

# The Accident — Epilogue

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Rated: G

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Summary: Clark and Lois have a heart-to-heart talk after Clark's accident.

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Lois stared at Clark as he made his way into the kitchen and began to make some coffee. Her mind was in turmoil. It had been such a crazy day that she could hardly believe that everything had happened in just the few hours that had elapsed since she got up this morning.

First, she'd been dealing with her fear for Clark. Was he healing properly? Was he still in life-threatening danger? Could she ever forgive herself if he didn't recover fully? Her gut had been twisted in knots for the last two days.

Then she'd gotten the call from the doctor telling her that Clark had checked himself out of the hospital and that she was worried that he could relapse without proper medical observation.

Lois had hurried over to find Clark casually sitting on his sofa reading a book — like it was no big deal that he'd just undergone major surgery and was lucky to be alive. She was practically in a panic over his well-being and he shrugged off her concerns with a simple 'I'm fine'.

Then came the biggest shock. She had pulled up his T-shirt to give him a harsh jolt of reality by showing him his fresh surgical incision. But it wasn't there. Only the faintest scar still existed on Clark's abdomen. She was at a loss for how that could be.

Now he was making coffee for the two of them, in advance of the 'conversation' they were going to have: a conversation that was supposedly going to explain his remarkable recovery.

Lois sat, shredding a tissue she'd somehow come into possession of, as she watched Clark pour the coffee into mugs and bring them over.

A slight smile creased her worried expression as she noted that he'd already added the low fat creamer and sugar substitute sweetener to her cup. He knew how she liked her coffee and he even kept those ingredients at home for when she dropped in. She took a sip. It was perfect.

She set her cup down and looked up at Clark expectantly. "So?"

Clark fidgeted, then ran a hand through his hair, a sure sign that he feeling ill at ease. She reached over and took one of his hands, giving it a squeeze, and smiled at him.

"You know you can tell me anything, don't you, Clark?"

"It's not even a matter of trust anymore, Lois; I do trust you. After these last few days, it's become a matter of what you deserve. You deserve to know the truth."

"The truth?"

Clark stared at his hands for a moment, then raised his eyes to meet Lois's. "I don't know how you are going to react to this, but I want you to know that I treasure our friendship, and working with you these last several months has been the best experience of my life."

Lois frowned. "Clark, you sound like you're saying goodbye."

He smiled. "I hope not, Lois; that will be up to you." Clark took a deep breath and plunged ahead. "No use beating around the bush. Lois, the reason why I've healed so quickly is because ... I'm Superman."

Lois rolled her eyes. "Clark, Superman is invulnerable. I've seen you beaten on by that maniac Trask, and I saw you seriously

injured from our accident. Doctors had to perform emergency surgery to repair internal bleeding. I think they would have had a hard time doing that if their scalpels bent when they tried to make their incisions."

Clark sighed. "Lois, you remember the kryptonite Trask had?"

"You mean that rock that Trask imagined would kill Superman?"

"It's real."

"It's real?"

"Yes, I was exposed to it that first night we were in Smallville. You remember how my folks tried to explain it off as allergies." Lois nodded. "Well, I wasn't exposed for a very long time, but when I was, the pain I felt was excruciating and after that I lost my powers."

Lois bit her bottom lip. "I remember thinking that you reacted rather oddly to getting a paper cut."

He grinned. "Yeah, I'd never seen my own blood before. Anyway, I regained my powers just in time to save my folks and Wayne Irig from the fire Trask set in the barn. Trask found out that I was Superman then and used the kryptonite on me again. I managed to toss the rock into the pond, but the powers had gone again. They only recently came back when I woke up in the ICU unit. I knew I had to get out of there before they realized that I wasn't exactly your typical patient."

Lois's forehead creased with frown lines as she stared at Clark intently. "So, you're really Superman?" He nodded, then allowed himself to float a few feet off the ground. He grinned as he saw Lois's eyes widen.

She stared at him for several moments more. "Lois?"

"So, Clark Kent, my partner and my best friend is also Superman ... that is so cool!"

"Lois?"

She jumped up and began to pace around the living room. "This is going to be great. No one will be able to stop us now." She glanced at him. "I think I understand now how you inexplicably were able to escape from ropes and chains, and how you were able to figure out impossible security door codes." She resumed her pacing. "Now that I know, we should really be able to bust the bad guys. No more trying to hide your powers from me. We'll be able to get into any room, check out what's behind any of those locked doors, and let's not forget about your special hearing, that should ..."

Lois's babble was cut off by Clark capturing her and placing a finger across her lips.

"So, you are okay with this?"

She smiled as he pulled away his finger.

"One more thing, then I'll know for sure."

Clark looked confused. "What's that?"

Lois placed her hands on his cheeks and pulled his head down to hers. She pressed her lips to his somewhat shyly, but increased the pressure when it was obvious that he wasn't going to pull away. They shared the taste of each other for several moments before they finally broke contact.

Lois patted Clark's cheek. "Yeah, I'm okay with this."

THE END