

# First Date

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Rated: G

Submitted: May 2016

Summary: It's taken them so long to get to this point, and Clark just wants everything to be perfect.

Story Size: 507 words (3Kb as text)

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Author's note: I think where this fits, episode-wise, is pretty obvious. #37 in the At First Sight series.

This story is part of a series that includes "[1. At First Sight](#)," "[2. A Matter of Time](#)," "[3. Evil Lurks](#)," "[4. Invisible](#)," "[5. Gratitude](#)," "[6. Unprofessional Behaviour](#)," "[7. But For the Grace of God](#)," "[8. Vulnerable](#)," "[9. Decisions](#)," "[10. A Terrible Mistake](#)," "[11. Facets](#)," "[12. Terrified](#)," "[13. A Remarkable Woman](#)," "[14. The Aftermath of Illusion](#)," "[15. Black, White and Shades of Grey](#)," "[16. Tainted](#)," "[17. Betrayal](#)," "[18. Brothers](#)," "[19. Saving the Enemy](#)," "[20. Aching](#)," "[21. Healing](#)," "[22. Defending Myself](#)," "[23. Euphoria](#)," "[24. Family Ties](#)," "[25. Two Steps Forward](#)," "[26. Vigilante](#)," "[27. Friendship](#)," "[28. Life Or Death](#)," "[29. Ramifications](#)," "[30. Christmas Magic](#)," "[31. Situational Ethics](#)," "[32. Expectations](#)," "[33. A Permanent Solution](#)," "[34. Success](#)," "[35. Dying](#)," "[36. ... One Step Back](#)," "[37. First Date](#)," and "[38. Rights and Responsibilities](#)."

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After almost two years, countless daydreams and a lot of patience, tonight is the night.

We've put it off so many times for so many reasons, but no longer.

I have a date. With Lois Lane.

Our first date.

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I have never been so nervous in my entire life.

Even my first public appearance as Superman wasn't quite this nerve-racking. There's just so much riding on this date. Every hope, every dream I have for the future involves this one particular, wonderful woman.

I want it to go well. I need for it to go well.

If it doesn't, the consequences don't bear consideration.

Lois is the only woman I've ever loved. If I blow this now, I don't know that she'd give me another chance.

I think it would have been easier if we had just managed to go to that Pearl Jam concert. Yes, it was last minute. No, it was not necessarily my idea of an ideal first date. But so much time has passed since then. It has allowed the pressure to build and build. Now we're at the point where I'm worried that she will expect everything to be perfect.

I want everything to be perfect.

I want her to want a second date, and a third, and a fourth... and a future.

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Everything I can think of to do to make this date a success is...done.

I managed to get last minute reservations at one of Metropolis's most upscale restaurants. A feat that took a lot of cashed in favours and some blatant dropping of Superman's name.

Fame has it uses.

I'm wearing the charcoal suit she likes, a recent (and expensive) purchase. I've worn it to the office once or twice and I thought it looked pretty good. I guess she did too.

I like that she noticed.

I especially liked the look on her face when she suggested it earlier. I'm pretty sure I've worn a similar look around her many times. It's that awareness of her as a woman that's been a constant undercurrent in all of our dealings since the moment we met. An awareness that's only intensified in these last few weeks. An awareness that was at its strongest yet today when we shook on a bet...and ending up holding hands.

I know she felt it too.

As I reach her apartment building and jog lightly up the stairs, I can't wipe the smile off my face even through my escalating nervousness.

I'm not even wearing the Suit tonight. I don't want any interruptions for any reason. This night—this date—is too important.

Tonight is the night everything changes.

THE END