

In Case You Were Wondering

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Rated: G

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Summary: This little vignette fits in with the Lasso of the Truth challenge on the Fanfic Message Boards...somewhat. I hope you enjoy.

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Lois pursed her lips as she looked around at the sprawling interior of the new Wonder Woman Museum, trying to decide how she felt about the whole thing. On the one hand, her inner feminist told her she should be proud that the first superhero to get their own museum was a woman—rah, rah, sisterhood and all that—but the part of her loyal to Superman wondered why he still hadn't gotten a museum yet when he was clearly more important. Sure, the Amazonian Princess had been around much longer than the Man of Steel, but—well, she'd never lifted anything into *space*, or stopped an asteroid for that matter.

"Lois, come look at this!" Clark, who was enjoying himself far too much in Lois' opinion, stood grinning by a large, empty space that had been roped off for some reason.

"What is it?" Lois asked, strolling over to him.

Clark waved a hand towards the space with a dramatic flourish. "It's the invisible jet!" he declared, grinning even wider.

Lois looked at the space, looked at him, and raised an eyebrow. "I don't see anything," she said.

"Of course not," Clark replied with a little pout. "It's *invisible*!"

Lois rolled her eyes. "Clark, if you're going to make it in the news business, you're going to have to stop being so gullible." She strolled over to a nearby hands-on display that featured a loop of golden rope; the placard advertised it as a section of the "Magic Lasso of Truth". "They obviously embellished things a little," she told him, fingering the golden cord. "I mean, look at this: it's obviously just a rope. Do you really believe it's *magic*?"

She handed him the loop, and he automatically took it from her. "Well, Lois," he said, running his thumb over it, "there's a lot in this world that we don't know about. I mean, how do you explain a man that can fly?"

Lois snorted. "That's completely different," she said, folding her arms. "Obviously, there's a scientific explanation for how Superman can—" she broke off when she realized that she no longer had Clark's attention. He was staring off into space, again. It was an annoying habit of his which, together with his naivete, made her wonder if he would last more than a year at the Planet. "What?" she asked.

"Um..." Clark glanced at her, his mind seeming to go into overdrive for a moment.

"What's the matter, Clark?" Lois pressed.

"Lois, I have to go change into Superman and put out a huge fire, now," Clark suddenly said. He dropped the loop of rope with a look of shock on his face.

Lois cracked up. "Good one, Clark," she said, still laughing. She wiped a tear away. "See, I told you it wasn't really magic!

Go return your video, or whatever it is you really need to do. I'll wait here for you."

Clark nodded and hurried off.

Lois returned her attention to the so-called "magic lasso". "Magic, indeed," she said, still chuckling.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a tall brunette accompanied by an older gentleman. She was very beautiful and looked vaguely familiar, but Lois couldn't quite place the face.

"Ah, Lois Lane," the woman said, eyeing the press-pass that hung around Lois' neck. "Steve and I were told that you and your partner would be coming. What do you think of our little display, so far?"

Lois' eyebrows shot upward as realization finally dawned. "Y-you're Wonder Woman!" she sputtered.

The amazon and her companion both chuckled. "Please, call me Diana," she said, extending a hand. "And this is Steve Trevor."

"You're the man in the photo," Lois said as she shook his hand, nodding towards a display of photographs that showed Wonder Woman rescuing some Allied soldiers who'd been stranded behind enemy lines in World War II.

Steve nodded. "Yep. That was Germany in 1944. We thought our goose was cooked, but then along she comes, like some kind of guardian angel!"

Diana blushed. "Oh Steve, stop!"

Lois smiled briefly. "It's all very nice," she said, returning to Diana's original question, "but don't you think some of the propaganda is a little much?"

"Propaganda?" they both asked at once, staring blankly at her.

"Well, like this rope, for instance," Lois said, taking the loop of golden cord once again. "It's supposed to be *magic*?"

Diana smiled. "You don't believe in magic, Lois?"

"Of course not," Lois said, rolling her eyes. "The only people who believe in magic are children, the feeble-minded, and my farm-boy partner."

The two laughed. "Feeble-minded, huh?" echoed Steve. "Good thing your partner isn't here to hear that. Is that really how you think of him?"

"No," Lois responded immediately. The words began to tumble from her lips, unbidden. "I think he's smart, caring, and a really great guy. I think I might even love him, although I'd sooner die than tell him that since my track-record with men is pretty horrible and being his friend is better than nothing." She dropped the rope, her face burning scarlet. What on Earth—?

Diana and Steve exchanged a look, each suppressing a smile. "Honey, take it from an old war-horse," said Steve. "Life is too short not to take chances, and if he's really as great as you think he is, he might be worth the risk."

Lois nodded mutely. A thought occurred to her suddenly, and she glanced at the rope before turning to glare in the direction her partner had gone. "You know," she said slowly as the gears in her mind spun, "I think you might be right, Mr. Trevor. I'll take your advice, but first, I'm going to kill him." She turned back to the bemused pair. "Do either of you know where there might be a huge fire, around here?"

Steve's eyebrows rose, but Diana calmly pointed eastward. "Over by Hobbs Bay, I think," she said. "Towards the southern end. I'd go there myself, but Superman seems to have everything under control." The corners of her lips twitched.

"Ah," said Lois. "Thank you. It was nice meeting you both." She turned on her heel and marched out the door.

Steve and Diana watched her go. "Well, Dear, that was certainly interesting," said Steve.

Diana nodded. "We should have them over for dinner sometime," she said. "Assuming, of course, that there are enough pieces of Clark left."

THE END