

Time to Tell

By Anonpip <anonpip@gmail.com>

Rated PG

Submitted November 2010

Summary: How did Lois realize Clark was Superman from just one touch?

All characters are the property of Warner Bros, December 3rd Productions, ABC, and anyone else who may have a legal claim on them. The story, however, is mine.

Thank you to Erin Klingler for GEing this for me.

I heard it. I mean, I think I did. I'm pretty sure...
But I couldn't have as it's crazy. Clark can't...

Still, I'm certain... well, fairly certain anyway, that when I walked into the room Clark was telling the picture of us that he's Superman. Plus when he started to tell me whatever it was he had to tell me, he did say, "I'm super..." Still, it's crazy, right? I mean, Clark isn't Superman. If he was, he would have told me long before now. Of course. He definitely would have.

But what if he didn't? What if he had kept it from me for some reason and was only going to tell me about it today? Was that really possible?

If he was going to tell me today, would he really be deterred from telling me because of an appointment with his barber? But then again that also seems like a ridiculous reason to skip our planned breakfast. Surely if he is running that late, he'd just call and cancel.

Unless he can get there super-fast.

Okay, be rational. Clark wouldn't really not tell me that he's Superman. What would his reason be?

I can't stop pacing as I think. Let's presume I'm right and there's no way he wouldn't have told me. When would he have done so?

Not when he first showed up – he barely knew me then. And now that I think about it, Clark was in town before Superman. So definitely not then. But even after Superman showed up, he didn't really know me.

And after that – well, I guess I wasn't that nice to Clark, so I can't really expect that he would have told me early on.

When I stopped being hard on Clark compared to Superman... when did I stop that, exactly? I'm not sure, but definitely not until after the whole thing with Lex. Lex. Right. No way he would have told me while I was dating him. Too dangerous if I had told Lex his secret. *I* wouldn't have told me then.

~"Under the circumstances, I don't see how I can believe that."~ I cringe as I remember that. How enraged I'd been – how could he not believe me? Given what circumstances? Unless I had just rejected the ordinary man a few hours earlier. That would certainly make it difficult to believe, I guess. One point for evidence that Clark is Superman.

This brings me up short. I had meant it, though. So maybe it's a point for evidence that they are not the same person? Because I had been sure it was true. I would love Superman even if he was an ordinary man. It was true, wasn't it? I sighed. I'd like to think it was, but maybe it wasn't. I'd be hard pressed to say what traits Clark has now that he didn't then, and yet now I know he's as good a man as Superman. I just hadn't seen it then.

Okay, so definitely I can't expect he would have told me before the rebuilding of the Planet. Right after? Well, if my hypothesis is right, he was probably still hurting from me rebuffing him in the park for a little while anyway. Actually, that might be true even if he wasn't Superman.

Wait a second. After he was shot. Definitely. If Clark was Superman he would have told me after he was shot and he saw how upset I was. Okay, so Clark definitely is not Superman.

I move to my kitchen to begin making breakfast since clearly Clark isn't going to take me.

But... well, Clark wasn't there. Maybe he didn't know how I upset I was. He'd tell me anyway, right? I mean, why not?

Unless he was worried that I'd only like him for his powers or something silly like that. ~Superman, I'm so completely in love with you.~ Well, okay maybe not that silly.

So, possibly not after he was shot. I close my eyes as I feel a headache coming on.

So, when? If Clark really is Superman and really is worried I'd only love him for his powers, when would he have told me? When would he know that wasn't true? Not until I gave up my Superman fantasy. Well, gave it up and let him know it.

Which would be... yesterday. Yesterday I told Superman I was giving him up. And this morning I'm pretty sure I heard Clark practice telling me he was Superman.

Oh my... Clark is Superman. It's insane. Even if I can believe that he hadn't told me before now, it's still crazy.

I move to the medicine cabinet, disregarding breakfast. My headache is fast approaching a migraine.

So what do I do? Just wait for him to tell me? I still don't get why he didn't tell me this morning instead of going to the stupid barber.

Think, Lois. Maybe he wasn't going to the barber. Maybe that phone call was a call for help. Although who would know to call Superman at my place?

I shake my head. I have no idea. I just need to forget about this for now. Well, that and maybe watch Clark a little more closely for the next few days.

I watch his eyes carefully as we speak. There's such guilt and concern in them. I'm nearly certain now. Superman has never looked at me quite this way before. That's Clark looking at me. Stuttering. I even believe he might want to tell me now. But there's no time. I know that and he knows it. Mayzik's timeline doesn't leave time for the type of heart-to-heart a confession like this would take. He needs to freeze me now, save his parents, and then he

can tell me.

He reaches out and touches my cheek. I close my eyes as he does, because I can feel the love in that touch, and I want to soak it up before I do this. Any tiny amount of doubt is gone now. That is the same way Clark touched me earlier. He slipped up. I feel my eyes tear up as I realize how worried he is about his parents and me that it never occurred to him that he touches me this way as Clark.

Or maybe he did realize it, and this is his way of letting me know.

"Tell Clark I love him," I tell him as I stand before him.

"He knows," he says, his voice rough with unshed tears.

It's a beautiful night. I'm sort of surprised we're out in it, though. I am fully expecting that he'll tell me the truth tonight. I would have thought he'd want a private location for that.

I wonder what he's expecting of me. I would be expecting me to scream if I was Clark. But I don't intend to. I understand how he needed to be sure. But now that I risked my life for his parents, surely he's sure enough. Besides, he was about to tell me two days ago. Before the whole Mayzik's business, I mean.

"Lois... will you marry me?" He looks so earnest, so scared. Does he really think I'd say no?

Wait a second. He's asking me to marry him? What is **wrong** with him? He needs me to accept some stupid proposal before he'll tell me? That doesn't make sense, though, because he was going to tell me yesterday.

I shake my head, realizing Clark is still kneeling before me in the rain. But I'm not going to say yes. Not without him telling me the truth.

Or letting him know that I know. Actually, I like that option better. Much better. "Who's asking?" I ask him as I lean forward. "Clark... or Superman?"

His facial expression as he comprehends my words is priceless.

THE END