

Soul Mates?

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at with appropriate symbol>

Rated G

Submitted January 2014

Summary: Tempus meets his soul mate — or does he?

The following was inspired by Queen of the Capes' Fun Challenge of Awesomeness on the lcficmbs.com message board.

The characters mentioned herein belong to Warner Bros. and DC Comics. They are being borrowed for some not-for-profit fun.

My thanks to my GE Marcelle who caught more errors in this story than I care to admit had even existed.

"I love Utopia," Tempus thought. Where or when else could one bypass the awkwardness of dating or of having to rely on others to arrange one's marriage? Where or when else was one's soul mate scientifically found for one? What other culture had an SM 3000 that would comb through time and space to find one's perfect mate, and then bring that person — in an SM 3000-induced sleep — to the here and now for a full body-and-soul cloning before returning the original to their own time?

He watched as Mr. — Tempus leaned in to get a closer look at the badge the man was wearing — Wells operated the controls. The SM 3000's screen blurred through time and space to focus in on one of the best-known places in history — the bullpen where the original Superman's alter ego had worked. The view zoomed in on the most famous woman in history speaking with Superman's photographer.

Lois Lane was Tempus's soul mate? His heart swelled. Of course she was. All right, she may not have been the most observant person in the world, but if she was good enough for Clark Kent the First, she was definitely good enough for him.

The screen went blank as a sleeping form appeared on the dais. But it wasn't the First Lady of Utopia — it was the photographer.

Tempus growled, "No! There's been a mistake. It should have been Lois, not this whelp! I'm not even into men, let alone boys."

Mr. Wells paled. "Oh dear. This is a bit of a sticky wicket. The SM 3000 has never been wrong before. It says this boy is your soul mate. Oh my."

It started as a fist twisting Tempus's stomach. As the rage spread through him, it changed to a burning, and was white-hot when it reached his brain and scoured him of his naiveté, leaving behind a cynicism unknown to the world for generations.

If this is what the SM 3000 brought him, it should never exist. The original Superman must die early. Lois Lane would belong to Tempus.

"I hate Utopia!"

THE END