

FOLC4EVERNADAY PRODUCTIONS



Description: In the next installment of "Rules Series" Lois and Clark's wedding day is finally here. Everything seems perfect, or does it? (9 of 10)

PG-13

Rules of Marriage

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Previously On Rules of Engagement

“Our schedules are so hectic and crazy we thought having a destination wedding would give us the opportunity to recharge and plan a wedding we both love with the people we love most.” Lois explained carefully.

“Given that Superman’s agreed to help fly the guests out that cuts down on a large chunk of the cost,” Clark added, placing an arm around her shoulders.

“Sounds reasonable.” Sam nodded, tapping his hand against his chin, “But exactly how small is a small guest list?”

“Ten.” Lois supplied.

“*Ten?*” Ellen and Sam practically choked out.

“Ten.” Clark agreed, sharing a smile with Lois.

“That’s...*tiny.*” Ellen began to stammer.

Lois quickly cut her off, shaking her head as she smiled dreamily back at him, resting her head on his shoulder. “We found the perfect place. It’s in Hawaii. A little hill off the coast of Molokai.” She gave a dreamy expression as she spoke. “It’s perfect.” After the idea of a destination wedding had come up a few nights ago, they’d talked about where and when until they’d come up with the perfect place.

“I see,” Sam said carefully. “And when exactly were you planning on doing this?”

Lois shared a look with Clark. “Well, we were hoping to be spontaneous and find a weekend when everyone was available.”

“But...” Her mother began to argue but quickly closed her mouth.

Clark tightened his arm around her as he spoke. “We don’t need to turn this into a huge affair. Just everyone important to us there to share this moment with.”

“Simple.” Lois agreed looking back at her parents. They exchanged a look for a moment before her father sighed, pulling out a notebook.

“How about next weekend?”



Lois let out a low moan as her fiancé's lips pressed against hers. Her hands wandered up the front of his dress shirt as the door frame to their apartment door hit her back. "We should go inside." He murmured against her.

"You're the one with the keys." She reminded him, linking her arms around his neck as she nipped at the sensitive skin of his jawbone. The sound of the door lock clicking to release the lock and the doorknob turning reached her ears, and he pulled her to him, opening the door. He lowered his glasses and looked behind her.

She turned just in time to catch him lighting the last candle sitting on the coffee table in the living room. A smile spread across her face, and she turned to look at him, "What is this?"

He tightened his arms around her waist, pulling her to him as he walked with her inside the apartment now illuminated in candlelight. "I figured you might need a distraction after tonight so...I thought an evening at home with no distractions was needed."

"No distractions?" She countered, drawing an imaginary 'S' emblem across his chest. His eyes wandered down to the short black dress she wore before returning to meet her eyes.

"No, I had a talk with a certain superhero, and he and I agreed that he should take the night off."

"Really?" Her eyes sparkled as she smiled, leaning in to kiss him, toying with the collar to his shirt as she responded, "You know if you keep spoiling me like this I might get used to it."

He chuckled against her as he walked with her further and further into the apartment. "And the problem with that would be...?"

"Nothing I guess." She grinned back at him. "You're just full of surprises, Clark Kent." She reached up to brush a stray curl that had fallen across his face. "A surprise romantic gesture without an occasion or reason is something to get used to I guess."

He moved his hand to brush a lock of hair out of her face, "The occasion is I'm in love with my gorgeous fiancée, and we're getting married." He whispered in her ear, running his hands up and down her sides, pushing the fabric to her dress further and further up her thighs.

"Next weekend." She purred, running her palms over his shoulders. She gasped in surprise when he floated them a few inches above the floor, moving his hands to her waist.

She felt a shiver run down her spine from the heat of his breath against hers. Her hands ran up his chest, feeling the fabric of his dress shirt against her palm as he leaned into her. He floated them to the bookshelf and grabbed the remote off the shelf, pressing a button with one hand and then returning his attention to her as the soft chords filled the room. "May I have this dance?"



<<“Jimmy, stop!”

“Superman, what happened?”>>

Jimmy rubbed his temples, trying to will the image out of his brain. Ever since his last visit with Dr. Klein, the image of Clark and Superman kept merging together. He couldn't understand it.

<<“Jimmy, stop!”

“Superman, what happened?”>>

The prison guard tapped his baton against the metal door, performing the nightly check of the inmates. “Thirty-nine!” He called out. The sound of the inmate inside moving could be heard. The door hatch opened, and two wrists came out. He placed the handcuffs across his wrists and opened the door.

“Safety check!” He called out, motioning to the guard behind him. A glint in his eyes shone as he entered the cell and began searching for the contraband he knew the inmate to be in possession of. Inside the toilet, he pulled out a small plastic bag filled with white powdered substance and smiled in satisfaction to himself. “Green, that’s going to be two weeks in the hole. You should know better than that.”

“That ain’t mine!” He called out as the other guard carried him down the hall to where the ‘Hole’ was. The guard then turned his attention to his next victim. He tapped his baton on the door and called out. “Forty-one!”

Nothing.

He tapped his baton on the door once more. “Forty-one!” He banged on the door before adding, “Luthor, get your sorry ass out here. I don’t have time for your theatrics!”

Nothing.

He turned to the other guard standing to his left and nodded, “Open it up!”

He tapped his baton in his hands, ready to handle whatever Lex Luthor had to throw at him. The door opened, and he prepared himself to throw the maggot to the ground and show him what for, for delaying his nightly roll call.

“Hodge, I don’t think he looks too good.” The other guard spoke up as he stepped to the side of the now open door.



“Oh, he’s faking that miserable...” He stopped when he saw the pale bluish tone to his face and glassy eyes. “Oh, for the love of...!” He looked up and directed the other guard, “Sound the alarm now.”

A few minutes later the siren went off, and everyone began to scramble.

Lex Luthor was dead.

One Week Later...

Luthor Death Mystery!

The loud bold letters in newsprint continued to haunt Clark as he stared at them in disgust. The blaring of the horn from traffic behind him and the whistle from the officer directing traffic and helping clear up the wreck reached his ears as he stared at the image on the front page of the tabloid. A broken, hairless man with sinister eyes stared back at him.

The news of Lex Luthor’s death continued to take precedence on the nightly news. Though he hated himself for it, he couldn’t help but feel a sense of relief when news of the former philanthropist's death made its way to the Daily Planet newsroom last week. Ever since his capture several months ago he still lived in fear that Lex Luthor would find a way to escape and come after those he cared about most.

Lois’ reaction had been much of the same, opting to find relief in the news rather than sorrow. “He deserves a fate much worse.” were her words at the news.

Clark couldn’t blame Lois for her feelings toward Luthor. Afterall, the man had destroyed her life and taken everything from her in the process. The memory of how close he’d come to losing Lois weighed heavily on him and he quickly pushed the thought out of his head.

‘Not today.’ he told himself.

“Superman!” a voice from behind him squealed and he turned to see a little girl close to the age of five or six with an elderly woman standing behind him. The little girl wore pigtails and a huge grin on her face as she looked up at him in awe.

“Hi,” His mood immediately changed as he flashed a smile at the young girl.

“Can you really fly faster than an air-oh-plane?” She squealed happily, letting out a soft giggle.

His smile brightened and he knelt down to look at her, casting a quick glance to the girl’s grandmother who nodded her approval. “If I try hard enough, yeah,”

“I wanna fly like you!” She grinned.



He couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle at the innocent declaration from the little girl. "Well, maybe that can be arranged..."

The soft music from the ukulele playing filled the room. Coconut and tropical scents hung in the air as Lucy Lane made her way through the lobby of the Royal Hawaiian. She smiled when she spotted her parents in the dining hall with an elderly couple she recognized as the Kents from Lois' pictures from Christmas.

"Over here!" her mother waved her over.

She nodded, walking up to her mother with a smile, "I'm here."

"You really should do something about that hair," Her mother said, reaching up to pat her hair down from where it had been windblown on the flight over.

Lucy forced a smile, biting her tongue against the retort she wanted to throw back. "I'll fix it later."

"Superman's only got a few more guest to bring over before he can bring Lois and Clark." Clark's mother interrupted, handing her a yellow drink with a slice of pineapple and cherry on the rim. "Here. Mai Tai..." Her mother opened her mouth to protest before the woman added. "Minus the alcohol of course." She offered her a warm smile, "I'm Martha, by the way."

"Lucy."

Lois ran a hand through her shoulder-length locks, looking over the items she'd packed already in her suitcases. She'd set aside everything needed for the wedding in one bag and everything for the honeymoon in another. Notably, the bag for the honeymoon was much smaller. An evil grin crossed her face as the thought of her and Clark's honeymoon crossed her mind. If the last few weeks had proven anything clothing was the last thing either of them needed to worry about for the next few weeks.

"You certainly look happy," a male voice commented from the doorway.

She quickly grabbed a pillow to cover up the unzipped garment bag where her wedding dress laid open on the bed for anyone to see. "I was packing a few last minute things..."

He laughed, shaking his head as he wrapped an arm over her shoulder, "A few last minute things?"

Lois smiled, turning her head to look at him, "Did you get everyone dropped off okay?"



“Yeah, I just got back from the last trip. Perry was making himself right at home, striking a conversation up with one of the Elvis impersonators at the hotel.” He chuckled and she let out a groan.

“I was hoping to avoid that guy.” She said, letting out a long breath. “I think I’m just about done here.”

“Did you leave anything in the closet? You might need another bag.” He joked and she swatted his chest playfully. He looked around the bedroom, “You know we are only going to be there for two *weeks* not two *years*.”

She finished zipping the bag up and turned to face him, linking her arms around his neck and whispered conspiratorially, “Most of these are for the wedding.”

He picked up the large suitcase by the foot of the bed, “This is for the wedding?” He asked in disbelief.

“That’s Lucy’s bag.” She grinned back at him, running a hand over his shoulder as she tiptoed her index finger and middle finger down the front of his chest.

She couldn’t help but giggle when he stepped away, trying to put some distance between them as he set the bag down and reached for the small carry on bag that was sitting next to her garment bag on the bed. “And this one?”

“That’s for the honeymoon.” She murmured, leaning in to press a kiss against his lips.

“It’s very...small.” His tone was curious as he ran a tentative hand across the small of her back.

“I didn’t see a need to pack a lot.” She hooked her index finger into the open collar of his button down shirt, “Especially considering someone still hasn’t told me where in the world we’re going.”

“It’s a surprise.” He grinned mischievously, wagging his eyebrows at her suggestively.

“I hate surprises.” She reminded him, allowing her lips to purse into a semi-pout.

“No you don’t.” He leaned in to kiss her, cupping the side of her face with his palm.

“Yes I do.” She murmured against his lips.

“Mmm, nope,” He dared disagree with her again, shaking his head. “I recall many a times where you’ve enjoyed surprises.”

“Name one.” She challenged, tapping her index finger against his chest defiantly.



“Our weekend getaway in Hawaii.” He reminded her, placing a kiss on her shoulder. “The observatory and our first date.” He accentuated each point with a kiss on her neck and then whispered in her ear, “The night of our big win after the Meriwether Awards...at the Metro Hotel.” His lips teased the outer curve of her ear and she sighed against him.

“You do have a point I suppose.” She felt a blush cross her face as she recalled how they had spent most of the evening at the Metro Hotel wrapped in one another’s arms.

“Of course I do.” He grinned, placing a kiss on her cheek. “You about ready?”

“Yeah, I just need to finish packing.” She said, running a hand across his chest and reaching for the small carry on bag he’d been holding earlier.

“Need any help?” He asked with a sly grin.

“Maybe,” She teased, holding up a dark red ensemble, allowing his eyes to wander over the silky material hanging from her index finger suggestively before meeting her eyes in a heated gaze. “Too much?” She teased before he captured her mouth with his in a fiery kiss.

Jimmy Olsen held his tuxedo, tucked safely inside the garment bag he held tightly in his right hand, glancing across the room when he spotted Lucy at a corner table sitting with Clark’s mom. Ellen Lane sat across from them, shaking her head in full animation as she finished her story. “And then I told her you can’t wear...”

Perry slapped a hand on his shoulder from behind and remarked, “Look who I found wandering around outside.”

“Jimmy!” Lucy beamed, moving from her spot at the table to greet him in a warm hug. “You’re here!”

“Hey, Luce,” He smiled at her, tightening his arms around her. Any other time he would have enjoyed holding her in his arms. Any other time he would have been enjoying the sights and beautiful island he was on with his friends and their family but he couldn’t. He couldn’t enjoy anything right now.

He couldn’t focus on anything the way he should because he was still reeling from the revelation he’d inadvertently witnessed last week. His best friend was Superman. How had he missed that? Clark Kent was Superman.

For whatever reason Clark didn’t seem willing to divulge that tidbit of a fact to him. It wasn’t that he felt he deserved to know. He knew his friend had to have his reasons for keeping such a big secret but there was a part of him that did wish Clark had told him.

Didn’t he know he wouldn’t betray him?



Didn't he know he'd do anything to help and protect him and Lois?

Did Lois know?

That seemed like a stupid question. Of course she knew. She had to, right? Clark wouldn't lie to the woman he was about to marry, would he?

"I guess that's the last of the guests," Lois' dad remarked, taking a seat at the end of the table. "I guess we wait."

"How long ago did Superman leave, Jimmy?" Lucy asked, nudging his side with her elbow.

Jimmy frowned, unsure what the actual time was. He'd been lost in thought outside the hotel before coming in for at least an hour he knew. He gave a noncommittal shrug and sighed, "I guess maybe an hour?"

"An *hour*?" Ellen practically shrieked. "Where in the world are they?"

The sound of water running from the distance could be heard as Gretchen Kelly worked tirelessly under the dim light. "Almost got it." She assured, looking up with a satisfied smile at the two men staring at her expectantly.

"Are you sure this will work?" Nigel asked, looking over her shoulder with a doubtful sneer. "You know how important this is, Gretchen."

She ignored the remark, throwing a look of daggers toward Nigel as she held up a blue ringed metal device, "Metallo?"

He looked toward her, responding to the name she'd dubbed him. She moved toward him, holding the blue glowing device in her hand. "This will only take a second." She instructed, placing the device inside the hole in his chest. A hum filled the air and he took a deep breath as the lights inside him came to life. The blue rim turned a bright green and she smiled. "Perfect."

"When am I getting out of here?" He asked, narrowing his eyes at her.

"Patience," she responded.

A broad grin crossed Clark Kent's face as he cradled his soon-to-be wife in his arms, running his palm against her bare back. She let out light chuckle against his chest, tracing the outline of his abs as she asked, "Is this a bad omen? Late to our own wedding because we're celebrating the honeymoon early?"



A hard laugh escaped his lips and he tightened his arms around her, “I think the bad luck is gone.” He reassured her, brushing his palm against her cheek. “Two weeks of no interruptions and no bad guys to catch...” He reminded her, moving his hand to her shoulder.

“No creepy gifts showing up every two seconds.” She acknowledged with a grimace.

“Nope.” He leaned in to kiss her. “Though, I suspect given the timing of certain events that problem died with its conspirator last week.”

“Me too.” She admitted with a long sigh. “Between the creepy gifts and the run of bad luck everyone’s been having I think it’s a good thing we’re getting out of town.” She sat up, readjusting her clothes after their recent lovemaking.

“Waste of time.” He grinned back at her, shaking his head with the wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Come on, we need to get going.” She reminded him. “I don’t think everyone will be too keen on the bride and groom being late for their own wedding.”

“They can’t start without us.” He reminded her, leaning in to kiss her.

She pulled away, standing to her feet, “Come on, the sooner we go the sooner we can...” The blur of red and blue filled the room and the sound of laughter could be heard in the sky.

Inspector Henderson sat in his suburban, watching from a distance as the familiar woman stepped off the bus he’d been following for three blocks now. “Finally,” He muttered to himself, pointing at the woman. “Get her on camera,”

“You got it,”

The sound of the camera shutter clicking repeatedly could be heard as he pulled up to the curb to watch as the woman climbed into the yellow checkered cab. “Where are you going?” Henderson wondered aloud as he pulled up a few cars behind to follow the cab.

The soft music playing from the distance could be heard along with the gentle rolling of the tide in the distance. Clark smiled, taking his fiancée’s hand in his as they walked to the steps that led to the Royal Hawaiian where they had booked the *Coconut Grove* for the day and rooms for the night for everyone. He’d dropped the bags off a few minutes ago before changing into his t-shirt and jeans from earlier.

He glanced up at the brightly lit sky, admiring their colorful surroundings. It was a beautiful day to get married. When they’d concocted the plan to get married here there had been the debate



about logistics and how they'd get everyone to and from the island after the wedding. They'd finally agreed to have everyone stay the night and have Superman fly everyone back at checkout tomorrow afternoon. That would be of course, before he surprised Lois with the plans for their honeymoon, traveling around the world to some of the less known places around the world.

"Still just as gorgeous here," Lois commented, leaning back into his arms as she stared at the tall structure of the hotel in front of them.

"And surprisingly not an Elvis impersonator in sight." He joked, whispering in her ear, enjoying the sound of her laugh as he held her to him. "You ready?"

She turned to face him, looping her arms around his neck and leaning in to kiss him. "Never been more ready for anything in my life." A smile spread across his face and he moved his hand to cup her cheek, deepening the kiss and savoring the feeling of having the woman he loved in his arms a little bit longer before he had to leave her to get ready.

"You know, your mom is going to have a cow if she catches you two out here, right?" They pulled apart and looked behind them to where Jimmy was standing a few feet away at the bottom of the staircase, watching them with an amused expression.

"Hey, Jimmy," Clark said, moving to greet his young friend in a halfway hug.

"If my mother isn't having a conniption fit about something she's not happy." Lois remarked with an amused smile. She pointed to the stairs. "I'm going to get going before she comes out here thought."

Just then, the sound of her mother's voice came from the top of the staircase. "Where in the world have you been?!"

"Told you," Jimmy chuckled under his breath.

"I think that's my cue." Lois said, pointing to the stairs. "See you later,"

"Sure, I'll be the one in the tux at the end of the aisle." He grinned back at her.

"Well, lucky me," She giggled before retreating up the steps.

The sound of water dripping down the side of the concrete walls echoed through the long tunnels. Bill Henderson nodded to his fellow officer, motioning for him to wait here while he surveyed the area. Gretchen Kelly had escaped before but not this time. Once he gave the cue Officer Gadsden would signal the SWAT team that was waiting a few blocks away.

She wouldn't get away this time.



That much he could guarantee.

Lois ran a tentative hand through her dark locks, staring at her reflection and admiring the curled locks as they rested on her bare shoulders. The strapless gown hung on her body, flowing freely around her waist where the skirt separated from the beaded bodice like a gentle wave. The material was lightweight, making moving around easy under the sun's glare.

Martha laid a hand on her shoulder, helping to adjust the clip in her hair that held the veil. "There we go." A smile crossed her elderly face as she looked back at Lois. "Perfect." Martha handed her the bouquet of white roses.

Ellen poked her head around the corner and smiled, "They said they should be ready in about ten minutes." Her face softened when she saw Lois in her wedding gown and veil, "Oh, sweetheart, you look...stunning."

"Hold on," Lucy said, walking up behind her with a small drawstring bag. "Almost forgot something. Just because you two decided to throw caution to the wind and have a weekend wedding doesn't mean you get out of tradition."

Martha laughed, nodding in agreement as Lucy pulled the drawstring to open the bag. "Yes, tradition."

"I'm afraid to ask." Lois looked at her sister warily.

"Oh, come on, we spent all week planning this out." Ellen added happily as Lucy pulled out a silver chain with a single teardrop pendant.

"This is your something borrowed." Lucy explained, helping put the necklace around her neck. "I figured you'd prefer this to some of the other jewelry."

"Thanks, Luce," Lois smiled back at her sister.

"These go along with your sister's 'something borrowed.'" Her mother held up a small purple velvet box and opened it, revealing a pair of matching teardrop earrings for her to wear.

"This is your something old." Martha held up a silver and blue bangle.

"And blue!" Her mother added happily.

"And blue." Martha said in cheerful agreement as she helped her slip it on her wrist. "I wore this when I married Jonathan and my mother wore it when she married my father."

Lois looked down at the bangle, reading the inscription, *'Love is patient-1 Corinthians 13:4-8a'* She turned to Martha and smiled, "Thank you, Martha, it's beautiful."



“Maybe one day you’ll be giving this to your daughter or daughter-in-law to wear.” Martha said, a crack in her voice could be heard from the emotion of the day, weighing on her.

“I’d like that.” Lois said, reaching over to squeeze her hand.

Jimmy watched from a few feet away where Jonathan was helping adjust Clark’s tie on his tux. Perry stood at the end of the altar, pacing as he hummed *Rock A Hula Baby* to himself. Never before had he heard so much about the King and Hawaii as he had in the last six hours. Still he couldn’t help but grin as he watched everything come together. He’d seen these two-his best friends-come together and become partners, best friends, and much more over the last two years. Now, here he was standing by his friends’ sides as they said I do.

It was fitting.

He had come to think of Clark as his best friend over the last few years. They went to baseball games together, played basketball, and hung out at Martelli’s eating pizza and watching the Super Bowl together. There wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do for his friends. He was his best friend.

Superman was his best friend.

No, Clark was his best friend. His mind immediately corrected. Superman was a stranger to him. He didn’t hang out with Superman. He didn’t know about Superman’s day or how he felt about life. He didn’t have to talk him out of a bad mood when Lois was on a rampage or Perry had killed a story.

He knew Clark.

Superman was a stranger though.

Could he really call himself Clark’s best friend, knowing that he was hiding such a huge part of himself? He knew Clark. He didn’t know Superman. But Clark was Superman.

That revelation continued to plague his mind as he did his best to come to terms with it. Again and again he’d come close to confronting Clark about what he knew but he just didn’t know how.

“Hey, Jimmy, you all right?” Clark’s hand rested on his shoulder and a concerned expression crossed his friend’s face.

“Yeah,” Jimmy forced a smile, hoping Clark couldn’t read his thoughts at that moment. “Great. Just enjoying the view.”



“Places everyone,” the event coordinator called out, holding her clipboard in hand and walking through the last row of chairs. “Ricardo, can you fill in this spot? The petal to grass ratio isn’t working.”

Outside, with the breathtaking view of the ocean behind them, Clark held his place at the altar, standing with Perry and Jimmy in their tuxes. Lois prepared to walk down the aisle of flowers that had been lain on the ground with the small crowd of silk covered chairs on the back patio of the hotel. The ukulele played along with the soft chords from the piano, the wedding march.

Lois hooked her arm in her father’s standing with him at the end of the aisle, staring back at Clark who beamed back at her. She felt a flutter of anticipation in her abdomen as she stared back at him. Her heart filled with such love and joy.

“You ready?” Sam asked, patting her arm. She nodded, swiping at the tears that had escaped her eyes as she walked down the aisle to the super man of her dreams.

A short moment later, they reached the end of the aisle where they stood in front of Clark. He turned to her father, shaking his hand and holding his arm out for her to take. “You look gorgeous,” Clark whispered. She smiled at him, gently squeezing his hand.

They turned to face Perry who was watching them with a broad smile. “Well, it’s a perfect day to get married, what do you all think?” He asked, looking to the small crowd of family and friends that stood behind them.

A light chuckle erupted from the crowd and Perry continued, “You know last week when Lois and Clark came to me with their plans to get married this weekend I was thrilled. I couldn’t imagine a more perfect match than these two.”

A stern look crossed his face as he added, “Even if they couldn’t see it in the beginning.” Lois felt Clark squeeze her hand and let out a light chuckle at that remark. “But that’s how the greatest partnerships start out. What makes a relationship survive...what makes love survive is perseverance. You two have seen your fair share of trials and come out on top time and time again.”

“Now, marriage is nothing to be entered upon lightly. Just like a newspaper, it takes a lot of hard work to make it a success. But, if anybody can do it, these two can. Now, Clark, you’re about the most perfect guy I know. And Lois...” He smiled at her with a long pause, “... you’re perfect, too, just the way you are.”

‘Always.’ Clark mouthed to her.

“So, basically, these are two wonderful people... who love each other... and deserve each other. And now, as the King himself might say... It’s time for the big finish. Lois, Clark, will you please join hands.”



Clark took her hands in his, meeting her gaze with a smile as Perry asked the fateful question. “Clark, do you take Lois to cherish and love for as long as the two of you live? To love her faithfully, through the best and the worst? Facing whatever may come together?”

Clark’s hand reached up to cup her cheek as he responded solemnly, not taking his eyes off of her for a moment, “I do.”

Lois smiled, holding her hand over Clark’s as Perry continued, “Lois, do you...”

“I do! I do!” Lois cheered enthusiastically, swaying closer and closer to him as she stared back at him, feeling the love she felt for him threaten to overtake her.

Perry didn’t say anything, letting out a good hearted chuckle as he motioned to Jimmy and Lucy, “Okay, now the rings,” Jimmy nodded, pulling the velvet ring box from his pocket, “Clark?” Perry gave him the ring.

Lois smiled shyly up at Clark as he took the ring from Perry and took her hand in his, “Lois, I have been in love with you from the moment I met you. I don’t remember what it was like not to love you, Lois, and I don’t want to know.” He waid earnestly, meeting her gaze as he continued, “I love everything about you. Your humor, your passion, the way you just dive right in....” Lois couldn’t help but smile at that, “...even when you shouldn’t. You’ve saved me from myself so many times... You refuse to just watch the world and injustice from the sidelines. You demand that the world be a better place and because of you, it is. That fire inside you is what made me fall in love with you in the first place. I can’t imagine my life without you in it. You are everything to me, Lois.”

She could feel tears stinging in the corners of her eyes as he continued, slipping her wedding band on her finger, “Today, I give you my heart, my soul, and our future.”

‘Forever,’ Lois added, mouthing the words to him, holding his gaze as Perry silently motioned to Lucy for the ring.

“Lois?” Perry handed her the ring Lucy had handed to him and she took it, shyly looking back at Clark.

The reflection of the sunlight on her wedding band caught her eye and she couldn’t help but smile at how good it felt to know for the rest of her life she could call her best friend her husband. Not everyone had that luxury. It was what made her and Clark’s relationship so blissfully wonderful.

Lois bit her lip, trying to find the words to tell him what she was feeling in that moment, “Clark, you’re my best friend. Until I met you I never had a best friend.” A frown crossed her face briefly and he squeezed her hand, encouragingly. “A lot of people fall in love everyday and get married and start a family but not everyone gets to do that with their best friend.”



She smiled back at him and added, “Falling in love with you has been so easy. I don’t know why I fought it for so long. You have such gentle grace; quiet strength; but mostly, such incredible kindness. I’ve never known anyone with as pure a heart.” His hand tightened around hers as she added, “I could never love anyone else as much as I do you. You are the love of my life. I can’t imagine my life without you. Today, I give you everything I am. I give you my heart, my soul, my honor, and our life...together.” She slipped the ring on his finger, smiling shyly up at him.

With that, she leaned into him, capturing his lips with hers, reveling in the knowledge they were finally husband and wife. Both his hands moved up to cup both sides of her face, tracing the outline of her face as he deepened the kiss, forgetting the small crowd of loved ones behind them for the moment.

A soft collection of laughter filled the air and she heard Perry say, “By the power vested in me by this state and the First Church of Blue Suede Deliverance ...I now pronounce you man and wife. You maycontinue kissing the bride.”

Bill Henderson made his way through the abandoned underground subway tunnels, following the sound of clicking against the concrete floor and water dripping. These tunnels had been here for ages since New Troy first began developing the cities. Not many people knew their way through these tunnels but as luck would have it his love of history came in handy for something more than a hobby.

The old maps from 1775 of the original towns in New Troy had fascinated him as a child and young adult. These tunnels had seen many crimes over the years. He’s been able to stop a child trafficking ring and a car thief in the last year. Now he would stop Lex Luthor’s doctor and anyone else working with her from whatever plans she may have been hatching before Luthor’s early demise.

He caught sight of a white lab coat at the end of the hallway he was on and called out, “Freeze! This is the police! Keep your hands where I can see them!”

She looked to her left and to her right, realizing there was nowhere to go, she turned to face him, “Inspector, this is a surprise.”

“Dr. Gretchen Kelly, I presume.” He called out with a smug grin, keeping his service weapon trained on her as he inched closer and closer.

Her hands remained in the air where he could see them and she remarked, “I’m afraid you’ve got me in a bad predicament. You know my name but I don’t know yours.”

He reached for her hands, holding the handcuffs out to slap them on her wrists, tightening them as he secured her in the metal binds. “You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to...”



A hard thud rendered him motionless as he fell to the ground in agony. His vision grew blurry as he struggled to hold his gaze on the woman hovering over him in handcuffs. She looked at him in disapproval, “Was that really necessary, Lex?”

“Always hold the higher ground.”

The last thing he saw before darkness overtook him was the face of Lex Luthor’s very alive face staring back at him.

~The End

