

# Love Realized — The Second Wedding

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Summary: The marriage of Lois and Clark.

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This vignette is inspired by a suggestion from Songbird. I hope you all enjoy it.

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Clark Kent woke early, as he had always done. Climbing out of bed, he gazed at the love of his life, Lois Lane. She was still deeply asleep, her soft even breathing told him that she'd be asleep for a while yet. In the en-suite bathroom, he climbed into the shower. While he could shower in mere moments there was no need to hurry, he wasn't due in Smallville for another half hour.

After a quick shave, he combed his hair and walked over to the spare bedroom. He opened the secret closet and pulled out a clean suit and boots, spinning into them. With a glance at Lois to make sure she was still asleep he spun into jeans and a t-shirt. He'd change into a suit and tie after the chores were done. He wrote a quick note and headed out the door to the elevator which took him to the rooftop garden. It was another beautiful day, the sun was just getting ready to rise, the sky a wonderful shade of magenta. After a glance around, he spun into the suit and hurtled into the sky.

Moments later he landed in the yard of the white farmhouse that had been his home for so many years. While he loved living in Metropolis, he missed Smallville, it had been his home for most of his adult life; the place where he'd raised his daughter. Filling his lungs with the cool, sweet air he breathed in the scent of the farm and he smiled. Clark spun into jeans and a t-shirt, knocked quickly, and opened the door. The smell of his mother's coffee hit him, his mouth watered as he picked up a mug.

"Morning, sweetie!" Martha said as she entered the kitchen.

"Morning, Mom," Clark replied, hugging his mother lovingly. "Can I get you a cup?" Clark took another mug from the cupboard and set it on the counter.

"Make that two, dear. Your dad will be down in a minute." Clark grabbed another mug and poured three mugs of the steamy brew. He handed one to his mother and set one at his father's place, then he took cream and sugar and placed them on the table.

"Morning, Dad," Clark said, adding cream and four sugars to his cup as Jonathan sat down.

"Morning, son," Jonathan replied. He picked up his mug and took a sip.

"I see the diet is going well, Dad. You look great."

"Thanks, son. It hasn't been easy. I love eating too much, but it's just not good for a guy my age. I've cut out

cream and sugar in my coffee, cut way back on bread, pasta and starches and it's working. My doctor was very pleased with my last check-up."

Martha placed her hand on Jonathan's arm and smiled lovingly at him. "I had to change how I cook a bit but it wasn't too hard and the results are certainly worth it. Jonathan's been more active now that he's not tired all the time and he sure looks good!" Her eyes twinkled mischievously.

Clark blushed. "Mo-om! Too much information!"

Jonathan chuckled knowingly. "Well, now that you're living in Metropolis your mother and I have to do *something* to keep ourselves occupied!"

Clark looked over at his father, his mouth dropping open. "Dad! Not you too?" Clark took a big gulp of his coffee and stood up. "I'm going to head out to the barn before you guys embarrass me anymore." The sound of his parents' laughter chased him out the door.

Clark shook his head and grinned. While it was good that his parents expressed their love for each other physically he was still a bit embarrassed actually knowing that it happened. He thought back to when he was a teen and his x-ray vision was just beginning to manifest itself. Thanks to his eidetic memory, the sights he had seen that morning were etched into his brain and overlaid those memories with what he'd heard that morning and he blushed again!

Setting about the chores, he lost himself in the monotony of the task, performing the motions by rote. Cleaning the stalls, milking the cow, gathering the eggs were tasks that required little thought but provided comfort to him nonetheless. By the time his father showed up, most of the morning's chores were complete.

"Thanks, Clark. I appreciate your help very much, you know." Jonathan said, clapping his son on the shoulder.

"You're welcome, Dad. I love helping out. It allows me to see you and Mom regularly. We've been working together so long that I'd miss it if I stopped."

"You sure Lois doesn't mind?" Jonathan said as he started to feed the animals.

"No, Dad. She doesn't mind at all. She told me just yesterday how much she loves me for helping you guys."

"That's good," Jonathan replied. "So, today's your last day at the *Post*, huh?"

"Yeah. Craig's got things well in hand. I just want to go over some last-minute things and he's ready to take over full time."

"It's kind of ironic, isn't it?" Jonathan said. "You and Lara left Smallville to go to the big city and Craig's brought his family from Chicago to settle here."

"Craig's told me that they were tired of the rat race and the school where his kids went was not very good and was getting worse."

"He worked at the *Sun-Times*, didn't he? Did Lara know him?"

"She's seen him at various events, but she really didn't know him."

"Martha says that his wife and kids are very nice. She's helped Joan get settled and has introduced her around town too."

“Craig mentioned that he appreciates Mom for helping Joan get acclimated. He was worried that people would be skeptical about ‘city folk’ moving into town but, with Mom’s help, the town has made them feel welcome.”

“Smallville is a wonderful town and very welcoming. You certainly helped too. He’s a nice guy and I’m sure he’ll make the *Post* the best it can be.”

“I know he will,” Clark said, putting the broom he’d been using away. “I’ll be going now, Dad. I’m going to leave the car for you and Mom, I certainly don’t need it in Metropolis.”

“See you tonight, son!” Jonathan said as Clark drove to town.

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Lois Lane woke when the alarm went off, something she’d been doing more and more of lately. For years she was always awake well before the alarm went off, her mind already planning the day ahead. However, since Clark had moved in, she found herself sleeping until the alarm woke her. The reason for this change was obvious. Their nighttime activities lasted well into the evening and, by the time they were finished, she was well and truly relaxed and ready for sleep.

Lois turned over to find the other side of the bed empty, the sheets cold, though they had been very warm the previous evening. Clark, as was his habit, had left early to help his parents with the farm work, something she approved of wholeheartedly. Clark loved his parents and she envied the relationship he had with them. While her own parents were now reconciled and were behaving as they should have forty years ago, they were nothing like Martha and Jonathan.

Shrugging her shoulders, she climbed out of bed and padded into the shower. As the hot water pelted her body her thoughts drifted back to the evening before.

They had just finished their third round of lovemaking. Clark was lying on his back with Lois snuggled into his left side, her head resting on his shoulder, her leg thrown over his. Lois found that, aside from their actual lovemaking, she loved snuggling like that almost as much.

Lois sighed contentedly, tracing random patterns on her lover’s chest with her index finger as their breathing returned to normal after their previous exertions, their hearts seeming to beat in unison.

“Ummm, that was wonderful, Clark.” Lois snuggled further into his side so tightly she couldn’t tell where she ended and he began.

“It’s always wonderful, sweetheart. Making love with you is like nothing I’ve ever experienced.”

“Oh, Clark!” Lois exclaimed regretfully, “If I hadn’t been so stupid—”

“Lo-is, sweetheart, we’ve talked about this,” Clark interrupted, his tone resigned. “What’s past is past and can’t be changed. All we can do is move forward and make the best of every day we have together.”

“I know but I can’t help having regrets. I never should have driven you away!” she wailed.

“It’s not all your fault, I could have reached out too. Once Lara knew I was Superman I could have flown her to Metropolis to see you. I know that once you saw her, you’d

fall in love but I didn’t.”

“And you know why, Clark. I made you promise and I *knew* you wouldn’t break your promise. I was counting on that, if I’m honest. I trusted that you would honor your promise and not confront me and that’s something I’ll regret for the rest of my life.”

Clark slid his finger under her chin, tilted her head up, and claimed her lips in a kiss that made her toes curl.

“No more regrets, Lois,” he said seriously. “We’ve both made mistakes and we have to live with them but I won’t let them ruin the life we have now.”

Lois nodded her agreement. “No more regrets, I promise.” With a sly grin, Lois slid her hand down Clark’s chest and over his abs, his reaction making her smile. “I’m ready for round four, are you?”

Clark just smiled that devastating smile and claimed her lips.

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Her shower now complete she dressed in her favorite work suit and headed into the kitchen. The coffee was ready for her, the timer on the machine having done its job. She took out two slices of whole wheat bread and popped them in the toaster. Next came jelly from the refrigerator and a plate which she set next to the toaster. With her coffee in hand, she put in a dollop of non-dairy creamer and some artificial sweetener. She really enjoyed this first cup of the day as Clark had recently introduced her to coffee from Molokai. Days after he’d moved in, he’d flown her to Hawaii for dinner and it was there that they’d discovered Molokai coffee. They’d immediately purchased a few bags to take home and Clark had replenished their supply ever since.

The sound of the toaster popping up brought her out of her reverie so she spread strawberry jelly on the slices and then took them to the island to eat. As she sat down, she saw a note in Clark’s distinctive handwriting.

*Good morning, sweetheart,*

*I hope you slept well. Today’s my last day at the Post, and depending on how things go I may be home early. See you tonight!*

*Love,*

*Clark*

Lois smiled and took another bite of her toast. Finally, Clark was done with the transition to the new editor and he could return to the *Daily Planet* where he should have always been. Remembering their conversation from last night she put those thoughts out of her mind. ‘No more regrets!’ she admonished. Her toast now eaten and her first cup of coffee finished, she poured the remainder into a travel mug and headed out to start her day.

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When the morning meeting was finished Lois settled into her office chair in preparation for her most important calls of the day.

“Hello, darlin’!” Perry said when he answered the call. “Do you need a little help?”

Lois could hear the teasing in her old boss’s voice and laughed. “Not that kind of help, Chief. Alice would hang me up by my thumbs if I brought you back into this place! But I do need your help with something else.”

“What is it? Anything you need, you just ask,” Perry said.

“Are you still in good standing with the Church of Blue Suede Deliverance?”

“You bet! I make sure to keep up with my requirements. Ya never know when somebody is gonna need to get married, quick like!”

“That’s what I hoped you’d say. Clark’s starting back at the *Planet* on Monday so now we can get married. Will you marry us, Chief?”

“Of course! It would be my honor and pleasure to marry two of my favorite people. When’s the big day?”

“Four weeks from this coming Saturday. It’s going to be held at my condo with just family and a few friends. Does that work for you?”

“Perfect! I’ll tell Alice as soon as we hang up. She’ll be wantin’ a new dress for sure!”

“Thanks, Perry. We really appreciate it. I’ll call you next week with the final details, okay?”

“Sure thing, darlin’! Tell Clark congratulations from me and Alice.”

“I will, bye Chief!”

Lois disconnected the line and dialed the number for the next person she needed to talk to.

“Lara Kent, *Chicago Tribune*.”

“Hi, Lara! Do you have a few minutes?”

“Mother! Of course. What’s up?”

“Does something have to be up for me to call my daughter?” Lois said innocently.

“No, but you usually don’t call during the day so I have to wonder what’s so important?”

“There’s no fooling you, is there.”

“Nope, now spill.”

“As you know your father is done at the *Post* today and will be starting at the *Planet* Monday.”

“I know! He’s been looking forward to it for weeks.”

“We’ve been talking and we’ve agreed that it’s time to get married. We’ve decided that we’re going to get married four weeks from this coming Saturday and I want you to be my Matron of Honor,” Lois said happily.

“Of course! I’d love to be your Matron of Honor! Where are you having it?”

“At our condo. It’s just going to be family and a few friends. Clark and I don’t need a huge fancy wedding, we just want to get married.”

“I understand. If you need any help with preparations just let me know, okay?”

“All I need is you beside me, I’ve got the rest handled. I’ll give you the final details next week. I’ll let you go now, I’m sure you’re busy. Love you!” Lois said.

“Love you, too, Mother. Bye!”

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Monday morning, after Clark was introduced to the team at the morning meeting, Clark followed Jim Olsen over to the coffee station.

“It’s great having you back, CK.,” Jim said as he poured himself his second cup of the day.

“It’s great to be back, Jim,” Clark said, pouring himself a cup as well. “Do you have a minute? I’d like to ask you something.”

“Sure, let’s go over to my desk.” Jim seated himself and Clark sat in the chair beside the desk. “What can I do for you, Clark?”

“Now that I’m back Lois and I have decided to get married as soon as possible—”

“Congratulations!” Jim exclaimed.

“Thanks. Anyway, I was wondering, would you be my Best Man?”

“Of course! It would be an honor to be your Best Man.”

“You’ve been a great friend to Lois and me over the years and I couldn’t think of anyone who I would want as my Best Man than you.”

“When’s the big day?”

“Four weeks from this Saturday. We haven’t finalized all the details yet. I’ll let you know early next week when everything comes together. We’re holding it at the condo with just family and a few friends and Lois has even asked Perry to officiate.”

“That’s great! It should be a lot of fun. Thanks again, Clark. I’ll get to work on my speech right away!”

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*One month later:*

Lois had just finished editing the last story for the evening edition when Joe Jacobsen walked into her office and sat down.

“I’m kind of busy, Joe. I’ve got a meeting upstairs in twenty minutes so I can only give you five. What’s up?” Lois sat back in her chair looking at one of her better reporters. Joe was a good solid reporter, mid-thirties, unmarried though he seemed to have an active social life, but he was sometimes unhappy with his assignments.

“You’ve got a problem, Chief,” Joe began. His attitude seemed to be antagonistic and Lois was instantly on her guard.

“And what problem is that, Joe? Enlighten me.” Lois’s tone clearly showed her displeasure.

“The whole newsroom is talking about Kent. They think you’re letting him get away with way too much, considering he’s only been here a month.” Joe said almost belligerently.

“And why is that, Joe?” Lois asked. She wanted to know just where this whole thing was going.

“It’s well known that you and Kent live together and some of the crew think you’re giving him too much slack because he’s sleeping with the boss!”

Lois took a moment to compose herself then she pinned him with a glare that told him he’d stepped *way* over the line.

“Who I sleep with is *nobody’s* business but mine. I do *not* play favorites with my reporters and you, as much as anyone, should know that. Each of you has different work styles and I try to accommodate them while still maintaining the reputation of the *Planet* as the best darn paper in this city!” Lois took a deep breath then leaned forward, her eyes locked onto his.

“Tell me, Joe, just how many page one stories have you brought in this month?”

“Ummm...” Joe stammered trying to come up with an answer.

“I’ll tell you, Joe. One! One page one story and that was

*below* the fold. How many do you think Clark has brought in?”

Again Joe had no immediate answer so Lois continued.

“Five! Three headlines and two more below the fold!

When you and the rest of your colleagues start producing that kind of copy then I’ll entertain allowing more flexible work arrangements! Until then I suggest you and those other jokers get back to work.” Lois returned to her notes for the meeting, effectively dismissing her employee. Joe slunk out of the office and hurried back to his desk.

Two seconds later Clark walked into Lois’s office, closed the door, and sat down. “I just caught the end of the dressing down you gave Joe. What was that all about?”

“It seems the newsroom is unhappy with your work habits and they think it’s because you’re sleeping with the boss!” Lois exclaimed, her eyes flashed with pent-up anger.

“What? He actually said that?”

“Yes, he did! He’s lucky I didn’t fire him on the spot! How *dare* he talk to me that way?” Lois’s anger seemed not to have lessened one bit so Clark knew he had to defuse the situation.

“I understand, sweetheart. He was way out of line. No wonder he almost ran back to his desk!” Clark paused, thinking. “Would it help if I cut back on rescues? I could leave some stuff to the emergency services if you think it would help.”

“No, Clark. I don’t want you altering how you work to please that bunch. If you did it would make them think they were right. I told Joe that when he produced the amount and quality of work you do then I’d consider more flexible arrangements. Until then, things stay as they are.” Lois glanced at her watch and stood up. “I’ve got to go. The suits upstairs are waiting for me.”

Clark stood up and allowed Lois to precede him out of the office. “Good luck. Will you be back for lunch?”

“Should be. See you.”

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That evening Clark made Lois his signature chicken stir-fry with a special wine from South America. After the meal, they were seated on the couch sipping their second glass of wine as they relaxed.

“Honey, I’ve been thinking—”

“Sounds dangerous,” Lois replied with a grin.

“Could be.” He paused a moment before continuing. “I think it’s time to tell Jim about Superman.”

Lois looked into his eyes and, seeing the seriousness, she responded similarly. “Why now? I mean I trust Jim with the information, of course, but why now?”

“I think it’s time. Jim is not the same scatterbrained kid he was when I last worked here. He’s the best reporter you’ve got—”

“One of the best. *You’re* my best reporter,” Lois said proudly.

“Okay, one of the best. Anyway, I think he suspects something. He’s not obvious but he’s more than aware that when I leave the newsroom Superman shows up on TV not long after.”

“Do you think anyone else is suspicious?” Lois asked cautiously.

“No, especially after that meeting you had with Joe. If

he had any idea, you would have had a totally different conversation, that’s for sure. Even so, I plan to be more careful, just to be safe. Besides, I think if Jim knew he could cover for me too since you’re not in the bullpen anymore.”

“Hmmm, maybe you’re right. Okay, you decide when and just let me know.”

“Tomorrow, why put it off. How about right after staff?”

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“Jim, could you come into my office, please?” Lois said as the assembled reporters filed out of the conference room.

“Sure thing, Chief, just let me top off my coffee and I’ll be right in.”

Jim Olsen walked over to the break area, topped up his coffee then, after a quick stop at his desk for a notepad, he entered Lois’s office.

“Close the door, Jim, and sit down.” Jim did as he was told, taking the chair closest to the door.

“What’s up, Chief? You got something for me and Clark to work on?” Jim asked, since Clark was in the room, he assumed whatever Lois had to say involved them both.

“Jim, I have something to tell you,” Clark said, “something I should have told you a long time ago.”

Jim sat quietly, waiting for Clark to proceed.

“There’s no easy way to say this so I’m just going to say it... I’m Superman.” Clark looked over at his friend, waiting anxiously for his response.

“I know,” Jim said looking Clark in the eye.

“You... you know?” Lois said, surprised.

“I didn’t know for sure, of course, but I was pretty sure and I thank you for taking me into your confidence.”

Clark glanced at Lois then turned to face his friend.

“Why didn’t you say anything?”

“I’ve noticed some things that made me suspicious but I figured if you wanted me to know you would have said something. Now that you have, I want to assure you that I’ll never tell anyone.”

“We know that, Jim,” Clark said. “We wouldn’t have told you otherwise. But could you tell us how you figured it out?”

“The first clue I had was when Lara came to confront Lois that day a couple of years ago. When I first saw her, I was struck by how much she looked like Lois, except around the eyes, which were more like Clark’s. Even though Lois hadn’t told me who Lara was until later I knew she had to be the child Lois had given up. I mean how else could she have looked so much like her? When she left, she almost ran to the stairs and then, seconds later, I heard a muted sonic boom. Even though Superman had been gone from Metropolis for years you don’t forget that noise. I checked and there were no sightings of Superman anywhere in the area so I put two and two together and came up with the wrong answer.”

“What was that?” Lois asked.

“I’d never believed the story you’d told back then about the ex-boyfriend and the one-night stand where you fell pregnant. I always thought it was Clark’s baby but I could never figure out why you drove him away.” Jim gazed over at Lois and saw sadness in her eyes.

“Anyway, when I heard that noise, I suspected that the

woman I'd just seen had superpowers and was actually *Superman's* daughter. We all knew you had this huge crush on Superman so it made sense that the child could be his. I surmised that Clark, being the boy scout he is, had decided to help his friend and raise Superman's baby in Smallville, away from prying eyes in case the baby inherited Superman's powers. Later that afternoon, when Superwoman made her first appearance, I thought I had it nailed. That was until later after you'd gone to Lucy's for Thanksgiving. You told me that Lara, the woman you'd met in the office that day, was your daughter and that *Clark* was the father. It was then that everything fell into place and I came up with Clark being Superman and Lara was Superwoman."

Clark shook his head in amazement. "See, Lois, I told you Jim is your best reporter!"

"Thanks, CK. I learned a lot from you and over the years I put it into practice."

"Now that you know, officially," Lois grinned. "We were wondering if you would help cover Clark's absences. It seems that *some* of my reporters think I'm playing favorites."

Jim's cheeks turned pink and he laughed nervously. "Yeah, I heard about that. Joe was scared you were going to fire him! He never should have said that to you, and I put him in his place too. I don't think he'll pull that kind of stunt again."

"He'd better not!" Lois replied some of the anger she'd felt was still in evidence. "I may be sleeping with Clark but I *don't* play favorites with any of my reporters."

"Don't I know it!" Clark chuckled. "I know who's boss around here and it isn't me!"

"All right you two, back to work. This isn't the *Weehawken Gazette* you know!"

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The Friday before the wedding found Clark packing an overnight bag.

"Are you *sure* you don't want to stay here tonight?" Lois purred as she ran her finger down her fiancé's back. "I'm going to be sooo lonely." The pout Lois wore almost made Clark change his mind but he remained resolved.

"Your mother is right. It's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding so I'm going to stay with Mom and Dad. It'll be like old times." Clark grinned and followed Lois out of the bedroom. "Besides, I want to be surprised by your dress. I know you've been fussing about it for weeks!"

Lois knew when she was beaten so she smiled and drew him in for a quick kiss. "I guess, but you can't blame a girl for trying?"

"I'd be disappointed if you didn't," Clark replied as he released her. "Lara and I will be bringing Mom and Dad over at ten so you girls can get ready, then I'll go back for Ken after that. I'm meeting Jim downstairs so I'll see you tomorrow."

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The chores for the morning were done and Jonathan and Clark were seated at the table enjoying a cup of coffee.

"Well, today's the big day, huh son!" Jonathan said grinning proudly.

"Yeah, Dad. It's been a long time coming but it's finally here." Clark took another sip of his drink, pondering the day ahead. "Lois and I are glad you're going to stay the weekend at the condo. It'll give you a chance to visit some of your favorite places, maybe even take in a show."

"Yeah, your mother already has her shopping list written out. We plan to meet up with Perry and Alice on Sunday night for dinner at their place too."

"Who's watching the farm?"

"Wayne's son-in-law. He's been after me to let him lease some of our land so he volunteered. I think it's time to take him up on his offer."

"Sounds like a good idea. You can cut your workload and get a little extra income too," Clark replied.

Jonathan looked at his watch and stood up. "Time for me to get into my good suit. Your mother should be about ready soon." Jonathan walked upstairs while Clark finished the last of his coffee.

'We're finally getting married!' Clark thought to himself. 'Even though we've been living together for a while now the... permanence... I guess, of saying the vows adds something to our relationship. I wouldn't love Lois any less without that piece of paper and I know she feels the same way but it tells the world that we are bound to each other and that says something.'

Just then Martha and Jonathan came down the stairs dressed in their finest.

"Mom, you look great! I love that color on you," Clark said, kissing his mother on the cheek.

"Thanks, sweetie. It took me a while to find the perfect dress you know. I had to go all the way to Wichita for it! It's not every day your only son gets married!"

"It's perfect," Clark said. His head tilted and he smiled. "There's Lara. We need to go."

Lara strode into the kitchen still in her Superwoman suit. "Everybody ready?" she said excitedly.

"Yep," Jonathan said as they all walked out onto the porch.

Clark spun into his suit and picked his mother up, cradling her in his arms. "Try to take it easy with the speed, sweetie. I don't want my hair all messed up."

Clark laughed and nodded. "No problem, Mom, we'll keep it below Mach 10, right Lara?"

"Sure thing, Dad. Ready!"

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Ten minutes later Lara and Clark landed on the roof garden. After setting Martha and Jonathan down Lara and Clark spun out of their suits.

"What a beautiful dress, Lara," Martha said, "Did you get it special?"

"Sure did, Grandma. I can't wear just anything to my parent's wedding, can I?" Lara said, grinning.

"What about you, Son? No tux?" Jonathan asked upon seeing Clark in the same clothes as earlier.

"It's downstairs, Dad. The condo association has a room we can use so I'm meeting Jim down there to get dressed, once I get Ken of course."

"I can get him, Dad," Lara offered.

"No, Pumpkin. I think your mother would appreciate your help right now. She's with Ellen all alone so I'm sure

some calming influence would be useful about now.” With that Clark spun back into the suit and was off.

“Shall we?”

Lara led her grandparents to the 51<sup>st</sup>-floor condo where her parents lived and knocked on the door. It was opened by Sam Lane who invited everyone in.

“Lara! It’s good to see you. Martha, Jonathan, come in, all of you!” Sam closed the door behind them and he hugged his granddaughter. “I think you and Martha better get in there and help. I’ve heard a few exasperated “Oh Mother’s” coming from the bedroom.”

“Come on, Lara, let’s go.” Martha and Lara hurried off to the bedroom.

“Where’s Clark and Ken?” Sam asked Jonathan.

“They’re downstairs with Jim Olsen. They’ll be up in a bit,” Jonathan said, telling Sam the story everyone had agreed on.

When the doorbell rang Sam answered it to find Perry and Alice and invited them in. “Good to see you, Perry. All we need now is the best man and the groom.”

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Clark had quickly flown to Chicago and had returned with his son-in-law minutes later. Once he landed, he spun out of the suit and the two of them rode the elevator to the lobby where they met Jim Olsen.

“Hey CK, it’s good to see you. Ken, good to see you as well.”

“It’s good to see you too, Mr. Olsen,” Ken said respectfully.

“Jim, please. We’re all friends here. Come on, Clark, I’ve got your tux in here.” Jim led them into the room they’d reserved so they could change.

“Here’s yours, Clark,” Jim said handing Clark the expensive Armani tuxedo in a slate grey color. The shirt was white with a white cummerbund. Jim wore a matching tux but his cummerbund was maroon to match Lara’s dress. “The changing room is over there.”

Clark picked up the tuxedo, taking it out of the plastic cover. “No need for that, Jim.” Clark grinned then he began to spin, seconds later he stopped, wearing the tuxedo.

“Wow!” Jim Olsen said, his mouth hanging open. “How do you *do* that?”

“Trade superhero secret,” Clark said with a wink.

“You should see when the two of them do it. That’s *really* something,” Ken said, knowingly.

Clark opened the door. “We should head upstairs, the ceremony starts at 11:00.”

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Not long after Lara and Martha had entered Lois’s bedroom, things had calmed down quite a bit. Even though Ellen had mellowed a lot in recent years she still tended to go overboard sometimes.

“Where is that sister of yours, Lois? She should have been here by now.” Ellen exclaimed worriedly. Just then there was a knock on the door.

“Everybody decent? Even if you’re not, I’m coming in!”

“Lucy!” Lois exclaimed as her younger sister entered the room dramatically. The two sisters hugged each other then Lucy drew back to hug her mother and Lara.

“We thought you weren’t going to make it,” Ellen said with relief.

“Are you kidding, Mother? I wouldn’t miss this for the world. Lois Lane finally brought to heel in the bonds of matrimony!” Lucy said with a laugh.

“You’ll get yours, Punky!” Lois said though her smile took the sting out of her words.

“Seriously, Lois, you deserve this. You and Clark both.” Lucy smiled lovingly at her sister.

“Clark and I agree, no regrets. What’s past is past and we’re going to make the most of our time together.”

“Hear, hear!” Martha exclaimed.

Unexpectedly there was another knock on the door. Lois looked at her watch noting it was not yet time for the ceremony. Lara opened the door to find Perry White standing there, paper in hand.

“Is it all right if I come in, ladies?”

“Sure thing, Perry. What do you need?” Lois asked curiously.

“I just need you to sign the marriage license. I’ve already got Clark’s signature.” Perry walked over to the makeup table and laid the paper down, with a pen on top.

“I don’t know, Perry,” Lois said reluctantly. “Could I sign this later? The last time I signed before the ceremony didn’t work out too well.”

Perry looked at the woman he’d always seen as the daughter he never had with disappointment. “Now, Lois, you know that’s not the case with Clark, don’t ya? Why you ever agreed to marry that... *snake* I’ll never know but Clark would never do to you what that man did. You know that, right?”

Lois hung her head, embarrassed. “Of course I do, Chief. I’m just being silly, I guess. I don’t want *anything* to wreck this wedding and I’m not thinking straight.” Lois picked up the pen and signed her name with a flourish.

“You about ready, darlin’? Your beau is out there and I think he’s gonna bust if you don’t marry that man soon. He’s the third most handsome man in the room you know!”

“Third?” Lois exclaimed skeptically.

“Of course, me, your son-in-law then Clark!” Perry said with a grin that had all of them laughing hysterically.

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to live with third place then,” Lois said mock resigned. “This is the only time Lois Lane is going to accept third place though so don’t get used to it!”

Everyone laughed knowingly then Perry left with the license in hand.

“Do you have your something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue, Mother?” Lara asked once things had calmed down.

“Yes. My dress is new, these earrings are old, they were my grandmother’s. I’ve got Mother’s diamond necklace that you wore as something borrowed and I’m wearing a blue garter. Even though we won’t be tossing it since there are no bachelors here, I wanted to wear one.”

“Five minutes, Princess!” Sam Lane called through the door.

Ellen grabbed the two bouquets from the bed and handed the smaller one to Lara. Hers consisted of six deep red roses with baby’s breath. The color almost matched her

dress. The bigger of the bouquets Ellen handed to Lois. It contained a dozen white roses with baby's breath as well.

"Come on Martha, Lucy, let's leave these two alone for a bit." Ellen Lane led the others out of the bedroom.

"Mother, I'm so glad you and Dad are getting married. He's loved you forever and you both deserve to be happy. I'm so glad you asked me to stand up with you, too. We've come a long way since that first day haven't we?"

"We sure have, Lara. I would never have thought we'd be here like this but I thank God every day that we are."

There was a knock on the door and Sam Lane entered.

"Don't you both look beautiful! You ready to put Clark out of his misery, Princess?" Sam said lovingly.

"Yes, Daddy. But it's he who's putting me out of my misery." With a deep breath, Lois nodded. "Let's do this!"

Lara exited the room first. As soon as she stepped out of the room, soft music began to play. Lara glanced around the room and found her husband. She gave him a quick smile then turned her eyes to her father. He looked very handsome in his tuxedo though, to her, he was the second most handsome man in the room. When she reached the front of the room the music changed to the Wedding March and all eyes turned to Lois.

Lois stepped out of the room on her father's arm, her smile as bright as the sun. Though everyone was looking at her she only had eyes for the man waiting for her. Their eyes locked and her knees almost buckled when Clark smiled at her. Luckily the distance remaining was short so Lois made it without incident. Once in place, Lois handed her bouquet to Lara and turned to face Perry.

"Friends and family, we are gathered here today for the wedding of Lois and Clark. Who gives this woman to be wed?" Perry said solemnly.

"She gives herself, with the blessing of her mother and father," Ellen and Sam replied in unison, then they sat down.

"Into this union, Lois and Clark now come to be joined. If any of you can show just cause why they may not be lawfully wed, speak now, or else forever hold your peace." Perry waited a second then continued.

"Lois, will you have this man to be your husband; to live together with him in the covenant of marriage? Will you love him, comfort him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, be faithful unto him as long as you both shall live?"

Lois smiled proudly and in a strong voice said, "I will."

Perry turned to Clark and said, "Clark, will you have this woman to be your wife; to live together with her in the covenant of marriage? Will you love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, be faithful unto her as long as you both shall live?"

"I will."

"The rings please?" Jim reached into his pocket and handed Perry the two gold bands.

"Bless, O Lord, these rings as a symbol of the vows by which this man and this woman have bound themselves to each other."

He handed Clark the smaller ring then Clark slid it onto the third finger of Lois's left hand and said, "I give you this ring as a symbol of my love, and with all that I am, and all

that I have, I honor you, as my wife forever and ever."

Next Perry handed the larger ring to Lois which she slid onto the third finger of Clark's left hand and said, "I give you this ring as a symbol of my love, and with all that I am, and all that I have, I honor you, as my husband forever and ever."

"Now that Lois and Clark have given themselves to each other by solemn vows, with the joining of hands and the giving and receiving of rings, I pronounce that they are husband and wife, in the name of the Church of Blue Suede Deliverance and the great state of New Troy. Those whom God has joined together, let no one put asunder."

"Lois and Clark, having witnessed your vows of love to one another, it is my joy to present you to all gathered here as husband and wife. Clark, you may kiss the bride."

Clark drew Lois into his arms and kissed her. Their lips touched and the love and commitment they had for each other were expressed in that kiss. When they drew apart, they turned to face their family and friends who applauded wildly.

The next few minutes were spent with everyone congratulating the happy couple. Now that his duties as Best Man were complete Jim Olsen made his way to the video camera he'd set up before the ceremony had started to check that everything was working properly. Once that was confirmed he found Ken, who had been taking pictures of the ceremony as well.

"Thanks for all your help, Ken."

"No problem, Jim, it was my pleasure. You're gonna send copies to everyone, right?"

"Oh yeah. It'll take me a couple of weeks to edit the video and go through the pictures but once that's complete, I'll be sending out DVDs to everyone."

With the ceremony now over, Lois and Clark mingled with their friends and family. Lois also passed out small gifts to everyone there as a token of the love the couple had for everyone who'd attended.

"What a lovely wedding, Lois," Penny Olsen said. "I wasn't even aware that Perry was an ordained minister."

"He's been one for years. It seemed fitting that he perform the ceremony for us. He's been rooting for Clark and me to get married almost since Clark first started at the *Planet*."

"He's a sly old fox that's for sure," Alice said as she joined the little group. "He's been as proud as a peacock ever since you asked him, Lois."

"Are you and Clark taking time off for a honeymoon?" Penny asked.

"We're going to take a little time this weekend then after things settle down a bit, we're going to Hawaii for a week."

"Do you know where you're going tonight?" Alice asked.

"No. Clark won't tell me and he knows how much I hate surprises too," Lois groused.

Just then Clark came up behind his bride and drew her into the circle of his arms. "You love surprises, honey. It's the lack of control that you don't like." Clark bent down and laid a kiss on Lois's exposed neck, making her shiver with delight.

“All right you two, there’s plenty of time for that later,” Ellen said. “Jim needs you to cut the cake so he can get pictures. After that he wants to get some pictures of you dancing then you can get out of here.”

The cake cut and the dancing out of the way found Lois and Clark in their bedroom changing.

“Clark? Can you help me with this zipper?” Lois said, turning her back to him. Clark strode up behind her and slowly drew the zipper down, exposing more and more of her bare back.

“Ummm,” Clark murmured as he kissed Lois’s exposed shoulder. “I didn’t get to say anything earlier but I love your dress. You were the most beautiful woman in the room.”

“You’re biased, but I love it!” Lois grinned as she turned in Clark’s arms and wrapped her arms around his neck, drawing him down for a kiss. As usual, when they were alone and kissing the heat between them began to rise and threatened to burst into flame.

Clark, reluctantly, drew away. His eyes were obsidian points and his chest heaved with desire. “Lois... sweetheart, we’ve got to slow this down! We’ve got a house full of guests right outside that door!”

Lois knew Clark was right but she wasn’t quite ready to stop teasing her new husband. The dress she wore slid down her body to pool at her feet, leaving her clad only in her bra, panties, and stockings, the blue garter she wore still high on her thigh.

“What’s the matter, Superman, can’t take the heat?” Lois’s eyes locked onto his and the passion each felt flared again.

“Lo-is, honey! Please don’t talk like that! We need to get dressed if we’re going to make our reservation.”

Still clad in her underwear Lois drew her finger down Clark’s chest torturously slow. “And where are we going, Clark. You still haven’t told me.”

Clark knew when he was beaten so he sighed then explained where he planned to take her. “I’ve booked us a cabin in upstate Vermont. It’s high on a mountain with no one around for miles. It’s booked for tonight and tomorrow, so it’s just us for the next two days. There isn’t even cell service so Superman will be taking the weekend off too.”

“Good, I don’t want him interrupting our mini-honeymoon.” Lois grinned wickedly then. “You said this cabin is remote. Does that mean clothing is optional?”

“I suppose but the mosquitos are pretty bad at night and I wouldn’t want you to get all bitten up.” Clark swallowed noisily then he pointed at the closet. “Why don’t you get dressed. People must be wondering what we’re up to by now.”

Suiting word to action, Clark spun out of his tux and into a red polo shirt with black pants.

“No fair!” Lois exclaimed with a pout, “I never get to watch you change.”

“You’ll have plenty of opportunity for a little voyeurism this weekend,” Clark said as he sat down on the bed to watch Lois get dressed. Lois grinned and set about changing into the pantsuit she’d chosen for the weekend.

“Ready?” Lois asked once she was dressed. “I want to get out of here!”

Lois and Clark exited the bedroom, their overnight bags

in hand, with all eyes on them.

“What?” Lois asked when she saw everyone watching them.

“You were in there so long some of us wondered if you’d started the honeymoon early,” Ellen said with condescension.

“Jealous, Mother?” Lois grinned. “Clark was just telling me where we’re going tonight, that’s all. I guess we lost track of time.”

“Speaking of which, we need to get going if we’re going to make check-in time,” Clark said directing his bride towards the door. “We’ll be completely out of touch until Monday but feel free to stay as long as you want. Mom and Dad are staying here this weekend so everyone have a good time!”

As they made their way to the door everyone wished them a safe trip then they were alone in the hallway. Clark led Lois to the elevator and up to the roof. A glance around told him no one was watching so he spun into the suit and picked Lois and the bags up then he shot into the sky.

Mere minutes later Clark prepared to land near the cabin he’d rented for the weekend.

“Wow, this is some cabin!” Lois exclaimed as they touched down, taking in the sight of the huge, well-maintained cabin surrounded by nothing but woods with only a dirt road leading to it.

“It belongs to someone Superman helped one time. When Superman asked if his friend Clark and his new bride could use it, he was more than happy to do so.”

“We’ll have to be sure to thank him,” Lois said as she moved into her husband’s arms.

Clark’s head dipped and his lips claimed hers in a fierce kiss. Clark then picked her up and opened the door, carrying her across the threshold. He strode through the living room to the master bedroom and set her down on the king-sized bed. Before she could say anything Clark spun out of the suit and into the red polo shirt and black pants.

“Now, my love, it’s time for you to get to watch while I undress.” Clark’s hands went to the buttons on his shirt while Lois made herself comfortable. Soon his pants joined the shirt on the floor which left him standing before her in just his navy-blue briefs.

“I love that color on you,” Lois whispered and she took in the sight of her new husband.

“Why do you think I wore them?” Clark grinned.

“Come to mamma!”

THE END