

# Necklace

By [Folc4evernaday <folc4evernaday@gmail.com>](mailto:folc4evernaday@gmail.com)

Rated: PG

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**Summary:** He told her to never wear the necklace. She didn't listen. A response to Kerth Challenge #1 for the 2022 Kerth season.

Story Size: 592 words (3Kb as text)

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He told her to never wear the necklace.

She smoothed her hand across her neck, twirling the chain as she listened to the drum echo on stage. A tremor pulsed through her as she looked out to the crowd. She shook the nervous quiver off as her index finger curled around the long chain.

It certainly brought out her eyes.

She swayed to the musical chords that echoed from the band behind her. A slow smile eased its way across her face. She locked eyes from across the room from him. Immediately she recognized the expression on his face.

Fear.

The soft chords lingering in the background ended, and she watched him disappear into the crowd. She tucked her lower lip inside her mouth and moved toward her target. The red lights above the 'Exit' sign blinked. She tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear as she focused on the gap in the crowd he had just vacated.

Her index finger traced the length of her collarbone, toying with the chain.

She paused, lingering her gaze on the 'Exit' sign he had disappeared behind.

*'Don't ever wear it.'*

A familiar song played across the room, and she frowned as she tried to recall where she had heard it.

*The moon may be high*

*(Sha bop sha bop)*

*But I can't see (sha bop sha bop) a thing in the sky*

*I only have eyes for you*

A hand clasped hers, and she let out a sharp gasp, locking eyes with the dark brown eyes that looked familiar yet not as she searched her mind for a name that escaped her hippocampus.

She knew him.

Yet she didn't.

He let a slow smile cross his face, and he introduced himself, "It's been a long time, Wanda."

"I'm sorry. Do I know you?"

"Kent." He nodded his head.

A flash of words crossed her mind and suddenly she felt at ease, recalling the meaning of his name. Then she frowned, recalling the man that had disappeared through the exit moments earlier.

"But..."

"Clark Kent." He corrected, watching as she tugged on

the chain of her necklace nervously.

Her eyes widened, realizing something sinister must be going on. The two men she'd pined over for years were one and the same? No, that couldn't be. It couldn't be.

She frowned, shaking her head.

"Wanda..."

But was she?

She looked at the necklace in her hand, glancing at the silver band on the chain. However, it felt like much more than just a silver band on the necklace. It meant something.

Her eyes fluttered closed as the words scrolled through her mind.

"Lois."

Her eyes opened and she frowned, hearing the name once more.

It was familiar.

Yet it wasn't.

But something felt right about that name.

"Lois."

"Yes..."

A sudden jarring sound of a beeping noise drew her awake and she looked around, noticing the imprint of her keyboard on her face as she looked at the reflection of herself on the computer monitor in front of her. She let out an exasperated sigh as she realized most of what she'd written had been typed over by her slumber dreams of mystery and romance.

"So much for a good story..." Lois muttered under her breath, reaching her arms up over her head and turning to gather her things.

THE END