

# Euphoria

By NostalgiaKick <feli290412@gmail.com>

Rated: G

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Summary: Euphoria makes people behave in strange ways — even Superman.

Story Size: 516 words (3Kb as text)

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Author's note: Set at the end of 'Wall of Sound', the night of the Kerth Awards ceremony. Number 23 in the At First Sight series.

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Euphoria does strange things to people.  
It makes them sing in the rain and dance on tabletops and marry near-strangers in Las Vegas.  
I'm not immune to it, either.

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I won my first Kerth Award tonight.  
I — as Superman — have won a lot of accolades, but this one means more to me than the others put together.

My success as a reporter has nothing to do with being Kryptonian, and very little to do with my powers. Sure, occasionally I use my powers to find out things that I might not otherwise know, but all the information in the world would be no good to me if I couldn't write. Even then, there's more to being a good reporter than just the ability to write coherently. It's something that goes far beyond mere physical powers. It's instinct and intuition and what Perry calls 'a nose for news'.

I've wanted to be a reporter for as long as I can remember, and this award is an acknowledgement of my skill and ability.

The statuette is sitting on my kitchen table, reflecting the light off its cut glass surfaces. I can't decide where to put it. Having it at all feels like a dream.

The whole night has felt like a dream.

Having Lois there, supporting me, even after her reaction to my nomination. Calling herself my date. I know she was only there as my friend and partner, same as I would have if our places had been reversed.

But it's hard not to wish it was a real date, especially after Lenny Stoke's comment earlier in the day.

"She's your girl, isn't she?"

I didn't answer him then, but that comment has been echoing in my mind ever since.

I wish she was my girl.

We spent the day and the evening together, but it wasn't enough. I think I could spend every waking moment with Lois Lane and it still wouldn't be enough.

That, and the euphoria of winning a Kerth, was what made me go back to her apartment as Superman.

I keep doing this. I keep turning up at her window in the Suit — and undermining myself. It's ridiculous, but my greatest rival for Lois' affections... is me. I know I have to stop it, but I'm drawn to her like a moth to a flame.

I didn't even make it two blocks tonight before going back.

I reach out and run my finger along the slanted top edge of the statuette. Even if I win a dozen more of these, this one will always stand out in my memory. My first Kerth Award. My first

'date' with Lois Lane.

I hope there's more to come.

THE END