

In the Still of the Night

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Rated G

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Summary: Lois' thoughts when she comes across something surprising in the middle of the night.

Acknowledgements and Comments: I had to take my daughter to hospital today and this just came out and onto my notebook during the interminable wait to be seen. It's just a completely random piece. I've only read over it two or three times and I haven't sent it to anyone for beta. It's not going to fit into any larger story I have going so ... you get it just as it is.

Disclaimer: Superman, Clark Kent, Lois Lane and all other character and place names are owned by DC and/or Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman. I own nothing ... except my fantasies — which frequently include Clark/Superman.

I take a shuddering breath. It's time.

It's time to wake him and confront him.

Or, maybe, it's time to wake him ... and just treat him differently, treat him better.

Sitting here, curled up in his cosy window seat, I look across the room to see him floating above his bed, and it all becomes real to me again. The shock washes over me, the hurt grinds in my stomach, the shame aches around my heart.

I should be out there, sleeping on his couch, but instead, I'm invading his privacy. Initially it was quite by accident. Well, kind of on purpose, but only because I needed to use the facilities. I purposefully sneaked through the bedroom because ... it's the only way to get to the bathroom. But I class it as an accident because I didn't 'choose' to need to relieve myself in the middle of the night.

Maybe my passing disturbed him, because I never noticed anything out of the ordinary on the way there. In fact, knowing his ability to hear, my tiptoeing was pretty pointless. When I exited the bathroom, now free from abdominal pressure, he was floating ... four feet above his covers.

And that's how I ended up here, curled up, hugging my knees, and trying desperately not to give in to the sobs threatening. Silent tears are streaming unchecked down my cheeks and I can't take my eyes off him.

Him.

Is that even the correct term? What is the word for a male Kryptonian?

I grit my teeth, but still can't move my gaze.

Of course it's still 'him'.

Just ... everything seems wrong, out of place. I'm questioning my whole world. Everything I thought I knew ... it's all wrong ... all a lie.

Is he really Clark? Is he my friend anymore [ANY MORE]?

Is my own name even Lois?

I'm so confused.

I should wake him. We really need to talk.

Or, maybe, I need to shout, rant, rave ... until all this ... mess ... inside, has come out. Until he knows how this has made me feel.

Does he know how I feel?

Does he know how much he means to me? How much I

depend on him ... rely on him? Does he know that he's the reason I arrive at work early and then look up every time the elevator dings? Does he know that I purposefully let tonight's evening working session linger a bit too long? Does he know that I only pretended to be asleep on the couch?

When he covered me in the blanket then turned out all the lights I sneaked a peek at him. The sight of him disappearing into his bedroom was both a relief and a disappointment, simultaneously. Relief that I was getting to stay. Disappointment that the evening, and our time together, was over. Relief that he interpreted the situation correctly ... brought me a blanket, looked after me, didn't wake me or insist that I go home. Disappointment that I wasn't following him into the bedroom.

Now ... now I'm assailed by dual conflicting emotions again. Actually, multiple pairs of conflicting emotions.

Trust and betrayal.

I trust him more than anyone else and he betrayed me. Yet, he is trusting me, by letting me into his life, and I could easily betray him, now.

Safety and danger.

No-one keeps me safe like he does. My life is so full of danger, and he's always there to pull me out of it, keep me safe. But he is also so very dangerous. Dangerous to me, to my life, my heart.

Love and hate.

My tears spill over once more and I finally find the willpower to look away from the floating specimen of perfection.

Who, though? Who do I love and who do I hate? Sometimes I think it's myself that I hate. The way I judged him when we first met. The way I treated him based on that judgement. I hate how I acted. But then I hate him. I hate how he challenges me, instead of just letting me get on with my lonely life. I hate how he's so inflexible when it comes to right and wrong.

And I hate how he's lied to me, deceived me, manipulated me.

I hate him.

I hate that he made me respect him, then like him, then ...

I love him.

I should wake him up. It's time. It really is.

I turn my head to see that he's still floating there. Still taunting me with the truth of his double life. Still taunting me with that perfectly shaped body. And, oh, how I want that body. I've always wanted it. Whether it was covered, head to foot, in spandex, or barely concealed with a towel.

But how can I want a man who would practice such outrageous deceptions? How can I, selfishly, hope he will wake and see me here ... stride over and take me in his arms, bringing me comfort all night?

He doesn't have all night to hold me. He could be needed at any time. The world might call him away.

Away from his bed.

Away from me.

The tears fall once more. I didn't realise there were any left. I guess I'm mourning. Mourning the loss of my naïveté. And I thought I was the cynical one in our partnership. But it turned out that I was the naïve one when it came to our own relationship with each other. I'm also mourning the loss of my fantasies, my hopes and dreams.

You see, I'd been dreaming of staying here more often. I'd even been dreaming of staying in that bed. Although I'd always imagined he'd be in it with me ... not four feet above it.

But that's not going to happen now. Maybe because I'm going to lay into him so much when he wakes up that it will destroy our friendship. Or maybe, just because ... he's not mine. He doesn't belong to me. He belongs to the world. And to think that I could ... claim him ... well that's just ridiculous.

It's time to wake him. I'm ready now. I'm ready to tell him

how I feel. Shout out how much this hurts. How ... how I can't live without him. Beg him to hold me. Plead with him to love me.

I'm still doing it. I'm still wavering between opposing thoughts and feelings.

Anger and hope.

Hate and love.

No matter how much I want to, I can't wake him till I'm sure of myself. Till I know what I'm going to say. Till I know my true feelings. And using the last thirty minutes as a guideline I don't think I'm ever going to figure it all out.

So ... I may just have to creep back to the couch and hope that I can get back to sleep, somehow. Hope that he won't notice any difference in my behaviour first thing in the morning.

I untangle my arms and legs and turn to climb out of his cushioned window seat. I'm ready to go back to the living room, to pretend the last half-hour never happened ... at least until morning.

But he's drifting down. Slowly, back down to the bed. And I'm once again stunned.

I slip back into the seat and grasp my knees up to my chest once more, staring wide eyed at his sleeping ... drifting ... form.

I should wake him. I will.

Soon.

THE END