

The Next League Meeting

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Summary: The sequel to the author's "Bat Conference." Clark is stunned when the league tells him they know his secret!

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Clark stood up from his place at the circular table, his cape flowing majestically behind him. He placed his hands on the table top and looked around at his companions — brave men and women that he felt honored to know and fight beside.

"This meeting of the Justice League has been called to order," he announced. "Our first order of business..." He trailed off as he noticed that everyone around the table was looking at him oddly.

"Er..." he tried again, "our first order of business is..." He cleared his throat, trying to ignore everyone's peculiar stares. "...the, uh..."

The Flash had his hand raised.

"Yes?" Clark said warily.

"Um, Super...man..." Flash began. The others all shifted their gaze nervously between the two. "Can I ask you a...um... personal question?"

"What kind of personal question?" Clark asked.

Flash thought for a minute. "Well...um...nevermind," he muttered.

Clark stared at him for a bit. "O...kay. Moving on. I managed to speak to General Sanders at a social function last Tuesday, and —"

"Wait a minute," Flash interrupted, "Was this at the Presidential Ball in DC?"

"Er, yes..." Clark said, truthfully.

"I didn't see you there," the Flash pressed. Flash had made a formal appearance at the ball, giving a speech and a few quotes for the papers and flirting with various women. He had even tried chatting up Lois before Clark stepped in and grumpily corroborated her "story" that she was *married*.

Clark paused before answering. If it came down to it, he trusted these people, but he wasn't about to announce his secret identity to them just yet. "I was out of uniform," he said simply.

The Flash looked a little pale. "Um," he continued, "did we meet?"

"...yes..." Clark admitted.

Flash looked absolutely queasy now. Across the table, Green Lantern started to snicker until a glare from Wonder Woman shut him up.

Clark sighed. "Guys, am I missing something here?"

They all glanced around at each other, and finally Wonder Woman spoke up. "Superman, we learned your secret earlier today."

Clark stared at them in surprise. "My secret?"

"You know." Wonder Woman leaned forward. "About...when you're not wearing the tights?"

"You know who I am," Clark filled in.

They all nodded. "But don't worry," Wonder Woman said.

"You can trust us."

"I know I can," Clark said. "But I'll admit, I wasn't fully prepared to share that information with you."

"I can understand that," Green Lantern said, wincing. "It's definitely an effective disguise, though," he mused.

The Flash turned a little pink.

"Well, it's mostly just psychological," Clark said, thoughtfully. "Most people don't expect to see Superman, and so they don't. Although, it does help to have a pair of—" he glanced at Flash. "Flash, are you okay?"

"Yeah," said Flash. "Just trying to get my head around it, I guess."

"Which one's the real you?" Wonder Woman asked. "I mean, is Superman who you really are? Or is this the disguise?" She paused. "Or are you both?"

"That's a good question," Clark replied. "To be honest, I never really think of myself as Superman."

Everyone stared at him.

"Really?" Wonder Woman raised her eyebrows.

"Well," said Clark, "I was raised as one of you..." He realized who he was gesturing to. "Okay, so I wasn't raised as an *Amazon*, but you get the point."

Flash excused himself and left the room.

"So does anybody else know about this?" Green Lantern asked.

"Well, Lois does," Clark told them.

"Must have come as quite a shock when she found out," he mused.

"Oh, you have no idea," said Clark.

"Isn't it difficult maintaining the duplicity?" Wonder Woman asked him.

"Yeah," Clark admitted. "But it's actually been easier since I got married..."

Their eyes widened.

"WHAT?!" Green Lantern exclaimed.

"Well, yeah," Clark said. "My wife is actually pretty good at helping me keep everything straight, covering for me when I slip up..."

"Excuse me." Green Lantern stood up and left the room.

"What exactly is going on?" Clark pleaded.

Wonder Woman reached over and patted his hand. "I think the boys are just in a state of shock," she said. "We all are, I guess. Don't worry; they'll come around. But you've got to admit, it's very unusual..."

The phone rang at Wayne Manor. Alfred dutifully alerted his employer that he had a special caller.

Bruce picked up the phone. "Kent."

"BRUCE!!!" Clark shouted over the phone. "Why did you tell everyone at the League that I was a *WOMAN*?!!!"

"For the second time, Kent," Bruce told him. "Check your calendar."

THE END