

A Wonderful Wedding

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Rated: PG-13

Submitted: July 2009

Summary: Lois' sister Lucy is getting married, which is fine with Lois. Well, mostly. Unfortunately, she is marrying Superman — or maybe not?

Disclaimer: All standard disclaimers apply. I do not own any of the characters used in the story. I write for fun, not for profit. :-)

Author's notes: Okay, this is meant for the ficathon. I was so lucky to have this particular challenge find its way to me — well, I can't really tell you how lucky I am. Things sort of fell into place at once. Especially after I considered my challenger's stories. There was this alphabetical series I greatly admired. And I simply couldn't resist the pun. Really, could it be more perfect? Oh, yes, my story could fit in with the continuity. Pity it doesn't. Not exactly, anyway.

There is another problem: Since I wasn't supposed to tell LaraMoon that I was answering her challenge, I didn't feel comfortable in asking her for permission to heavily rely on her stories. Anyway, the basic idea for this is not really mine. It's all "borrowed" from LaraMoon. So, blame her. For the challenge. And her inspiring stories. ;) Anyway, this was really fun to write.

Acknowledgements: Many thanks to my wonderful beta-reader bakasi. Your help was greatly appreciated, especially when it came to pointing out mistakes in the timeline. I sure messed it up big time. Also many thanks to Anne, who doesn't feel all that comfortable in English and still managed to work her way through my story to offer some feedback — and even catch a few typos in the bargain. Great work, girl! And, last but not least, many thanks to Kathy and Crissy from the German boards who so willingly offered their thoughts and ideas to me. You girls rock — even if all of you let pass "Sperman" without any comment at all. lol

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Clark Kent had just come back into the newsroom, setting his glasses straight. He had been out "to meet a source," or so he had told Lois. Of course, he had been off on a very different business, saving lives. All he had left to do was write it down. At least his editor would be happy with him that way. Unfortunately, there was no way to make his partner happy with him, too, because once again he had left with one of his phony excuses. Gingerly, he approached Lois' desk, hoping to find her in a sufferable mood. One look at her gave him a little fright, though.

Sitting at her desk wearing a completely stunned expression was no one less than Lois Lane. Staring into open space and shaking her head time and again she muttered that she couldn't believe it.

"Earth to Lois Lane," he intoned matter-of-factly.

Lois finally looked at him, slightly startled by his sudden

appearance. She had gotten used to him disappearing all of a sudden, but this was something new, something unprecedented. "Oh, hi, Clark," she answered, still wearing an expression of utter disbelief.

Clark gave her an amused grin. "What's the matter with you?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Oh, nothing." Lois waved her hand in dismissal. "I'm fine. Absolutely fine. Why shouldn't I be fine, anyway?" Clark hid his smile. Trust Lois to switch to babble-mode. "It's just not every day that your younger sister tells you that she's getting married. I mean, shouldn't I get married first?"

Clark's response was lost in the usual background noise of the newsroom, but obviously, Lois took it as assent. "Besides," she babbled on, "you know what sort of men she takes for boyfriends. How much worse must the man be she's actually going to marry?" There was a distinct note of concern in her voice.

"Maybe she's going to marry him because he is *not* like the others?" Clark suggested timidly.

Lois promptly shot him one of her I-know-better glances. "You're being naive, farmboy. Lucy has the worst taste in men since... well, since my mother, considering how their marriage worked out. Or rather, didn't. Anyway, this is beside the point. Much more important is that Lucy won't even tell me who her secret fiancé is. And this just makes me furious."

Clark suppressed a knowing grin. "Well, why wouldn't she tell you?"

Lois threw her hands up in the air. "What do I know? She insisted I promise to keep it out of the news, for heaven's sake. And, honestly, who could she know who'd be newsworthy enough for the Daily Planet?" Clark merely shrugged. It seemed the prudent thing to do at the moment. "Exactly," Lois continued unabashedly. "It can only be a high-ranking criminal. Or, what do I know, maybe some stupid rock star with six more "fiancées" waiting for him in different parts of the country. You know, one of these dark and disturbed types. Not that I'm curious or anything like that. It just bugs me that my own sister is keeping secrets from me." Finally, even Lois had to take a breath.

Clark considered her options for a while. "Lois, why don't you just pay her a visit and get to know that man? You should have enough vacation time saved up," Clark suggested. He'd love to see her face when she finally found out. Dark and disturbed, indeed!

Lois thought about this for about three seconds before briskly walking into Perry's office. Yes, a little holiday would do her some good. Besides, the wedding would take place the following weekend. And said weekend was only two days away. Two days to talk sense into her little sister. She needed all the time she could get.

8 hours later...

Lois managed to make her way through the crowd awaiting the arrival of family and friends alike, desperately searching for her sister's face. No luck. Lucy was nowhere to be found. More than just a little annoyed, Lois decided to grab a cab. Carrying her baggage along, she rounded a corner and collided with someone slightly larger than her. Someone wearing exquisite designer clothing *she* couldn't even afford. How... annoying! Lois decided to give this person an earful for running around without looking where. She only needed to take a deep breath, then she could unleash her bad temper on this halfway innocent person.

"Lois!" that person exclaimed joyfully.

Lois looked at her face for the first time and felt her jaw drop. "Lucy?" she asked. Could this really be her sister? And how could she afford dressing like that? Of course, she couldn't ask her about it, but that didn't keep her from wondering.

“Oh, Lois, it’s so great you could come straight away,” Lucy said. “I know I should have told you sooner about the wedding, but, really, Lois, this is a *big* thing, and I don’t want the press to know. As I said, it is big. And although we didn’t quite plan a small wedding, we don’t want any media people there. And I could hardly tell Mom and Dad, either. I pretty much enjoy planning my wedding without Mom’s assistance, thank you very much. And I didn’t need Mom and Dad fighting, either. So I had to keep it quiet, even among the family. And you know how hard it is for me to keep my mouth shut about something.” Finally, Lucy ran out of steam.

While Lois was still trying to digest the whole speech her sister had given her in just an instant, she suddenly thought of Clark and what *he* referred to as the “Lane babble gene.” Looked like there might be a grain of truth in that. At least Lucy had this babble gene. Unlike Lois herself. With a start, Lois realized that Lucy was going to babble on, but Lois quickly said, “Well, thanks for telling me at all! And who is this mystery man you still don’t want to tell me about? Am I going to meet him?”

Lucy smiled at her older sister in amusement. “Oh, Lois, you already have met him. You see him all the time! But let’s do something fun. It’s pretty much the last time I’ve got before the wedding, and I could really do with a little party. You won’t let me down, will you?” Lucy made her little lost puppy eyes at Lois. She knew exactly that her sister would budge under this look. And once again, she was proven right.

“Oooookay,” Lois answered hesitantly.

“I knew you wouldn’t let me down! Let’s go check you in to a hotel and hit the bar!” Lucy enthused.

Way past midnight

A very drunken Lois was staggering into her hotel room. As soon as she managed to close the door — bang the door shut would be a much more fitting description — she kicked off her high-heeled stilettos. In her current state, stilettos were about as deathly as a gun. At least to her. And all this drinking had been for naught. She had tried all night to get Lucy to tell her about that fiancé of hers, but to no avail. Lucy wouldn’t say a single word about him. And, to be quite honest, Lois hadn’t been able to nag her much. The evening had been too much fun...

Blindly, for she hadn’t found the light switch yet, Lois made her way towards her bed, softly cursing when she found the couch instead. She decided to turn left, and her foot hit a very solid table. This time, Lois’ cursing was clearly audible at least two rooms away. After she was done cursing the table, her sister and the world in general, she decided that the couch would do for the remainder of the night. Carefully, she lay down. Why on earth did the world have to start spinning like mad as soon as she was lying down? Well, one more of the world’s unsolved mysteries.

Lois closed her eyes to shut out the nausea threatening to overwhelm her. This was not good. She needed something else to occupy her mind. And the only thing she could think of was the evening. It had been very strange, to say the least. Or had it been something in her drinks, Lois wondered. She clearly remembered that odd raven-haired woman with the pentagram earrings. Lois was sure she heard her order her drinks backwards, for crying out loud. And she always got her glass refilled instantly. Strangely enough, Lois couldn’t recall any waiter at her table. It was like... magic. At least she’d say that if she believed in magic, which, of course, she didn’t. Magic was for fools.

And there was this strange guy whose nose seemed to twitch all the time. Talk about odd! She also remembered someone else. Someone playing with green darts against a youth. And both hit with equal accuracy. She had seen that man before, even played against him. What was his name? Oh, yes, Oliver Queen. Who happened to be Green Arrow, if she wasn’t mistaken. And his girlfriend (or whatever)... Lois recognized the way she moved.

With a grace brought about by lots of practice. And it didn’t look like ballet. More like martial arts. Her tae kwon do trainer had a similar grace to his movements. One thing Lois knew for sure. She wouldn’t want to meet that woman in a dark alley. Unless they were on the same side, of course. Imagining herself and that woman fighting some unsuspecting thug was fun. Sort of. Still grinning, Lois fell asleep.

The next morning.

Lois woke up with the mother of all headaches. Where was she? Must be the bed. Where else would she be sleeping, after all? Feeling the sudden urge to rush to the bathroom, she jumped up, straight into a table. Who in his right mind would put a table beside a bed? Once again, Lois cried out in pain, uttering a few choice obscenities at the people responsible for this arrangement. Unfortunately, the urgent need for the bathroom facilities remained, and she hobbled there as fast as her legs allowed.

Finally, she returned to the main room to return to her bed. A bed with no table at its side. Who had moved the table away? And who had made her bed? It looked pretty much untouched. Lois shivered as she recalled sleeping on the couch. That explained why she was so cold. Couches didn’t usually come with a blanket, after all. Frowning slightly, she climbed into the bed and drew the blanket up to her nose. If only it wasn’t so cold. Her teeth chattering a little, she tried to think of warm things. And, after a very long time indeed, sleep finally reclaimed her.

It was not until past lunchtime that Lucy finally woke her knocking on her door, fresh as spring water. “Lois, wake up! We wanted to go shopping, remember?”

Blary-eyed, Lois opened the door. This was going to be a hard day. If only she hadn’t drunk as much.

“Lois, you look like hell!” Lucy exclaimed after setting eyes on her sister.

“Thanks for telling me, now I feel so much better,” Lois replied grumpily. Her eyes halfway closed, she made her way to the couch.

“Okay, let’s have breakfast first,” Lucy decided. She didn’t want Lois to collapse during their shopping tour, after all. Quickly, she got to the phone and ordered something for breakfast. Lois didn’t quite understand what, exactly, her sister had ordered. All she cared for was coffee, anyway. Lots of coffee.

A few minutes later, Lois was happily sipping her coffee. It was incredible what a hot cup of black caffeine could do to her in the morning. Unfortunately, it didn’t help explain the strange observations she had made the previous night. “Lucy, is it only me, or were there some really strange people in that bar?” she asked, still not trusting her own eyes, much less her memory.

Lucy beamed at her. “I was wondering if you’d notice,” she answered. “After all, you’re an award-winning investigative reporter.”

Lois grinned back. “Well, it was hard to ignore. Especially that black-haired woman with these strange earrings. They looked somewhat like a star in a circle. And she was speaking strangely...”

“Oh, that must have been Wonder Woman. She speaks some sort of ancient Greek dialect, you see? And it sure sounded all Greek to me,” Lucy concluded with irrefutable logic.

Lois gave her a strange look. “Oh, really? I could’ve sworn she was speaking backwards. And since her glass refilled almost magically, I thought she might be Zatanna.” Lois didn’t budge.

Lucy simply shook her head. “Oh, no. She’s really Wonder Woman, trust me on that. But you must have been really out of it, mistaking Greek for English spoken backwards. Besides, there’s nothing like real magic. I thought you knew that!”

Lois decided not to pursue that point any more. It was pointless anyway. “There also was that guy whose nose twitched occasionally. I think I heard him be called Ralph,” Lois continued

with the next on her list.

This time, Lucy positively beamed at her. “Yes, that must have been Martian Manhunter.”

Lois shot her an incredulous look. “Martian Manhunter? Are you serious?” she exclaimed.

“Of course. He’s a shapeshifter, you know?” Lucy deigned to explain to her sister. Lois couldn’t believe she was that far off. If she was being honest, she’d have to admit that she mistook him for Elongated Man. “So, was that all you noticed?” Lucy asked her, interrupting Lois’ train of thought.

“No, there was that other couple. Oliver Queen and his girlfriend or whatever. I know for a fact he’s Green Arrow, and the way *she* moved, she must be well-trained at martial arts. Maybe Black Canary? They’re supposed to be close,” Lois added thoughtfully.

“Really?” Lucy exclaimed. “Green Arrow and Black Canary? How do you know?” Quickly, Lois related her first meeting with Oliver Queen to her younger, soon-to-be-married sister. How she had played darts against him, and how accurate his throws had been. And his obsessive use of *green* darts of exactly the right shade of green. Green Arrow’s green.

Lucy thought about that for some time before agreeing, “You might be right there. Interesting. Really interesting. And I didn’t even realize it. But do tell me, what is going on in your life? Are you seeing anyone?”

Lois wasn’t at all taken aback by the sudden change of topic. “Well, sort of. There’s Clark I’m seeing sometimes, but not on dates. Not *date* dates, anyway. And there’s Superman who comes to visit me occasionally. And, of course, I’ve been on a few dates with Lex Luthor.”

Lucy’s eyes grew as wide as saucers. “Really? Lex Luthor?” After Lois confirmed this with a nod, she whispered, “Lois, that guy is positively evil.”

Lois was rather shocked at that, and she couldn’t quite believe it. “Are you talking about Lex?”

Lucy rolled her eyes at her sister. “Of course I am. Don’t tell me you haven’t seen through him yet. It’s not only that Bruce doesn’t like him — and he sure knows people. Have you ever looked closely at Luthor? These cold eyes, the tightly compressed lips, the exact color of his hair. . . Aren’t they familiar to you?” At her older sister’s blank stare, she continued bravely, “Lois, don’t you see? Lex is the Green Goblin!” It was then that Lois’ jaw finally hit the table.

Afternoon, same day: The mall

Both Lane sisters were walking hurriedly through the mall, the high heels of their shoes clicking in a clear staccato. And it was one of the rare occasions where Lois was not leading the way, but hurrying after her not-so-little sister. Lucy’s legs were several inches longer than hers, which gave her that little bit of extra speed. “Where are we going?” Lois panted, barely able to catch up with Lucy.

“Oh, we’re going to get your dress from the tailor’s,” Lucy replied airily. At her older sister’s confused look, she explained, “Lois, I know your measurements. At least I think so. So, I ordered a dress for you.”

This was a bit too much to take in for Lois. “Hey, you don’t even know what I like to wear. So, how come you got to choose my dress?”

Lucy smiled at her, a mischievous twinkle in her eyes that Lois knew just too well. It meant that Lucy was up to something. “Because you’re my maid of honor. And you won’t let me down, will you?”

Lois sighed. She couldn’t resist Lucy’s lost puppy look, and that sister of hers knew that just too well. “Okay, I’ll do it.”

“Promise?” Lucy asked.

“Promise,” Lois confirmed.

Not much later, an ear-shattering scream was heard in the mall. “Luuuucy!” This was soon followed by a shriek that suggested that someone was being murdered. Which was not too far off the mark. Anyway, there was a swoosh, and Superman came to the rescue.

The scene in front of his eyes was not what he had expected, though. Lois, his partner and best friend, was wearing an absolutely horrid pink gown with lots of ruffles and did her best to strangle her younger sister with some part of her dress that he couldn’t quite identify. That was what it would look like to a stranger. To Clark’s experienced eye, it looked more like Lois proving a point in typical Lois Lane fashion. All the while, the tailor was doing his best to incapacitate Lois. Which was a task nearly impossible for anybody, including Superman himself. Clark had a hard time not rolling on the floor and laughing out loud. He was used to saving Lois from being murdered, but saving her from committing murder was something new, even for him. Trying to use his sternest Superman expression (marred only by the occasional amused twitching in the corner of his mouth), he asked what was going on. At once, all motion ceased. The first thing he noticed after the first shock wore off was Lois hiding the piece of her dress that could have been interpreted as evidence. Trust Lois to keep a cool head in face of an unexpected authority turning up. If only he could trust himself not to break out into a broad grin.

Lois was the first to recover enough to talk. ‘Must be the Lane babble gene kicking into action,’ Clark thought wryly.

“Ah, I was just *telling* my sister how much I *love* this,” Lois looked in disgust at the fluffy pink dress she was wearing before adding the final word with as much sarcasm as she could muster, “dress.”

Of course, Lucy wouldn’t back off. After all, she was a Lane, too. “Lois, the dress is fine. And don’t forget you’re my maid of honor! And look at the color, it really enhances your complexion.”

Clark knew at once that this was the wrong thing to say. And, as he had anticipated, Lois’ temper flared up again. “My complexion doesn’t need any enhancing!” she screamed, her arms moving wildly through the air. This could only mean danger for everybody near Lois. Wisely, the tailor ducked out of her reach.

Like her sister, Lucy was heedless of the danger she was currently in. “Don’t you think you’re overreacting here?” she inquired.

Clark was still unable to find a way to resolve the once again escalating situation. Just as Lois lunged herself at her sister, there was a sudden flash. Both Lane sisters looked at the intruder with the camera while Clark used the moment to drag Lois away from Lucy’s throat. Another flash. And another target for Lois. “How dare you take pictures of me without my permission?” she screeched at the unfortunate youth with the camera. With an unexpected burst of speed, she tried to grab the offending object, but the young man deftly sidestepped. Once again, Lois tried to get her hands on the camera, but the result was still the same. This guy was definitely fast on his feet.

“Ever heard the term ‘freedom of the press?’” the photographer asked, once again dancing out of Lois’ reach just in time.

“Oh, and what rag are you working for?” Lois scoffed. She figured that, if anger didn’t work, insulting might do the trick after all.

The young man squared his shoulders. “I’m freelancing for the Daily Bugle,” he announced with as much dignity as he could muster.

“What? That rag that has all these fake pictures of this fake wall-crawler? He isn’t even real, for heaven’s sake!” Lois

exploded. “Next thing you’ll tell me that *you* made these pictures yourself!” With that parting shot, she hurriedly left the room to get back into her own clothes.

Left behind were an embarrassed Lucy, an amused Superman and a confused Peter Parker. “And I always thought Superman was just a myth,” Peter muttered under his breath. Shaking his head, he left to marvel over the fact that there were indeed others like him. Or unlike him, but still... Anyway, it was time to get on with his real job: Finding Bruce Wayne’s latest girlfriend and get some decent pictures of her. The elusive billionaire was believed to have fallen quite hard this time. Some people even whispered about a secret wedding.

The scene Lois returned to had something surreal. There was Lucy, throwing herself at Superman with fierce determination. Lois felt anger flare within her. ‘How dare she?’, she thought. Superman was hers, not Lucy’s. This was so *not* funny.

Holding her at bay with his hands, Superman said, “Of course I know you, Lucy. But you shouldn’t throw yourself at me like this. I mean, aren’t you supposed to get married?” The last sounded sort of desperate to Lois, who stood stock-still in the doorway.

“Of course you know me. Quite... intimately,” Lucy purred. Didn’t that girl have any shame? “And sure I’m getting married, as you should know only too well. Because you’re going to be there as well. And in a very special position, too.”

Superman looked more and more like a deer in the headlights. Lois wondered idly where she had seen that particular look before, but she couldn’t put her finger on it. Taking a step back, Superman did some quick thinking. Could Lucy really know who he was? Even if she did, he couldn’t slip up in Lois’ presence. If he mentioned that he was indeed to be the best man, even Lois would be able to add up one and one. And not come up with eleven. One thing was for sure: This was not the best moment to tell her about his dual identity. So, what was he to do? “Of course I’ll be there. After all, you’re marrying a very good friend of mine,” he acknowledged.

Once again, Lucy got into purring mode. “Yes, a very... *close* friend, I’d say. Don’t you think?” she batted her eye-lashes at the Man of Steel.

Dumbfounded, Superman did some more thinking. Was Lucy really implying that he was her groom in disguise? Oh, boy! It couldn’t be, could it? Well, they did sort of look alike. As a matter of fact, Lucy had unknowingly mistaken him for her groom before. Only it had been the other way around. Could she really think he was... Bruce Wayne? Daring to glance at her quickly, he had to admit that this had to be the case. The lovesick expression on her face spoke volumes. And there was only one thing he could do, only one way out... “Ahm, someone needs my help,” he said, somewhat lamely. With a shrug, he quickly turned and flew out. After all, Clark Kent was in desperate need of being saved.

As Lois and Lucy were once again walking through the mall, they were in the midst of a heated argument. “Lucy, what on earth were you thinking throwing yourself at Superman like that? You’re going to get married tomorrow!”

To her older sister’s satisfaction, Lucy looked a little embarrassed. “I know, Lo. It’s not as if I didn’t know that. It’s just... Well, haven’t you been wondering why I didn’t tell you whom I’m marrying?” At Lois’ slight nod, she continued, “Well, as a matter of fact, I’m marrying him.”

Lois looked at her, aghast. “You can’t be serious. Superman can’t marry anyone. He’s... he’s not even an American citizen. As a matter of fact, he is the citizen of no nation on Earth,” Lois disagreed.

Lucy smiled benignly at her. “Well, not as Superman, no,” she explained. “But in his civilian identity, he can.”

Superman had a secret civilian identity? So he wasn’t just out there saving peoples’ lives, but had a real life of his own? The whole scenario made her head spin.

By this time, Lucy looked rather ashamed. “Well, I guess I shouldn’t have acted the way I have, even if we *are* getting married. It’s just... I had to find out that I can’t act as if I didn’t know him after all. You know what I mean?” Of course, Lois knew what her sister was talking about. “See? Whenever I look into his blue eyes and imagine him in this blue Suit... yum, you know what I think then?”

Lois blushed beet-red. Of course, she did. But, wait a second... “Lucy, Superman doesn’t have blue eyes. His eyes are brown. Chocolate brown,” she stated.

Lucy looked at her sister as if she were out of her mind. “You must be wrong. I know his eyes are blue. You’re just pulling my leg, aren’t you?”

Lois shook her head. “No. Superman’s eyes are brown, there’s no doubt about it.”

Lucy looked at her incredulously. “Are you telling me you’re actually looking at his eyes when he’s wearing the Super-Suit?” she exclaimed.

“Well, of course I do. What are *you* looking at?”

Lucy promptly replied. “Not his face, I assure you. There is so much of him to look at...” She heaved a dreamy sigh. “His strong arms, his broad shoulders, his sixpack, and this firm backside of his... pity it’s usually covered by his cape. You don’t know the half of it. And don’t think I’d let you find out!” The last sounded like the threat it undoubtedly was.

Sudden understanding made Lois’ color deepen to the seventh shade of red. Superman’s eye-color forgotten, she walked on in silence, caught in her own misery. When, oh when had the world decided to turn upside down?

It was in the early evening when Lois decided to leave her room and go to the bar instead. Her room just didn’t hold any appeal any more. Not since her mother turned up and decided to occupy it so she could complain about Lucy’s sudden wedding. Well, the bar was one place Ellen Lane wouldn’t go. Not since she decided to quit drinking, anyway. Staring into her glass — was it her third or fourth, anyway? — she was still lost in thought. Why did Superman have to marry? And why her sister, of all people? And how had they met in the first place? Wasn’t she the one he rescued on a regular basis?

Draining her glass, she ordered a new one while discreetly listening in on the conversation around her. There was that woman she had mistaken for Zatanna talking to another woman who could be her twin. Same black hair, same blue eyes, about the same height... They somehow managed to look differently by using different hairstyles, though. Still, the similarity was mind-boggling.

<Diana, do you have any idea how often I’m asked if I’m Wonder Woman?> the one with the pentagram earrings said with a smile. With a muttered incantation that once again sounded like backwards speech to Lois, she made two glasses of mineral water appear in front of them. And she meant appear literally. Out-of-thin-air literally.

The answer was laughter as infectious as... as Clark Kents grin. If only Clark was with her, Lois thought. The laughter subsided, and a real answer followed. <Well, Zatanna, you’d be surprised if you knew how often I’m asked to say things backwards. Like ‘XY is a millionaire’. Doesn’t take them long to figure out it didn’t work, though.>

Lois’ thoughts went in circles. ‘So this woman she had watched the evening before really was Zatanna. Lucy had been wrong. As wrong as she had been about Clark being Batman. And maybe she was wrong about Superman as well? This possibility seemed more and more likely to Lois. If only Clark was here...’

Not a good idea. He'd see her in a very sorry state. Truth to be told, it was better that he wasn't anywhere near her. Yeah, right. If only Clark was here...

"Hi, Lois!" an all too familiar voice said.

Lois struggled to sit up straight, but failed miserably. Opting for more safety by discreetly clinging to the bar, she felt secure enough to look up at the speaker. "Uh, hiya, Clark!" She was quite proud that her words came out without any noticeable slurring.

Despite her efforts to look and act normally, Clark realized at once that Lois must have been drinking. She was quite obviously way beyond tipsy. Unbeknownst to Lois, he caught sight of the bartender approaching her with another drink. Clark made eye contact with him and silently waved him away. With a knowing grin, the man retreated.

Clark looked at Lois intensely, and soon she averted her red-rimmed eyes. "Lois, what's wrong?" he asked gently.

Mustering all her bravado, she replied airily, "Why should any... anything be wrong, Clarrrrk? Can't a girl just have a drink?"

Clark raised an eyebrow. "Well, given the state you're in, it was not just *a* drink, but several. And you don't look like you're celebrating, so..." he trailed off, leaving the rest unsaid.

Lois sighed in defeat. Clark knew her too well. There was no way of lying to him, so she could just as well spill the beans. "It's about Lucy's husband-to-be. She finally told me about him."

Clark considered her words for a moment. Something didn't quite make sense, but he couldn't put his finger on it. Maybe she was more drunk than it seemed. "So, why are you so down? He is a great guy, after all." Maybe this would help him solve the puzzle.

Lois sighed in exasperation. Why couldn't Clark just understand? "Of course he is great. It's just..." Lois sighed again, trying to find the right words to express her feelings. She was a writer, making money with words. So why was she unable to express something that simple? Concentrating hard on her wording and on her uncooperative tongue, she said, "You know, I thought I was special to him. After all, I met him first!"

Clark furrowed his brow. She sounded like she was talking about Superman instead of Bruce Wayne. "Meeting someone first doesn't give you the right to own him, Lois."

Lois stared at him blankly. "Of course not. But I thought we were close, that I meant something to him. After all those nightly visits he paid me... I thought we were friends. The least he could have done is telling me about his impending wedding."

Lois was more confusing than ever. Had Clark understood her correctly? She had gotten "knightly" visits? And she never even deigned to tell him about it? Or was this a misunderstanding? "Lois, did I understand you correctly? You were visited by the Dark Knight?"

Her expression turned dreamy. "I wouldn't call him a dark knight. He's more like... like my personal hero. My knight in shining armor."

Clark wondered about that comment for some time. She didn't seem to be talking about Batman, yet she was mentioning armor. And armor was definitely part of his equipment. What point didn't he get here?

Before Clark was able to make either head or tail of what Lois told him, she decided that a change of topic was due. "Clark, do you think I'm desirable?" she asked through her hiccup, wondering why her tongue made such a fuss about forming the appropriate words. He shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. Had he heard correctly? Lois asked him if he thought her desirable? Before he could answer her, though, she muttered, "I didn't think you would."

He looked at her. "Oh no, Lois, you got me wrong. Of course I think you're desirable."

"So why did you shake your head?" she shot back. Well, seeing it like this, she had a point.

"It wasn't meant to be a "no." I simply couldn't believe my ears," Clark explained.

Lois still didn't look him in the eyes. "Of course," she said, sarcasm dripping from her voice.

There was only one way to prove the truth of his words to her. Gently, he cupped her face and lifted it so she was looking at him. Then, he lowered his face to her, their lips nearly touching. Her tongue licked her lips nervously. As their lips finally made contact, a loud boom made them jump apart. A crack of lightning cast an eerie light on the scene, effectively driving all thoughts of a kiss from their minds. That was not what Clark had had in mind, but it seemed like he had gotten the point across to her.

Lois swallowed. Was it possible that Clark, of all the men in her life, wouldn't leave her? "Clark, will you stay with me? I don't want to be alone tonight."

What the heck did she mean with that? She couldn't mean for him to spend the night with her, could she? This was going to be interesting.

The next morning...

Lois woke up to the feel of firm muscle under her hand. She didn't dare to open her eyes lest this wonderful dream would disintegrate like a soap-bubble, leaving nothing behind but a sweet memory. Slowly, she began exploring the flesh beneath her fingers. Smooth skin covering firm abs. Further up, there was a broad expanse of chest with equally well-developed pecs. Hmm, if this was a dream, it was a good one. Maybe she was dreaming of Superman in her bed? A slight giggle escaped her lips. If only that dream would last.

"Lois, not again," a male voice groaned. A voice she knew all too well. And one thing she knew for sure: It wasn't Superman's, but Clark's. What was Clark doing in her dream? And why was he complaining? Shouldn't he like it, at least in her dream if not in real life? Slowly, Lois cracked one eye open. Suddenly, she was completely awake.

With a shriek, Lois somehow managed to jump up into a standing position. "What are you doing in my bed?" she demanded to know in a voice shrill with rising panic.

An infuriating smile played over her partner's lips. "So, you're finally back to normal. Good," he said sleepily. "I don't think I could have withstood another one of your advances without giving in," he added in a mutter.

Lois' eyes grew wide. "Does that mean that nothing actually happened?" she asked, unable to believe it. Men were always after sex. All of them. Or not? "Oh, if only my head wouldn't hurt so much," she whimpered.

In a flash, Clark was out of bed, offering her a glass of water and two pills. At her disbelieving look, he explained, "I thought you might need an aspirin."

Shaking her head set off painful fireworks within it. That sure inspired her to take the offered pills without further questioning the honorability of her partner's intentions. "Thanks," she said after gulping down the bitter medicine. Looking down at herself, she realized that she was still wearing a much too big shirt and boxers. Clark's boxers. A quick glance at him confirmed him to be in the same attire. She wanted to shake her head again, but refrained from doing so, the exploding pain from the last time still fresh in her mind. How was it possible that she had spent a whole night with a man without sharing anything more intimate than an embrace, she wondered? Graced with sudden understanding, she blushed fiercely. No straight man could be that honorable. There was only one explanation. Her drop-dead gorgeous best friend who might have become so much more to her — he favored men. Wasn't life just wonderful? Lois felt like crying. But she couldn't afford to fall apart in front of Clark, so

she hurriedly disappeared into the bathroom and firmly closed the door behind her. Only then, tears sprang from her eyes.

Half an hour later, Lois felt more or less human again. Wrapping the big towel securely around her body, she peeked out of the bathroom. When she found the bedroom empty, she quickly got dressed in her clothes. Her neatly folded clothes. Definitely Clark's work. Which was one more proof that he was indeed... gay. No reason to shirk away from even *thinking* that word, Lois scolded herself. Leaving the upper three buttons of her blouse unbuttoned, she walked into the living room.

"I smell coffee," she said, appreciatively sniffing the air.

"Yes, I ordered breakfast for the two of us," Clark said while turning around to look at her. Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks, staring at Lois' open display of her feminine charms.

"What?" Lois asked when she heard Clark gulping hard.

Forcefully removing his eyes from the tantalizing view in front of him, he said, "Lois, could you please button up your blouse? I don't think I can take much more of that without finally caving. At least not after last night."

Lois stared at Clark in surprise. "You're really affected by me?" she wondered aloud.

Clark took a deep breath. "Lois, you have no idea how much you affect me," he muttered, his voice deep and husky. Blushing, he realized that he was in dire need of a cold shower. Or his super-equivalent of it. He only hoped that a dip in the Arctic would do the trick this time. "Shower," he croaked before hurrying out of the room.

Lois looked after him. When he turned around, Lois had gotten a glimpse of her effect on him. It was an uplifting view, to say the least. It sure set her straight about her assumption about Clark. He definitely was straight. Lois couldn't help but grin at that. Suddenly, the day had become so much better.

When Clark returned from his shower, he rejoined Lois at their breakfast table. Gratefully he noted that Lois had indeed buttoned up a little. At least enough to keep him from embarrassing himself. Finally being able to look her in the eyes instead of simply staring at her, he started a conversation about the wedding of Lucy and Bruce. Which, of course, got Lois into full babble mode as soon as she remembered being the chosen maid of honor and the dress that came with it.

"Clark, what am I going to do? I really can't wear that... that thing. I'll look like an oversized, badly-outfitted Barbie doll," she wailed.

What was he supposed to say? He had seen the dress Lucy had chosen for his fiery partner. "Well, the way I see it, you don't have much of a choice. Besides, it's your sister's wedding, and it seems to me she wanted to make sure she's the best-looking woman around," he tried to comfort her.

Lois could hardly believe her ears. "You think I'm good-looking," she asked.

Clark didn't have to think twice about his answer. "You're not only good-looking, you're beautiful," he replied at once.

Lois furrowed her brow. "Where is the difference?" she wanted to know.

Clark smiled at her. This warm smile that always made her go weak in the knees. "Good looks fade with time. But you, Lois, possess the kind of beauty shining through from within, from your very soul. And that never fades," he replied with conviction. Lois was nearly moved to tears. Nobody had ever said anything as wonderful as that to her. Let Lucy have her Superman, she decided. She'd rather take her chances with Clark.

Suddenly, Clark stilled. "What is it?" Lois demanded.

"A message," he answered cryptically. At Lois' "tell-me-more-or-I'll-shoot-you" look, he explained, "A telepathic message from Martian Manhunter. He wanted to know if I knew about your whereabouts. Lucy is searching for you frantically."

Lois could imagine that quite vividly. After all, who would wear that awful pink dress if Lois was not to be found? The idea of staying hidden had a certain appeal, and Lois gave it some serious consideration — at least until she heard the knocks on the door. Quickly, Clark jumped up and answered the door. Lucy deftly stepped around him and faced her older sister with a stare that would make lesser women — and even men — budge. Lois didn't even flinch, though. She was a Lane, after all. And Clark wondered if there was something like a 'Mad Dog gene' in the Lane family. In all likelihood, there was.

"Lois, what are you doing here? We agreed that I'd fetch you from *your* room this morning. Why haven't you been there?" Lucy demanded to know. The anger she emanated was nearly palpable.

Lois was at a loss. She couldn't remember why she hadn't stayed in her own room. All she remembered was that it had lost its appeal for some reason or other. Seeing Lois hesitate, Clark stepped in to help. "She didn't stay there because of your mother who had somehow managed to obtain a key for the room with the intention to stay there for the night. When Lois heard that, she ran out of there as quick as her feet could carry her," Clark explained, vividly remembering the look on her face. It was in the face of Lois' tears threatening to spill that he had offered her to stay the night with him.

Lois was slightly disturbed by Clark's interference. Still, she had a mission to accomplish. There were only a few hours left until she'd be in front of the altar with Bruce, her personal Superman. And she still had a mission to accomplish: Getting herself and her sister dressed up for the happy event. Nothing was going to stand in her way. "Lois, we have to get going if we want to be *in time*," she reminded her sister forcefully.

Lois threw one last mournful look at Clark before turning to follow her sister, but Clark intercepted her. Gathering her into his arms, he whispered into her ear, "Remember, your beauty always shines through. Even through that dress." Lois flashed him a grateful smile. A smile so radiant that it made the Man of Steel go weak in the knees.

Several hours later: The wedding

Clark stood in front of the altar, listening to the droning of the preacher. Next to him, directly behind the happy couple, was Lois. If only it was their own wedding, Clark thought. Risking a short glance at Lois, he saw that she must have been daydreaming. A smile playing around his lips, his attention returned to the couple in front of him. He still had to tell Bruce that Lucy had made some false assumptions about his other identity. He'd better leave out the scene at the tailor's, though. Clark's thoughts were interrupted by sudden movement. Bruce finally had the permission to kiss his bride — which he did, of course. The kiss lasted for almost a minute, and Clark once again wished that he and Lois were in that position, enjoying their first kiss as a married couple. He thought of how it would be, this kiss. He had kissed Lois before, so it was not hard to imagine, quite the contrary. He vividly remembered the softness of her full lips, the taste of her tongue in his mouth. He recalled the way she had fit in his arms and the scent coming from her hair, the way her small hands moved over his back. A soft moan escaped his lips, quickly followed by a moan from Lois. Daring to look at her quickly, he saw her blush a beautiful shade of purple, which looked rather good with her pink dress.

Lois stared at her sister's back, feeling caught. How could she dream of kissing Clark while her little sister was kissing her new husband? This was so embarrassing. She just hoped that nobody had heard her soft moan. But thinking of kissing Clark was so good. He was a wonderful kisser, she knew from experience. Not that demanding sort of kiss she couldn't stand, but a gentle, carefully exploring of each other, a giving and

taking. And the feel of his strong arms around her... She felt the heat from her face spread southward. If only there was a cold shower in sight...

All of a sudden, Lucy and Bruce turned around and stepped through between her and Clark. After they had passed, Clark came over to her to take her hand, and together they followed the happily married couple. A fierce yearning made itself known within her, something she'd never admit to anyone. Well, anyone but Clark. She'd have to tell him somehow, or there was no way to make it come true. She wanted Clark. Not just for a short while, but forever. Just... how was she to tell him? She looked down at her feet and once again caught sight of her awful dress.

Clark noticed the expression of purest disgust on Lois face when she looked down the pink creation she was wearing. Since they were just passing Zatanna, Clark had an idea. Leading Lois towards the raven-haired sorceress, he introduced both women before asking, "Zee, could you do me a little favor?"

Zatanna looked at him before her eyes swept over Lois. "Hmm, your friend's dress could do with a little magic, couldn't it?" she asked, guessing his intent. As she saw Lois' face light up, she intoned, "EGNAHC SIHT SSERD OTNI ENO SIOL SEKIL!"

At once, the fluffy pink dress was exchanged for a black one hugging Lois' every curve, the ruffles completely gone. Lois' face lighted up in delight. "Thank you very much! You have no idea how much that means to me," she enthused. Once more, Clark took her hand, and they went out of the chapel into the yard in front of it. There, all unmarried women got together in a group because Lucy intended to toss her bridal bouquet. Lois hurried to join the group, but her sister wouldn't wait for her arrival and tossed the bouquet in direction of the waiting women. An unexpected gust of wind blew it off course, though, and the bouquet landed in Lois' hands. A smile lit up her face, and she caught Clark's eye. And, somehow, his smile echoed hers. Slowly, he came to join her, offering her a glass of champagne he had somehow gotten his hands on.

Later, the newlyweds danced the first dance, swirling around and around. Lois and Clark watched them, hoping for the wonderful day it would be their turn to dance that first dance as husband and wife. Arm in arm, they swayed to the music. Finally, the dance floor was open for everyone, and Clark lead her there. As they danced, they moved closer and closer together. When the song ended — much too early, if you asked Lois and Clark — they got lost in each other's eyes. Stronger and stronger Clark felt drawn towards her as Lois moved closer and closer towards him. In the end, their lips touched.

Lois' heard her own heartbeat quickening. This was what she had been waiting for. With sudden clarity, she knew with her heart that she was where she belonged: In Clark's arms.

Too soon, they had to come up for air. Clark was the first to speak. "Lois, we have to talk," he said and took her with her. They had a long talk ahead of them, but the result could only be good.

Epilogue

Bruce and Lucy were sitting in his private jet, headed for Hawaii. They had a serious talk ahead of them.

"Lucy, there is something I have to tell you," Bruce started the conversation he dreaded.

Lucy batted her lashes at him. "If it's about your dual identity, I already figured that out," she said.

Bruce didn't quite know how to react. "So... you're okay with it?" he asked.

Lucy gave him a strange look. "Why shouldn't I be okay with you saving lives?"

Well, if she put it that way, Bruce had to admit that his young wife had a point. Still, there was more to it. "I mean, Lucy, I risk

my life almost every night. At least every night I become Batman," he tried to explain.

"You're Batman?" she exclaimed before passing out. Bruce shook his head. Who else had she thought he was? Oh, right. Possibly Superman. After all, being mistaken for Superman happened to him all the time.

THE END

Bottom dweller's notes:

1) If you didn't recognize the superheroes described: Lois' guesses are 100% correct.

2) Zatanna does work her magic by saying her commands backwards. The 'spell' she uses for Lois' dress reads "Change this dress into one Lois likes."

3) My assignment from LaraMoon:

Three things I want in my fic:

1. a Superman rescue (could be anyone, even Lois)
2. Lois being forced to do something that'll annoy her ;)
3. a kiss :)

Preferred season(s): S1 and S2

Three things I do not want in my fic:

1. anything post engagement (ie: married, children, etc.)
2. no WHAM of any kind, please.
3. Lois or Clark being romantically involved with anyone else

I just hope that it's still okay to have a wedding in the family.