

It's All Just Rather Funny

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Rated G

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Summary: Another take on how Superman could have reacted to Lois at the end of "Barbarians at the Planet."

The characters of Lois and Clark are the property of DC Comics, Warner Bros and December 3rd Productions. The opening line and scenario of this story have been borrowed from "Barbarians at the Planet", written by Dan Levine and Deborah Joy Levine. No copyright infringement is intended – just wanted to have a bit of fun.

"I am so completely in love with you. Is there any hope for us?" She looked at him with fear and hope in her eyes.

How was he supposed to answer that? He was completely in love with her, too, but she had rejected him only a few hours before. He used to think there was a chance for them. Lois's wide eyes narrowed in contemplation, and suddenly Clark realized that he had voiced that last thought out loud.

"What do you mean you *used* to think there was a chance for us?" she asked. "Do you mean that you used to have feelings for me?"

Clark sighed. "Lois," he started and sighed again. "I just... oh, I don't know. This is all just so complicated." He turned around in exasperation and began to pace across her living room.

"Superman?" Lois was utterly confused. He obviously seemed conflicted about admitting his feelings for her. But what else could he mean by what he had said? If he'd thought at one point there was a chance for them, then that could only possibly mean that he had felt something toward her. But were those feelings still there? Did he return her love? "Superman... please tell me you feel the same way about me that I do about you."

"You are NOT in love with me," Clark shouted, stopping his pacing and turning to look at her. He was so angry and heartbroken that he couldn't think clearly. How could she so innocently be professing her love to him? She didn't even know who he really was.

Her eyes widened again at his outburst. "But of course I am," she said quietly. "I just told you so."

"Yeah, well, two hours ago you said that you didn't, so it's somewhat difficult for me to believe you." He hardly had time to think about the words before they fell out of his mouth. He dropped his eyes to the floor and began to stare intently at his boots.

Lois's mind was racing. Two hours ago, she had been talking to Clark. Why would Superman be talking about that like he was there? Unless... It couldn't be possible, could it? Her hands began to tremble slightly. She walked slowly toward him, starting to shake even more with each step. When they were standing toe to toe, she reached up and placed her hand under his chin. She tilted his head up so she could look at his face. And for the first time, she saw Clark's eyes looking back at

her. A single tear ran down her cheek. How could she have been so blind?

"Oh, Lois," Clark said softly, "I'm so sorry. I never meant to hurt you. Please don't cry." He wrapped his arms around her as more tears began to fall. Her whole body was shaking as she cried. "Lois, please look at me."

She lifted her head from her chest and looked him with the biggest smile. Apparently, her shaking wasn't due to crying. "You're laughing?" he asked incredulously. "What is so funny?"

"Us," she managed to get out between giggles. That made him smile.

"And what is so funny about us?" he asked.

"Well," she said as she wiped the stray tears from her face, "you confessed your love to me earlier this afternoon. And I told you I was in love with you tonight. But here I am all upset and crying, and neither of us seems very happy. It's all just rather funny, don't you think?"

The absurdity of it did seem rather funny, Clark had to agree, and he began to laugh as well. "So, now what are we going to do?" he asked her.

"Well, you are going to fly off..." He raised his eyebrows at her. "Let me finish," she said and continued, "... and then you are going to come back as Clark. Which, by the way, I can't believe I never noticed all those times you just ran off and Superman just happened to show up and vice versa."

"Why do I need to fly off in order to come back as Clark?" he asked with a smirk on his face. She was cute when she babbled.

"Because I want to talk to Clark... and that seems to be what happens right? Superman flies away, and then Clark suddenly appears. Right?"

Clark laughed and then began to spin, becoming a blur of red and blue. When he stopped, Clark was standing before her dressed in his work suit. He adjusted his tie and his glasses and grinned at her sheepishly. "So, you think you've got it all figured out, do you?" he asked her.

"Wow," was all she could say in reply.

"All right. So 'Clark' is here. What do you want to talk to me about?" A hint of annoyance began to creep back into his voice, a remnant of his anger from before. Now that she knew the truth, was she going to suddenly be interested in Clark? She had been pretty adamant about her rejection in the park.

"OK, so I didn't really want to talk to you. But I did want you to do something for me," she said. He didn't say anything. Instead, he just stood there, waiting for her to continue. She took a step closer to him. His super-hearing picked up the sound of her heart pounding. It always tended to race when Superman was around, but this was different. He had never heard it like this. "I want you to kiss me, Clark," she whispered.

He had been right. She was suddenly interested in him because she knew he was Superman. She would never be able to see past the blue and red suit. She would never love him for who he really was – just a hack from "Nowheresville". And yet with all of these fears racing through his brain, he couldn't deny her the request. He

placed his hands on either side of her face and slowly pulled her toward him. Her eyes fluttered shut as their lips touched. He kissed her with all the passion and love he had hidden from her all these months. In the moment, he didn't care that she only wanted the super-hero. All he cared about was that she was kissing him. Him. Clark. Wait a minute. She had asked Clark to kiss her, not Superman. He had been there in the suit, and she had wanted Clark. He suddenly broke the kiss and pulled back.

“What's wrong?” she asked.

“Why did you ask Clark to kiss you, and not Superman?” he said.

She laughed. “Do you always talk about yourself in the third person?”

“My life can get rather confusing otherwise,” he answered. Then he took a breath and said, “I need to know.”

“I wanted to kiss Clark because... well, because all of a sudden, Superman didn't seem real!” she exclaimed. “And how can I be in love with someone who isn't real? I mean, you were right. Oh my gosh, I can't believe I just admitted that out loud. I never admit that I'm wrong, because, well, let's be honest, it doesn't happen all that often...” He cut her off with another kiss.

“Thanks,” she said. “I got a little off topic, didn't I?”

“It's all right,” he said. “I think you're adorable when you babble.” She blushed slightly.

“OK, where was I? Right. I realized that Superman wasn't real. You said that I wasn't in love with you... with Superman. And you were right. How can I be in love with something that isn't real? But you, Clark, are very real to me.” She paused and looked at the confusion on Clark's face. “Clark, I told you today that I didn't feel the same way about you. And while that's true, it doesn't mean that I couldn't someday feel... I mean, up until a few minutes ago I was in love with another man! How could I let myself develop feelings for my best friend? What kind of woman would that make me?”

“So, you turned me down because you wanted to be loyal to... well, me?”

“I can see why the third person thing can be helpful,” Lois said, starting to laugh again. “I just wanted you to kiss me as yourself, without any pretences, so I could see if I felt the way that I felt about Superman with Clark.”

“And?”

“I think we've done enough talking, Clark,” she said as she reached to kiss him again.

THE END