

Don't Leave Me

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Rated PG

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Summary: What really goes through Lois's head when Clark leaves?

Hello citizens of FoLCVille! Here's a small (as usual) vignette that I've written. Before we begin with the story, I'd just like to thank my beta DSDragon for the help and the patience. I really appreciate it. You're awesome!

Don't forget the feedback. And as usual the characters aren't mine, I'm just using them to flex my creative muscles. So no suing me.

Don't Leave Me.

I always wonder where you really go when you leave. Craving a donut doesn't seem like a very good reason to leave whenever we're having an important conversation.

At first, I thought you might actually be craving a donut, or returning a book to the library. But then I thought you were just trying to avoid having that kind of conversation. Then I thought that maybe you were scared of commitment. But maybe you just didn't want to have that conversation with *me*.

Is that it, Clark? Are you bored with me already? But then you come back, and you apologize and give me a muffin or something as a way to show me how sorry you are, as if it was a peace offering. And I take the muffin and forgive you, because, let's face it, you bring good muffins.

The muffin isn't really the reason why I give you another chance, although it is part of it. The muffin is just a bonus for me when it concerns you. You're my best friend. Or to be more clear: you're my *person*. If I ever accidentally kill someone, you are the person I'd call, because I know that you'd help me find a way to get through it, and that we'd get through it together. Because I know that you'd be there for me.

That's the main reason why I give you another chance. You're always there when it's important, but then you leave. You leave with a flimsy excuse whenever we have a life-altering conversation, or at least a conversation I think is life-altering. And I wait for you and the little piece of heaven that you bring with you in a bag when you return.

I'm sure that when you go off to God knows where, it's not where you say you're going. Of that I am sure. And the only reason why I'm not trying to figure out where you're truly going is because I want you to tell me yourself. I don't want to find out. You should tell me on your own. It might not make sense to you, but it's the ultimate sign of trust when you tell me what you're really doing.

And now you've left me again, and I'm waiting. Waiting for the day when you trust me and realize that I am *your* person. I don't know what I have to do to make you realize that. I don't know how much longer I can take you leaving me all the time with these stupid excuses.

Please don't leave me behind anymore, Clark; I don't think I could catch up.

THE END