

I've Got You

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Rated: G

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Summary: Clark takes Lois home after they rescue his parents in "And the Answer Is..."

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Notes: This was a prompt fic taken from this list: <https://hellsdemonicttrinity.tumblr.com/post/162834261565/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2>

Clark embraced her, pulling her close to his body. She was fine. She was going to live.

Everything was okay now.

"Lois," he breathed her name. His parents stood beside him, concern on their faces.

"Clark," she murmured, her eyes opening to look at him.

"No... Lois, it's Superman," Clark responded. He had never been so relieved to see those brown eyes looking up at him.

"Superman," she repeated. There was something strange about how she said his alter ego's name. One of her hands reached forward to touch the 'S' on his chest as she looked up at him. "No." She shook her head lightly. "I need Clark." Her eyes fluttered closed again.

"I've got to get her out of here." Clark scooped her up into his arms.

"Take her home, son... uh, Superman..." Jonathan gave Lois a quick glance. She appeared to be unconscious or close to it. "We can meet 'Clark' at his apartment later."

"No, don't go to the apartment." Clark shook his head, leading his parents from the building, Lois secure in his arms. "I still have to find Mayzik. Go to the Daily Planet. You'll be safer there."

Martha and Jonathan nodded. They were on the street now. Jonathan flagged down a cab.

"Don't worry about us. Take care of Lois," Martha said.

Clark nodded, waited until his parents were securely in the cab, and took off into the sky with Lois in his arms.

She was shivering, he realized. God, what had he done? What if something had gone wrong? What if she had lasting effects? He shot her with a couple of gentle beams of heat vision, which seemed to settle her.

"Clark," she whimpered.

"I'm taking you to him," Clark assured her. His stomach was twisting. He needed to tell her the truth. She had risked her life for him and would never know the truth if something had happened.

"No, you don't understand..." She sniffled, her hands batting weakly at his chest.

"I've got you, Lois," he murmured.

"I know."

* * *

They made it to her apartment. He flew straight into her open window and carried her through the apartment into her bedroom, then set her gently on her bed. She curled herself into a ball and looked up at him.

"You'll get Clark now?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied huskily. He pulled a blanket over her. "He will be here in just a moment." His voice cracked with emotion.

"Hurry back." He thought he heard her mumble as he left the room.

* * *

Clark waited all of five seconds before returning to her bedroom as himself.

"Lois," he whispered as he came back to her side.

She smiled. "There you are." She reached for him, pulling him onto the bed beside her.

"I'm here." He took her into his arms. "You saved my parents."

"Thank goodness. It worked," she mumbled into his chest.

"I can never thank you enough." He palmed her cheek and kissed her forehead.

"You don't have to. I would do anything for you, you know that."

Clark felt tears pricking his eyes. Tears of gratitude. Of remorse.

He had to tell her. Right now.

“Lois, I have to tell you. I’ve been trying to tell you... I’m...”

“Shhh,” she whispered, a finger coming up to his lips to silence him.

He looked at her, confused.

“I know who you are, Clark,” she said, reaching up and brushing his hair from his forehead.

“You do?” His heart rate increased.

“You’re the man I love.”

The end

End Notes:

I hope it’s obvious Lois is trying to tell him she knows.