

Changing Perspectives

THE END

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Rated: G

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Summary: A brief look at the evolution of Lois's relationship with Clark, as told from Lois' POV.

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Disclaimer: All recognisable characters etc are property of DC Comics, December 3rd Productions and Warner Bros. I'm just playing with them.

Author's note: While this has a similar feel, it is not part of the 'At First Sight' series.

The day I met Clark Kent, I thought he was a nobody. I looked at his overly long hair, his decidedly unfashionable mismatched suit and his geeky glasses, and I sneered. I thought he was a green interloper. A naive and cocky writer of unimportant fluff pieces who mistakenly thought he could play real reporter. I thought hiring him was a mistake; that he'd crumple like yesterday's newspapers when faced with the realities of life in the big city.

When he sent me on that wild goose chase through the sewer reclamation facility, I added another descriptor to my mental image of Clark Kent.

Rival.

He could write, I gave him that, but I marked him down as another typical male reporter who thought he could waltz in to the Planet and take it over from me.

How wrong I was. He was never my rival, though he could have been a formidable one. I misjudged him and his motives from the very beginning.

How could I know that under the bulky suits and tacky ties lay a man that was generous, kind, intelligent, passionate and infinitely patient? That no matter how much I tried to ignore him and push him away, he would somehow thread his way into my life? That we would become so entangled that losing him would be like losing myself?

How could I have known everything he would become to me? Partner. Friend. Rescuer, in more ways than one. Best friend. Boyfriend. Lover.

And today we added another thing to the list.

Husband.

A pair of strong arms slip around my waist and I lean back against the chest of my brand new husband. While I've been standing here reminiscing, he's already changed into the Suit, the brilliant blue Spandex a contrast against the cream of my going away outfit.

"What were you thinking about?" he murmurs.

"How we got here."

"Mm. It wasn't easy." He kisses my neck in the way that always sends delightful shivers down my spine. "But it was worth it." He scoops me up suddenly, making me squeal in surprise.

"Come on, Mrs. Lois Lane-Kent. Our honeymoon awaits."

I snuggle closer into his chest and smile even wider. "Lois Lane-Kent. I like the sound of that."

He's right. Getting to this point hasn't been easy. But everything we've been through to get here has just made me value him more.

And for that reason I wouldn't change a thing.