

Scribbles

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Rated G

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Summary: Clark finds Lois' notepad. Sequel to "Doodles." Read that first. It won't take long.

Acknowledgements and Comments

Thanks to my two betas again: Mozartmaid and Morgana. You are perfect, fantastic, awesome ... um ... anymore I can get in there?

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

Clark was whistling to himself, his heart still swelling with joy at having woken up with Lois in his arms. He'd been partly afraid of waking and finding out it was all a dream. Well, it seemed so unbelievable ... that a small pen mark behind his ear, caused by Lois herself earlier in the day, could reveal his secret. And that it would also be the instigator of further revelations ...

She loved him.

Lois loved Clark.

And last night they'd committed themselves to each other. After no dates, no long walks holding hands, no stolen kisses at work ... only one simple conversation.

"I want to stay ... forever."

"Okay."

Clark knew that it was forever. From his own point of view, he'd known that for months. But now, to know that it was 'forever' for Lois too ...

He'd dreamed of this so very often, for such a long time. It was much more likely that he was lost ... trapped in his fantasy ... than it was possible for this to be real.

But it was real.

Last night he had shared himself ... they had shared themselves with each other, committed to each other. All night.

It was almost too much to believe.

Lois was currently in the shower and he ... well, he was whistling, his joy bubbling over.

He moved around the kitchen gracefully, yet by complete rote, his mind not on the task of making a pot of coffee, but rather on the thought of kissing Lois again the moment she emerged from her shower. In fact, in his mind, he was already seeing her ... hair dripping, skin slick ...

ring *ring*

Brought out of his reverie by the shrill tone of Lois' phone, he turned around to look over to the bedroom. Lois was still in the shower. He dithered over whether to answer the phone for all of 0.3 seconds and then he sped over and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he stated clearly. He didn't want to sound pretentious claiming this to be 'Lois Lane's apartment' and he also knew he had no place to be answering the phone as 'Clark Kent' and claiming residence here.

"Kent?" came the surprised voice of Bobby Bigmouth on the other end.

"Oh, hey, Bobby." Clark immediately recognised who was

calling, just as Bobby had recognised him.

"So, you're at Lane's a little early today, eh?" The reply was in a knowing tone.

Clark narrowed his eyes as he looked over to the clock on the microwave. 6:45 a.m. He grimaced momentarily. "It's not *that* early, Bobby," he tried.

"Uh huh," was the non-committal response.

"Do you have something for us, Bobby?" Clark asked, just on the edge of 'sharply', hoping to steer Bobby away from the subject of early morning time.

"Yeah. You and Lois need to get down to this address, tonight at 11 p.m. 253b Old P—"

"Hold on, there. Let me find a pen," Clark interrupted, knowing he'd need it written down for Lois' sake. Looking down to the side-table, where the phone lived, he noticed a pen and pad. Bending down he picked up the pen, clicked it on and then began to write. "Two-five-three," he spoke out as he wrote, but then noticed that the ink had faded away by the time he wrote the three. "Great, pen's out of ink!" He scribbled with it, hoping to set the ink running again, but had no luck. He stood up straight and looked around the room then spied Lois' bag on the love seat just an arm's reach away. "Hold on a moment, Bobby."

Clark laid down the receiver then reached for Lois' bag. Rooting around in it he found her notepad and the pen she always kept slid into the spirals.

"Clark? You there?" came the distant, tinny sounding voice over the line. Clark turned back quickly and dived for the receiver.

"Yes, I'm back, Bobby. Just let me check this pen." Clark placed the notepad flat on the side-table and then slid the pen out. He popped off the pen top and then began to scribble back and forth in the top corner, testing the ink level. "Okay, all set now."

"Okay. 253b Old Pine Road West. It's an abandoned warehouse attached to a rundown tenement block. Eleven, tonight, you and Lois are gonna see something that'll wrench your hearts."

"Old. Pine. Road. West," Clark mumbled as he scribbled down the address. "Two-five-three-b."

"That's it. Gotta go. I expect extra doughnuts next time, you know."

Bobby hung up before Clark could say goodbye or ask for any more details. Clark returned the red receiver to its cradle and then studied the notebook, laid next to the phone, while capping the pen. His brow crinkled in curiosity when he saw the shadowed indent of whatever was on the previous page. He couldn't help but pick out a heart shape on the clean sheet. Well, clean apart from the address and his 'test' scribble in the top corner. He lowered himself to the seat and picked up the pad, while dropping the pen.

Clark acted purely on curiosity instinct and he flicked the page, from the back, over the spiral. When it landed at the front he saw the original drawing. It really was a heart.

Lois had drawn a heart, in among her notes. In fact they were the notes from yesterday, down at the docks.

Clark found himself smiling at the thought of Lois being romantic. It went against everything she tried to convey to the world. But he knew, he'd always known, that she was a romantic at heart. That she craved unconditional love ... from someone. He'd always hoped that someone would be him. And last night ... it was. He found himself grinning uncontrollably but then mentally pulled himself up and sighed. He shook his head in denial. Just because he and Lois ... last night ... it didn't necessarily follow that these hearts were anything to do with her feelings for him. It didn't mean they were anything but a completely random doodle.

Oh, but he hoped they weren't.

He flicked back another page, wondering if something would

jump out at him to explain why she'd gone diving off the end of the pier last night. Instead, he saw something which set his heart racing.

Lois Kent.

There, in the margin, was a written declaration of all his hopes and dreams.

Heart pounding, both in anticipation of what he'd find, and shame over his blatant invasion of her privacy, he continued to flick through the notebook, unable to stop himself.

In the following pages he found more examples of Lois Kent and a few saying Lois Lane-Kent. As he travelled further back in time, with each page, he could see the points at which she'd acknowledged her gradually changing feelings. Somewhere during Lois' notes about Molly and Ryan and the Hawkeye satellite, when they'd snuck on board the military base, he realised that the 'hope of marriage' disappeared, or should that be 'appeared', if he were reading the notebook the correct way around. Instead, there were more hearts, this time not blank, as the one which had started this investigation had been.

LL + CK

Clark had a sudden flashback to his teenage crush years and felt like adding '4ever', but he resisted, even as his smile grew.

A little further back he came across the notes for the Viologic story. Both his and her initials were doodled up and down the margin but no heart surrounded them. Clark smiled and realised that he was subconsciously tracing the shape of a missing heart around one of the pairs of initials. For a moment he felt a little grief inside, at the missing hearts, until he reminded himself that he was travelling **back** in time.

It didn't take many more pages until he found a time when Lois had clearly only had eyes for the man in blue. Superman's crest was in evidence throughout the notebook, but the frequency had been growing, just as references to 'Clark' were diminishing.

Reaching the front sheet of her notebook he came across the Dragonetti vault story. Needing to start a new notebook at that time, she'd made sure to brand her name on it immediately.

Lois Lane.

It was written clearly on the cardboard inside of the front cover.

He quickly flicked back to his favourite page and compared the two signatures.

Lois Lane. Lois Kent.

His heart was racing, full of joy ... full of love. He knew he needed to stop this snooping. He knew he also needed to be with her again. He could no longer wait until she exited the shower.

Placing the notepad down, he gazed at the name of his future wife for just a few more seconds, then stood, intending to head for the bedroom.

Lois felt her heart racing. Clark was sitting on her loveseat and had her notebook out.

Why that should worry her, after last night, she couldn't say. But still, the natural instinct to hide her notebook — hide the daily doodles which revealed her heart — was still intact. Holding her robe around her tightly, in a protective, but pretty pointless way, she breathed in and out, fast and deep. Her mouth was open in a cry of alarm, but nothing came out.

Clark stood and turned, a wide grin clearly covering his face. As he took a step he raised his gaze and then jerked to a stop. His face dropped, his eyes widened and he glanced back to the notebook. Still not knowing what to say, and still fighting with her rapidly beating heart and practically hyperventilating, she just stared at him.

"Lois," he whispered. His smile returned, tentatively. He slowly walked towards her. "Lois," he repeated. His smile turned into a grin as he made it to her side.

Her mouth opened again, to say something, to defend herself,

or to tell him off for invading her privacy. Again her completely irrational fear gripped at her instead. She could now feel the heat of her red cheeks. Clark must be convinced of her embarrassment now.

She looked up into his eyes, hers blinking to stave off moisture.

Clark lifted his hand and took a strand of wet hair in between his fingers. He moved it away, tucked it behind her ear, and then fed his fingers into her hair. "I'm sorry, Lois." She gulped and looked away. "And, I'm not sorry." She whipped her eyes back up to him, anger now blazing, suddenly replacing the embarrassment. Finally ready to speak, and knowing what to say, she parted her lips, but was too late. Clark lowered his head and touched her. His hand kept her in place while he tenderly brushed her lips. His other arm encircled her and drew her close.

When he parted she was breathless again. If he'd gone for a long, passionate kiss it would have increased her anger. Instead, she was soothed by his gentleness.

"I needed a pen. Bobby called. I didn't look on purpose, Lois. Please, believe me!" His earnest voice and clear, pleading eyes were all she needed to know that he spoke the truth.

She smiled up at him as her heart calmed. He sighed in relief and reached for her, enfolding her in his strong arms. "I would never invade your privacy, you know that Lois." She nodded into his shoulder. "But, I also got curious. I ... I noticed something that was ..." He trailed off and grinned. "Lois?" She frowned at the tone in his voice, obviously questioning, and drew away to look up at him. "Is this why you attacked me with the pen yesterday? I mean, were you trying to protect your notepad?"

She blushed again and buried herself back in his shoulder. Now there really were no more secrets between them.

Remembering her desperate attempt to keep him from viewing her notepad, and the doodles which confessed her feelings, she recalled how she'd spun around with her pen still out. The blue stripe of ink on Clark's neck which resulted from this, had started just under his chin and ended behind his ear. A sudden thought hit her and she glanced up.

She giggled and grinned against his shoulder, speaking for the first time. "You still haven't washed behind your ear."

THE END

Anyone wanting to read an alternative ending (n-fic) can take a look at

http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ubbthreads.php/topics/254737/Scribbles_%28n-fic_sequel_to_Doo#Post254737