

Taking Down a God

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Summary: Lois is the one tapped to help take down a killer — Superman.

“You’re mine!” Superman was yelling at her. “You’re mine and no one else can have you!”

Lois backed away but she knew there was no escape. There was no way she could outrun him — how does a mere human outrun a man who can fly, who can burn things with his eyes? Her heart was thumping so loud in her chest that she was sure he could hear it even without super-hearing.

He didn’t seem to care. He stalked toward her, his face a mask of fury. “I saw you with him!” he shouted.

She tried to speak but her mouth was too dry — her tongue didn’t want to work. Finally she managed to loosen her tongue. “I don’t know what ...”

“You lie!” His face was red with rage and his eyes — his eyes were glowing.

Lois tried to remember what the government agent had ordered her to do ... the box ... the silver box ... She needed to open the silver box on the coffee table.

“I don’t know what you think you saw,” Lois said, trying to keep the tremor out of her voice. “But I haven’t been with anyone.”

He grabbed her arm and for a terrified moment she was afraid he intended to break it.

“Superman, please. You’re hurting me,” she said. She didn’t need to pretend to be frightened. She’d never seen him so angry, so out of control.

It was terrible to behold.

He seemed to realize that he was hurting her and dropped his hand. “I’m sorry,” he said. “But when I think of you with anyone else ... I go crazy. You understand that, don’t you? You know I love you, don’t you?”

“I know you think you do,” she said, edging her way to the sofa to sit down. “But if you really loved me, you wouldn’t hurt me or scare me like this.”

“But everything I’ve done, I’ve done for you,” he said. “Luthor ... he didn’t deserve to even look at you, walk on the same streets as you.”

“He didn’t deserve to die,” Lois said.

“He was a criminal,” Superman said with a shrug.

“Whether he was or not, he deserved a fair trial,” Lois said. She shuddered as she remembered the repeated airings of the videos of Lex Luthor’s murder. Luthor was holding a press conference at the construction site of one of his buildings. Then Superman dropped from the sky.

“Luthor, I told you to stay away from her,” Superman announced, floating above the billionaire.

Luthor seemed surprised, annoyed, and a bit confused at Superman’s statement. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he said after a moment. “But whatever it is, you’re mistaken.”

“Am I mistaken about you being the crime lord known as the ‘Boss’? Am I mistaken that you ordered the murders of Doctor Samuel Platt and Doctor Toni Baines? That you knew that your nuclear plant was faulty and threatened all of Metropolis? The list

goes on.”

“I’d be careful about what I say if I were you, Superman,” Luthor said. “I have very good lawyers and what you’re saying is positively slanderous.”

“The truth is never slander,” Superman said. “Stay away from her.”

“And if I don’t?”

Superman’s eyes glowed red and suddenly Lex Luthor wasn’t standing on the podium.

Luthor had only been the first ‘execution’, or at least the first public ‘execution’. Others followed. First it was thugs in the act of committing a violent crime, then drug dealers and suppliers. Then people simply started disappearing, common ordinary people who had simply objected to Superman’s vigilante-ism.

Metropolis became a shadow of itself as people fled the city to escape Superman’s reign of terror.

Lois stayed.

‘Get him into position and open the silver box,’ she had been instructed.

It was Henderson who had approached her, taken her into an underground sound-proofed bunker to meet with federal agents.

“He has to be stopped,” she was told. “We know he’s killed at least a hundred people but we can’t even convene a grand jury against him for fear of what he’d do.” The agent handed her the silver box. It was heavier than it looked. She lifted the top and saw a green glowing crystal nestled in black velvet.

“Element 126. Colonel Trask believed it was capable of immobilizing him, maybe even killing him. Luthor’s research notes seem to confirm it.”

“But you don’t know, do you?”

The agent shook his head. “It will be dangerous for you, especially if it doesn’t work.”

“Tell me what I need to do ...”

The box was on the table in front of her. She reached out to open it. He grabbed her hand and she screamed as the bones shattered. But the box fell open.

Superman’s eyes widened as he realized what she had done. He doubled over with pain — Kryptonite.

“I loved you,” he managed to gasp as the window behind him shattered and high powered slugs entered his body.

“I know,” Lois said through her tears. “That’s why I had to be the one to stop you.”

THE END