

Fresh Eyes

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois Lane finds herself looking at her partner and best friend through a different set of eyes after a revelation and a failed wedding.

Story Size: 496 words (3Kb as text)

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters, plotlines, etc. are the property of DC Comics, Warner Bros. and December 3rd Productions.

When did it happen?

Six months ago, I told Clark Kent that I loved him like a brother, and I did. He was like my big brother, protective and caring. He was the kind of friend that I could turn to for anything and everything. I was attracted to him, yes — though I tried very hard not to be. It's difficult not to be attracted to Clark Kent; Lord knows, practically every woman we come across in the course of our work seems to have trouble resisting his appeal.

And then, in the midst of the Luthor mess, he told me that he was in love with me.

He prompted me to take a good hard look at our relationship; and while I've never told him, my feelings for him were the reason why I didn't — why I couldn't — say 'I do' to Lex Luthor. In my enforced vacation afterwards, I spent a lot of time sorting through my feelings about Lex, about Superman, and about Clark. I came to the conclusion that I was simply reacting to Clark's confession during a difficult and emotionally charged time, but one thing stuck with me from that frustrating week when I tried to tell him that I loved him and was thwarted every time. I started seeing him in a different light.

Instead of being safe friend and confidant, I saw him for what he was: an intelligent, thoughtful, passionate man who was every bit as decent as he was good-looking. And although things became strange — and strained — from time to time, somewhere in between body doubles, death threats, resurrected gangsters, and Mayson Drake, something happened.

I fell in love with Clark Kent. Deeply, completely, head over heels in love. The kind of love I'd come to believe didn't happen in real life. I'm trying my best not to show it, although I know I slipped up during that hopeless, heart-wrenching time when resurrected gangsters roamed Metropolis.

The thing is, as certain as I am that I love Clark, the one thing I'm not sure of is how he feels about me. He's been on at least one date with Mayson Drake, and I refuse to make a fool of myself over a man yet again. Unless and until Clark gives me some sort of indication that he wants to be something other than what we already are, I have to try and hide what I feel. To keep up the façade of being friends and partners. To try and enjoy his company without feeling like my heart is being ripped to pieces.

No matter how hard it is.

THE END