

Rights and Responsibilities

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Mayson's death leaves Clark second-guessing himself and where he fits in the world.

Story Size: 578 words (3Kb as text)

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Author's note: This is set between Mayson's death and her funeral, before Lois and Clark meet Scardino. #38 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](#)."

I've kissed her before, but it's never been like that. She's never wanted *Clark* to kiss her before. Not a real kiss.

Our first real kiss.

And for those few blissful moments I was on top of the world. Then it all came crashing down.

Mayson is dead.

Standing on the sidewalk, with my lips on Lois' and my hand buried in her silky dark hair, I didn't hear the bomb's timer until it was too late.

Now Mayson is gone and it feels like my world has shifted somehow. I've seen more people die than I care to remember, but this was different. This was someone that I cared about.

People knew I cared. They've started talking to me in that strange hushed tone that is reserved for the bereaved, but the whole time I can see the speculation in their eyes as they wonder just how close Mayson and I were. They're reporters, trained to look under the surface. I know that. Increased scrutiny isn't something that I'm comfortable with, however, so I've started avoiding the rest of the Planet staff, preferring to be alone with my own thoughts.

I'm pretty sure that Lois thinks that my silence—my withdrawal—is because I was in love with Mayson.

She's wrong. Mayson was my friend, though I knew she wanted something I could never give her. Something that hasn't been mine to give since the first time I walked into the offices of the Daily Planet.

How can I express what I'm really feeling? Now that we stand on the cusp of a romantic relationship—one that I've wanted desperately for almost two years—how can I tell Lois that I'm having second thoughts?

Mayson died because of my actions. If I hadn't given in to my desire for Lois Lane—if I hadn't lost myself in the kisses we shared—I would've been where I was supposed to be. Maybe I would've heard the bomb's timer in time to do something about it.

I feel responsible for her death. And if this is what can happen during one kiss, then what could happen if we took this relationship further? What if we made love? How many more people would die while I was completely wrapped up in our own little world?

I've dedicated my life to the people of this planet. Do I have the right to ignore them to indulge my own desires?

Even if I hadn't become Superman—even if I had never made that first surreptitious rescue, long before coming to Metropolis—would I have a right to a relationship? To love an Earth woman? There are some that would condemn me for it. After all, I'm not human.

I love Lois more than I ever thought possible. I know that nothing will ever change the way I feel about her. But there's a part of me that says that I should step away; that I should give her a chance to find someone else. Someone normal. Someone human.

I just don't know if I can.

THE END