

# Batman, Zorro, and Other Liars

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Summary: Everyone knows that superheroes fight for truth and justice. But what happens when a certain reporter realizes that they aren't all that different from the rest of us?

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Hi FoLCs!

This is another Ficathon contribution from the German boards. This time it was themed 'Revelation'. My assignment was Mellie (Lara Joelle Kent), and it was a special honor to write for one of my trusty betas.

A big Thanks goes to Kmar and Mona for doing the English beta, Jenn (EditorJax) for being my GE, and to Anne on the German boards for her work on the, well, German version.

There is a sort-of review of a movie in there, but please remember that it's Lois ranting I portrayed and not any real review of said movie.

I hope you will have as much fun with it as I had in writing it. If you'd like to leave me a comment or two, please feel free to post in the Fanfic-board

([http://www.lcficmbs.com/cgi-bin/boards/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get\\_topic&f=6&t=001431](http://www.lcficmbs.com/cgi-bin/boards/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get_topic&f=6&t=001431))

or just send me an e-mail. It is always appreciated :)

Michael

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The setting is between 'Whine, Whine, Whine' and 'And the Answer Is...'

Blocks in <> are literal thoughts by the character.

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"I'm going to *kill* Perry!" Lois fumed as she marched angrily through the double doors of the Metropolis Arista cinema; a short, black jacket with silver threads woven into an intricate pattern covered her naked shoulders above a figure-hugging black dress.

"Oh, come on, Lois, our evening wasn't *that* bad, was it?" Clark's soothing tones caught up with her rapid gait. "And I'm sure Perry just wanted to do something nice for us."

"Oh, Clark, I can't believe that you're still so naïve," Lois shot over her shoulder, unwilling to break her stride and wait for Clark to catch up. "Perry just needed someone to cover the press preview and since Stevenson is on vacation, he thought it would

be amusing to send us."

"Oh, boy," Clark muttered almost inaudibly.

Lois stopped at the curb and looked left, then right, before she stuck her thumb and index finger into her mouth to let out an ear-piercing whistle. The universal gesture yielded almost immediate success in the form of a yellow cab pulling up in front of them. Lois was about to reach for the door handle but her action was preempted when a strong, charcoal-gray-clad arm reached for the door and pulled it open.

"After you, Lois," Clark invited her with his customary courtesy.

Lois gritted her teeth, barely acknowledging her boyfriend's gesture with a tightlipped "Thank you" before she scooted inside and over to the far side so he could take his place next to her.

Clark followed just moments after her, giving the driver a friendly nod and her address as he buckled his seatbelt.

At his raised eyebrow, Lois sighed and followed suit. As if seatbelts would offer any *real* protection when taking a Metropolis cab... They either managed to miraculously deliver you to your destination completely unharmed, or they got caught in a traffic accident so gruesome that a seatbelt wouldn't make any kind of difference.

"You know what irks me the most," Lois started back into her rant from earlier. "-is that they completely botched the movie. I mean, parts one and two were great. They really captured the essence of the Dark Knight. But what did they do for part three? They made it into a live-action comic film!"

"Well, to be fair, Batman *is* a comic figure that had been adapted to the big screen with the first movie back in '89," Clark attempted to defend the production and defuse her mood.

"So?" she asked him in a tone that forbade *any* sort of answer. "That's no excuse to make this into a flashy show of gothic pop culture. And that was just the visuals."

"Beg your pardon?" Clark asked over the derisive snort that escaped when the momentum pushed her toward his side as the cab pulled around a corner at break-neck speed.

"What?" Lois blustered as she scooted back toward her side. "Don't tell me you agree with the liberties they took with the characterizations. And the *lady friend* they pushed onto him?" She rolled her eyes at the thought of the blonde that had graced Batman's side in the latest installment. "Can you spell sequel? At least in the first two parts, Bruce had real women as his love interests. This time, they got him a groupie, and she didn't even figure out that he was Batman!" Lois huffed and folded her arms over her chest. "Come on, how blind do you have to be to not figure it out? And she's a *shrink* for crying out loud!" Another snort emphasized her thoughts on the matter.

Clark's chuckle to her right caught Lois' attention and she turned to look him in the eyes. "You think that's funny, Clark?" she scolded him, her eyes shooting him the odd dagger.

To her surprise, Clark immediately sobered up and his expression took on a haunted look. "Uh, no, Lois. Of course not." He swallowed hard, and Lois noted with some fascination how his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. "It's just... Don't you think he had a right to protect his secret? And Dr. Meridian *did* have an unhealthy fixation with his alter-ego. Aside from that, it's not like Bruce told them in the first two movies. They just figured him out."

"See, that's *exactly* what I'm talking about." Lois smiled victoriously, satisfied at having gotten her point across. "They were smart enough to be his equals." Several angry honks seemed to underscore her statement.

"Oh, come on, Lois," Clark retorted and emphasized it with the hint of rolled eyes. "In 'Batman Returns', Bruce and Catwoman just recognized the wounds they'd inflicted upon each other. And do you remember what ever happened to his girlfriend from the first movie?"

Lois scrunched her brows for a moment, trying to remember a movie she'd seen six years ago. Well, Michael Keaton had looked rather good in that suit, but he was no Mel Gibson, whose naked butt she'd seen on the silver screen on numerous occasions. Her eyes flicked to Clark as she tried to train her gaze unobtrusively towards the point where his backside connected with the bench, silently wondering if his rear end would manage to replace her main reason for watching 'Lethal Weapon' in her daydreams.

<Okay, Lane. Stop drooling and get back to business!> Lois scolded herself and went back to concentrating on Batman's blonde love interest from the first movie. Then she remembered! "They told us in part two that she left him because she couldn't handle it," Lois proclaimed in triumph, a happy smile gracing her lips.

Clark mulled this over for a moment before answering. "See, and that's *exactly* what I'm talking about. His first girlfriend left him because she was overwhelmed by his extracurricular activities and the second one was a borderline criminal," he animatedly interpreted the facts for her. "So you can't be serious when you cite them as valid reasons for why he should have told his most recent love interest the truth about Batman."

"So, you're saying that just because he got burned before, gives him an excuse to just keep shut with his new girlfriend?" She snorted and looked forward, her posture — challengingly folded arms, an angry glint in her eyes, and a visibly clenched jaw — firmly indicating her thoughts on this subject.

"Well, no, not exactly," Clark qualified carefully. "It's just, well... it would've been too early," he explained evasively while his eyes were focused on the dark street passing by outside.

"Too early?" Lois shot Clark an annoyed look. "She'd already chosen the man over the suit. So when do *you* think would have been the perfect time for him to tell her? After they'd been *together* for the first time? After their engagement? After they'd gotten married?"

"Well, to be fair, after what had happened with his previous girlfriends, you really can't blame him," Clark said defensively, which only served to fuel Lois' agitation while she braced herself against the sudden deceleration when their cabbie braked abruptly.

"So, are you suggesting he should never tell her, hoping instead she'd not dig too deeply when he'd steal out of their bed at night to chase down criminals?" Lois was getting seriously annoyed by now. Why was Clark so obstinate in his defense of the Dark Knight? Probably some form of caveman bonding that extended even to fictional characters, she supposed. Not that she particularly cared about his reasons. She was right and he would admit it before the evening was over.

"Well, no..." Clark intoned carefully. "Not exactly..."

Lois felt the joyful surge of victory rush through her body, knowing that Clark was almost ready to concede the point. Although come to think of it, he never gave up this easily. And his knowing that he was wrong and she was right certainly wasn't enough of a reason for his quick acquiescence. "So, then, *when* do you think he should tell her? And forget Hollywood's constraints of keeping a couple of loose ends for sequels. Just imagine, for instance..." Lois paused for a moment, thinking about a good example before her voice took on a hint of reverence. "...Superman. Imagine what it would be like if our resident superhero had a secret identity and a girlfriend. When do you think he should reveal himself to her?" She raised her eyebrows expectantly.

"Lo-iss." Clark's understated tone belied the exasperation the slow pronunciation of her name already indicated. "Don't you think that this example is just a little bit inappropriate?"

"Why, just because—"

Lois' incensed retort was cut short by the cab driver's

announcement that they had arrived safe and sound at their destination. "Dan-wiffy-on Kata Aweno. Dat phil pee sickdean bugs, heighty-wife kents," his heavily accented voice informed them from behind the wheel.

Lois quickly unbuckled her seatbelt and got ready to exit the cab as Clark paid their driver before following her outside into the cool evening.

"So, as I was saying," Lois returned to their interrupted conversation — or argument, depending on the point of view — as she began to open the front door to her apartment building. "-just because I sort of once had a crush on our superhero does *not* mean I can't talk about the idea of him finding a girlfriend. Do you really think I would be so petty — or jealous?" she dared him to agree with dangerously sparkling eyes.

"No, of course not," Clark soothed as they waited for the elevator to take them to her fifth-floor apartment. "It's just, when you mentioned the idea of Superman having a secret—"

"What?" Lois cut him off. "Don't tell me you've never thought of it. After all, it *is* a common theme with superheroes — Batman, Spiderman, Zorro, they're *all* living double lives. And I could go on, if you like?" Lois challenged him as she stepped out of the elevator car and into the hallway on her floor.

"But they're *fictional* heroes," Clark lamely tried to prove his point, not that it did him much good since Lois was concentrating on unlocking her front door, starting at the top and working her way through all five locks.

"So you *are* jealous." She paused for a moment to finish opening the door to her apartment before dragging him inside. "And here I thought we'd already established that *I* chose *you*, Clark Kent." She turned around and pushed the door closed with the help of Clark's back as she pressed him against the wooden surface, her eyes fixed on him like a tiger its prey. "Or do I need to remind you of that fact?" she purred before closing the distance to his mouth.

A few short moments later, Lois pulled back again, her lips tingling from the contact and her tongue remembering his taste. "And now that we have successfully reestablished that *you're* the man I want," Lois smirked self-satisfactorily, Clark's shell-shocked appearance enough prove to her that she had demonstrated the fact quite vividly. "-you still have to explain to me *why* you think that Superman cannot have a secret identity and *when* you'd think would be the right time for him to tell his supposed girlfriend the truth."

Lois shrugged out of her jacket, dropping it on the armrest of her couch as she made her way into the kitchen for a bottle of red wine and two long-stemmed wineglasses. "And while you think about that, how about I get us some wine? Or do you want coffee instead?" she asked him casually for his choice of a nightcap.

"Huh? Oh, no, wine is okay for me. Unless you'd rather...?" Clark probed carefully.

"Wine it is, then." Lois began to gather the bottle, glasses, and the corkscrew before making her way over to the couch where she offered Clark the bottle of red wine and the opener to perform his manly duty. This treated her to a hint of his muscles playing underneath the white dress-shirt; his stylish jacket was already lying carefully folded next to her own.

When the cork finally popped, Lois offered Clark the glasses so he could fill them before asking sweetly, "So, have you decided just how long a superhero should lie to his girlfriend about his other persona?"

Clark had already lifted the glass to his lips by the time she'd finished her question and promptly managed to spill half of the red liquid when he jolted in shock. "Great!" he muttered, putting the wineglass down with one hand as he lightly rubbed the rapidly spreading red stain on his chest with the other.

It took Lois a moment to decide whether she should be exasperated or grab hold of the opportunity that had so

unexpectedly presented itself. The memory of his hard chest pressed against her as she had kissed him earlier decided the matter and she put her wineglass down as well. “Stop rubbing it in.” Lois reached out to pull his hand away from where Clark was working on the stain and began to lead him towards her bedroom.

“Uh, Lois, where’re we going?” Clark asked warily, but offered her no further resistance.

“This has to be washed out before the wine has a chance to dry,” she explained in a matter of fact tone. “And since I keep my detergent in the bathroom...”

Lois let go of Clark’s hand as she entered her bathroom, leaving him standing in her bedroom, and went to work. She grabbed the detergent from the cupboard underneath the sink and turned on the water before she finally turned back around to face Clark. “So, what are you waiting for? Start unbuttoning that shirt of yours.” When Clark didn’t immediately begin to follow her command, she added while pointedly looking at his broad chest, “Unless you want *me* to do it *for* you?”

“Okay, okay,” Clark acquiesced immediately, his eyes widening in shock, before he began to unbutton the stained material. “I just hope you know that I’m not one of *those* guys,” he added with a twinkle in his eyes, apparently having regained his balance.

“What guys?” Lois asked in mock innocence even as she cocked her eyebrow expectantly.

“Well, you know... Those guys who spill their drink as a pretense for losing their shirt,” Clark explained apologetically, his gaze directed so he could do an intensive study of her bedroom floor.

Lois failed to suppress a little smirk. “Relax, Clark. I would never expect that of you. And besides, those guys spill their drink on their *date*’s dresses, not their *own* shirts,” she teased her embarrassed companion.

Clark shrugged as he handed Lois the shirt. “Well, what can I say? I never dated guys like those, so...,” he justified himself.

“Good for you,” Lois quipped and quickly turned around to face the sink in an attempt to hide the blush she felt rising in her cheeks at the sight of Clark without a shirt. She really should find more excuses for getting him out of a shirt. And perhaps into a towel...

<Stop it, Lane!> she scolded herself silently, calling her libido to order. “And don’t think that your chest is so distracting that I’m going to forget about the fact that you still owe me an answer,” Lois casually changed the subject as she set to work on washing out the stain.

“Uh, what question are you talking about?” Clark probed after producing a short choking sound.

Lois gritted her teeth, wondering why Clark was so nervous about the harmless topic of fictional superheroes lying to their girlfriends. “You know very well which topic I’m talking about. And I have no intention of letting you get away without getting an answer out of you.” Lois turned around at that and pointed her index finger at him menacingly.

Clark raised his hands in defeat, the action causing a ripple to run over his well-defined pecs. “You’re right, Lois. He should probably tell her before they commit to anything more than casual dating,” he acquiesced conciliatorily.

Lois folded her arms in victory, only to be reminded that her hands were still wet and she was getting water onto her dress. “Oh, shoot,” she muttered, grabbed a towel, and began dabbing on the wet spots.

Clark kept silent as she worked on fixing her dress, but when she looked back up and into his eyes, she saw him look at her with a worried expression. “Um, do you think... I mean..., if Superman *did* have a secret identity..., do you think he should have told you before you made your choice?” he stammered, his hands twitching nervously in front of his six-pack.

Lois kept her tongue carefully inside and tore her wandering eyes back to his face after the motion had caught their eager attention. “Why do you ask, Clark? I thought we’d already established that I chose you,” she edgily dared him to contradict her statement. After all, just because she might have had a *little* trouble deciding between two to three men for the better part of a year, did *not* give Clark the right to keep throwing this unsavory episode into her face...

“Ah, yes, Lois. It’s just... Well..., you told Superman that he was above the rest of us.” Clark’s eyes darted around before he continued. “And you... Well..., you chose me because I was human, and well...”

Lois sighed and despite her misgivings she did know that she would have to find a way to finally alleviate his wariness of her judgment. But this did not mean she couldn’t be agitated at his obstinacy, given how, in the end, she’d chosen *him*. Not to mention the fact that he apparently had so little faith in her. How were they supposed to build a relationship when he didn’t trust her to guard his heart?

“What are you implying here, Clark?” she asked him as an angry furrow appeared above her eyes. “Because from where I’m standing, it sure sounds like you’re suggesting that I’d have chosen Superman if he’d also had a secret identity to offer.”

“Ah, about that...,” Clark tried to bring in edgewise before Lois’ ongoing rant cut him off.

“And that’s just *stupid!*” she exclaimed in exasperation. “I chose *you* because you’re my best friend. You’re the guy who’s there for me day and night,” she continued in a softer voice, trying to persuade him to see her point of view. “Sure, Superman is a friend, but if he *really* wanted me, he would have told me his secrets, too, and not just shown me the hero on a pedestal. And that’s even assuming he *has* a secret identity,” she told Clark meaningfully, her eyes daring him to object.

Clark looked deep in thought, and she’d swear that he was even more scared now than he’d been worried earlier. Was he actually sweating? Not that she’d mind seeing a few drops of sweat trailing down his chest, all the way over his abs, only to vanish inside the waistband of his slacks. Lois swallowed, wondering if the temperature had suddenly gone up.

Clark finally found his voice again and took her right hand in his, gently massaging her fingers. “Okay, well... I guess it’s time...” He afforded her a hesitant smile before continuing. “You see, Superman, he *does* have a secret identity and he does live an ordinary life right here in Metropolis.”

Lois stared back at Clark, wondering why he was telling her this now. And why he had held out on her for so long? No wonder he always knew how to get in touch with the Man of Steel. He probably had his *pager number!*

Clark began to gently pull her back toward the bedroom, sitting them down on her bed.

Lois followed willingly, still chewing on the facts her boyfriend had just revealed to her. “So, you never told me because you were jealous of him? Is that it?” Lois captured her boyfriend’s eyes with an angry glare.

“Erm, well..., not exactly. I mean, yes, I was jealous of Superman. And it’s not like my mother didn’t try to tell me that it was irrational, but...” Clark began slowly.

“Yeah, I guess I did give you the odd reason for being jealous...,” Lois conceded carefully.

Clark afforded her a lopsided grin. “You see, that’s actually the funny bit,” he began while he grabbing the frames of his glasses and pulling them down slowly. “I *was* jealous, but not because I was afraid you’d run off with another man... Well, except for Luthor—”

Lois winced at the reminder of last year’s monstrous debacle. “—and Scardino.”

Clark had finally removed his glasses all the way, and Lois

found herself staring into his eyes, their deep chocolate-brown for the first time open to her scrutiny without any barriers. They looked just like they always did, and yet more intense, and strangely familiar, like she had lost herself in those deep pools before. But that was impossible.

“But I was never worried that you’d run away with Superman,” he continued with a firm voice. “It’s just, that I never measured up when you compared the two of us. And that was so... frustrating, because there isn’t really that much of a difference, you know. It’s just hair gel and...”

Lois’ eyes suddenly widened as the final pieces snapped into place. She *had* lost herself in those puddles of the sweetest brown before. She just hadn’t seen *him* before. “...blue spandex and a crest that masques this marvelous body of yours,” Lois finished for him in a wondrous and distracted tone.

A heavy silence encompassed the room for the next few seconds as Lois held his gaze, even as her mind reeled in the effort of making sense of Clark’s confession. And from the looks of it, Clark was worried that even his Kryptonian hide might not be thick enough to protect himself from her.

After a few moments of total blackout, Lois’ mind kicked started again, her thoughts feverously jumping to realign her memories of the past two years. Clark was Superman; Superman was Clark, and everything she knew up till now was suddenly turned upside down. She’d mooned over Clark. She’d insulted Superman. She’d saved Clark’s life when he’d been shot by that Carlin bitch. She’d danced almost naked in front of Superman. She’d chosen Clark over Superman only to have Superman thrown back into the mix.

“Uh, Lois?” Clark’s gentle voice probed into the haze of her thoughts. “Are... Are you... okay?”

“Am I okay?” Lois shrieked as she jumped up from her place next to him on the bed. “My best friend — my *boyfriend* — just told me he’s lied to me for two years!” She paced to the drawer and back, the small space not really helping with her mood. She felt like a caged tiger. “You know, I guess that was about as big a surprise as you could’ve sprung on me,” she informed him testily. “-aside from a lovechild or... or...” Lois desperately searched for another improbable scenario. “Or that you’re a virgin!”

Clark suddenly grew several shades whiter than he already was as he twitched uncomfortable on his spot.

“You *have* a hidden lovechild?” Lois accused him in wide-eyed shock. “Oh my god, Clark! Don’t you think that I as your best friend — and not to mention, *girlfriend* — should know about those things?” she complained with wildly gesticulating arms. “I mean, sure, lying about being a superhero, okay, that’s one thing. But lying about your past...”

Clark’s strong hands grabbed her shoulders, forcing her to stop her rant and look at him. “Lois, I do *not* have *any* children out there.”

“No? And how can you be so sure about that, hmm? You’ve traveled the world for several years, so...” she trailed off, not willing to finish the thought. “And just why did you grow white as your shirt when I asked you whether you have any other hidden secrets, namely a lovechild? Hmm?” Lois folded her arms challengingly over her chest and eyed him scornfully.

Clark swallowed, his eyes once more nervously darting around the room before the color returned to his face, and in spades. “Ah, you see... For me to have a lovechild...” Clark looked away for a moment, obviously feeling very uncomfortable at whatever he was about to reveal to her next. “Ah, I’m, well... I never... Um, it’s just that you assumed I reacted to that lovechild idea of yours when I really...” he broke off his confession, nervously shuffling his feet.

Lois blinked and tried to remember what else she’d accused him of. No, it wasn’t a hidden marriage or that he was gay. No, it... Lois’ eyes snapped back to Clark’s. “You’re... You’re a...

a... v... v...,” she stammered, her face beginning to imitate Clark’s flushed appearance.

Clark assented with a little nod.

“But *why*? And *how*? I mean, Cat told the entire newsroom how you and she and the chandelier...” Clark was a v... vir... a very patient man. She couldn’t believe it. But he wouldn’t be lying about that. Or at least, he wouldn’t be so convincing at it. She had seen Clark lie. She’d seen him lie for two years and he’d never been convincing. She had just chosen not to challenge him all that often. At least before they’d started dating and he’d taken off again and again without offering much more than a flimsy excuse since he hadn’t been willing to tell her the truth.

Lois fist darted out on its own volition, smacking Clark sideways on his chest. “Ouch!” she yelped, pulling her arm back and massaging the offended limb.

“Hey, no hitting the superhero,” Clark exclaimed in mock exasperation.

Lois shot him a glare. “Superhero, my chumpy! You *lied* to me,” she accused him. “Superheroes don’t lie. Just be glad that you’re still here and not already on your way out the window.”

“Do... Do you want me to leave?” Clark asked carefully, his voice belying the reluctance he obviously felt for this option.

Lois thought about this for a long moment. “Do I want you to leave...?” she asked slowly, hugging herself again as she returned to pacing back and forth. “Let’s see... Do I want the man that I love to leave me...? Hmm...” She worried her lower lip with her right index finger. “You know, that is a really tough question.” Her pacing had brought her to a complete circle and she was looking again at Clark, who was now twitching on the bed, wearing a face as if he were a dead man walking. “No! Of course, I *don’t* want you to leave, Clark!” Her voice trembled with barely contained anger. “Do you think I’m a masochist or something that I’d throw the man I love out of my life? Not to mention, the ever handy life saver?”

“You... You love me?” Clark choked disbelievingly with eyes wide as saucers.

“Huh?” Lois was startled. What was that about her loving him? Where did he get that notion fr- Oh, right, she’d just told him. “Yeah... I do love you,” she conceded after having taken a deep breath and realized how denial wouldn’t really work at this point. “I might still want to find a Kryptonite-covered baseball bat and thank you for all the times you’ve lied to me over the past six months we’ve been dating, but yes, I do love you,” Lois assured him with a firm voice, her eyes once again locking onto his.

“So it is the tough sort of love, then?” he quipped.

Lois glared at him. “Clark, if I were you, I’d be very quiet and demure right about now.”

“You don’t want a quiet or demure-” Lois’ icy glare silenced him immediately.

“You hurt me, Clark! Repeatedly. And finding out about you... About your being... About Superman... *now*, it hurts even more because I know that no matter what, I *can’t* throw you out of my life any longer.” She flung her arms into the air in exasperation. “Damn you, Kent! When did you get the power to destroy me like that?” she wailed.

“Lois, I... I’m sorry,” he whispered with a barely audible voice. “I wanted to tell you for so long, but something always... The timing has never been right,” he closed, twisting his glasses in his hands.

“Yeah... Whatever.” Lois turned around and stomped back into the bathroom, deciding that she could really use a little distraction. And a pleading, half-naked Clark just wasn’t what she needed to keep her anger alive. Doing the little-woman act and working for him, on the other hand... Yes, that could work. And just *why* was she supposed to wash his shirt while he was free to fly around and play the superhero? What a *macho*!

“Lois, where are you going?” Clark called after her.

“What do you think?” She fired over her shoulder without turning around. “*Someone* has to do the housework, right? And since you’re the *big, strong ape-man* and I’m the *little woman*, I suppose—” Lois stopped as she felt Clark’s hand on her shoulder, pulling her around just as she was about to step into her bathroom.

“What are you talking about, Lois?” Clark looked at her, obviously completely unaware of how close she was to grabbing the shirt and throwing it in his face, telling him to wash his own stuff.

“You were the one to offer to wash my shirt,” he attempted to mount a defense before pressing his own offense. “And I have the very distinct impression that you didn’t offer this because you felt like you had to play the *little woman*. By the way, *when* did I ever give you the impression that I think of you as the *little woman*,” he challenged her reasoning.

<Damn!> she cursed silently, trying to not look at his chest. Or his eyes. She was mad, and angry, and hurt, and Clark had *no* right to look at her as if it tore him apart to see her like this.

“Look, I can deal with you being all sorts of things with me for hiding this from you,” Clark went on. “But I won’t accept your accusing me of any fictitious misdemeanor just so you can hide behind your anger.” He pulled her chin toward his face, forcing her to look into his eyes again.

<Crap, crap, crap!> Lois was close to panicking. She needed to stay mad at him. She couldn’t just accept him like that. Mainly, because she knew that as she would slowly work through all this stuff she would blow up again when the next piece fell into place. The next indiscretion he had committed in his attempt to keep the truth from her. And she wasn’t going to be a flake like that. A pendulum that swung back and forth between kissing him and hitting him.

But Clark was oblivious to her silent plea. Instead, he simply held her eyes captive, taunting her with what she couldn’t have until she snapped. “Clark, I... I *need* to stay angry at you right now. I can’t just swing back and forth between being mad at you and falling into your arms.” The desperation in her voice was further emphasized by her flailing right hand.

“Why not?” he asked her innocuously.

“Why not? *Why not!?*” she screeched and attempted to pull back. “Because I’m no drama queen! It’s one thing to flip out and stay mad for a while, but to just get mad at you without any obvious reason... Clark, I... I can’t do that to you..., to me..., to us,” she said, desperately fighting down a little sob in her throat.

“Shh, Lois. It’s okay. I know you have a lot to work through.” His eyes pleaded with her. “Just, please, be honest with me... and with you. We can figure the rest out, okay?”

“Damn you, Kent. Why are you doing this to me?” she whispered; her gaze had dropped to his lips for a second. She was mad at him. But she also wanted to kiss him. And who was to say that he wouldn’t hurt her again. “I... I need time, okay? I... You... We... I need to figure out what this means for us, okay?” She looked back at him, pleading with him to understand.

“Okay...,” he said very slowly. “So there’s still an *us* then?”

Lois swallowed before she answered, her eyes darting back and forth between his soulful brown ones and the wall behind him. “Yes, Clark. I mean, I’ve been known for doing the odd imprudent thing—”

He afforded her a quirked eyebrow at that.

“—but I’m not so stupid that I would throw away what I feel for you — love, anger, and everything else,” she conceded with a shy smile on her lips.

“Good, because, you know, I love you, too,” he whispered huskily as he lowered his face to hers.

“Yeah, I kind of figured you’d lied about that, too,” she replied with a hint of humor in her voice before closing the final

inch between them and then her world dissolved and collapsed into the single point of contact between their faces. The way her lips traced his, his tongue stroking over her lips, gently knocking to demand entrance. And as she opened her mouth to his, her arms sneaked around his neck, holding him close, demanding that he not run away from her anymore.

Tomorrow, tomorrow she might still kill him, but tonight, tonight she was in his arms.

THE END

Mellie has been rubbing the magic lamp of the Ficathon and asked for the following wishes to be granted:

1. A superhero who hasn’t made an appearance on the show. It could be a next-gen hero, or another famous hero such as Batman, Spiderman, etc. It could also be a character from the show with previously unknown superpowers, (just no Lois Lane as Ultrawoman). It could also be a newly invented hero.

2. There should be erotic tension, but it doesn’t have to be nfic (fade to black?)

3. Some form of stammering, nervousness, the likes.

Not part of the package should be the following things:

1. The revelation shouldn’t only be about Lois learning about Clark’s second job.

2. No violence, at least, no visible violence, but it would be okay to mention a mugging for instance.

3. No visits from New Krypton.

It could be any season.