

Revelations

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Lois ruminates over the revelation that Clark is Superman after her frozen slumber.

Some dialogue taken from Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman, Season 1, Ep 19 and Season 2, Ep 22, Season 3, Episode 1; Episodes by : Dan Levine & Deborah Joy LeVine and Tony Blake & Paul Jackson and John McNamara, respectively

Just for a bit of fun, no infringement intended :)

Lois was still recovering from the ‘thawing’ Superman had given her, and still reeling from the implications. All those missed signals, all those almost glimpses into who Clark really is, and she had missed every one of them! And she called herself the best of the best of investigative reporters! Ha! How could she have missed this one? *Maybe I was too close to him*, she mused to herself. *Clark is such an upfront kind of guy, I always assumed he either told me the truth or — well, I had known he was hiding something — but this!?*

Lois was a mixed bag of emotions. One minute she was angry, the next hurt, the next flabbergasted! How could he have not told her? *And how could I have not figured it out?* One thing she was certain though, through all the torrent of emotions, she knew she still loved him. *Clark, the man, not Superman*, she clarified to herself. *Superman is special to me... But Clark — it goes way deeper.* Despite her confused emotions, she knew that once she confronted him with the truth, somehow they’d come out stronger for it. She had to believe that.

She thought back over all of her Superman encounters, putting Clark into the context. Did she understand him any better? Had he given her any clues since she’d known him? Had he wanted her to find out, even if it was subconsciously?

She thought back to the little things. His fidgeting with his glasses or his crazy ties. Was that a clue? Most definitely the running off was a clue... She was angry at herself a bit about that one! How had he pulled the wool over her eyes so easily? And why hadn’t he simply told her? Especially after they started dating? *Maybe, he was scared*, she rationalized to herself. *Or maybe he didn’t trust me.* This idea hurt, but she thought it was a valid possibility.

But once she got past the little everyday clues, she started to think back on conversations they’d had, especially when he was Superman. She wondered if the clothes made the man, or if the man made the clothes... And eventually decided that Clark was Clark, even when he was Superman. She had named him, after all. A comic book hero wasn’t who was inside Superman, Clark was. And so that made the conversations she had had with Superman ever more intriguing and infuriating... What hidden meanings had there been? And how angry should she be about the deception?

She thought back to when she was deciding whether she should marry Lex. That whole incident still made her cringe. Why had she even considered saying yes to that man? She was never really even comfortable around him, let alone loved him. She had been impressed, maybe, but never in love with him. She should have trusted that Clark was on to something about him.

She shook her head in frustration. *If I’m such a good reporter, how come I couldn’t tell the good guy from the villain? And how come I didn’t know who the true hero was all along?* One especially painful moment during that confusing time came hurtling back to her. The night when she confessed her love to Superman.

‘Superman, is there any hope for us? You and me? I’m so completely in love with you that I can’t do anything else without knowing.’

She remembered his sigh, not knowing what to say to her. At the time, she had taken it for slight annoyance, but now she realized he simply hadn’t known what to do.

She cringed as she recalled her earnest reply to his uncertainty of her feelings: ‘If you had *no* powers, if you were just an ordinary man leading an ordinary life, I’d love you just the same. Can’t you believe that?’

Of course he couldn’t believe that! He *was* an ordinary man, and she had been so blind, so *stupid* not to see the man under the suit! She had been heedlessly fawning for the superhero, meanwhile completely ignoring the man. ‘Oh Clark,’ she whispered. ‘What hell did I put you through?’

But at the same time, if he had revealed himself then, maybe things would have turned out differently. Maybe — but she knew he had been right at that time not to tell her. She grudgingly admitted to herself it would have made things worse, for he would never have been certain that she had loved plain old Clark. *But I do love him now.*

Lois heard someone knocking at her door. It was Clark... and Superman. She smiled to herself. Her heart was in her throat when she opened the door. She wanted to throw herself into his arms and tell him she loved him and that she knew everything. She would tell him, but she wanted the moment to be right.

‘How you feeling?’ he asked, a concerned look in his eyes.

‘I’m fine, Clark, really. I’m just glad your parents are all right... I always knew I could trust — Superman,’ she said, watching him closely.

He sure gets awfully squirmy when I mention Superman. Had he always been that way?

‘Of course,’ he said finally, self-consciously adjusting his glasses. Then, realizing he’s still in the doorway, ‘Can I come in?’

‘Actually, I thought we could go for a walk. I love Centennial Park at night.’

‘If you feel up to it.’

Lois smiled. ‘Just let me grab my coat.’

They walked close to each other. Clark eventually put his arm around her, and she reached for his hand. The hand that had saved her countless times. And the hand that had given away his secret finally. She wondered if he had wanted to tell her yesterday, before he froze her. She knew ultimately that she had to confront Superman with him as Clark, when there were only glasses to hide behind, and not a whole persona. Maybe he had felt the same way, if he ever was going to tell her, which was why he didn’t tell her yesterday. *But what if I hadn’t survived yesterday?* she sputtered to herself silently. *Why when I was putting all my trust in him, could he not do the same for me?*

This train of thought made her suddenly very uncomfortable. All those self-doubts came screaming back to her. *Does he really love me?* she thought, suddenly feeling very vulnerable. His hand squeezed her shoulder, and she looked up at him. Yes, there was love in those eyes. And so much more.

She knew they needed to talk, but she wanted him to go first. She needed his reassurance, and she hoped that maybe he would tell her the truth now, finally. *One way or another; Kent, you’re coming out with it, cause I can’t stand it any longer!*

Clark stopped walking and turned her to face him, gently sitting her down on the edge of a fountain. She couldn't take her eyes off him. She knew how much she loved him now. They had been through so much, and yet she still had figured out the secret before he could get up the nerve or believe in her enough to tell her. Inwardly she was frustrated, but knew she had to try to understand his reasons if they were going to make this work. *Why don't you trust me? Am I that much of a loose canon?* But God, she did love him. He had rescued her so many times and she had finally rescued him yesterday, by putting her life on the line for his parents. She felt tears well up in her throat. *Surely he knows how much I love him...*

Lois kept touching his face, so many thoughts coming at her, as she at once admired the man she loved, and noticed all the ways he was Superman, yet still her beloved Clark. She inwardly laughed at herself yet again for not realizing the truth sooner. *A pair of glasses and some tights... Oh Lois, you're losing your touch!*

But Clark started talking, and she brought herself to the present. "I've been thinking about how when something bad happens, it makes you realize that most of what you spend your days worrying about doesn't matter at all...Almost losing you the way I did, I... I feel ashamed."

"Ashamed?" This took her aback. Was he feeling guilty about not telling her he's Superman?

"I kept pushing you away, even when I promised I'd stop. And if you'd died not knowing the reason, I'd never forgive myself."

A storm suddenly broke out, but Clark was determined to continue. She felt breathless. He was finally going to tell her he is Superman! Her heart soared! This was it he was —

"Lois? ...Will you marry me?"

Proposing??

The world seemed to stop. She was at once floored by his question and angry that he wouldn't tell her about Superman first. But the cat was out of the bag. In for a penny...

She took a breath, trying to steady the excitement she felt welling up in her. "Who's asking? Clark--" she took his glasses off, feeling so good to finally confront him with the truth and knowing she could still love him after." — or Superman?"

He looked at her stunned a moment. *She knew? Since when?!*

A rain storm broke out, suddenly forcing them to run for cover. It gave them both a moment to think, both suddenly having so much to say. As they ran, Lois didn't take his offered hand, and Clark was worried about what was coming. *I should have said something sooner. I know I should have...*

"Lois — I —" he stammered, once they were under a dry awning.

He stopped when he noticed Lois was shivering, and motioned to her to let him dry her off. He gently used his heat vision on her. It reminded Lois of yesterday, both her willingness to do anything to save Clark's parents, and his power over her, emotionally and physically. She wrapped her arms around herself, grudgingly thanking him. It was what she needed, yet it made her feel entirely vulnerable to him.

She thought of others who'd had power over her, like Lex. Yet, she knew Clark would never, ever abuse that power, even though his power was stronger than anything Lex could have held over her, not just because he was Superman, but because she loved him.

Clark looked at her a long moment, knowing he had to tread carefully. "How did you figure it out? ...And how mad are you?"

She sighed softly, "I figured it out yesterday. When you touched me. Both of you," she said, touching his cheek the way he had hers. She held his gaze for a moment, and then the frustration of his deception came to the surface again. She started pacing, "But I should have known for so much longer! When I

think back... how the hell did you fool me so well! Your excuses were not that great. The cheese-of-the-month being a classic!" she knew she was babbling, trying to protect herself.

She turned away from him for a moment, gathering her thoughts. Her throat suddenly felt tight with pent up emotion, but she swallowed hard and tried to get out what she needed to say.

"I'm hurt that you didn't tell me, and maybe I understand why, but Clark — why didn't you trust me?" Tears were in her eyes now. "And if I had had the whole story, maybe I wouldn't have been so--so foolish! Like when I was thinking of marrying Lex. Why didn't you just tell me the truth?" she finished in a whisper, her cheeks wet with tears.

Clark sighed. "Believe me, Lois, I've wanted to tell you so many times. But I had to know that you loved *me*, Clark. Not my powers, not Superman, but me. And that night before you were to marry Luthor, you unintentionally said the most hurtful thing possible, because you didn't love me then, you loved Superman. I'm sorry for the hurt I've caused, but you've caused me pain, too."

They turned to each other, and she noticed the vulnerability she felt was in his eyes as well. They were both helpless in the love they had for each other, and yet, paradoxically, a strength was in that weakness. They could hold each other up. She cupped his face, looking into those fathomless eyes, seeing her hero, her friend, her soul mate. "I wish I had known sooner... but, I suppose I can understand why you had to wait —" Then because she couldn't resist asking, "But WHEN were you going to tell me, Clark? You just proposed marriage!"

He shook his head wryly, grudgingly seeing his actions from her point of view, "Well, I wanted to ask you as Clark. And if you said yes, if I knew that you loved me," he sighed, seeking understanding in her eyes, "I was going to tell you everything."

She stood there a moment, absorbing this bit of information. He still had that scared look in his eyes, and she realized he needed reassurance as well. She stepped towards him, taking his hands in hers, "I do love you, Clark. *You*. And not because you're Superman. I am still trying to wrap my head around it all, but that much I can tell you."

She leaned in and kissed him. It was a simple kiss, but one that spoke of understanding and gentle trust.

She turned her head, noticing the rain had stopped and with it, some of the torrent of her emotions. She sighed, loving the man in front of her, but infuriated by his bullheadedness. She laughed to herself, *I can be bullheaded too, I suppose.*

Clark watched the play of emotions on Lois' face. One moment she looked furious, and then almost amused, and the next she was open and loving. He knew life would never be boring with her.

"I love you, too, Lois. I have for a long time," he finally said, quietly but sincerely.

And that settled it. They'd work it out, one way or another.

She leaned in to give him a kiss, but then pointed her finger into his chest playfully. "But that doesn't mean we don't have a LOT to talk about!"

THE END