies,

Otis

“Spend most of my life going in and out of prison from committing a life time of petty crimes?”

Lex Luthor

“You weren’t actually supposed to answer that you know but I’m glad to see your brain is as sharp as ever… now where was I… oh yes, you didn’t actually think I was going to go around with a bunch of cash on me at the delicate age and frame I’m at now did you? I mean with all the crime going on in the world today and everything?” Lex has a hardy laugh. “Now where is my jacket I don’t want to be late?”

Lex Luthor

“You weren’t actually supposed to answer that you know but I’m glad to see your brain is as sharp as ever… now where was I… oh yes, you didn’t actually think I was going to go around with a bunch of cash on me at the delicate age and frame I’m at now did you? I mean with all the crime going on in the world today and everything?” Lex has a hardy laugh. “Now where is my jacket I don’t want to be late?”

Otis

“Right where I left it laid out for you this morning when I woke before you… see” Otis pointing as he walks over to the new lounge chair in Lex’s wonderful new office.

Lex Luthor (Slightly embarrassed) say’s

“Oh,” as he nods with acknowledgement that Otis indeed had been most prepared this morning. “Thanks Otis, but don’t just stand there get it and help me get into it! You would think after all these years together you would have this relationship down to an art?”

Otis

“But Mr. Luthor we’ve just spent the last couple of decades behind bars wearing prison issued clothes; there hasn’t been much of a need for me to help you with your suits!”

Lex Luthor (a little testy now not wanting to think of the years wasted)

“You weren’t actually supposed to answer that either Otis, some things just don’t need answering even if I say it in the form of a question.” Now in his jacket, he moves Otis out of the way of the view of himself in his full length mirror. He brushes himself down, does up his buttons, checks his cuffs and makes sure his handkerchief is perfectly in place. “You are free to run along back to whatever it was you were doing,” he says to Otis while still looking at himself in the mirror!

Otis

“O.K. Mr. Luthor, but 1 question before you go, when should I expect your return? Should I tell the cook to have your favorite dinner prepared for you?

Lex Luthor

“Not today Otis, I’m thinking I will grab a bite to eat and have a night out on the town, something tells me there will be much to celebrate today!

Otis

“O.K. Mr. Luthor, enjoy your day, stay safe and you know how to reach me for anything you may need!”

Lex Luthor

“I know that you NINNY that’s what these new-fangled little things called cell phones are for, well I say so long as we don’t drop them or get them wet they should make my plans of taking over the world much easier to do. I will have to make sure everyone on staff of importance to my plans has one. But for the moment I’m a trite to busy, so I’m stuck with you. Please have that girl we rescued from the hospital (magic blood) he mumbled under his breath… brought here for me to speak with some more. I must find out more about what is in her head about this check scam she showed us when I had her brought to the safe confines of my country abode.

I’m wondering just how useful she too can be to my plans? It seems she is suffering from some form of amnesia so it is to my benefit for the moment that we don’t know whether she works for the bad guys or the good guys when she is herself! I’d hate to waste my lucky streak, if it comes to an abrupt end because she woke to remembering who she is and thus no longer so co-operative with me. For the time being she doesn’t know who I am or have any ideas about my reputation and I would like to keep it that way as long as possible. But I do need more tests run to see if there is a way to confirm whether or not she is indeed related to Superman in some way? The more I know while she is like this, the better for me to prepare for whatever there is that lies ahead should her state of mind suddenly change; I must have all my avenues covered!”

Otis

“No problem Mr. Luthor, I can most certainly handle this simple task, she will be here for you just as you request; Now go get ‘em Boss!”

Lex Luthor

“Yes, Yes indeed!” Lex fully agreed that it was time for him to make his mark to the world that he is indeed back, back in business and stronger than ever and that when he is done succeeding at his plans the world will know he exists and that he plans to rule with Luthor Corp as long as time will let him! He was without a doubt looking forward to unleashing his secret component to his whole master plan that will be the day the people will know who to serve from that day forward to time indefinite! On that note he skipped a beat in his step realizing he had found his bounce again, grabbed his walking stick and left Otis standing in the room with the wind to the back of him blowing in his direction as the door in which he exited from closed swiftly behind him!

End Scene!

Meeting with Mr. Fairweather at the Empire State building….

A rather good looking man in his late 30’s or early 40’s, Lex Luthor was taken by surprise that someone who clearly knows how to carry himself for the class of income he’s in should have such a name as Fairweather but I guess he would not know whether this will be to his benefit until he speaks with the young fella…

Lex Luthor

“Mr. Fairweather I presume?” Lex says as he walks over and stands beside the man momentarily looking out at the spectacular view.

Mr. Fairweather

“Yes that would be me!”

Lex Luthor

“I’m so glad you could make it, you know to find the time to take out of your obviously busy schedule to meet up with an old fool like me, allowing me a few moments of your precious time to be heard!” Lex tipped his head removed his hat and carried it to the other hand with his walking stick and gave out his empty hand to shake young Mr. Fairweathers’ hand. Mr. Fairweather was quick to shake his back.

Mr. Fairweather

“Might I ask why you wanted to meet with me here?” As he turned to look out over the city once again after they finished shaking hands!

Lex Luthor

“Mr. Fairweather what do you see when you look out there? (Lex’s arm is out stretched, his hand open to what is before them on the balcony). Replying Mr. Fairweather says…

Mr. Fairweather

“Uh, a big City? Metropolis?” Unable to give the answer Lex Luthor was quick to retort back with…

Lex Luthor

“The WORLD is OUR OYSTER, THIS CITY is its PEARL… together you and I can create magic and profit in a way you have never dreamt of. Yes you had the vision to get yourself to the top of one of the biggest money lender companies in the world, (whence-forth leading you to meet me up here today) with me I will take you to a new level in the financial world that you could spend your whole life atop of something never understanding how to maximize or benefit from your place in the world. I am here to tell you more about the fine pearl and what it can do for the both of us!”

Mr. Fairweather too young to know of Lex Luthor’s history in Metropolis let his tense shoulder’s down and turned to give this old man in front of him more of his attention as he has now decided Lex Luthor is obviously harmless but sensible and quite possibly full of wisdom that may indeed benefit him, which anything that has anything to do with increasing profit’s and his income bracket he is most certainly interested in knowing all about it!

Lex Luthor

“I have a large sum of money that I would like to put to better use then what it is doing right now, I propose {with your permission of course} to introduce a Luthor Corp line of credit to this City (the Pearl) Metropolis and if it does as well as I suspect then we can branch out to other parts of the world! You would of course still retain the Capital One logo above the card around my Luthor Corp design… with your help you would be saving me the headache of all the legal hassles and loop wholes I’d have to go through to get my money working for me legally!

You stand to earn a pretty penny for your personal pocket if we come to agreeable terms and set forth to do this together as I suspect we will. By myself I would not stand to turn my money over to such a large amount as I would with your help and that of your controlling powers of Capital One! With your backing, the Luthor Corp line of credit could be advertised on billboards, commercials, radio & now the internet too. My how technology has changed since I was a young man of your age, I can’t believe what I’ve lived this long to see. Together it is quite plausible that Capital One (Mr. Fairtweather) yourself and the new Luthor Corp line of credit (Lex Luthor) myself could indeed take over the America’s; I predict we could do this in record time too!”

Mr. Fairweather was liking the sound of what he was hearing but before getting to excited he knew a few more questions would need to be asked.

Mr. Fairweather

“How much money are we talking about here? The kind of promotion you are talking about will require careful planning and cost a bit of money too. You have enough for that along with the capital necessary to become a lender as you so heartily desire to be? Also did you bring some samples of what your Luthor Corp credit card is to look like?”

Lex Luthor

“Do you have a pen and paper that I can write on?” Lex did not want anyone around to hear the number, besides he liked writing all the digits down it made him feel giddy like a school kid every time he looked at how big the number is when written down. Mr. Fairweather promptly gave his personalized silver pen and a blank page in his little black book to Lex Luthor. Lex grinning thinking of all the years of interest that accrued wasted no time sharing this glorious secret number with his new friend. When the pen and book were returned, Mr. Fairweather immediately looked at the writing on the page. He smiled unbelievably at what he was he was seeing, he blinked and took a step back before refocusing on Lex Luthor. Continuing his thought Lex said, “Is that a big enough number for you to work with?

Mr. Fairweather

“It most certainly is. But how could a man of your age have so much money? Never mind don’t answer that I don’t want to know, it is none of my business.”

Lex Luthor rummaged through the pocket of the inside of his lucky jacket and pulled out an envelope which carefully carried on it a drawing of the new look of Luthor Corp and handed it to Mr. Fairweather before saying, “Take a look at this tell me what you think of that on my proposed credit card line?”

Mr. Fairweather (carefully removed what was in the envelope and examined what he was looking at.)

“I like it.” He said… “I think the public would love it and the phones in the call centers will be ringing off the hooks with people calling to ask what it would take for them to get one of these.”

Lex Luthor

“So does this mean we have a deal? Are we partners in crime then?” Lex put on his best grin and stuck his hand out waiting to shake his new friends’.

Mr. Fairweather

“You have absolutely convinced me that you’re a true business man and know your way around the world of money, you Mr. Luthor have got yourself a deal!” He shook hands with confidence with the old man in front of him, not knowing a thing about the man whose hand he was shaking which is exactly what Lex Luthor was counting on. This

would make his hostile takeover of Metropolis as easy as making punch nobody will know what hit them. And when his new symbol is spinning in the sky above the city soaring around in circles in beautiful light for everyone to see every night it will be in that moment he will have achieved all that he could hope for to make up for the decades he’s just spent locked up behind bars.

Mr. Fairweather

“You do understand that it will be necessary for us to meet again to discuss the further details and legal paper work that will need to be signed. This will require you to come to Virginia and meet with the other board members as you will indeed become one of the members at that time. I have no doubt in my mind that this venture will pass with flying colors with the other board members. But they will surely have to meet with you in person before things can proceed any further.”

Lex Luthor

“Here is my card, contact me with at least 48 hrs notice before you need me in Virginia I could use a getaway and I hear it is quite nice there at this time of the year, so I would be more than happy to accommodate you and the other board members in as many meetings as it will take to satisfy everyone so we can forge a strong and wonderful long lasting business relationship between myself and Capital One. For this to succeed as I foretell it will everyone must be happy, you and I might be at the top but without those board members votes and support it would make it very difficult for us to reach our final goals because of their powers to affect shareholders and the stocks which right now Capital One is well situated in.”

Mr. Fairweather

“I full heartedly agree, it’s good to hear you give your full support in working with me, I was worried you might say something about your age being a health factor to fly?” That said he took the business card now in his hand and carefully put it away along with that ridiculously long number that now sat written in his little black book.

Lex Luthor

“None sense, I don’t feel much older than you my dear fella, so until I’m wearing a pace maker I will continue to fly!” They both chuckled, Lex told Mr. Fairweather to keep the envelope to take back to Virginia with him to show the other board members and not to worry he had other copies at home.

Saying their good-byes Mr. Fairweather parted first. Lex Luthor stood looking out over the pearl that would soon add to his wealth with his eventual takeover of the place, then shook his head with glee put his hat on his head as he began to walk toward the elevators has he headed for lunch to celebrate today’s meeting, once again finding that

bounce in his feet he took a small skip for luck before joining the crowd of faces waiting for the next ride going down!

End Scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

~ Donald Trump~

The next day after everyone had eaten their breakfast (life in prison had gotten Lex Luthor accustomed to one thing 3 meals a day) the Super girl was brought into Lex’s office and shown a seat. Lex looked at her and grinned (the smile he once was famous for) and then began to speak…

Lex Luthor

“Well Lacy or Lucy which would you prefer we must call you something, since you are going to need ID if you’re going to get along in regular life? What do you think of my home away from home?”

Supergirl

“Lacy will be fine, is this place entirely underground? You can’t even hear the noise of the subway and the City that surrounds this place. I’m quite impressed; you obviously didn’t spare any expense in building this place.”

Lex Luthor

“You are quite right I did indeed make sure I got the best of everything, the contractors for the renovations I had done did a remarkable job of adding to the sound proofing of what was already a rather sound underground palace as it were. Indeed sometimes money can buy you the best!”

Supergirl

“I was wondering if I was going to see you again, wasn’t sure what to do with myself in that house you have outside the city, technology can only do so much to entertain a girl! I was thinking you might get busy on whatever it is you do that affords you this lavish lifestyle and temporarily forget about me!”

Lex Luthor

“Gracious heaven’s my dear woman that would make me a terrible host which is something I like to pride myself on not being. I just wanted to give you some space and time to yourself to fully re-coop from your injuries so you could feel as close to your (old self?)... as possible. I imagined you wouldn’t want to be seen in public with bumps and bruises all over yourself, which incidentally you are looking quite well with the time you’ve had to recover, amazing what a week can do. How are you feeling?”

Supergirl

“Well I feel fine and yes I can stand to look at myself in the mirror now, I still have a bump on my head but I am managing to keep it covered with my hair so I think it is safe to say that I can return to regular life once again… which brings me to my reason for being glad to see you again. While being pampered by your staff I had a lot of time on my hands to think and watch TV and read thus bringing me to an idea that I wanted to discuss with you, one which if you like it will require a few things.”

Lex Luthor (Moving forward in his chair leaning on his arms which were upon his desk, he did so have a weakness for pretty women).

“Yes, go on what idea have you and what might be your needs to go with this idea of yours?”

Supergirl

“If you gave me a reasonable business wardrobe and yes ID, I am thinking I could go get a job working for this Donald Trump at Trump Towers… I got to read about this self - made billionaire and watch him on TV and it occurred to me that he has a weakness for pretty girls and I seem to know a lot about things relating to business and money, makes me wonder what I really do for a living before being robbed and given amnesia from the beating I clearly took? I think I can get in close enough to him at the top that he would give me his trust and you and I could do a little number on him so fast he’d never even notice it happen, when balancing the books for a bank acct that big I am certain a couple million could go missing really easy and nobody would even notice.”

Lex Luthor

“Now you are talking my language, funny you should mention this I wasn’t sure what kind of girl you were and brought you here to discuss your desires and motives to see if you were willing to use those talents you showed me when we were at my country home together. Seems to me you’ve gone ahead and wasted no time in clearing that up for me. But what made you feel safe enough to mention this to me you don’t know anything about me?”

Supergirl

“Because I saw what was written on that check and realized what kind of person you had employed when I interrupted you in your study after over hearing you in the hall. This gave me a pretty good idea of how I then could go about approaching you regarding the kinds of things we could talk about.”

Lex Luthor

“Oh you saw that did ya? I should have known you were a quick read.” Well if you think you are up for getting a job I surely would never want to stand in your way, you are not a prisoner of my mine or something my dear girl and so you are free to make your own independent decisions and moves in whatever direction you wish to go with your life. And seeing as how you’re a girl I bet you’d just love to go do some of that wardrobe shopping for yourself, so I can arrange it for you that my car and driver take you wherever you wish to go and give you a credit card with more than a sufficient amount for you to get your shopping needs met. You’ve earned a good day or two out on the town if you ask me for what you’ve been thru in recent times and managed to recover from so well. You indeed are a strong soul to pull thru all this and still want to return to living normal life. I think I personally would lock myself up and not want to go outside for months. But that’s just me.” Lex Laughed.

Supergirl

“Well I can tell you right now from sitting here I feel like a strong person, so why not walk the walk and talk the talk. Thank you so much for hosting me this way so graciously I am after all a complete stranger and you didn’t have to do a thing for me. I would love the opportunity to familiarize myself with the city that surrounds me after all I’ve no memory of anything so it’s like being a stranger in a new place… you know like I’m from outer space or something! I guess I can honestly say as I sit here and speak with you that I don’t remember when the last time was I took a few days off to just go shopping. (They both had a laugh at that.) So I do say I think I would thoroughly enjoy myself, done right I think I can easily impress this Mr. Trump and his upper staff, I daresay I at the very least will enjoy the challenge!”

Lex Luthor

“Well I never would have pegged you for someone to come up with the idea of doing this for yourself, I am quite impressed. I thought I was going to have my hands full trying to challenge you to just come and work for me, but I have to admit you surprised me by going one step further by thinking of going to get a job working for Trump that is not something I would have ever thought to do respecting you.”

Supergirl

“You know what they say never judge a book by its cover. But I admit I think I have even surprised myself because I do not know who I am or what I was doing before this nasty bump on the head however based on my surrounding associations I must have been in

the money game because someone we must have mutually in common knew to contact you so as to rescue me from the dreadful hospital surroundings, and I confess I am much preferring these surroundings over that of the hospitals.”

Lex Luthor

“Yes indeed I have to say that I think I’ve outdone myself this time. I was happy with the way it was before the changes but now… well it’s just spectacular I almost don’t want to do anything so as to not mess with the décor.” But back to the business at hand when would you like to go on your shopping spree? I can arrange a car and driver for you as early as this afternoon sometime.”

Supergirl

“Well I was thinking I would first like to take advantage in enjoying the wonderful luxuries around me, after a hardy meal like the one your cook just fed me I’d like to go for a swim and burn some of that off. I wouldn’t feel quite right going to try on clothes feeling the way I do right now, so I’m thinking I won’t be ready to go anywhere until around 2:30 – 3:00 O’clock.”

Lex Luthor

“Perfect I will have everything arranged for you while you swim, you can expect what you need to be ready and waiting for you to take you out into your adventures anywhere in this lavish city of ours that you would like to go.”

Supergirl

“Thank-you so much for your help in everything you’ve done and are doing for me, I will be sure to return the kindness.” This trip around town should also help to inspire me with respect to my resume I must put together a most successful one, one that is believable and one that I feel comfortable in my own shoes to pull off. It could take 2, 3 or 4 interviews just to get hired on and become a part of the Trump organization and then I have to pull off some outstanding professional moves to quickly rise to the top if I am to indeed get Donald’s direct attention toward me.”

Lex Luthor

“Yes you surely do have your work cut out for you but as you know you have my complete co-operation I am here to help you in whatever ways I can. I have plenty of associates in which I can call upon favors from for you to have as excellent references when the time comes, and we know it surely will I can only imagine the efforts that man goes thru to be sure he’s hiring the best so you must be ready for whatever that might mean!”

Supergirl

“I say this is starting to get exciting but I shouldn’t waste the remainder of my free time today talking about it, when I can be doing something about it like going for that swim to prepare myself for the channeling I need to do while shopping over the next few days. It has been pleasant seeing you again and having this open and frank conversation it’s good to know who your friends are its good to know who you can trust.” Lacy walked over to Lex at his desk and shook hands with him and then promptly began leaving the room when Lex spoke again…

Lex Luthor

“Oh I almost forgot one more thing Lacy it is actually why I had you brought here to see me. I just want to be sure your health is really on the mend and that you are soon going to be back to your normal health whatever that might be, would it be too much impose on you if I should send a blood nurse to come draw some blood so we can run some more test’s just to be sure everything is as it should be? You do after all still have a nasty bump on your head and we want to be sure that like your bruising that this too will go away!”

Supergirl

“I guess with everything else you’ve done for me thus far this doesn’t seem to be that unusual of a request if one more blood test would set your mind at ease regarding my recovery then I don’t suppose I have a problem with helping you in this matter. You know where to find me until I leave to go shopping.” Supergirl smiled and left the room.

Lex Luthor was indeed in a good mood things were working out much easier than he had planned…

“Otis? Otis? “ Suddenly Lex laughed realizing he didn’t have to yell for Otis anymore laughing at himself he pulled this tiny contraption called a phone out from his pocket and pushed some buttons trying to figure out where his call list was, when he found it he said… “ah uh” and proceeded to call the number when Otis answered he demanded his side kick come to his office to see him, for Lex though getting a kick out of this piece of modern day advancement still did not trust saying everything he was thinking over the airwaves, he shouldn’t dare trust that he never get caught being recorded speaking on one of these things. For he was certain where there was new phone technology there would be indeed also be new bugging technology!

Otis (Now in the room)

“Yes Boss how can I help you?”

Lex Luthor

“Well Otis. It seems things went better than planned she confided in me on what her ideas were instead of me needing to soften her up and make her come around to my terms. Because of this getting her to be willing to allow more blood from her to be drawn so I can have my people further examine it was easy. She was more than willing to comply she thinks it is all under the ruse of making sure she is returning to tip top health and that may be partly true but for me you know Otis that it’s not in the way she thinks it but rather because I am concerned for the return of her real memory and self if she is in fact who I suspect she is that would then pose a problem for my plans. And with that menacing woman whose already on the loose going around acting like a Superwoman saving cat’s from tree’s and old people from burning building’s I have enough on my plate to deal with. Finding out which of my goons is moonlighting working for her is important I’m gonna ring their bloody necks or maybe worse, but I Lex Luthor just cannot have this or it looks like I haven’t got the kind of control over my territory my status means I have and this could lead to an even larger uproar and right now I just couldn’t have that.

Please get the blood nurse from the lab to come here at once our pretty Super Girl is currently taking a swim in my new pool, and is set to go shopping with my car and driver for around 3:00 so you must have someone here before then. Now go I have more phone calls to make to be sure her whole day works out for her as we agreed upon.”

Otis

“Yes Mr. Luthor I’m right on it you can trust me boss I’ll get the job done!”

Lex Luthor

“I’m counting on it!”

Otis then turned and left the room.

End Scene!

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The imposter lady simply known as Superwoman for the time being….

Was finding herself a bit cantankerous maybe it was this luscious youthful body, maybe it was the time of year and weather or maybe it was both? But she was definitely realizing her womanly needs were in need of being met. She needed to find herself a lover boy, a man slave… Now that she had found herself a secure place to stay it was time to up the comfort level in her surroundings. But how was she going to go about finding a handful of people to interview to find one to choose from them all? This was going to require a little bit of thinking and proper planning. She had for the time being given up on finding the real Superwoman or rather her children, but she was completely convinced that she would indeed find them.

Where Superwoman was surely her children would be close by, all she had to do was wean her out and part of how the imposter would do that was a plan already set into action. Since landing on planet earth she had managed to get herself photographed and written up about in several papers as she has traveled her way to where she is now. She was priding herself on just picturing what that old man Lex Luthors’ reaction was reading about her most recent local write up. People wondering where Superman is and how they think that it’s about time there is a Superwoman and with him MIA in recent times it showed that he wasn’t able to do everything so her timing as far as the public was concerned couldn’t have been better. As for Superwoman the imposter understood that it would either be one of her publicity events or Lex Luthor that would lead to Superwoman coming out from wherever she was hiding with her children for there is only so much she could handle before what she was seeing being reported would get to her and she would be emotionally compelled to confront the public and thus ultimately the imposter posing as her.

As long as the public thinks she is a good super hero in their eyes it allows her to commit crimes with her new small legion of loyal workers (thugs) as the term was quoted to her to keep herself living in this current life of comfort for the time she is to remain on this dreadful planet earth! The only thing she could really say that was advantageous and attractive about being on earth was 1. The Male species (soo many good looking and somewhat useful ones for what she needed them for) and 2. How much younger she is in body and looks on earth, she hasn’t felt in this great of shape & health in decades. She had yet to test all her super strengths and powers but none the less no matter what the differences of being on earth gave her she still missed home and longed for the life on Argo she was accustomed to and knew so well.

She did love the conveniences of the internet and cell phones from what she had been told about earth she had fully expected that she was going to be venturing to a planet that was primitive and rather archaic and though she still sees much of that in her surroundings and the simplicity of the humans down here she was relieved that the challenge of advertising for men to interview for the job of her man slave would be slightly less difficult with these newer amenities of technology. Once her ads were placed she knew (the rest she’d have to do in person) but after all that was done all

she’d have to do is wait for the replies to come in. That she figured was when the fun would start!

One week passes (let the games begin)

On the day of the interviews she was dressed in something stylish but sexy and comfortable, hoping to test the wits of these so called men, whether any would know how to present themselves to her or to speak. She was definitely looking for one that had a reasonable personality what use is a man slave if he was too smart or lacked the skills of flirting or understanding his literal job in her life? Men started showing up shortly after 2pm as she had instructed she let them in and had one of her hired hands (a thug) as she was taught by humans around her to lead them to the room she would use for today’s event. She wished to keep them waiting just a bit for style once all had arrived!

But just as she was preparing to introduce herself the doorbell rang again, it seems the last one to make it chose by starting off with being fashionably late. She turned from the direction she was heading in and quickly went to the door and answered it! There stood a Man who was about 6ft tall he was broad in body size had dark hair with a touch of gray ones growing throughout. But the thing that killed the Woman from Argo the most was his smile it was to die for and he clearly still had all his teeth. The man dressed eloquently in front of her looked into her mystical oncoming eyes with his dark brooding bedroom ones and spoke in what was literally only seconds later (but for the mistress felt like time had stood still for a long moment) when his voice could finally be heard saying…

Man Slave

“What are you doing answering the door Mistress?”

Imposter (liking what she is hearing him call her without instruction) says,

“That’s part of what today is for, come in quickly, you’re late (said with a naughty smile on her face) and now so am I!”

Man Slave (taking charge of his position) says,

“Terribly sorry Mistress I WON’T DO IT again,” (his smile making his eyes twinkle) aware this is distracting her he moves quickly, he takes her arm in his arm and walks with her as she guides his feet to the room where the others were waiting.

Imposter

“Sorry gentlemen but as you can see we have a late comer!” She quickly searched the room of expressions looking for another one so bright, as the one whose arm she wishes not to let go of already.

Man Slave (smart enough to see that he has no competition looking around understood he could most certainly consider the job his.)

“Yes sorry my dear mates you can most certainly blame the late start on me.” This said the room of Man ‘Mades’ (as she understood them to be) shuffled around in agreement to the late start while he found himself a seat!

Imposter

“Now are all of you clear on why you’re hear you either heard me speak in person or read one of my ads, and understand your application for this unusual job (which done right) could be as amusing as it could also be serious? This means that while under my employ and in my home or with me in public that you shall be addressed by me as Man Slave or Lover boy and shall dress accordingly? Most of the time this will likely be clothing or attire that I have picked out and purchased, so they lucky men in this room who begin to work for me as of today will get to KEEP the wears I buy for you. I want each of you to identify with what I see and buy for you to wear, each of you are to feel comfortable in what you dress in and feel like yourself and not like you are sharing something with someone else who fills your shoes in the same stuff when you are not around me. I want everyone to be comfortable and happy or else it would defeat the point of what I wish to employ some of you for today!” Some of the other men besides her already favorite were smiling looking at each other like they knew how good looking they were and that they’d obviously be one of the men she’d be hiring to enjoy this delightful job. For clearly all of them were their today because they assumed this job would also be about quenching her needs in her personal quarters as well as in her daily living. Understanding all they understood about the job they were their competing for, all the men unanimously shook their heads agreeing they understood the seriousness and enlightenments of the job!

Man Slave (winking at his mistress from his seat to get her attention, which she was unable to resist the flirt of, totally had her eyes on him) when he spoke again…

“Mistress since I am the last one to arrive today and therefore will be waiting some time for my turn for the interview part with you may I ask to be excused can I take a walk around the house? I promise to behave myself and shall not make myself comfortable in your personal quarters!” Oh so pleased with his comment she happily waved her Man Slave #1 out of the room that 1 was clearly HIRED already. Now looking back at the room full of the male species she was left with to make a proper house staff out of she shook her head, understanding that this would be no easy task!

\* \* \* \* \*

Man Slave (moments had passed when Mr. Tall, dark & handsome had walked about the main floor taking in what he could learn about his future employer when he finally focused on the stairs.)

“Should I or shouldn’t I ?” He looked in the direction of the room where everyone was, then looked back at the stairs in front of him. “I think I should,” He said smiling for he had gotten the strong impression already of how delightful his job working for this Mistress will be. He grabbed hold of the banister and began his climb to the top, once at the top he took a glance back down at the bottom nobody was there… left or right? He knew actually what he was looking for he chose to start with going left. Just how many rooms were there in this place? He intended to find out! He went from room to room and noted how well furnished and decorated the rooms were, he wondered if she purchased the place already like this? Finally he stopped in front of a bathroom he couldn’t believe what he was looking at it was so big there was lots of space, (he turned the lights on) and immediately saw double sinks and lots of mirror, the towels were plush and thick, he walked over and touched them, (outstanding he would be sure to ask her if he could take one home some time down the future.) the counter top was made of marble and there were double sinks.

The shower looked more like a sauna, there was a bench to sit on it was soo big, there was also something he’d never seen before, 2 shower heads so the front and the back of you could be washed at the same time or 2 people could shower quite comfortably in there at the same time. “Well I’ll be.” He chuckled he was looking forward to showering in that. “I wouldn’t be surprised if the floors in this room were heated too. I mean if the sinks are automatic it would only be logical that the mistress would spare no expense to go all out in having her way. But this bathroom is not what he was looking for so he turned and walked back to the door shut off the light and left. He focused on the other side of the hall and with one foot in front of the other he headed in that direction. Now on the right side of the room walking down the hall 2 rooms in he finally found it what he was looking for… the mistresses’ room!

Man Slave

“Now that’s more like it, would you look at this!” He was looking straight at her KING SIZE BED… he smiled and laughed she certainly is clear about the use of her space! Over on one side of the room was a large comfortable looking chair that had a few negligees spread out over it, from this he was able to draw a clear picture her style & comfort, he was certain he was going to like working for her. He felt so at ease that he didn’t hesitate to do what came natural to him. He walked over to the large bed and sat down on it, wanting to see for himself just how comfortable it really was. Just moment had passed when he was caught off guard by the sound of a voice.

Imposter

“What are you doing Man Slave, I thought I had made it clear not to come in here?” a naughty smile was upon her face.

Man Slave

“Oh mistress but I could not resist, the curiosity got the best of me, I had to know how comfortable where you sleep is. You forgive me don’t you, after all it’s clear this room is important to you or T wouldn’t be here today!” he got up off the bed, and took a few feet in her direction as she was walking toward his. Then they were standing right in front of each other just steps from that big bed, she her delicate frame now standing so close to him she could hardly catch her breath as she got lost in his eyes looking up at his face. He takes his hands and moves them to her arms and proceeds to touch her, while gazing back at her, then he continues…

Man Slave

“Did you find what you’re looking for? A pause… I mean of course downstairs where you are supposed to be giving interviews!”

Imposter

“I’m finished, I wasn’t so impressed with my selection so the interviews went quite quick, but I have hired what I need! But I still have to interview you!”

Man Slave

“Yes Mistress, I am at your beck and call where would you like to hold this interview? Shall I take a seat right here? He say’s pointing to an empty chair, then he lets go of her other arm so gently and walks over to the chair sits in it positioning himself confidently in the direction he means to imply this conversation should go.

Imposter

“Well aren’t you sure of yourself, this is hardly the room to be conducting my interview in. Her eyes lit up as she tried to convey a more serious expression on her face.

Man Slave

“Isn’t it?” He said as he stood up from the chair he was sitting in.

Imposter

“Now, now play fair!” She walked over to him and spoke softer, “There is a right time and a right place for everything. And my bedroom is not the right place on the established first day of your employment!

Man Slave

“Does this mean I have got the job Mistress?” His lips were just mere centimeters away from hers she could clearly feel his breath against her face.

Imposter

“YES, consider yourself employed by the greatest wonder woman of all time. And now that the business end our meeting is over what are you doing this very afternoon? Are you free to go out for a night on the town with your favorite Mistress?”

Man Slave

“My ONLY Mistress you mean, you wouldn’t think I would come here looking to work for the greatest wonder woman of all time (indeed he did not know just how much of a wonder woman she is) whilst having others like you out there to occupy my time where I could be giving you those precious moments do you?” Of course being the professional he is he did indeed have other women he could cater to if he is ever in a bind and strapped for money! He definitely knew how to earn a living, but clearly he could now see that this Mistress would be the wonder woman who would be eating up much of his available time in the very immediate future!

Imposter

“Ohh you’re good, you’re very good, I almost want to believe you, but I should know that a man like you has always got back up plans should things in your current situation ever go wrong. But I won’t press you for any of those details. What you do when you are not with me is of your own business, I would never dare to imply that I’m the jealous type. But I do think I can see myself growing fond of you and quite quickly **I** might add!”

Man Slave

“Well my time is your time as of right now dear Mistress! What are our plans for this afternoon?” He was quick to change the subject, quickly so as to stop her from ever thinking about what he does on his own time. He knows the job is while in her presence is all about making her feel like she is indeed the most important woman in the Universe!

Imposter

“I would like for us to go out some place for dinner together.” And maybe do a bit of site seeing together, while going shopping for some new clothes for you man slave, I’m very excited to get you dressed up to suit your new job, I’m looking forward to you showing off your wears to me!”

Man Slave

“Your wish is my command Mistress! Shall I go and inform your driver to have the car ready while you change, I assume you don’t wish to go to dinner in what you are wearing right now do you?”

Imposter (laughing)

“Oh heavens no, this is hardly expensive enough attire for an expensive dinner with my new #1 Man Slave, I wish to show you off a little and surely I must dress right for the occasion. Since you know my house now then I trust you can find the driver easily enough, I will be downstairs to join you soon enough. I think this is going to be a good working relationship between us Man Slave.”

Man Slave

“You can count on it Mistress! I will definitely not disappoint you while I am in your employ, you can be certain of that!” He gently leaned into her body as he took her arms in his and gently moved HER out of his way purposefully… letting her know that there would be a right time and a right place to take up on their bedroom conversation. He had every intention to do that as quickly as possible for he knew this business well the sooner he could get her emotionally dependent on him the more control, freedom and success at his job he will have. Nothing wrong with having your Mistresses a bit jealous over you so they obsess just a little wondering how long you’ll be around or what you’re doing when you’re away but one must play their cards just right and he knew this woman was a strong and intelligent one, but he had no idea what she did for a living there was no evidence of her work lying around the house anywhere? But he also knew that the first day on the job of job like this is definitely not the day on which to ask!

Man Slave

“I will show myself out!” He did and as he did so he shut the door behind him so she could change. This man shook his head, he was sure that working for her was going to be anything but boring and was looking forward to the challenges that lay before him, that she throws his way, for this mistress he could clearly already see was quite the playful one! He looked to his right and headed for the stairs, seeing the rest of the house would have to wait but he was clearly certain of one thing and this was knowing he definitely would have a lot of time on his hands to do that!

\* \* \* \* \*

Donald Trump continued….

The blood lab lady was shown to the pool area by Otis, it was perfect timing Super Girl was just finishing her swim exiting the pool and wrapping herself in a house coat and placing a towel on her head.

Super Girl

“Well now haven’t you got good timing?”

Blood lab lady (confused look on her face)

“Good timing, for what madam?”

Super Girl laughed

“I just finished my swim, but never mind you wouldn’t know anything about that” Looking to Otis she says, “Lex sure doesn’t waste his time when he says something he means to do does he?”

Blood lab lady put her stuff down on a table beside where Super Girl sat down Otis answered Super Girls statement of observation…

Otis

“Nope, Lex doesn’t believe in wasting precious time that could be better used evolving his plans to do whatever it is he can to take over Metropolis or at least the banks and the stock exchange!” Otis laughed

Blood lab lady

“Which arm would you prefer?”

Super Girl

“How should I know I don’t make a habit of having my blood tested or something, I’ve a feeling I’m as healthy as a horse when I am myself.” “I still don’t see what Lex could possibly want with my blood what can a lab tell him about this bump on my head that won’t go away or the amnesia it caused?”

Blood lab lady (took Super girls right arm and rolled up the sleeve to the housecoat and set out on her mission.)

“Clench your fist for me now pump it a few times…” She felt around for the spot, finding it while Super girl was looking at Otis to carry on their conversation lab lady went for it!

Otis

“I haven’t a clue, but these guys can understand all sorts of things we everyday folk don’t ever think about and since Lex is no ordinary guy then neither would finding him doing stuff like this be out of the ordinary for a man who is not ordinary!”

Super Girl

“O.k. O.k. I get it you don’t know everything your boss does and you don’t even try to understand it all!!” Looking back at blood lab lady she could see a needle poking her tough vein and just beginning to draw blood.

Blood lab lady

“O.k. got it you can relax your hand now.”

Super girl did just that

“Does everybody forget to do that?”

Blood lab lady (laughing)

“I’m afraid most do even the most observant patience!” Something to do with all the excitement of a needle being poked in your arm and having blood drawn I suppose!”

Super Girl

“You are probably right that’s probably it indeed.”

Blood lab lady

“All done, thanks for being such a co-operative patient that made things go smoothly and quickly… You tell Mr. Luthor he will have his results within the week!” Blood lab lady put her things away and looked to Otis to show her the way out! On the way out Otis turned and looked at Super Girl and said, “Lex said to tell you that you will find what you are needing for today in an envelope with your name on it in the back of the limo when you get in.” That said he turned back to the job of leading the blood lab lady back to the civilization above them.

Super Girl

“Thank-you Otis!” She said loud enough to be certain he heard. Then she quickly focused on her plans for the day, the thoughts of the days that lie ahead showed expressively on her face as she took herself back to her quarters to get dressed. (Lacy) a simple pretty super girl as it were, didn’t take long to get ready for she didn’t need to cover her face up with 10 lbs of make - up and what she had to wear was limited since she this would be her first time going shopping since being rescued by Lex Luthor. When she first arrived in his care he simply had someone buy her v few outfits and bring them to her! She took one last look at herself (cute as punch and she knew it) she then focused on the door and headed in that

direction and left for her shopping spree. Only moments passed when she found herself outside finally. She looked around her there was traffic and people and buildings all around her, but spotting the limo was easy she quickly found her way to it, opened the door and got in and closed the door once she was seated.

Super Girl

“Now isn’t this roomie, how comfortable, won’t today be fun!” In front of her there was a place where cups could be placed, and a flat area all leather around it where she could see the white envelope mentioned with her name on it she picked it up and wasted no time opening it. While doing that the driver saw she had found it and pushed a button that locked the doors and secured her in place.

Driver

“Where to Madam?”

Super Girl didn’t answer right away, she was momentarily distracted by the wad of cash and the credit card she was now holding in her hand…

“Oh, uh I’m sorry… ahh well to answer your question I was sort of kind of hoping you would be able to help me with that. You see I don’t know where anything is or what’s what!”

Driver

“You new to Metropolis or something?”

Super Girl

“That’s the confusing part I’m not entirely sure?” She then began to tell the driver the story as he figured out where he would take her first and pulled away from Lex Luthors’ underground haven and drove into traffic for the mission of the afternoon that lay ahead!

End Scene!