

Picnic Confessions

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Rated: PG13

Submitted: September, 2010

Summary: An evil, evil story in which confessions are made.
Exercise caution.

CAUTION: Evil Fic. Once you have read this fic, you cannot unread it. You have been warned.

She swirled her champagne in her glass and stared up into the stars. For a while, Clark just watched her, drinking her in. A night-time picnic in the park — it was romantic, but more importantly, it was private. If something went wrong tonight ...

“You seem nervous,” she said softly, interrupting his musings.

Clark tugged at his tie and set his glass down on the blanket. “You can tell?”

She shrugged. “I have my ways.”

He tapped his glass nervously before removing his hand from it completely. “Lois ...” He took a deep breath, trying to steady himself. “I have something to tell you ...”

“Hmm?” She took a sip from her champagne.

Clark took another breath. “Well, first of all, I want you to know that I love you ... I never lied about that ...”

She stilled, her glass suspended at her lips.

“But, if this is going to go anywhere ... And I really do hope it goes somewhere, although if you don’t want it to go anywhere after this, I’ll completely understand ...” He was babbling. Since when did he babble? He cleared his throat and tried to continue. “The thing is ... um ...”

She reached forward and lightly grasped his hand. “Clark, it’s okay. I’m sure whatever it is, it can’t be that bad. We’ll get through it.”

He squeezed her hand slightly and smiled up at her. She seemed so sure; he hoped she was right. He hoped she still wanted to be with him after this ... Well, there was nothing for it but to bite the bullet and rip off the bandaid. Clark swallowed. “Lois ... I’m Superman.”

For one second, there was dead silence from her. Then, suddenly, her glass shattered in her hand.

“Lois?!” Clark reached for her hand, to see if she’d cut herself, but she pulled away, shaking her head.

“You ... you can’t ...” she sputtered. “You said ... you can’t be ...”

“I know,” he said. “I lied about some things. Please forgive me, Lois; I’m sure that you can understand why ...”

She shook her head furiously. Her heart was hammering in her chest. Suddenly, Clark heard a choke and realized she was crying.

He reached for her again. “Lois?”

“NOOOOOO!!!!” she shrieked.

Clark briefly wondered if the scream had attracted police attention. Fortunately, no one came to see what was the matter. “Lois,” he tried again. “Please ... please don’t cry ...” He knew she’d be upset, but he hadn’t expected this reaction from her. “Lois? Talk to me, please!”

“I should have told you,” she whispered.

Clark’s brow knitted in confusion. “Told me what?”

Her breathing was ragged, and she swiped at her eyes with

the heel of her hand. “Where to begin ...” she murmured.

“How about at the beginning?” Clark suggested.

She fell silent, staring numbly into a point of space somewhere between them. “I was married before,” she said at last.

Clark’s eyebrows raised. “O ... kay ...” he said.

“We were in love, and ... and ... we had a ...” Her eyes flicked to his briefly and she broke down again. “I n-never got over him ...”

Clark felt his heart breaking for her.

“We were ... separated ... and ... I thought he was dead ...”

She had degenerated into sobs again.

“Lois?” Clark put a hand on her shoulder. “Lois, please, I don’t understand ...”

“I thought ... you just reminded me so much ... but then when Superman appeared, I never even thought ...”

“Lois?” he pleaded.

She shook her head. “I ... Cla ... Kal ... my name ... my real name ... is Lara.”

THE END