

# Every Breath You Take (Kerth Challenge #2)

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Rated: PG

Submitted: October 2019

Summary: When love becomes an obsession, things get creepy fast.

Story Size: 1,014 words (5Kb as text)

Disclaimer: I own nothing. I make nothing. All 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. I do not own The Police or any of their song lyrics either.

Author's Note: This fic is in response to the Kerth Challenge #2, which asked that the title of the last song you heard becomes the title of your story and relate to the fic in some way. This one, I actually *did* hear on my car radio as I ran errands.

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I'm a goner.

Lost.

Adrift in the sea.

Shot through the heart.

Head over heels.

Doomed.

I'm a man in love.

Lois.

You're perfect.

The most impeccable match I could have ever found, no matter where I could have oh-so-easily traveled to in this world. I've been all over this planet and never found anyone quite like you. Not in Metropolis, not in Okinawa, not in Mumbai, not in Paris. Nowhere.

I'll admit I wasn't actively looking for you. Not in the conventional sense. I've never lacked female companionship. I've even been married once, as painful that experience was by the end. That's why I never bothered to marry any of the other women I got involved with. It was far less of a hassle to use them for what I needed and pay them off when a little Lexling resulted. I paid handsomely in their eyes, though it was but pocket change for me. At any rate, it got those women off my case. They never told a soul about the children – as demanded by the legal contracts I had drawn up – and I could be free to walk away without a second thought.

Children.

Mothers.

I didn't need them.

I didn't want them.

I never wanted to be tied down to anyone ever again.

And then...you.

Like a dream, you entered my life – a vision of such rare beauty it made my heart weep for joy. Like the sun, you light up whatever room you're in. Like a Siren, your enticing voice could guide me to my doom and I would still die a happy man. Suddenly, I found myself envisioning a future with a wife in it. I could even picture the children that you would bear for me – legitimate Luthor heirs to the throne of my empire.

So now, I am on the hunt.

I will stop at nothing to win you over.

I don't care what it takes.

I will learn all there is to know about you.

I have my ways. That's one of the advantages to being as rich as I am. I have eyes and ears everywhere in this city. In almost every way, this is *my* city. I own the biggest business here. The products my corporations sell dominate the market. Most of the politicians are in my pocket. I have but to extend a check to any of them and the laws turn in my favor. Even the, shall we say *less savory* aspects of the city are under my tight control. No one knows it, of course, but the organized crime in Metropolis operates under my every whim. After all, you don't get to be an emperor of a kingdom like the one I've built without getting your hands a little dirty. Not that you'll *ever* know about that, not even when we're married and enjoying retirement together in our golden years.

Yes, I'll have my people watch you. There won't be anywhere you can go where I won't be able to keep an eye on you. I'll learn all the things that entice you – your favorite flowers, what kinds of chocolates you prefer, how often you drink coffee, what time you typically return home from work. I'll discover who your friends and close confidantes are, what bonds I'll force you to break or break for you. I'll find out what drives you and what it will take to pry you away from the comfortable pauper's lifestyle you currently enjoy. I'll dazzle you with food and wine and trips and gifts beyond your wildest dreams. Want to eat authentic Italian food? I'll have my jet bring us to Rome. In need of a pearl necklace for a banquet I'm hosting? I'll have you select which exact pearls you like from the finest jewelers in Japan. Get bored of your apartment? I'll build you a mansion in the middle of midtown. Car break down? Take one of my limos. I have more than enough to spare.

I can see it now, how you'll be awed by the way I'll pamper you. No one else will ever have a *prayer* of competing with me. You'll leave the idea of finding a regular man in the dust without a glance backward.

I foresee only one potential problem – the same thorn in my side since his arrival.

Superman.

Even *I* have to admit he has certain...advantages over me. I'm wealthy but not impervious to bullets. I can fly on a whim anywhere I want, but not at the speed of light. But he's still not human. And that makes me the better choice. Still...I'll have to eliminate the competition. I'll have to be subtle about it, of course. And my plan will need to be foolproof. Which is exactly why I've been taking my time with it and haven't killed the alien as of yet.

Once he's gone, there won't be anyone or anything on Earth that will keep us apart.

You and I are meant to be one. Do you realize it yet? Can't you see it? You belong to me. And my poor heart aches with every step you take that isn't next to mine. But not for long. I'll be watching you closely – every smile, every step, every move, every breath you take until you are mine.

THE END