

Praying for a Sign

By [Deadly Chakram](#) <dwelf82@yahoo.com>

Rated: G

Submitted: October 2018

Summary: On the day of her wedding, Lois is having second thoughts and asks for a sign to guide her.

Story Size: 2,212 words (12Kb as text)

Disclaimer: I own nothing. I make nothing. All Superman characters, plot points, and recognizable dialogue belong to DC Comics, Warner Bros., December 3rd Productions and anyone else with a stake in the Superman franchise.

Author's Note: Special thanks go to Feli, who gave this a quick beta read for me at a ridiculous (for me) hour of the night. Thanks hun!

This is my response to Val's "weather challenge" on the Lois and Clark FanFic Message Boards. It stated "Pick an earthly phenomenon and rewrite any scene from LnC's canon eps with a change in weather. How would it have changed things?" Now, my story does change the timeline a bit, but I hope you enjoy it.

Lois nervously examined herself in the mirror from every angle. Actually, three mirrors had been set up in a rough semi-circle to give her a chance to see angles she normally wouldn't have been able to see. But she had eyes only for the one directly in front of her. She still couldn't get over the reflection that looked straight back at her. Never in a million years had she dreamed of a dress like this one. It was breathtakingly stunning – all Italian silk and lace. It had cost more than she made in a year back when the Daily Planet had still been in operation, before Jack had planted that bomb. Or supposedly did. Her friends – *former friends*, she thought with a sigh – still believed their young companion's proclamations of innocence. She herself wasn't as certain. Jack had grown and matured a lot since they'd first met him, but he was still rough around the edges and she couldn't completely overlook the fact that he'd been a thief and had broken into Clark's apartment. How Clark had ever forgiven the kid was beyond her. If someone had broken into *her* apartment and stolen *her* property, she would have begged the prosecution to throw the book at them. Of course, it hadn't surprised her in the least that Clark had been so dismissive of Jack's actions, refusing to press charges and actually helping the youth to get a job at the paper. Nor had it surprised her that the age difference between them hadn't stopped Clark from becoming good friends with Jack. That was just the kind of man Clark was.

Clark.

She shook her head to get the thought of her former partner and now-estranged friend out of her mind. She had more important things to focus on. Like the dress she was wearing and all it signified. Her wedding gown. A dress she'd almost given up hope of ever one day wearing, as boyfriend after boyfriend had let her down, dumped her, cheated on her, or outright stolen her work right out from under her. Her love life had been so bad FEMA could have dubbed it a federal disaster. But then, of all people, Lex Luthor had taken an interest in her. She'd been flattered when he'd asked her out. Who wouldn't have been? He was, after all, the third richest man on Earth. And while it was true that he was no Superman, even *she* had been forced to admit that the flying Adonis in a cape had been no more than a fantasy, not unlike the teenage crushes she and her high school girlfriends had had on

various celebrities. But Lex? Lex wasn't a fantasy. He was real, and he loved her.

"Lois Luthor," she said to herself, testing out her soon-to-be married name.

It didn't exactly roll naturally off her tongue, the way she'd always expected her new name to do once she married. She remembered how easily "Mrs. Lois Swayze" had bounced off her tongue as she and her girlfriends had fantasized about marrying their crushes. It had seemed so natural. So how come it felt so awkward trying out her fiancé's last name now? Perhaps if she couched it in a different way?

"Lois Lane-Luthor."

She frowned. Still not right.

"Lois Luthor-Lane."

No, that wouldn't do either.

She sighed. What was wrong with her? Her wedding was just minutes away and her heart was breaking in two. It should be the happiest day of her entire life. So why was she so sad? Why did she feel like she was making a mistake? She knew she didn't love Lex – at least, not the way that she'd always expected to be head-over-heels infatuated with her husband-to-be. But she could learn to love him. And he loved her, that much was clear. He'd pulled out all the stops when dating her and when it had come to their wedding, he'd insisted that price was no object. Like the six-digit figure dress he'd bought for her.

"Lois...Kent?" she whispered to herself, the words a question that popped into her head unbidden.

Where had *that* come from? Why was she thinking about Clark, now of all times? The jerk had barely spoken to her since she'd accepted Lex's proposal, except to give her vague warnings about her fiancé that he could not substantiate. She supposed she might be a little to blame for the rest of the distance between the two of them. She'd gotten so wrapped up in the wedding planning, and the renovations to Lex Tower that Lex was drawing up to accommodate their merging lives, to say nothing of the demands she faced running things at LNN; it rarely left her any free time to make phone calls or go visiting. But Clark hadn't made any effort to contact her either. He'd let his – unfounded, as far as she was concerned – hatred of Lex get in the way of their friendship, and it had driven an enormous wedge between them.

So why did she want him to be there with her in that dressing room so badly? Why was she having second thoughts about saying "I do?"

On an impulse, she quickly made the sign on the cross on herself. She wasn't overly religious by any means, but she *did* believe in a higher power. For the first time in years, she felt compelled to pray for guidance. When had she last done that? For a couple of heartbeats, she paused and thought about it before it came to her. Not counting the spur-of-the-moment "please don't let this crazy criminal kill me" thoughts, the last time she'd prayed formally had been the morning she'd interviewed with Perry for her job at the Daily Planet. While it had been only a few years ago, it felt like it had been in a different lifetime. She clasped her hands together in the way her Sunday school had been adamant about. Then she whispered a prayer.

"I don't know if anyone is listening. I know it's been a long time. But...it's my wedding day. And instead of feeling euphoric, I feel like panicking. My heart is breaking and I don't even know why. I should be chomping at the bit to get down that aisle to Lex. And instead I'm in here, looking at a woman I don't even recognize in the mirror, pairing my name with Clark's. I'm lost. My head says to marry Lex. He's a good man. I'll be well taken care of. Loved. But my heart says to run. Please, please, *please*, send me a sign. I need to know if I should go through with this wedding. Send me some kind of sign."

"Lord? May I have a moment of your time?"

"Mike! Come on in!" the Almighty said with a grin, beckoning

the Guardian Angel into his office.

Mike nodded and entered the Lord's spacious office, shutting the door behind him. He crossed to the large mahogany colored desk and took a seat in one of the cloud-like chairs before it. Then he cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Boss," he began.

"It's never a bother. You know that," God said with a soft smile, folding his hands before him. "What can I do for you? It isn't Clark Kent, is it?"

"No, Sir. I was able to successfully persuade him *not* to meet with Lex Luthor." He sighed tiredly. "But, it was a near thing. I had to appear to him as a taxi driver, a donut shop worker, a delivery man, a homeless man in the park, *and* one of the officers in charge of Jack's investigation. But he *finally* listened to reason. I don't think we need to fear that Kryptonite cage at all."

The Lord smiled brighter, his approval evident. "Excellent work, Mike! So...what *is* the reason why you're here?"

"Well...it's Lois Lane, Sir."

"Ah, yes," God replied, nodding gravely. "She's set to marry Lex Luthor today."

Mike nodded in turn. "Unfortunately, yes. Despite my best efforts to guide her path elsewhere." He shook his head, abashed at what he felt was his failure.

"She was created to be Clark Kent's soul mate, as he was created to be hers," the Lord agreed.

"Yes. But she's perhaps a bit *too* stubborn in her current path. I've done everything I can think of, said everything I could whenever I could...and yet, she persists," Mike sighed.

"You know I can't change her mind for her. She must be left to use her own free will," the Lord reminded Mike.

"Oh, I know, Sir," Mike quickly amended. "But, she's asking for a sign as to whether or not she's making the right choice today. She's having her doubts. Now, normally, I would handle it myself, as you've given us Guardian Angels free reign to do."

"But given how little she's regarded your guidance thus far, you think her sign needs to be something bigger than what is within your powers to give, is that right?" God asked, a knowing twinkle in His eyes.

"Well, to be frank, yes," Mike responded, nodding once.

The Almighty sighed and scratched at his chin in thought.

"Sometimes I wonder if I was a bit too heavy-handed in the stubbornness I infused her with. Alright, Mike. I think I have just the thing."

God swiveled in his chair and faced the window overlooking the universe. He concentrated hard, then relaxed back into His high-backed chair.

"There. It is done," He proclaimed.

Mike gaped as he realized just what his Lord had done.

"But...but...but, Sir! I know she needs to marry Clark in order for Utopia to come about...but...are you so willing to chance this?"

God smiled thoughtfully. "Have faith, Mike. Clark will step in and save the day."

"And if he chooses not to?"

"I know his heart, Mike. After all, I am the one who created it," the Lord reminded him gently, no trace of anger in His voice. "Free will or not, he will rise to the challenge and save the day."

Mike stood and bowed deeply. "Thank you, Lord. I'd better get down there to ensure that she doesn't miss her sign."

"Please, send me a sign," Lois repeated, for what felt like the hundredth time. "This I pray. Amen." Quickly, she crossed herself to close out the prayer, just as she'd been taught so long ago.

A knock sounded at her door. "Mrs. Luthor? Five minutes until the ceremony!" a cheerful voice called from behind the thick wood.

"Oh...uh...okay," she stammered, her stomach churning in indecision, her heart hammering so fast it was a wonder how it hadn't smashed through her ribcage and fallen to the floor.

"Breaking news!" an announcer on the radio declared, drawing her attention like a moth to a flame.

That was odd. Had the radio been on this entire time? She couldn't remember. She knew for certain that *she* hadn't turned it on. Perhaps one of her bridal attendants had turned it on while they'd been helping her get dressed, her makeup done, and her hair perfectly styled in the way Lex had wanted but which hadn't really felt like "her" in her mind. She'd been so wrapped up in her thoughts that she hadn't really been listening to either the idle chatting of her attendants or any music from the radio.

"This just in," the man on the radio continued. "Scientists have discovered a large meteor on a collision course with Earth. Dubbed 'Nightfall,' the space rock is, and I quote, 'far larger than the meteor that caused the extinction of the dinosaurs.' A direct impact from Nightfall could throw enough dust into the atmosphere to begin a new ice age, causing catastrophic mass extinctions. Superman, if you're out there listening, Earth has never needed you more than it needs you right now."

Lois crossed the few feet to the small table where the radio was and switched the device off. Then she stood stock still as a shiver ran down her spine. She looked up to the ceiling, in a daze, and reached up to take off her veil and pull her hair out of the much-loathed style.

"Boy," she said, without making the sign of the cross, "when you give a sign, you *really* give a sign."

THE END