

A Brief History of Flight

By amberlea <amberlea112@hotmail.com>

Rated G

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Summary: What happens when Lois confronts Clark with a secret discovered? A revelation story inspired by a first lines challenge, set mid-season two.

Story Size: 1,766 words words (10Kb as text)

Author's Notes:

This is my first fanfic — it only took me 15 years of hanging around the fandom to gather up my courage to write! I saw this first lines challenge on the boards and just couldn't resist. Set mid-season two.

Huge thanks to my betas — IolantheAlias and Mad Dog Lane — and also to my GE Larissa.

Standard disclaimers apply; not my characters, but it is my idea.

"How long have you known you could fly?"

Clark just stared, mouth agape.

"Close your mouth, you'll catch a fly. Of course, you probably wouldn't even notice. A fly couldn't taste nearly as bad as a bomb, could it?"

Clark obediently closed his mouth, though the expression of shock remained on his face. Though her words could have held the bite of Lois Lane on a rampage, they did not. Something bigger was going on here, and the tiny hope of what that might mean combined with the actual words ensured that shock was about the only reaction Clark could manage.

Lois smiled sweetly. Though her quick temper did not always allow for the luxury, the saying was true: revenge *was* a dish best served cold. Not that she intended to let Clark squirm for long, but this was an opportunity too good to let pass. Once she had figured out Clark's biggest secret, she had had to figure out what she was going to do about it.

What Clark did not know, what no one knew, was that Lois Lane kept a journal. Unlike her novel, her journal was actually a secret. From the time she knew she was going to be a journalist, she wrote her observations in a journal. More than several tomes and years later, it was a habit she still kept. Clark was likewise unaware that she had only put up with his various behavioral oddities since they had met because she was still observing him.

The smile remained on Lois' face as she regarded Clark and his attempts to regain some semblance of emotional balance. The shock on his countenance slowly morphed into apprehension, which became calm resignation as he waited, Lois knew, for her next move. It was a classic "Clark Kent humoring Lois Lane for the time being" look. From anyone else, she might have felt as if he was being condescending. Lois was fairly certain, however, that Clark Kent did not have a condescending bone in his body.

Clark had suggested Chinese takeout as they left the office, and as takeout with Clark was infinitely preferable to takeout alone, she had readily agreed. Seated at his kitchen table, the conversation had reached a comfortable lull when Lois decided to lob her grenade in Clark's direction. Lois idly reached for the last

crab ragoon, carefully pulled it into two pieces, popped one half in her mouth, and looked back up at Clark as she chewed.

Having finally recovered his power of speech, Clark couldn't decide which question was most important. Ergo, all of them attempted to exit his mouth simultaneously. "How long have you...how did you...are you mad?"

Lois suppressed a little giggle and decided that this revenge thing deserved a greater role in her repertoire.

"Yes?" she inquired innocently. She figured she would let him flounder just a little bit longer; he was, after all, her friend, and it was not all that nice to leave him hanging. "Do you want to take a deep breath and try that again?"

Startled out of his flabbergasted state by Lois' almost nonchalant attitude, Clark blurted out the first thing that entered his head. "Are you Lois Lane?"

This time, Lois did not bother to suppress the giggle. "Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"I...I just always thought you'd be really mad at me if you figured it out."

"Mad about what? That you lied to me? That I had a tendency to act a little...foolish around the spandexed side of you? That my hero wasn't as infallible as I made him out to be?"

Clark could only nod, dumbfounded.

"I could've been," Lois admitted. "I thought about it. I'm sure I would've been had you actually fooled me all this time."

"Wait a minute. How long have you known?" Clark did not bother to try to hide his disbelief.

Lois grinned the grin of the graciously victorious and stuck the other half of the crab ragoon in her mouth.

"You mean to tell me you've known for a while?" Clark had moved beyond disbelief to outright incredulity.

Lois swallowed her food and took pity, just a little, on her partner. "I have to hand it to you. I think this mystery has taken me longer to solve than anything I've ever investigated, and I've seen the Clark-you practically every day for over a year. For that matter, I've had more contact with the Superman-you than anyone else."

Clark nodded in agreement. "So it was a matter of facing the redoubtable skills of Lois Lane, award-winning investigative reporter, and losing." He smiled in equally gracious defeat. After a moment's thought, however, his expression turned slightly worried. "Or did I do something to give it away?"

"Oh, no," she assured him. "And after that business with Capone's gangsters, even I doubted myself a little."

At that, Clark's face fell, but Lois continued. "That is, until I remembered that there was no blood. I'm not sure I understand why you didn't tell me the truth about you then. I would've been happy to help you come up with a good back-from-the-dead story."

"Lois, I..."

Not wanting to hash out all of the details of their unusual relationship right at that moment, Lois interrupted. "Clark, I know we need to talk about that and a million other things that have happened, and we will. But for now, you haven't answered my question."

Clark halted, mid-apology. From the look on his face, Lois could see that he was replaying the conversation in his head, trying to remember exactly what question she was talking about. She was not about to help him, though; now that the secret was out, this was the point where Clark Kent started groveling.

Comprehension suddenly dawned. "Oh, right, the flying."

Lois merely raised an eyebrow and nodded.

"Well, I was eighteen, so I guess that makes it about ten years."

Unable to help herself, Lois had to ask, "How did you figure it out? I mean, did you know you had the ability before it happened? Or was it more like you jumped up and it got a little

out of control?”

Clark could not help but grin. “Actually, I started floating in my sleep first.”

“You float in your sleep?!”

“Not all the time. Usually only when I’m really tired or having pretty intense dreams.” Warming to his topic and encouraged by Lois’s obvious interest, Clark continued. “Mom was the first one who noticed. I was in denial about it for a while. It was the last of my powers to develop, and by that time, I was doing well just keeping everything else under control. But Dad made me practice floating, just like we did with all of my other powers. And I decided that flying was the best thing that had happened to me yet.” Clark chuckled, the angst of youth having long lost its sting. “Of course, that meant the days of sleepovers had ended.”

Lois, deep in thought, did not reply. She had contemplated a myriad of things since first postulating the hypothesis that Clark Kent and Superman were one and the same, but a childhood dealing with superpowers was not among them. Maybe Clark could understand the loneliness of her own childhood in a way she had never considered before.

“Lois?”

“Hmm?”

“I lost you there for a minute. You really must have known for a while if flying doesn’t even interest you anymore,” Clark grinned.

“Nice try, Kent. As if you’d get out of taking me flying that easily,” Lois grinned back. “But I agree, it is definitely one of the best things that happened to you.”

“Just one of? And you would know because you are suddenly the expert on Clark Kent?” he teased.

“Of course I am. So are we going or what?” Lois pushed back from the table and laid her napkin next to her plate. Walking over to Clark’s side of the table, she held out her hand to him.

Puzzled, Clark took her hand and stood. “Going...where?”

“Flying, farmboy.” Lois paused. “Unless there’s something else spandex-you needs to do. I know Clark-you isn’t busy right now.”

Lois almost had to blink at the brightness of the smile that suddenly took over Clark’s face. “Anywhere in particular you’d like to go?”

After a moment to both consider the question and enjoy the warmth that suffused her very soul at the sight of Clark’s joy, Lois responded, “Actually, I’d really like the Clark Kent aerial sightseeing tour of the world.”

In one motion, Clark spun into the Suit and scooped Lois into his arms. Though intellectually she had anticipated and even imagined seeing the transformation, the actual sight dropped her jaw and widened her eyes. She recovered just as quickly as she noted Clark’s answering smirk, narrowing her eyes and tossing out a “Showoff!” with a flip of her hair.

Clark laughed as he headed for the balcony. They took off and headed west out of Metropolis. After a few moments of silence, during which Lois did nothing more than enjoy the flight and bask in the sense of security and belonging brought on by the newfound honesty between her and her best friend, Clark leaned in to speak softly in her ear. “So, as the all-knowing Clark Kent expert, what has happened to me that is better than this?”

Lois turned so she could look him straight in the eye, no more than a breath of space between them. She smiled impishly as she said, simply, “Me.”

The look Clark gave her in return testified to the truth of her assessment. Despite the brilliance of the colored sky, neither of them heeded it as they chased the sun into the horizon.

THE END