

Her Wedding Day

By Michael <darth.michael.dlots@gmail.com>

Rated PG

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Summary: A wedding day is supposed to be a happy occurrence for everyone involved. Only, what about the one person who's not?

Hi FoLCs!

This is my contribution to February 14th, 2014. Hmm... actually, the number has a lot of symmetry to it, but I digress. This vignette has been a couple of years in the making and I want to thank Sue for not giving up on BR'ing it for me. She's the best! I also want to give a shout-out to AngelFinally, my GE. Thanks for giving this vignette the final polish :)

I had a lot of fun with the 1st person POV and I hope you will have, too. If you'd like to leave me a comment or two, please feel free to post in the Fanfic-board

(http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php?ubb=get_topic;f=6;t=002143)

or just send me an e-mail. It is always appreciated :)

Michael

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It is morning again. I didn't find any sleep last night. I wish that I could say it is because of the cage I'm in, locked away like a mangy beast. But even though I can feel the presence of the bars during every second of every minute of every hour that I'm stuck in this prison, it is the thought of Lois that has kept me awake all night. Lois, rejecting me. Lois, saying *no* to me. Lois, marrying a man who's not worthy of her. But soon, all of this will be behind me forever. I will not suffer to see Lois wed to another. And I take solace in that thought while I await my release from this desolate existence. It should not be long now.

Of course, it wasn't always like this — me, locked away at the mercy of others and her, dressed in white as she commits herself to another. No, back when I first met her, it was a glorious time. A time I still think back to with a fondness in my heart despite all the bitterness that eventually followed. The fingers of my right hand dig into my palm and I consciously relax my fist again.

Lois. Thinking about being with Lois is a much more productive a use of my time. With her presence alone, she commanded the room the first time I laid eyes upon her. Undeterred that I was already in a conversation, she presented her point with vigor and a conviction I had never seen before in a woman. Or any other man, for that matter.

Oh, I knew that we weren't strictly in the same league, but I didn't let it matter. She challenged me in ways that were

completely unique to her, a presence that not even Superman was able to escape. In retrospect, vying for her attention with a two-dimensional hero might not have been the wisest of choices, but a man is nothing if not his pride.

I will never forget that evening at the Metro Club when she beguiled an entire room with her beauty and her voice. But she wasn't declaring her crush to the strangers assembled in the audience. No, she was singing to me, looking into my eyes as she breathed those words of longing and want. That was when I knew there was more to her act than an undercover performance. She might not even have acknowledged it to herself, but I knew the truth. She had a crush on me.

And a crush I could work with. I knew that I could get her to see that I'm everything the hero was and so much more. Once, I even saved her life — me, the man, not Superman — but the fates are as cruel as a woman's heart is fickle. Under different circumstances, I might even appreciate the irony that while it is Superman's fault that I'm stuck in here, neither he nor I are the ones Lois has chosen to marry.

My pondering is interrupted by the echo of footsteps as someone is approaching my cell. It is a hollow sound, reflected off the barren stone walls. I know who it is and I suppress the urge to confirm my expectation by looking up. Besides, looking up would mean that I'm not sure who it is going to be. No, I am sure. There is no one else who would be visiting my cell at this particular hour of this particular morning.

The footsteps come closer and I distinctly hear the onset of obesity in them. I still remember meeting him during some benefit dinner. He was stuffing his mouth full of shrimp and caviar while he prattled on how hardened criminals did not deserve luxuries in his prison. The disdain dripped from his mouth as he shared his view of the world. And the same disdain dripped again when he *welcomed* me into his domain.

A key is shoved into the lock and I look up as the door swings open on well-oiled hinges. Seeing the same disdain on his face now, I finally allow myself a smile. It is over. I have won.

"Get your things, Luthor," Warden Lovett greets me. "For reasons I cannot imagine, you have received a presidential pardon."

THE END