

# I Sense That I Love You 2: Second Sight

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Rated: G

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Summary: A few of Clark's thoughts concerning the sense of sight and Lois.

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A/N: I've always been especially entranced by the chemistry between Dean Cain and Teri Hatcher; it fascinates me anew every time I watch the show. So, in a way, these five Sense stories are something of a tribute to them, as well as the writers of this excellent show! Also, I've been remiss in my last few stories by not properly thanking my General Editor, Deja Vu, for her great help, work, and encouragement, not to mention a lot of guidance as I stumbled my way around. Thanks a lot!

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I remember the first time I saw Lois, when she was afire with impatience to break a new story that had fallen into her lap. She barely glanced my way, her one-track mind fixated on the space program and convincing her editor to let her write another Kerth-worthy article.

I remember the second time I saw Lois, when Perry called her into his office to listen to the article I had written. I don't know what she was thinking or feeling during that small length of time, but I know I was nervous. As if it wasn't bad enough that Jimmy had come in to listen to the editor-in-chief read my piece aloud, Perry had also called in the Daily Planet's best investigative reporter. I knew I was a good writer, but that was a lot of pressure.

I could tell you that I remember the third time I saw Lois, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the ... well, you get the idea. I *could* tell you that ... but it'd be a lie. You see, I never saw Lois a third time, or a fourth time, or a fifth; I only saw her twice.

The first time, I found her intriguing, compelling, and, yes, beautiful. She represented everything I wanted to be — a reporter at the top of her field, righting the wrongs of the world, fighting for justice, printing the truth, uncovering and correcting the flaws of Metropolis. She was focused — obsessively so — driven — painfully so — and determined — admirably so. She was a dream — not necessarily a romantic dream, just the epitome of excellence in a normal life. I wanted that type of confidence, that level of comfort with myself, that much respect for a talent that was wholly the providence of a *normal* me.

The second time I saw her, I was more than intrigued; I was ... well, my mom says the correct word would be smitten. Dad chuckles and says that that might be an exaggeration but not by much. Lois just smiles and puts her hand in mine and says that makes her the lucky one. I don't say anything because to deny it would be a lie and to confirm it would be to simply put into words everything that's already blazing from my eyes. Superman's Suit can't hide it; Clark Kent's glasses can't hide it; and I don't even try to hide it.

The reason I never saw Lois a third time ... Well, you see, in order for there to be a third time, I'd have to stop looking the

second time ... and that hasn't happened yet. That *won't* happen.

There's something about Lois, something that demands attention, something that attracts me far beyond the physical — far beyond any regard for personal safety. I mean, even being near her was insane. She was an investigative reporter at the top of her field with three Kerth awards already under her belt; I was an alien with a secret I flaunted before the world. And I worked with her every day; I used my powers practically right in front of her; I had to find an excuse every time I needed to leave in order for Superman to make his entrance. Tempting fate, playing with fire, just plain stupidity — whatever you want to call it, that's what it was.

Except ... I loved her. I couldn't look away from her. I couldn't stop watching her. Even if my desk hadn't been facing hers, I would have found a way to keep her in sight at all times. She was irresistible — even for a superman. She was unattainable — especially for a superman. She was ... Lois.

Every day, I watched her. And every day, I learned more about this wonderful, fascinating, beautiful creature called Lois Lane. And every day, I fell in love with her a little bit more.

I watched her eyes flash when she grew angry enough to lecture me about something or other — which was about ten to twelve times a day there in the beginning.

I watched her exterior shrink and soften when she cried or grew sad — which happened rarely, and yet only in front of me, never with anyone else.

I watched her when she gave me "advice" on my first solo story after being hired — which she then stole from me. You'd think that one would have made me realize that fantasies just can't survive the light of day and that people will always disappoint you.

But it didn't.

Because I saw her regret when she spoke to her sister. I saw her compassion and integrity and wisdom when she spoke of the difference Superman could make. I saw her courage when, still covered in mud and filth, she announced me the winner and shook my hand.

She was an utterly enthralling collection of contradictions.

She refused to let anyone close ... yet she confided her deepest secrets to me.

She was a hardened cynic who believed the worst of all things ... yet she accepted Superman wholeheartedly and never doubted him.

She was a workaholic journalist who dealt in facts ... yet she was a closet romantic who yearned to be shown that dreams could come true.

She was a woman of the nineties ... yet she had an innocence about her that was impossible to fake — or to resist.

She was a loner who didn't need anyone ... yet she was fiercely loyal to those she called "friend."

She surprised me every day, which only made me watch her all the more closely. I could never understand her, never predict her actions, never say goodbye to her.

One would think that with so many scenes of her in my head, it would be impossible to pick out one above all others, but they would be wrong. Oh, sure, there are a thousand memories that could each hold pride of place.

The way her hair shimmered in the dim glow on our almost-first date.

The way her brow furrowed when she tried in vain to remember the names of the seven dwarves, or the slant of her lips when she laughed in reluctant defeat, or the determined set to her jaw when she demanded another challenge.

Her expression when she opened her door and found me there for Christmas dinner.

The fire with which her eyes spark when she's on the trail of a big story ... and the measure of her stride as she paces and

babbles in front of me.

Her sincerity and ensuing surprise when she told me Superman had the same qualities I did.

The shy self-consciousness of her manner just after she agreed to go out with me.

Her attempt to be brave through the tears she couldn't hold back when I told her I could never give her a child.

The awed discovery in her eyes when she looked at me over a glass of champagne as if she'd never seen me before.

The way she nervously twisted her hands when coming to my apartment to tell me she had chosen me over any other man.

The mischief that imbued her entire body as she told me there were far better ways for newlyweds to bond than wallpapering.

Or her triumphant smile when she pulled my glasses from my face, her expectant impatience when I hesitated before leaving her for an emergency that first time, and the sparkle in her eyes that simultaneously matched and overpowered the bouquet of flowers I had given her the night she accepted me as both Superman and Clark.

One of the easiest moments to recall is the day she walked toward me with a blissful smile on her face, a white veil richly contrasting against her dark hair and her body caressed by a pure-white gown. All that beauty, all that happiness, all the words that spilled from her lips, and it was all for me. Not for Lex Luthor. Not for Superman. Not for Scardino or Deter or any other man on the planet. Just for me.

All those moments, all those sights, are important and as special as the rarest of jewels. In fact, I collect those memories much as an art lover might collect masterpieces, placing each one in its own treasured spot, dusting and polishing them almost every day. A gallery of seconds stolen out of time that can never be taken away from me.

But the moment I treasure most — the moment that will never fail to leave me with a catch in my throat and a prayer that this dream never end — is the moment when I wake up and see her sleeping contentedly at my side. It's the moment when I turn my head and find her sitting next to me, perched atop my desk, her hand falling so casually and naturally on my shoulder. The moment when I look over the dinner table and find her smiling back at me. The moment when she slips her hand into mine and I turn my head to find her walking beside me down the street.

It's the moment when I look up and find *her* watching *me*.

Each moment, as it happens, as it unfolds before me like the rarest of gifts, becomes my favorite. Each moment, when I look at her, when she looks back at me, I fall in love with her all over again. Every moment she's with me, I understand anew just how blessed I am.

And every moment when she's not there, when we're separated, when I don't know where she is, when I can't see her ... those are the worst moments. Those are the moments when my heart stops and Earth's lighter gravity threatens to crush me and the yellow sun takes back all its powers to leave me helpless and vulnerable and broken. Those are the moments — more dangerous than Kryptonite — when all of Superman's ideals vanish and Clark Kent's optimism shatters.

And then she'll return to the bedroom, or turn a corner, or step out of the elevator, or wake me from my lonely nightmare ... and the universe is restored, gravity can no longer bind me, the sun once more empowers me, and the dream again becomes my reality.

She's not perfect. I know that. But her flaws and imperfections make her perfect *for* me, and that is more of a miracle than I sometimes dreamed possible.

I'm not perfect, and this she *must* know. Yet I have never seen her look at me with disillusionment or apathy. And now, every day, she looks back at me with the same amount of love that I feel for her, so perhaps, by some stroke of divine providence I can

never fully deserve, I, too, am perfect for her.

So every day, I awake already grateful. Every moment, as long as she is there, I call paradise. Every sight of her that knocks my breath back and causes my heart to stutter is sheer bliss.

Some people — including Lois — believe that I fell in love with her the first time I laid eyes on her.

They're wrong — I fell in love with her at second sight. And yet, though I might not have loved her at first sight, I know, without a doubt, that I *have* loved her from the beginning. And I will love her forevermore.

THE END