

# A Striking Revelation

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Rated: PG

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Summary: It's been a week since the Daily Planet party at the bowling alley. A private bowling lesson for Lois might just help uncover someone's secret... Story 4 in the author's When He Cheats...At Bowling series.

Story Size: 990 words (5Kb as text)

*\*The archive counts metadata. :)*

**Author's Note:** You'll never guess! This one is exactly 824 words! I win! Regardless, I'm having far too much fun with these bowling stories, and a big part of that is how much fun you all are having reading them, so thanks! And speaking of thanks — huge thanks to SuperBek for helping me make this work, being ridiculous and laughing with me as I wrote it (and watching over my shoulder as I wrote, lol). She's the reason I've been able to make word count work the last two stories! And thanks to CarrieRene for a quick read through before posting. Thank you to SuperBek for a quick and thorough GE job!

Stories in the "Bowling" series:

1. [Spare a Smile for Me](#)
2. [Bowled Over](#)
3. [A Lucky Strike](#)
4. A Striking Revelation

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Lois was filled with nervous energy — a mixture of excitement and apprehension — as they entered the bowling alley. She'd initially thought about suggesting a small place on the outskirts of town, but then realized that bigger was better, affording more privacy through anonymity than a more secluded place would.

It'd been a half-baked plan, asking Clark for bowling lessons. Actually, even using the term 'half-baked' was generous. But in the week since the Employee Appreciation Party and her startling realization, she'd had more time to form an actual plan.

And observe.

Keeping her reactions under the radar...or super radar...whatever it should be called, had been difficult. But if he'd been able to hide so much from her in the last year and a half, then she could do it for a week. And she had.

And while she hadn't really wanted to put their... dinner on hold, she was doubly glad that work had been

particularly busy this week. When he'd asked her about the dinner, she'd demurred, saying they should wait for a time when they could be more relaxed. Instead, she'd reminded him of the promised bowling lessons.

Now, here they were, and she was hoping desperately that her thundering heart wasn't — shoot, he probably *could* hear it. She wasn't sure how to handle that, but then his hand came to rest on the small of her back and her heart calmed from thundering to the now-familiar fluttering.

"Ready?" he asked softly.

Lois could only nod, but as they got their gear and readied themselves, she managed to squeak out some passable banter. She wondered if he could tell something was up — all her reactions were surely on the super radar now. But when she finished tying her shoes and looked up at him, all she saw was that smile, the one that seemed to be reserved just for her.

She smiled back, suddenly certain that this wild fluttering would become a permanent sensation as long as Clark was around.

The lesson started out innocent enough, but as the night wore on, she realized there was a major flaw in her plan. Given all the romantic comedies she watched, she felt like she should have seen this coming. Known that showing her proper form involved him standing so closely behind her she could feel the heat from his body. That his voice would rumble softly in her ear, the warm tickle of his breath on her neck as he spoke. That there was touching involved. So much touching. His hands on her hips to ensure her stance and pivot, his arm against hers as he mirrored a perfect swing, her hand on his forearm when she teased him...

Then she rolled on her own, watching all the pins fall on a single throw, so excited she turned to him and threw herself in his arms for a ridiculously dramatic hug that left her heart racing. They both pulled back slightly, his arms still around her waist and hers around his neck, and she knew it wasn't the bowling making them a bit breathless.

Her gaze drifted to his lips and back to his eyes, which seemed so intense, he clearly wasn't hiding his desire to kiss her. She felt herself drawn to him, and when their lips met, warmth and tingling flooded her body. It felt magical as he captured her lips again and again, their tongues glancing briefly against each other. This was so much more than any of the previous times they'd kissed, none of them real like this.

Too soon it was over and his forehead was resting against hers, both of them now more breathless than before. And as their short breaths filled the space between them, she realized...

"Wait, how are you breathless?"

He smiled, his eyes practically smoldering. “You take my breath away.”

Oh, God. Devastating smiles *and* devastating lines? Were those super powers too?

“No...I mean...” she trailed off, all of a sudden wildly unsure of what to say.

“What is it?” he asked, the huskiness in his voice sending shivers down her spine.

What was she doing? Making out in public...with Superman.

She looked at his face, so full of concern, yet still mingled with desire. No, with Clark. But what was she doing? She couldn't do this here. Now.

“Clark, I think I'm done with bowling for tonight.” She stood up on her tiptoes to whisper in his ear. “Fly me home? So we can talk?”

She felt his breath catch and his body tense, and when she pulled back to look at his face, she saw a mixture of apprehension and nervous excitement. “I saw you last week,” she said, her voice still a whisper because she knew he could hear her. “I thought Superman didn't cheat.”

His eyes went wide for a moment before his expression relaxed into a lopsided grin. “I...wanted to see you smile.”

THE END