

# Gratitude

THE END

By NostalgiaKick <feli290412@gmail.com>

This story is fifth in a series and follows “[At First Sight](#),” “[A Matter of Time](#),” “[Evil Lurks](#)” and “[Invisible](#)”.

Rated: G

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Summary: Sometimes even Superman isn't fast enough. #5 in the *At First Sight* series.

Story Size: 459 words (3Kb as text)

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Author's note: Fifth in the series started by *At First Sight*, and set at the end of 'Requiem for a Superhero.' Thanks goes to KenJ And Trina for beta-reading

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I wasn't fast enough.  
I wasn't fast enough, and it almost cost Lois her life.  
Luthor saved her.  
Now I have to be grateful to a man I despise for saving the life of the woman I love.

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This week proved to be a turning point in my relationship with Lois Lane.

She's an incredibly complex woman, a collection of contradictions that both fascinates and mystifies me.

This week I met her father, and their fraught relationship made me realise something: with the exception of Perry White and Allie Dinello, I don't think Lois has ever had any male figure that she could rely on or trust. Not her father, not a friend, and from what she told me in my first week at the *Planet*, not a lover either. It makes me wonder if she's always been so... so alone.

Her grief at Ally's murder made me want to comfort her, something I knew she wouldn't allow. But she let me see her when she was vulnerable, something I know she doesn't allow lightly.

And I had to accept that what I'd been feeling for her — that feeling of rightness, of belonging — was love.

I am in love with Lois Lane.

Whether any good ever comes of it is up in the air. After all, she is human and I am... not. The gulf between me and the people of this planet has never seemed so massive — or so insurmountable.

To know that she was in danger and to get there just a fraction of a second too late, to see the smug look on that slimy, despicable excuse for a human being's face at my failure, was galling beyond measure. And it was compounded by Perry's question.

Where was I?

Not that I could admit it to Perry, but I was outside, doing part of my job — catching the bad guys. But saving people is the other side of my job, and today I failed at it.

I know it's not the first time, and I know it won't be the last time. But if it happens again — if Lois is hurt or even killed because I wasn't there — I don't think I'd be able to forgive myself.

I can't — I won't — let that happen.