

Just Say My Name, Clark

By Deadly Chakram <dwelf82@yahoo.com>

Rated: PG

Submitted: October 2011

Summary: When Lois shows up at Clark's door with an ultimatum, Clark decides that it is time to reveal his secret to her. Companion piece to "Just Say My Name, Lois." Name challenge story.

Disclaimer: I neither own, nor make, anything. All recognizable characters, plot points, and lines of dialogue belong to DC Comics, Warner Brothers, December 3rd Productions, and anyone else with a stake in the Superman franchise. It just gives me immense pleasure to play with the characters like my very own, personal toys.

Author's Note: This ficlet is the result of the Name Challenge issued by VirginiaR on the Lois and Clark FanFic Message boards (August 2011). The rules were simple: to create a scene in which Lois and Clark have a conversation, but Clark is only allowed to say Lois' name. As an added challenge, the scene had to be a reveal scene. This is what my twisted little muse came up with in response.

Lots of liberties were taken with the events of the show, but hey, that's what fan fiction is for!

Clark Kent awoke to utter darkness. He groaned, not knowing what had awoken him. It hadn't been a cry for help; of that he was certain. He groped in the inky blackness for the lamp on his night stand, still more asleep than awake. After a few long seconds of fumbling around, he found the lamp and switched on the light. The shock of light seemed cruelly bright to his unadjusted eyes.

A pounding knock sounded on his front door. So that was what had ripped him from his sleep. He grabbed up a pair of lightweight navy blue drawstring pants from the floor and slipped into them. He glanced at the alarm clock on his night stand as he did so. It was twenty after two in the morning. He'd been asleep less than two hours, thanks to a fourteen car accident on the I-95 North as it drew close to the New York border. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, and slipped his glasses on, not bothering to find a shirt.

Another, more agitated knock sounded on his door. Clearly this was not just the second time whoever it was had knocked. He moved swiftly to the living room, throwing on lights as he went.

"Open up, Clark! I know you have to be home!" The voice was muffled behind the thick wood of the door.

"Lois?" Clark asked the empty apartment around him. He was immediately pulled to full wakefulness.

What could she possibly want with him at two-twenty in the morning? She hadn't come calling on him at his apartment ever since she'd started dating "Please, call me Daniel" Scardino - not even when she'd had a hot lead on a story. She'd been content to keep Clark at an arm's distance, only working alongside him as a professional colleague lately, sharing her hot leads and conversation with him during working hours. He'd been doing more Superman patrols at night as a result, unwilling to face the long, lonely hours alone in his apartment.

Clark reached the door, unbolted it, and opened it to find a flushed and disheveled Lois behind the door. Instantly, he feared that something had happened to her.

"Lois?" he asked, her name a thousand concerned and confused questions all rolled into one.

He wanted nothing more than to draw her into a hug. Instead, he contented himself to awkwardly shift his weight from one foot to the other and back again.

"Clark," she said, stepping around him and into the comfortable warmth of his apartment. "We need to talk."

"Lois," Clark started to protest.

Lois seemed not to hear him as she breezed through the apartment, down the few steps into the living room, and took a seat on his couch.

"I know, I know," she said, cutting off his protest. "It's late. But I've been doing a lot of thinking tonight. I've come to a conclusion."

"Lo-is," Clark said, his voice rough with concealed dread.

Had she come all this way at this late hour to tell him that she'd finally chosen Scardino over him?

"No, Clark," Lois said, shaking her head. "I need to get this off my chest. And if I had waited until morning to do this, I would have lost my nerve. Clark, stop pacing. It's driving me crazy."

Clark stilled his movements abruptly. He hadn't realized that his inner turmoil had manifested into a troubled pace. He stood in place, looking lost, then decided that it was probably better to sit. He sank into the armchair, watching Lois from behind the safety of the coffee table. He ran a nervous hand through his raven locks.

"Thank you," Lois said, once he had stilled.

Clark gave her a weak smile. His heart had sunk to someplace below the floorboards and his stomach was twisted into innumerable knots.

"For days now, I've been agonizing over this decision," Lois continued. "And tonight, I did something that I hope I won't regret."

"Lois?" Clark began to ask, dejectedly. What could she possibly mean? Had she chosen Scardino? Had she slept with him?

"I told Dan that I don't want to see him anymore."

Clark gaped, incredulous. He desperately wanted to speak, but no words made it past the lump in his throat.

"Don't get me wrong. Dan is a great guy. Never once did he run out on me. But I don't think I could have ever have come to love him. Being with Dan made me realize something about myself, something that I think I've known for a while now. I realized that I'm completely in love with you, Clark."

Clark's eyes widened and his heart zoomed back into its proper place in his chest.

"Lois," he breathed. He seemed incapable of saying anything but her name, though he wanted to take her into his arms and profess his own deep, abiding love for her. He started to rise from his chair.

Lois wagged a warning finger at him, stopping his movement and forcing him back into his seat. "But if we have any chance of having a future together, I need you to come clean with me, Clark. Right here. Right now. No more lame excuses. I need to know why you keep running away from me. What is it that you're so afraid of? Or are we not on the same page with our feelings?"

"Lois," Clark said, shaking his head. How could he explain everything to her? It was the one conversation that he feared above all others.

Lois mistook his action for a refusal. Tears began to well in her eyes. She stood angrily, her fists clenched against her raging emotions.

"Fine," she huffed, trying to keep the tears out of her voice. "I guess I was wrong about you. Forget I said anything. Forget that I came here tonight."

She stormed off towards the door, the sound of her sneakers on the floor sounding like nails being hammered into the coffin of Clark's hopes and dreams. Clark stood numbly, his mind racing.

It was now or never, Clark knew. He could come clean about his secret and risk losing Lois. Or he could let her walk out of his apartment, out of his life, and lose her forever, but keep his secret intact. He swallowed hard. This was not how he wanted the circumstances to be when he finally told her the truth about who and what he really was. But, did it really matter? Lois had just admitted that she was in love with him, with Clark. Not Superman.

Lois reached the door, turned the handle and stepped one foot outside. She had not once looked back.

"Lois," he said, just loudly enough for her to hear.

Lois stopped in her tracks, one hand still on the doorknob. She still did not turn back to look at him.

"Clark," she said, her back still towards him. "Please. I can't take the broken promises anymore. Everyone's entitled to their own fears and secrets. I get that. And whatever yours are, whatever the reasons are why you can't commit to our relationship, that's fine. But I can't keep doing this to myself. I love you, but I have to move on. I have to take care of myself."

Her tears had begun to trickle down her cheeks. Even without seeing them, Clark knew that they were there. He could smell the faint trace of salt. He could hear the slight increase in her heartbeat. He took a breath, steadying himself.

"Lois," he said softly, his voice a pleading whisper. He took one uncertain step forward.

The name hung heavily in the air for a long moment. Then, miraculously, Lois turned to him, the sincerity of his plea moving her. She stepped back into the apartment and eyed him questioningly.

Encouraged, he moved towards her, quickly closing the distance. Gently, he closed the door and ushered her back to her place on the couch. He knelt before her silently. He cupped her face in one of his large hands, using his thumb to gently brush the tears from her cheeks. Instinctively, her own slender hand came up to cover his as she basked in the warmth of his palm. Feeling somewhat bolder, Clark leaned in, and placed a reverent kiss on her forehead.

"Please, Clark," she said, her own voice ragged and pleading now.

Clark looked down at the floor, gathering his courage. After a moment, a new resolve flooded his body. He looked up again, meeting her eyes and holding them in an intense gaze. His free hand came up to his glasses, shaking imperceptibly as he grasped the frames and pulled them slowly, deliberately away from his face.

"Clark, I don't under..." Lois started to say as Clark slipped his hand away from her face. His pleading eyes stopped her mid-word.

He stood and backed up a step or two. He wished that he could spin into his suit, but he was dressed in nothing but the thin lounge pants, not even a shirt or pair of socks in sight, let alone easy access to his hidden closet. Instead, he took a deep breath, readying himself. Then he quietly rose a few inches off the floor and simply hovered there, his eyes never leaving Lois'. He raised his eyebrows apprehensively.

Lois' eyes widened and her mouth hung slack in disbelief.

"That's not humanly... you're... floating. But that's not possible... no one can... unless... except... you're Superman?" she said, each word spoken hesitantly as she tried to wrap her head around the truth.

Clark alighted on the floor once more and nodded, too afraid to speak. He folded his arms protectively across his bare chest, painfully aware of how exposed he was, both literally and metaphorically.

"So you... weren't running out on me, were you?" Lois asked, putting the pieces into place. "You heard calls for help, didn't you? There I was complaining about your lack of commitment and you were out saving lives."

Clark nodded once more, nervously. She hadn't yet rejected him and his secret, but he feared that she would come to a slow boil.

Lois stood and crossed the few steps to where Clark stood. He dropped his arms and let them hang loosely at his sides. Lois tenderly ran her small, warm hand over his cheek.

"I wish you had told me," Lois said. "I... I could have helped you carry this secret. I... I never would have gotten mad at you for ditching me if I had known the reason why. I feel like such an idiot, Clark. And selfish."

"Lois..."

"Sssh," Lois said, pressing her wandering finger over his lips briefly.

She wrapped her arms about his neck, pulling him close. She tugged lightly on his head, and he allowed her to pull his head down. Her lips captured his own in a deep, soul shattering kiss. Clark responded eagerly, the last of his fears melting away. His arms encircled her body, holding her close. He felt his lips part slightly as Lois' tongue exploded his mouth, and he moaned in happiness. Lois felt the moan as it rumbled in his chest.

At length, she pulled away from him, still wrapped in his arms, still holding on to him. Clark immediately mourned the loss of her lips on his own. He opened his eyes to see Lois staring at him, an amused smile on her face.

"Lois?"

She giggled, a light, airy sound that dispelled any lingering doubts that he still had. She smiled wryly at him. "I always did wonder if the suit came off."

"Lo-is," Clark grinned at her, a chuckle escaping his lips. For the first time in weeks, he felt the chains of sadness slipping from his heart. He hardly noticed that he'd begun to float in his euphoria.

Lois, however, did notice that their feet were no longer touching the floor. She drew close to him again and rested her head against his chest for a moment.

"I dreamt about this, you know. Holding you. Kissing you. At first, it was Superman. But he wasn't real. He was a fantasy. And then, it was Clark. A real man, someone who wasn't safe, someone who I'd have to actually risk my heart for. Now I find out that I have both men, all rolled into one perfect person - my partner, and my best friend, and the man that I love."

"L-"

That was all that Clark could get out before Lois guided his head down once more, her lips crashing against his with urgency and with reassurances, sealing their love and commitment to one another.

THE END