

110 Kisses: You Made Your Choice

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Rated: G

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Summary: In the aftermath of her almost-wedding to Lex Luthor, Lois is questioning all of her choices. This is kind of a fix-it and tag for the episode “House of Luthor” and also part of a self-imposed challenge to write 110 ficlets with kisses based on a list of 110 prompts on tumblr.

Story Size: 1,990 words (11 kB as text)

Author’s Note: So, I saw 90sfangirl79 on AO3 post an awesome one shot based on a <[url=https://www.tumblr.com/ksarasara/729187962325254144/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2](https://www.tumblr.com/ksarasara/729187962325254144/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2)>prompt from this list</url>, and she has a whole collection of them (and I’m way behind on my fic reading). And then I had this idea that I should write a kiss for every dang 110 prompts on this list. So . . . we’ll see if that works out. I was a little worried here with this one, that we weren’t going to get a kiss . . . But here’s number 5. “You made your choice.”

Thank you to Bek for BRing and encouraging me . . . by that, I mean, kicking me in the pants until I finally wrote something. And thanks again for GEing for the archive!

I look at myself in the mirror, staring and waiting to recognize the woman staring back at me. But I’ve been so unsure of . . . everything. For days. Weeks. Months.

And today, I thought I was sure. More than sure. Especially when he stood there next to me outside the ruins of the Daily Planet building as we both stared at the globe Franklin Stern brought. Our icon, our symbol that there was hope again for our futures—the world’s future—because we would have the *Daily Planet* back again.

Hope for me, because I’d have the *Daily Planet* back again. I’d have my job back, my partner, my—

I choke on a sob and then take a shuddering breath. I can feel the ache in my chest so keenly and the burn of the tears behind my eyes. I’ve cried so much these last few weeks.

He said he’d never seen anything so beautiful in all his life, and I swear I caught him looking at me when he said it. He said I was precious to him.

God, how I thought that was the moment. I thought it was the moment I’d be able to tell him everything, tell him how I made a giant mistake—more than one. Tell him that I shouldn’t have turned him down, that all I thought about while walking down the aisle was him. Tell him that I was only scared of losing everything in this world that was precious to me . . . and then it happened anyway.

Almost.

Somehow. Somehow, I still have him.

Just . . . as a partner. As a friend. Forever. Just like I wanted, he said.

When I refocus on my reflection in the mirror, it’s blurry, and I can feel the warmth and wetness of the fat tears about to fall. I blink, and they spill over, clearing my vision slightly, just enough that I can see my own eyes again.

“You made your choice, Lois.” It’s my own voice I hear, but it’s like I can almost hear Clark saying it instead, disappointment and vitriol in his tone. Like when he’d told me . . .

If that’s what you want, then fine! Get in bed with the devil!

I flinch, the words so real and so loud in my mind. It’s no wonder he just wants to be friends, that he was just lying to me . . .

. . . it wasn’t true. I’m not in love with you. I would have said anything to stop you from marrying Luthor.

The words echo in my mind, reverberating and playing over and over again, torturing me as I try to figure out where the heck I went wrong.

I’ve never seen anything so beautiful in all my life.

I want *those* words back.

I’ve been in love with you for a long time. You must have known.

I want those back too. I want them to be as true and as scary as they sounded at the time. Because maybe now, they’re not as scary.

Or, at least, *not* having them is far scarier. Colder. Lonelier.

I see his face in my mind, that day in the park. He looked so sincere. He looked so . . . hurt.

Would it be so wrong for me to believe his words today were the lie? That surely no one could lie so well?

I glare at my reflection. What do I know?

I turn away from the mirror, frustrated that I still can't recognize the woman staring back at me. I let my eyes wander around my apartment, and I have this feeling like something is missing. But I know everything is here.

Nothing's felt the same since the day the Planet blew up—and that's . . . god, that's not even counting the whole federal disaster of a situation that was my almost-marriage to a diabolical monster whom I thought was a benevolent philanthropist.

It's my common sense that's missing, isn't it? My common sense, my investigative prowess. My ability to see beyond the veil of secrecy and expose the naked truth.

That's why I can't recognize the woman in the mirror. It's not because she's wearing sweatpants and an old, faded Met-U shirt on a Monday midafternoon when she ought to have been working.

My skin crawls for a moment, itching with the urge to put on a blouse and suit and head into the newsroom. But there is no newsroom. Not yet.

I stare at my computer across the room and wonder if I should work on my novel, but then a little voice in my head reminds me I obviously don't know the first thing about romance, that I have no business writing about it.

God, I'm a mess. I could really use—

There's a knock at the door, and I'm grateful for the interruption. I'm sick of all these thoughts and feelings and remembered words swirling around in my head, attacking me and telling me I'm—

Another knock.

"I'm coming," I shout as I head to the door.

When I look through the peephole, I gasp just a little, and my heart starts racing just a bit faster. I hadn't expected Clark to visit. He hasn't since . . . It's been a while since he's come over.

I hurry to undo all the locks and swing the door open, and there he is, holding a pizza box and a stack of VHS tapes and wearing a smile that looks hopeful but cautious. Friendly.

Because we're friends. Just friends.

"Clark, hey, what's all this?" I ask, trying to sound casual and curious, and hating that I sound a bit breathless. I step aside and let him through, shutting the door behind him.

"I thought . . . Well, to be honest, I was going a bit stir crazy all alone in my apartment, so I thought this would be a much better alternative." He smiles at me again and puts the pizza and movies down on my coffee table. "You game?"

I nod, grateful. "Yes, this . . . this is perfect, Clark. Just what I needed."

"Great," he says, and he lets out a little huff of breath like he does when he's nervous.

"I, uh . . . I'll go get some . . ." I gesture behind me, toward the kitchen, as I take a few steps in that direction.

Another smile. Another nervous huff of almost-laughter.

I hear him as I grab plates and napkins and two diet cream sodas. He's giving me movie choices that I can't quite hear, but I'm sure one of them is bound to be *Lethal Weapon*. I have no idea which movie I want to watch. I really only care that Clark is here and that I'll get to sit next to him on the couch, like old times.

Well, maybe like old times. We hadn't had all that many movie nights, not in the grand scheme of things. Stakeouts, yeah. Late nights at the office, yep. Long hours, day in and day out, working with Clark by my side, him challenging me mentally, professionally, and me rising to meet him, always his equal even though I'd always liked to claim otherwise.

There's no way of avoiding getting to know a person intimately that way. Friends. Partners.

Forever?

I want the same thing you do, Lois. I want us to be friends, and partners. Forever.

Oh god, how I wish I had things to do over again. To make different choices.

I've been in love with you for a long time. You must have known.

I just didn't know then. I wouldn't let myself admit it. But I know now. Even though it's too late, I know now. And it is, isn't it? It's too late. Right?

"Have you made your choice, Lois?" His voice is soft and gentle, and he sounds a bit worried.

"What?" I ask, blinking and letting the room around me come back into focus.

"Your choice . . ." he repeats, holding up the movies, one in either hand. "*Lethal Weapon* or *The Princess Bride*. Personally, I'm voting for *Pri*—"

"You! I chose you!" I blurt out and then clap my hand over my mouth.

He's standing there, his mouth open as though he's trying to respond but no words are coming out, his hands still clutching the videos.

My heart clenches and my breath catches, hoping beyond hope that today was the lie after all. That I might not have done too much damage, broken his heart beyond repair. I watch him, and I see his breath hitch and his brow crease as the silence lies heavy around us, stretching the seconds into minutes, I'm sure of it.

He still isn't talking, but his face seems to be saying so much. I can't be sure of what it means, but I can guess. I can guess, and I can hope.

I wring my hands in front of me, the hammering of my heart in my ears making it hard to hear. And tentatively, so carefully because I'm so scared, I ask, "I mean . . . can I? Can I choose you?"

There are still no words from Clark, and my heart is twisting so tightly that it's hard to breathe, until he bends over slightly, setting the movies down on the coffee table. And I can't tell if he's just walking that slowly or if the world is really moving in slow motion, but he begins walking over to me.

My heart starts thudding hard in my chest, as if it'd had stopped and just now remembered it was supposed to be beating. The air catches in my lungs again as his eyes meet mine just briefly, then he takes a halting breath and drops his gaze. I watch him reach down to take my hands in his—they're warm, and trembling slightly—and he raises them to his lips, brushing a few gentle kisses against my knuckles.

What's left of the air in my lungs rushes out, and I take in a shuddering breath. He still hasn't spoken, but his head lifts again. And this time when our eyes meet, he nods, almost imperceptibly, as though he's just as scared as I am in this moment.

Clark's gaze flits down to my mouth and back as he leans in, slowly still, closing the impossibly short distance between us now. And when his lips meet mine, my heart starts to flutter wildly, like a whole kaleidoscope of butterflies soaring into the air. It's the first time he's kissed me for real, and god, it feels so real, so true, so . . . comfortable and reassuring and heartfelt.

I whimper lightly as he pulls away, my body clamoring of its own accord that the kiss ended far too quickly. But I don't agree, because I'm desperate to look in Clark's eyes and see the warmth and the truth of my choice staring back at me. I'm tempted to get lost there, in the deep pools that seem to hold only love and tenderness for me, along with a healthy edge of desire.

"What now?" I whisper, almost hesitant to break this moment that surrounds us.

His hand comes up to cup my cheek, and his touch is gentle and affectionate, but a little timid too. There's warmth when he smiles, though, probably because it's so familiar to the both of us. "You pick a movie?"

I laugh lightly, half from relief at the way the tension so suddenly leaves the room. I didn't realize there had been any left. But of course there was. This is new, brand-new and delicate, whatever is next between us.

I lean into the warmth of his palm and close my eyes for just a second to savor the moment, and then I smile brightly up at him. "Nah, I don't think I need to make any more choices right now. You choose."

His thumb grazes softly against my cheek. "Can I choose you?"

The End