

# Spandex II

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Rated: G

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Summary: While visiting Smallville with Clark, Lois makes an interesting discovery.

This is the sequel to "Spandex." I don't think it's strictly necessary to have read Spandex first but it probably is a good idea.

Thanks to CarolM for BRing this.

Standard disclaimers apply.

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"It's very kind of you to invite me out to stay with you," Lois gushed as she walked over the threshold into the Kent house.

Perry had insisted on the pair taking a long weekend after their latest big story. Clark had wanted to go home to Smallville but felt guilty at leaving Lois alone in Metropolis. He had been slightly surprised at how quickly his mother had told him to bring Lois with him and was greatly surprised when it had taken practically no cajoling at all to get Lois to agree.

"It's no problem, Lois, you're welcome anytime." Martha smiled at her. "How was the flight?"

Clark grimaced. He had toyed with the idea of getting Superman to fly them, but the last thing he needed was to increase Lois' interest, either in his relationship with the superhero or just in the superhero himself. So he'd been stuck on a plane, confined in a tiny metal box. With Lois holding his hand for support. Maybe it hadn't been so bad.

"You know, he waited until we were on the plane until he told me he was scared of flying." Lois smirked at him.

"I'm not scared of it, I just don't like it. If man was meant to fly then he should be able to do it under his own power."

"That doesn't make sense. What about boats and cars and trains? Do you plan on walking and swimming everywhere you go? If that's the case then I'll stop driving you to meet sources."

Clark groaned. "Why did I invite you to come?"

Lois paused as she thought for an answer, but Martha jumped in with the solution. "Because if you'd have left her behind you would have spent the whole weekend missing her. Lois, why don't you go and put your stuff in Clark's room while we sort out the couch for him."

He watched as Lois wandered off to his childhood room before he started to speak in a hushed voice to his mother. His father was still outside, working on the farm. "Did you make that new suit for me?"

"Oh, yes," Martha replied.

"I asked you to do it before I knew Lois was coming, I had hoped that you might wait until we'd gone back to Metropolis to make it."

Martha looked surprised. "Why?"

"What if she finds it?"

"She won't. It's in our wardrobe, why on Earth would Lois be looking in there?"

"Because she's Lois."

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Of course, the reason Lois would be looking in Jonathan and Martha's wardrobe was because she heard the end of a conversation she knew she shouldn't have. What was hanging in

their wardrobe that Clark didn't want her to see? He wasn't supposed to keep secrets from her. She was supposed to keep them from him; that was the way their partnership worked. For instance, Clark wasn't supposed to know that she slept with the bear he had won her last time they came to Smallville and that she had brought him back with her because she wasn't sure that she could sleep without him now. But that was fine because he was honest and she didn't open up to other people. One person keeping secrets was fine, but how could it work if they both kept stuff from each other? It couldn't, so Lois needed to know.

There was nothing out of the ordinary that Lois could see when she opened the door. Just clothes that she would have expected to see in Clark's parents' wardrobe. Boringly ordinary. She pulled them to the side as she saw something in the back. There, hidden behind Jonathan's shirts was a Superman suit. A perfect replica. Flawless, down to every last detail, and if there was a woman alive who knew every detail it was Lois.

She ran a hand down a sleeve. It felt like the real thing, as did the crest when she checked that. It was a real life Superman suit; she'd stake her life on it. If only it made sense.

Lois pulled it out so she could get a better look at it. It had to be fake; she had to find a label with the size on it, or washing instructions or *something*. All she found was that it hadn't been bought in a store. There was no label or a label stub where someone had snipped the label out for some reason. Her mother had done that so she could pass her clothes off as more expensive than they were. Because designers *always* cut the labels out of their clothes.

There was nothing. All Lois got was the feeling that she was holding the real thing — Superman's suit.

Why didn't Clark want her to know this? Why was it here? Why was it here when Superman wasn't, and what was Superman wearing if he wasn't wearing his suit?

Didn't Superman say that his mom made his suit? It sure looked homemade so... Martha was Superman's mom? Superman was Clark's brother? That was crazy, Clark was an only child. And he was scared of flying. No, that wasn't exactly true either; he just said he didn't like flying in planes. He liked flying under his own power. Clark was...

She looked back in the wardrobe and noticed another spandex suit. This one was darker, bigger and it looked well-used. In the light she recognised it as a Batman suit. She compared it to the Superman one, which looked brand new and unworn, yet to be stretched skin-tight over a man's body. This was just getting bizarre. Clark was not a man one could describe as small, but this outfit would just hang off him. It was more like Jonathan's size...

Lois thrust the suits back into the wardrobe, quickly shut the door and raced back to Clark's room. She could still hear the Kents talking downstairs; it sounded like Jonathan had just got in.

Whatever it was Clark didn't want her to find, she wouldn't. He could have secrets if he wanted to. So could his parents. What would she have found behind the Batman suit? A whole collection of superhero costumes?

What had she been thinking? For a moment there she had been practically convinced that Clark was Superman, how ridiculous was that? From one costume that obviously belonged to his father. The Batman one certainly did. No, it was probably a security blanket or some other embarrassing childhood keepsake that he didn't want her to find, that was all. She doubted Clark even knew about the costumes in the closet. And she certainly wasn't going to tell him!

THE END