

Are You Sure About This?

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Rated: G

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Summary: Some reporters will go to extreme lengths for a story....

EIC's Note: This story was originally posted to the Fanfic Messageboards (<http://www.lcfcmbbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php>) on January 10th, 2008.

I wrote this a while back, never really intending to post it. I was in a nasty mood and decided to take it out on Lois. But since I'm rather fond of Lois I gave in and gave her a Happy Ending.

Recently I ran across this in my documents file and decided what the heck. What better way to start off the new year than with a classic evil haircut story with a happy ending? So I have posted this little throw away tale for the gentle readers to peruse if they so desire.

The King of Happy Endings strikes again.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes, Clark, I'm sure." Lois frowned, then squirmed a bit in the hard chair she was sitting on. She was sure about this, but not too happy about it. She had spent the last two days trying to think of some other way to attack the story but couldn't think of any other way. Some times desperate measures were necessary to get to the truth. And in this case, the truth would net her a Kerth, if not a Pulitzer. "Just do it."

She knew Clark was uncomfortable with this, but he was her partner, and her friend. She had been able to convince him of the need to do this. Her breath caught in her throat as she heard the loud hum as he thumbed on the small machine and felt the cool of the metal blades as they contacted her forehead.

A moment later the hum changed to a deeper growl as the clippers chewed through her long, dark locks. Her hair fell in sheets past her eyes and onto her lap. Once, twice, three times, the small, vibrating appliance was passed across the top of her head and the pile of silky dark tresses grew ever larger in her lap and on the floor.

Lois clenched her fists as Clark shifted his focus to the right side of her head. He placed the clippers in front of her ear and pushed it up to the crown of her head, effectively denuding the area of hair.

Soon, he was placing the cold, vibrating blades at the back of her neck and easing them upward. The growl deepened as the clippers fought the thick growth of hair at the back. She'd read somewhere that the back of the head contained twice as much hair as the sides or top of the head. Apparently that was true.

Her hands shook, ever so slightly, as she mentally rehearsed her Pulitzer acceptance speech. It would be worth it. She just knew it would be.

Suddenly, Clark stopped. The sound of the clippers ceased and her partner stepped away, a slight frown on his face. "Are you really sure you want to go through with this?"

She sighed. "Clark, it's a little too late to back out now, don't you think?"

He shook his head. "No, you still have hair, Lois. It's really, really, short ... but there is still something there."

She reached up and ran her hand across her buzzed scalp. She could feel the soft brush of the stubble that covered her head. "I thought you understood what I had to do?" She brushed the huge pile of hair off her lap. "I need to go undercover at a post-chemo therapy clinic. It's a place where women who've had difficulties with their chemo go to get special attention and treatment. But we both know that it's just a front. There is something very wrong going on there and the only way I know to get in there to find out what is to go undercover as a new patient." She shifted again in the chair. "Let's get on with it."

She heard a loud sigh escape from Clark's lips. In a way she felt a little sorry for Clark. She was the one who was going to be bald, but he was suffering the guilt for actually shaving her. Well, once she had broken the story a little thing like losing some hair would be a mere inconvenience. It would grow back... eventually.

She felt the soothing coolness of the shaving cream being spread across her scalp. It felt rather nice. Soon she could feel, and hear, the scraping of the razor as Clark deftly manoeuvred it over her head. It was almost hypnotic. A part of her was disappointed when he finished up and began toweling the remaining foam from her head.

Just one last thing. "Clark... the eyebrows?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot."

He dabbed a little shaving cream on her brows and quickly erased them from her forehead. She had to grit her teeth as he did so. She wasn't sure, but she thought that she'd miss her eyebrows even more than the hair on her head. At least she could wear a wig, but she could only pencil fake eyebrows in until they grew back.

It was with more than a little trepidation that Lois got off the chair and went into the bathroom to see what their handiwork had wrought. While on her way there, the phone rang. "Would you get that, Clark?" she threw over her shoulder as she entered the small powder room.

She had to bite her lip to keep from crying out when she first confronted her reflection. She looked like a freak. Her white scalp seemed to gleam in the glare of the bright fluorescent lights which flanked her bathroom mirror. The lack of eyebrows made her forehead seem to go on forever. She fought back a tear of regret. Lois Lane didn't have regrets. She took decisive action to gain her ends. And the end she had made this sacrifice for was to bring down the evil she knew existed under the cover of that seemingly innocent clinic.

There was a knock at the bathroom door. "Lois?"

"Don't come in!" Lois suddenly felt very insecure. She didn't want Clark to see her now. Which, logically, didn't make much sense since he was the one who'd shaved off all of her hair in the first place. Still, logic wasn't uppermost in her mind at that moment. Her gleaming bald head was. She grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her head as if she were draping wet hair after coming out of the shower.

She burst out of the bathroom and made a beeline toward her bedroom. "I've got a suitcase already packed. If we hurry we can get to the clinic and get me checked in before lunch."

"Ah, Lois?" She turned at the strangled tone of his voice.

"Don't bother with the suitcase."

Her eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"That was Perry." He waved his hand in the general direction of the phone. "He killed the story."

Lois' eyes bulged. "He what!"

Clark shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "It seems that the FBI just raided the place. Perry says it's all over LNN. The story has already broken. There's nothing left for you to investigate."

Lois rushed over to her television set and thumbed it on.

Since it was always tuned to LNN, she was quickly greeted by a well-groomed talking head. As if in a trance, she sat down on the couch and watched dumbly while the news network showed pictures of the FBI taking people out of the clinic in handcuffs and revealed the story behind the raid.

Apparently, an FBI agent had gone undercover as a temporary file clerk and had managed to uncover the necessary information to bust the case.

Lois glared at the screen. “I tried to get that job, but they told me they’d already filled it. It was that FBI hussy who beat me out.” It took a few moments to actually sink in. Her story was gone... just like her hair.

“Omigod, I’m bald!”

Clark looked puzzled. “Well, wasn’t that the whole purpose to what we just did?”

She turned to him, a look of despair on her face. “No, you don’t understand. Before, I was in disguise for an undercover assignment that required me to shave off my hair. Now... I’m just bald.”

She had a hard time not letting the tears flow now, but she wouldn’t revert to being a weak, vain woman who couldn’t deal with some personal adversity. At least, not while Clark was still there. She knew that he looked up to her. Maybe, later tonight, when she was alone, she could allow herself to break down and mourn her lost locks.

Defiantly, she pulled the towel from her head and threw it on the couch, then stormed into the bedroom. Reaching up to the top shelf of her closet, she pulled down her Metropolis Lions baseball cap, from her high school days, and jammed it on her head. At least it will cut down on the glare, she thought sourly.

She strode purposefully out of the room and grabbed Clark by the hand. “Come on, Kent.”

He followed along without resistance. “Where are we going, Lois? The story is gone.”

She stopped just long enough to glare at him. “We’re going out to buy me some hair.”

EIGHT MONTHS LATER

Lois was more than just a bit nervous as she rode the elevator up to the bullpen’s floor. She had made her decision only last night and now she was going to have to deal with the reactions. She checked her reflection in the glass walls of the car. Self-consciously, she finger-combed her short locks into place.

All those months ago, when she’d had her hair shaved off for the story that never was, she and Clark had acted quickly. She’d found a wig that was the right color and had it styled to look exactly like her own hair had been. Even though she never came right out and asked him to, Clark understood her feelings and kept her little secret. She was grateful to him for that. She didn’t tell anyone what she’d done, not even Perry.

A couple of colleagues asked about the eyebrows but she either ignored them with a glare, or brushed it off as a tweezing accident. Fortunately the eyebrows came back fairly quickly, but the hair on her head seemed to grow agonizingly slowly for the impatient reporter.

She had kept the wig on anytime she left the apartment, or anytime she received any company. Even when Clark came by she kept it on. But she was getting really tired of wearing it. It wasn’t that it was really uncomfortable, it wasn’t bad, it just wasn’t her hair. And the fussing she went through every morning just to get it on properly was worse than dealing with her own hair. And that didn’t even take into consideration the fact that she had to wash and set the thing as if it were her own hair anyway.

So, the time had come. It was time for Lois Lane to make her first appearance with a ‘new look’. No one, except Clark, would know that her style was actually a grow out. They would all think that she had just gotten it cut. Her original plan had been to wait

until her hair was long enough to make it look like she’d just gotten a significant trim, rather than a new style, but she couldn’t wait any longer. She wanted out from under that rug, and so, now, she was ready to face the reactions to the ‘new Lois’.

Last night, she had gone to see her stylist Cindy, who’d been shocked when Lois had walked in and yanked the wig off her head. The woman had actually laughed out loud when she told her the story, but worked her magic on Lois’ hair. Without taking off any of the length that Lois had now achieved, Cindy had managed to shape her hair into an attractive, feathered style that Lois had to admit looked rather good, even if it wasn’t what she was used to. The elevator door opened, and with only the slightest hesitation, Lois stepped off the elevator. Time to see if anyone else thought it looked good.

As Lois walked toward her desk, she was surprised at how little reaction her new look garnered. Most of the people who generally ignored her, still ignored her, and those she had only a casual, greeting type of relationship with maintained that casual ‘Hi, Lois’ form.

She was almost disappointed when she had reached her desk without any comments. At least, until Jimmy walked by.

“Whoa, Lois, what’s with the chop job?”

She frowned up at him. “By chop job, do you mean my new haircut?”

Jimmy blushed, and stammered. “Well, ah, yeah, I mean it looks okay and all, but it’s rather short, don’t you think?”

“I believe that was the point of the haircut, Jimmy. Lois wanted to try something different.” Clark had come up behind the skittish gopher. “I think it looks great.”

Lois smiled up at her partner. “Thank you, Clark.”

“Ah, yeah, well, I gotta go. Perry needs me to... find something. See you two later.” Jimmy began to hurry off. “It looks great, Lois,” he tossed over his shoulder as he sped away.

Lois couldn’t help but giggle at the young man’s discomfort. She quickly shook off her amusement and turned a more serious eye toward her friend. “I appreciate the support, but tell me the truth. How bad does it look?”

Clark shrugged. “I like it, but do you? I thought you were going to wait until your hair grew out to nearly your previous length?”

“Yeah, well, I was going to, but it was just taking too long, and I was sick of dealing with the wig.” She reached up and brushed her hand through the short locks. “I think I like it, kind of. Do you really think it looks all right?”

Clark laughed and then sat down on the edge of her desk. He reached out and gave her cheek a brush with his thumb. “I really do. I think it looks great. It makes you look... adorable.”

“Adorable! Clark, I don’t want to look adorable. I’m Mad Dog Lane. I don’t do adorable.”

Clark patted her hand. “You do now.” Still laughing, he got up and moved back over to his desk.

Lois frowned at her blank computer screen for several moments. Finally, she turned back toward Clark, who was booting up his own screen. “Clark?” He turned. “So, do you think this ‘adorable’ thing will turn out to be good, or bad?”

Clark favored her with a big smile. The kind that makes you feel as if you are the only one in the entire room. “I think it will be a good thing, Lois. A very good thing.”

Fin.

THE END