

# The End

By [Mary Potts \(AKA Queen of the Capes\)](#) <[queenofthecapes@gmail.com](mailto:queenofthecapes@gmail.com)>

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Summary: The story of Lois and Clark finally comes to its ultimate conclusion.

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A/N: Wham Warning. This is a DeathFic. Yes, really. I apologize if that is not your cup of tea, but it is what it is. To everyone who hasn't clicked away, I hope that y'all...well, if not enjoy, at least I hope you can appreciate it in some way.

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Perhaps Clark Kent should have been suspicious when he woke up from his nap feeling better than he had in years. Not only was the recent stomachache gone, but so was the stiffness that had been steadily accumulating in his joints for so long. As it was, his first clue that something was amiss came when he turned around and saw himself still lying on the bed.

“What the—?”

GOOD EVENING, MR. KENT.

Somehow, Clark wasn't all that surprised to see a hooded figure standing next to him, fingerbones curled around the handle of a large scythe. “Am I dead?”

THAT WOULD BE A FAIR ASSESSMENT.

“But...how?!” Clark demanded.

The figure's skull tilted.

MOST PEOPLE YOUR AGE DO NOT HAVE THAT QUESTION.

He folded his arms. “Well, I'm not most people; I'm invulnerable!”

A bony hand motioned towards his unoccupied body.

CURRENT EVIDENCE WOULD SEEM TO REFUTE THAT. BUT SINCE YOU ASKED: AT THE LAST SOCIAL FUNCTION YOU ATTENDED, YOU HAD A SERVING FROM A TAINTED SALMON MOUSSE.

Clark's eyes widened. “You're...kidding.” His arms lowered to his sides. “Are you telling me that after all these years of risking my life...after smashing into a giant asteroid, being trapped in a Kryptonite cage, getting shot with lasers and Kryptonite bullets, disappearing into the time stream, and even wrestling a giant mechanical spider...you're telling me that the thing that finally did me in...” He waved towards his body lying still on the bed. “...is bad fish?!”

YES.

He opened his mouth to protest further, but closed it again when he heard his wife's voice calling from the hallway.

“Clark? Clark, are you—” The door opened, and Lois gasped at the sight of Clark's prone body. She soon noticed the two of them standing beside it, and her eyes narrowed at his skeletal companion. “YOU!”

HELLO AGAIN, LOIS. IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HASN'T IT?

“Oh, no you don't!” Lois marched up to them, hands on her hips. “All right, Boney, do you want black or white?”

PARDON?

“I've seen all the movies,” Lois replied with a wave of her hand. “If I beat you at chess, you have to let him go, right? Actually, does it even have to be chess? Because I will absolutely slaughter you at Scrabble!”

SCRABBLE?

Her hands flew up. “Or poker, Monopoly, Chinese Checkers...I don't care! But don't think for one minute that you're going to waltz in here and just take my husband!”

OF COURSE NOT.

Lois folded her arms and smirked.

I AM NOT HERE FOR JUST YOUR HUSBAND.

She blinked, the smirk vanishing. “What?”

“It was the salmon mousse, honey,” Clark explained. “Apparently, it was tainted.”

“Unbelievable!” She flung out her hands again and paced the length of the small room. “You know, we've had some awful mayors before, but at least none of them ever directly killed their constituents! I am never voting for that jerk again!”

INDEED.

“So, what now?” She stopped her pacing and looked into the figure's skull. “We just... move on to our great reward?”

Kick back for the rest of eternity and wait for our kids and grandkids to join us?”

THAT IS A POPULAR OPTION. OR, YOU COULD SPEAK TO MORTY AGAIN.

Clark frowned in confusion. “Morty?”

FROM THE REINCARNATION DEPARTMENT.

His wide eyes locked with Lois’s.

“Reincarnation?” she breathed.

“Like Sir Charles and Lady Loisetette,” he remembered, “or The Lone Rider and Lulu...”

She placed a hand on his arm, a spark igniting in her eyes. “Clark, we could do it all again...meet, fall in love...maybe even find each other quicker, this time...”

“Quicker?” A sudden thought made him freeze. “I just remembered: there’s an old Japanese myth that says lovers who die together get reborn as twins!”

“Oh...no!” Lois turned to their companion. “That’s not true, is it? I don’t want to end up married to my brother... Or brothered by my husband... You know what I mean!”

I’M AFRAID THAT IS A QUESTION FOR MORTY, NOT ME.

Clark put an arm around his wife. “Well, the good news is that we have all eternity to think about it, so there’s no real rush.”

NORMALLY, I WOULD AGREE. HOWEVER, THE SALMON MOUSSE WAS A VERY POPULAR DISH, SO I WOULD APPRECIATE IF WE COULD GET GOING.

“Ah.” He looked once more at Lois. “So...we’ll go ask Morty about it, then?”

She shrugged. “Might as well. And hey, I guess if we don’t like anything he has to offer, we can just go ahead and... retire, as it were.”

“Could be a lot worse,” he mused.

The walls of their house seemingly melted away, and they followed their companion through shadow and mist, finally arriving at a massive set of gates that were, indeed, made of pearl. His hand found hers as the gates swung open, and a warm, bright light spilled over them.

HERE IS WHERE WE PART WAYS. IF WE NEVER MEET AGAIN, KNOW THAT IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE.

Clark nodded. “Thank you.”

The figure disappeared back into the shadows, and Lois and Clark stepped forward into whatever was next for them.

Lois suddenly stiffened. “Wait a minute! I didn’t even have the salm—”

The gates closed behind them.

The End