

Angel of Death

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Love is blind to everything, and overlooks even the worst faults.

Story Size: 720 words (4Kb as text)

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Author's Note: This story is in response to a dialogue fanfiction challenge issued by Kathryn84 on the Lois and Clark Fanfiction Message Boards. Her prompt was to use the line "Only a fool would fall in love with someone as deadly as me" as a starting point for a story. My muse was inspired by both myself and my mother, the "deadliest of them all."

"Only a fool would fall in love with someone as deadly as me," the young woman said, her eyes glistening with tears. She looked away from the young man before her, his face so hopeful, so earnest that it broke her heart into a million pieces.

"Then I'll gladly be a fool for the rest of my life," he vowed softly.

"You don't know what you're saying," she argued back, taking him by the hand and helping him up from being down on one knee. She deliberately avoided looking at the diamond ring nestled in the box he held. "If I said yes...I'd bring you nothing but heartache and ruin."

"That's not true!"

"I'm afraid it is. I've tried. Oh God, I've tried so hard. But I'm no better than I was when we started dating." Fresh tears welled up in the woman's eyes. She fought them valiantly, but lost. A few fat tears rolled down her cheeks.

"It can't be all *that* bad," the man said, reaching over and using his thumb to wipe away the tears. Once her cheeks were dry, he led her to a nearby park bench.

"It *is*," she insisted miserably. "I'm...I'm the Angel of Death. Whatever I touch...withers away and dies. I...I can't be trusted. That's why...I can't marry you." Her words came out shuddering as she fought not to break down into a sobbing mess.

"You're only half right, my love. You *are* an angel."

"No, I'm not." She sighed heavily. "I wish I was. But an angel would *aid* you, not hinder you. And that's what I would do, if I were to marry you."

For a moment, it looked like her boyfriend might argue the point with her. But perhaps he thought better of it. Instead he looked up into the cloudless blue summer sky. His eyes trailed a pair of hawks as they circled lazily, then flew off to the west. He squinted against the slanted shafts of light from the setting sun and rubbed his clean-shaven chin in thought. Then he turned back to her.

"You know that it doesn't matter to me, right? That I'm not asking you to marry me because of what I think you may or may not be capable of. Right?" He took her hand in his and patted it gently, trying to reassure her. "I love you for *you*."

"I know that, but...I can't bring myself to destroy everything you've worked so hard for." She bit her lower lip uncertainly and snuck another peek at the ring. She wanted so badly to put it on

and accept his proposal, but she could never do that with a clear conscience. She was a killer! The very worst kind!

"Sweetheart, I'd trade everything for you, you *have* to know that."

"I do, honey," she sighed regretfully. "But...I'm a *monster*. I've slain hundreds! If I married you, it would result in a massacre of catastrophic proportions!"

"It's nothing we can't change together. I can teach you to nurture, instead of kill."

"I'm not certain I'm not beyond all hope."

"You are, I can sense it," he pressed. "Look, we've known each other a long time. I've seen you interact with probably everyone in town. You're the kindest, most caring woman I know. I know that, with a little guidance and some patience, we could turn that...unfortunate darkness around. The trail of carnage you've left behind so far won't matter anymore."

"But, Jonathan," Martha said, desperate to make him understand, desperate to believe him, "you're a farmer. And I'm a plant killer!"

THE END