

# Come Back To Me

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Rating: K+

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Lois Lane stood at her bedroom window watching the dawn of a new day, and it wasn't the first time. She seemed to be doing that a lot lately, even without thinking. She couldn't for the life of her figure out why. Maybe it was because of all the changes in her life. She had been seeing Richard White for over three years now, had made the decision to move in with him, and after much discussion, mostly from him, had accepted his marriage proposal. Jason was thrilled with the idea, but she wasn't one hundred percent sure if marriage was the right decision for her.

She turned from the window and watched Richard sleeping. She sighed. At least be honest with yourself, Lois. I know exactly why I'm feeling this way. I feel like I've betrayed him in some way, but he left me, not the other way around. Why, why can't I move on? I have to try and make this work, for Jason's sake at least.

"Lois, you're up." Richard yawned as he looked at her. He glanced at the clock on the nightstand. It was 5:00 am. "Are you going in early today?"

"No, I couldn't sleep. Go back to sleep. I'm sorry I woke you." Lois turned back to the window.

Richard got up, went to her, and pulled her against him from behind. "I know this is all new for you and Jason. You just moved into a new home, a new bed, a different routine from what you've known for three years, but I can be patient. It will be an adjustment for all of us."

Lois leaned her head back on his shoulder. "I knew you would understand." She turned to face him. "You've a good man, Richard White. Jason and I are lucky to have you in our lives."

"I'm the lucky one." He kissed her softly at first, then with more passion. Lois kissed him back determined to make it work.

Six months later, the dreams began. Her dreams of him in the past did not compare to the ones she was having now. In her earlier dreams, in the days after he had left, he would be there catching her, rescuing her, but then he would always fly away. They never spoke to each

other, and they were surrounded by darkness. The dreams weren't intrusive, and she didn't even remember most of them, but the feelings remained. She felt happiness that he had saved her, but incredible sadness too, that he would fly away and not say a word to her.

Now, however, the dreams were coming every week, and they were becoming more vivid and she was remembering them too. She could sense his sadness and she could hear it in his voice. This one dream she remembered.

"Lois." Kal-El said.

"Kal-El?"

"I'm here."

"Where are you?"

"I'm right beside you."

"But I can't see you." Lois heard and felt him, but she couldn't see him.

"I'm sorry, Lois."

"Kal-El?"

Then, she could feel him leaving her, until she couldn't hear or feel him anymore.

Lois woke up then, trying to make sense of the dream. What could it mean? Is he alive? Is he in trouble and unable to come home? Is he trying to communicate with me somehow? Ok, I'm really going crazy now.

Lois hated to admit it, but her dreams were starting to affect her home life and her job. She refused to put herself in harms way, taking fluff pieces, not pushing or challenging herself to be a better reporter, and not going after that one great story.

Richard was noticing the change in her too. She wasn't sleeping well, and she wouldn't talk about it. He asked her numerous times what was bothering her.

They were at work getting their assignments. "Lois, please talk to me. What is it?" There was always an excuse, but Richard wasn't buying it.

"I'm just worried about Jason and his new medication. Perry's assignments aren't as stimulating as they once were. Maybe being a reporter isn't my true calling," Lois said, distractedly.

Richard stared at her, shocked by what she had just said. "When did you start having these feelings about not being a reporter, Lois?"

"I don't know, for a while now, I guess." Lois was surprised by her answer, even after she had said it, but it was true. She had lost that spunk, that drive she had always had while doing her job. What is wrong with me?

Richard listened and came up with a way to get the juices flowing again. "Lois, I have an idea and I think you'll like it."

Lois was desperate for anything to turn things around, and she urgently needed something to get her mind off of ... him. "Well, what is it?"

"There's a big NASA launch in a few months, and only the best reporters from the best news services will be on board. Perry assigned it to me, but I can get Perry to change his mind."

"NASA? Me? I have heard about the launch. It is a big deal, but I don't know. NASA?"

"You have plenty of time to think about it, and to learn more about the launch. Just think about it, ok?"

"Alright, I'll think about it." Lois was starting to warm to the idea.

A few days before the shuttle launch, Lois was in bed dreading going to sleep. I can't keep doing this. Dreams can't hurt me, can they? She closed her eyes and went to sleep.

"Lois," Kal-El spoke to her. "I'm sorry."

"Kal-El?"

"Yes, Lois, I'm here."

"You're back. You came back." Lois was so happy to see him.

He was standing before her. They were on the Daily Planet rooftop where they had met countless times before. Suddenly, he disappeared, but then he was standing before her again. They weren't on the Daily Planet rooftop, but they were at the Fortress. It wasn't Kal-El standing before her, it was Clark wearing trousers and a white shirt, and he wasn't wearing his glasses. She was wearing a long nightgown.

Lois gasped. "Clark?"

"Yes, Lois, it's me."

"But I don't understand."

Clark came closer. He pulled her into his arms. Lois closed her eyes feeling safe and happy. She couldn't remember feeling this way for such a long time.

"Clark?" Lois asked. She looked into his eyes.

"Yes, Lois."

"Come back to me. You have to come back. Please, please, please..."

"Lois?" Richard shook her shoulder. "Lois, wake up."

"Richard?" Lois was disoriented for a moment.

"You were mumbling in your sleep. You kept saying ... please, please. Are you alright? Was it a bad dream?"

Lois put her hands over her eyes, and found that her cheeks were wet. She laid there trying to understand the dream. Her brain was a mess, but her heart knew the truth. "I'm fine. I guess the shuttle has me more worried than I thought. I need to get a drink of water. I'll be right back."

Richard touched her arm. "Try not to worry, it's perfectly safe." He tried to reassure her.

"I know." She got up and went downstairs. She couldn't look Richard in the face. I feel like a fraud, a liar, and a cheat. How could I have led him on for all these years? I knew from the first I couldn't marry him. I know where my heart lies.

Lois barely managed to make it down the stairs, because she was so blinded by her tears. She made it to the sofa and silently broke down. The tears came and would not stop. Her chest felt like it was being crushed, she was in so much pain. It's really true. Clark is Superman. My dreams are real. We were at the Fortress, we made love, and we made Jason, our son. She cried harder, covering her mouth with her hand. Why, Kal-El, why did you leave us? We had it all. Now, it's all a lost dream, all up in smoke.

She clutched the sofa pillow to her chest like a lifeline, and cried until she couldn't cry anymore.

The day of the shuttle launch dawned bright and clear. She really dreaded doing this, but Perry was on her case about her recent non-stories, so she pushed the flight announcer for more details, hoping for something to put this story on the front page for more than one day.

Then, all hell broke loose. They lost power, the plane began to plunge to the earth, and the breathing cones dropped from the ceiling. She could not believe it. She felt herself flying all over the plane. She had to get back into her seat. She actually floated in space for a few

moments, turning her head to the left, and no, it couldn't be. She saw a red and blue blur cross her line of vision, and she heard footsteps on the roof. Her dreams couldn't happen now. She was wide awake.

The plane was going to crash. She said a prayer. "Please God, just let this plane land safely. Please God. Jason, I love you, I love you. Kal-El, if you can hear me, please save us, please save us. Now would be a good time to come back, Kal-El. Now, right now. Please, please, please."

Then, the plane dropped to the ground, like it had been lifted out of the sky, but that couldn't be. But she was alive, everyone else was too. She said a silent prayer of thanks to ...

The door of the plane opened and he drifted in and landed on the floor right there in front of her, in front of everyone.

Lois was speechless. He had the same expression on his face as in the dream, kind of sad and happy too. Her dream was standing there looking at her and speaking to her.

"Are you ok?"

Her brain wasn't functioning. Her heart was pounding so hard.

He grinned at her. He was speaking to everyone, but all she could hear was the pounding of her own heart, and her brain that kept repeating the same thing over and over ...

"Am I dreaming? He's really here ... he came back, he came back."

The beginning ...