

# Seen Through a Glass Window

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Rated G

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Summary: Clark's front door is quite see-through. So is the conference room door. What might someone see if they happened to look through at the wrong time?

Just a little something I had in my head. Thanks to Cynthia (Morgana) for her comments and help. Written for the July secret keeping challenge on [lcficmbs.com](http://lcficmbs.com).

Takes place Season 3 after the engagement but before the wedding and subsequent argh.

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Clark looked up when he heard someone approaching the conference door. Seeing the alluring shape of his fiancée through the glass he immediately smiled.

"Alright, there is definitely something going on with Jimmy," she slammed the door behind her and strode over to him. "He hasn't spoken to me all day except to snip or grunt. I asked him to bring the Sleaford file and he looked at me like I was covered in garbage ... and he could smell it."

"Honey," Clark held out his hand, grasped hers and then pulled. She toppled into his lap. "You're imagining it, I'm sure. Jimmy's one of your best friends, and I'm pretty sure he's had a crush on you some time in the past."

Lois slid one arm around Clark's shoulder and leant towards him, unable to stop the growing smile on her face. "Yeah, well he did. He confessed it to me once, but anyway," her smile dropped and she straightened up, "you need to ask him."

"What? Me?" Clark's eyebrows rose in shock. "Why?"

"Because you are so much more tactful than me, Clark," she pursed her lips and fluttered her eyelashes. Both hands came round to fiddle with his tie which was even more eye-catching than usual. "You know that."

He sighed, rolled his eyes and looked up to the ceiling. "Alright, I'll ask him."

"Yay," she cheered and pecked him on the mouth. Clark brought his hands round to capture her in place, not allowing her lips to part from his, but before he could deepen the kiss the conference room door opened again. Lois craned her neck to see who it was.

Clark's jaw nearly dropped when he saw the look on Jimmy's face. The file in his hand was probably the Sleaford one Lois had requested. Jimmy, ever the conscientious researcher, had delivered it promptly only to walk in on a little romantic interlude. But what shocked Clark more than anything was the disdain on Jimmy's face. Lois stood and reached out for the file.

"Thanks Jimmy. That was quick." She smiled, hoping for some reaction from Jimmy. Instead he just narrowed his eyes, passed over the file and then turned to leave.

Realising that Lois was right, Clark decided that he needed to ask Jimmy what was going on. "Jimmy, wait." Jimmy turned and looked at Clark.

"Yeah, CK?" The pity in his eyes was a second shock to Clark. What had caused Jimmy to feel disdain for Lois, yet pity for him?

"Can I ... have a word with you?" Clark asked gently. Lois

looked up and caught Clark's eye. He nodded at her ever so slightly and she quietly left the room. "Jimmy, is something wrong?"

"What! No!" came Jimmy's immediate response. "Why would you think anything is wrong, CK?"

"Jimmy, sit down." Clark spoke quietly but firmly and Jimmy, shoulders hunched, found a seat at the conference table. Clark leant forwards. "Lois says you haven't spoken to her all day and I saw how you looked at her just now. Did she do something? Say something? You know that Lois can be impulsive sometimes, and things come out of her mouth that she just doesn't mean."

"No, no, there's nothing," he gabbled and laid back in the chair, crossing his arms tightly ... defensively.

"Jimmy," Clark used his Superman voice but kept the volume low.

Jimmy suddenly leapt out of the seat and strode away, running a hand through his hair, flopping it back then forwards. "She ... she ... she's not good enough for you," he cried out. "I thought I knew her. I've seen Mad Dog Lane, and 'keep away from my heart' Lane and all these other versions of Lois and then you came along and I thought we finally got to see who she should have been all along. I thought she might be just right for you. But ..." He turned around again. "She doesn't deserve you."

"Jimmy what are you talking about?"

"She's cheating on you, CK," he looked down at his feet and shuffled them nervously.

"What?" Clark stood to his feet, an unexpected fluttering taking up residence in his stomach.

"I saw it. I'm sorry. I didn't wanna tell you. And I hoped I could just act normal, but you asked me and ... and you need to know. She's ... seeing someone else. And that person is a great shock too. I never would have expected it from her, but ... him ... it's just unbelievable ..." His voice grew in strength. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't believe it."

"Seen what Jimmy?" Clark's heart was now in his throat. Lois would never cheat on him. She loved him more than life itself, and he had proof of that with how she'd been willing to give up that life for him.

"Her kissing. Kissing him."

"I ... Jimmy are you sure? I just can't believe this." Jimmy nodded glumly and sat back down. Clark lowered himself back into his chair. "Tell me what you saw."

"I was coming to your apartment last night. It was around 10pm. I wanted to talk to you about ... uh," Jimmy blushed. "There's this girl and she kind of came on to me at the bar, and I wanted your advice on ... anyway I came up your steps and was about to knock on your door when I heard voices. You know ... that front door of yours is awful see-through with all that glass. It wasn't like I was trying to peek, but you can't help but see," he rambled on.

"What did you see?" Clark prompted, his voice now urgent.

"Lois was talking to someone. He ... he strode up to her, put his arm around her waist then tipped her backwards. Her ... her arms came round his neck and then ... then they kissed. I know, I know. You're gonna say 'are you sure you didn't mistake what you saw?' " Jimmy took a deep breath. "I'm sure. It ... it was a kiss designed for seduction."

Clark closed his eyes and gritted his teeth together so tightly that his jaw ached. "What happened next," he managed to speak through his teeth. He needed to know if Jimmy had seen ... more. Had he seen what came after the kiss, because if he had ...

"I turned away then. I left. It was obvious you were not there anyway. And I didn't know what I could do." He gave a little laugh. "As if I could take *him* on."

Eyes still closed, Clark asked the final question, the one to which the answer would doom him. "Who? Who was Lois

kissing?”

Jimmy gulped then whispered. “Superman.” Clark dropped his head and sighed. “I’m sorry CK. I didn’t want you to know, didn’t want you to find out, because I hoped it would all just go away.”

“No. It’s all right Jimmy. I’m glad you told me.” He lifted his head and met Jimmy’s eyes, full of regret. “I ... I need to call Lois in. Just stay there.” He stood and strode over to the door. Opening it he poked out his head to see Lois seated at her desk. “Lois,” he called out. She looked up from her monitor and stared at him in shock. The tone of his voice must have given the game away.

Clark stepped back to allow her room to enter. Closing the door behind her he then turned and took hold of her arms. “Lois, honey. Jimmy saw us kissing last night.” She frowned. He rubbed his hands up and down her arms. “He came by at around 10pm and happened to see through the glass in my door. We were kissing.” Clark dared not turn to look at Jimmy. He could just imagine the looks coming over the young lad’s face: shock, disbelief, betrayal? He kept his eyes on Lois. She looked almost confused, but then he saw the understanding dawn across her face.

“What ... what were you wearing, Clark?”

“The suit,” was his only reply.

“Oh god,” she whispered out low enough for only him to hear. “Clark, I want you to leave. I need to speak to Jimmy alone.” He frowned down at her. “Please Clark. I can deal with this,” she said urgently.

“All right, but if you need me then ...” She nodded.

Back outside the conference room Clark sat at his desk but looked back towards the conference room. He needed to know what was happening. His heart pounded as he let his hearing kick in and his glasses slide down his nose.

“So ... Jimmy ... um, you saw me kissing Superman. Did you see, uh, anything else?”

“No. I turned away and left pretty much immediately,” he replied. “Lois, how could you?” Jimmy’s voice suddenly shifted higher, obviously in response to the betrayal he perceived.

“Clark’s one of the best men I know. I thought you loved him.”

“I do,” Lois coughed in surprise. “Jimmy, didn’t you hear? Clark said that ‘we’ were kissing.” Clark hung his head for a moment. Either Jimmy hadn’t heard that bit, or he was desperately denying the obvious conclusion.

“But that’s not possible Lois, unless you are saying that ...” he trailed off, his eyes squinting in question, his head shaking in disbelief. “No. Clark ... Superman?” His eyes widened and mouth dropped open.

“Don’t be ridiculous Jimmy. You see ... it’s just ... kind of embarrassing.” Lois twisted her hands together and paced around the conference room floor in an excellent display of nervousness. “You see ... I bet you remember when Diana Stride did that stupid show and everyone found out that Clark keeps Superman’s suits at his apartment.”

“Yeah.” Jimmy tilted his head as if contemplating.

“Well. I wanted ... you see ... um, I always had this ... uh ... fantasy, you see.” She stopped pacing. “Stop saying ‘you see’, Lois,” she muttered to herself under her breath, but loud enough for Jimmy to actually hear. “Clark, being Clark, decided to indulge me my fantasy and he ... uh ...” she paused and took a deep breath. “Put on one of the suits then kissed me,” she rushed out as quickly as possible.

Jimmy’s face dropped and he gulped then licked his lips and turned his face to the floor. Clark saw the blush creep up Jimmy’s neck. “Oh my. Oh no. I’m so sorry Lois,” he looked back up and caught her eyes. “So sorry. I never thought. Oh god.” He shook his head and sprinted for the conference room door. Outside he caught Clark’s eyes and stopped, embarrassment evident in his

whole posture. After only a moment he turned and walked in the other direction. Clark stood and allowed himself a moment to let his heart rate slow before re-joining his fiancée in the conference room. He closed the door and stepped up to Lois.

“You were wonderful, Lois. I never would have thought of that. I was sure we were going to have to tell him.”

She looked up at him with a superior smile on her face. “Well, of course I was, Clark. What else did you expect?” He laughed and reached for her. His arm slid round her waist and he tipped her backwards. As his lips descended her arms came up to encircle his neck.

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Jimmy pulled himself up short. ‘Wait a minute, what if ...?’ He turned and strode back, feeling that he should confront them both once more. Clark *had* been upset to start with. Maybe he *did* suspect something. And then Lois had sent him away. Maybe *she* didn’t want Clark to hear the story she had come up with because *he’d* know it was false. Jimmy made it back to the conference room and looked in through the glass door. His jaw dropped as he watched the same smooth seductive movement as he’d seen last night. He almost laughed at the irony, or was that coincidence, of the situation. Here he was again, watching them through a glass window in a door, kissing in the exact same manner.

He turned and walked away. ‘Yup,’ he thought to himself. ‘That was definitely Clark dressed up in that suit. Who knew he’d fill it out so well?’ After a moment he laughed. ‘Lois, I guess.’

THE END