

Alive and Kickin'

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Rated: PG

Submitted: April, 2018

Summary: This brief story tells of a very different beginning for Aykira Milan and Lex Luthor.

Story Size: 775 words (4Kb as text)

Author's Note:

This is in answer to Kerth Fanfic Challenge #4. I was watching a video called *Alive and Kickin'* by Simple Minds and the opening lines: You turn me on, just clicked and I began to think about Lex Luthor and the character I created for my story, *Stranger in our Midst* and the *Visitor* series, Aykira Milan. This brief story tells of a very different beginning for the two of them. In this version Lex is just beginning to climb out of his 'street fighter' days. Aykira is as mysterious as ever, leaving him with more questions than answers after their brief encounter.

I thought using Mrs. Cox would fit in better, but that character always came across as slightly swarmy if that word makes any sense.

Legal Disclaimer: I own nothing except Aykira Milan's character.

"Those men would have killed me! I cannot believe how swiftly you beat them. Who... who are you?"

A woman with skin the color of amber and eyes of hazel turned away from the tired window curtains of a neglected boarding house and looked down at me. She wore a long brown and red shawl-like garment over a black jumpsuit which failed to conceal an agile body.

I was sitting on the bed, with its coarse coverlet feeling scratchy against my skin, nursing a swollen jaw and wounded ego. My newly-purchased Armani suit was torn in places; no matter, with the money I've gained it can easily be replaced. Only moments ago, she had rescued me from some of my former street associates determined to get their share of the money we had stolen. This ravishing creature doesn't know that. She thinks she interrupted a simple mugging.

"I am here to help. Anything else, for the time being, is unimportant. Not now, but someday you will be a man of considerable influence. When the moment is right, I shall come to you and request a favor."

My lips are bruised from the beating and the metallic taste of blood lingers on my tongue, but gingerly I manage a half-smile, move towards her, and say smoothly, "What if I don't remember this brief encounter. Perhaps if we spend some time together..."

Her gaze turned back to the dark, foggy street, speaking more to the glass than to me. "That would be most unwise. We both have more important matters to attend to than participating in a moment of fleeting pleasure. Especially if those thugs are still looking for you. It is time for me to depart. Stay here until morning. The room is not upmarket, but it is paid up until then."

I draw closer and touch her face; the radiant skin is warm and tender. There is the faintest hint of wild floral perfume. My rescuer, in spite of her coolness, is very feminine. She does not smile, but instead – surprisingly gently, considering her recent show of strength -- easily pushes my hand away.

My heart pounds; unlike my other lovers, this one fails to be

wooned. "Woman, don't be coy, you turn me on. We just experienced more than a brush with danger and our senses are alive and kickin'. After such a moment, a taste of shared pleasure is soothing to the mind and body."

She smiled calmly at hearing those words, looking me over. How do I appear to this unique woman? "You couldn't handle me... at least not yet." With lithe movements she abandoned the window and headed for the door.

Shocked by such a bold statement, I called after her, "Wait! I don't even know your name!"

She touched the doorknob, cocked her head slightly to the right, and without turning, answered, "It is Aykira. Aykira Milan. Lock the door behind me. Good-bye, Mr. Luthor, until we meet again."

With those words she exited the room, walked down the stairs, exited the building, and with a cat's grace, melted into the night. I rush to the window, pull aside the curtains and watch as she strides down the sidewalk into the swirls of fog and gloom. Was it a trick of the eye or did I just see a flash of green light? Impossible; it must have been a trick of my eyes because of the traffic lights. She said someday we would meet again. I keenly look forward to that day and whatever request she makes.

A thought came to my mind and gave me pause: how did Aykira Milan know *my* name?

THE END