

Revelations at the Lake

By Dandello <momkat@dandello.net>

Rated: PG

Submitted: December, 2011

Summary: Christmas Eve at the Lane family lake cabin reveals more than one strange thing.

Copyright: December 8, 2008

All recognizable characters copyright Warner Bros. and DC Comics.

For Lieta:

Lois growled at the car radio. There were hundreds — or at least lots — of radio stations in Metropolis and the only one *not* playing wall to wall Christmas music was the all news station. Of course, it was well known around the *Daily Planet* that Lois Lane didn't appreciate the holidays as much as some of her co-workers did.

"I take it you don't like Christmas music, either?" Clark asked.

"Not when they've been at it for a month," Lois complained.

But despite her feelings on the subject, Lois and Clark were heading to her father's lake cabin to spend Christmas Eve with him, Lucy, and Lucy's new starving artist boyfriend. Lois was supposed to bring a boyfriend as well, but since she didn't actually have one of those and since this was going to be Clark's first Christmas ever that he wasn't spending with his parents, she had invited him to go with her.

Lois was getting ready to simply turn off the radio when a series of chirps came from the radio. Clark's eyes widened.

R2-D2 we wish you a Merry Christmas

R2-D2 we love you it's true

R2-D2 we wish you a Merry Christmas – Merry Christmas

*We hope our little message gets to you **

"I love this song," he announced.

She took her hand from the off button and gave him a wide eyed look of horror. "You're kidding."

He grinned at her and started singing along.

We look up at the winter star, we know that's where you are

Our chimney's big and round so you can come right down

And if our wish comes true we'll spend Christmas Eve with you

Our hearts will sing with glee as we decorate the Christmas Tree

R2-D2 we wish you a Merry Christmas

R2-D2 we love you it's true

R2-D2 we wish you a Merry Christmas — Merry Christmas

*We hope our little message gets to you **

Luckily Clark's voice wasn't as bad as he seemed to think. But R2-D2? Omygod.

She turned off the radio. It was just too horrible to contemplate.

"No more Christmas music?" Clark asked. He sounded disappointed.

"I'm sure Dad will want us to sing carols around the spinet," Lois groused. "But don't you dare suggest the R2-D2 Christmas song."

"How about the Chipmunk Song?"

"Don't tell me you know all the words to the Chipmunk Song, too," she said.

"Of course, don't you?"

Lois was saved from answering as she turned up the gravel driveway to the cabin. All the lights were on, brightening the snow-covered ground in front of the cabin. Lucy and her current beau were putting the final touches on a snowman.

Lois pulled her Jeep in beside Lucy's car. Lucy ran over and gave

her a hug as she climbed out of the car.

Clark went to the back of the car to get the presents Lois had in rear of the Jeep.

"No suitcases?" Lucy asked.

"Clark has to work tomorrow," Lois explained.

"Oh, I wish I'd thought of that excuse," Lucy said, rolling her eyes.

Lois sighed as she followed Clark into the cabin. *This is going to be so bad.*

She was astonished to see the inside of the cabin – a Christmas tree was set in the corner, fully decorated, including items she recognized from her childhood and thought were lost. A fire roared in the stone fireplace and there were actual red knit stockings hanging from the mantle.

The big table was laid out with a veritable smorgasbord.

"Hello Princess," her dad said as he caught sight of her. He gave her a quick peck on the cheek before shaking Clark's hand. "Glad you could come, Clark."

"Glad you invited me," Clark responded.

"I've got eggnog, hot cocoa, and hot buttered rum, if you want," Sam said.

"Cocoa sounds good," Lois admitted.

Within a few moments she was reveling in a steaming mug of cocoa, complete with miniature marshmallows. It was almost like the Christmases she remembered from when she was very young, before her mother fell into a liquor bottle and her dad abandoned them.

Clark was sipping his cocoa and studying the photos on the wall by the kitchen. Many were from Sam and Ellen's college days. Clark frowned as he peered at one of the photos, the one of Sam and Ellen and two of their college friends.

"I've seen this picture before," Clark commented. "That's Thomas and Martha Wayne, isn't it?"

"I went to medical school with Tommy Wayne," Sam said. "Ellen and I double dated with him and Martha. I was best man at his wedding. Heck, Tommy practically gave me the property this cabin is on. He thought it might be fun if we were neighbors. They never did find their killer, you know."

"Daddy, I didn't know you knew the Waynes," Lois said.

"Oh yes. Bruce still uses the cabin sometimes," Sam said. "He asked about you just today."

"Bruce Wayne, the fourth richest man in the world, asked about me?" Lois asked.

Sam grinned and shrugged. "Apparently he's a big fan of yours."

"Bruce Wayne is a fan?" Lois repeated. One of the most press-shy billionaires on the planet was a fan? "So, he's spending Christmas Eve here, on the lake?"

Lois saw, but chose to ignore, the sudden dismay in Clark's expression.

"Lois, you're not thinking what I think you're thinking, are you?" he asked.

"If you're thinking I'm thinking we should go next door and meet a fan, then yes, I'm thinking what you think I'm thinking."

"Bruce Wayne does not give interviews," Clark stated.

"Bruce Wayne has not met Lois Lane," she retorted.

Clark rolled his eyes.

"You don't believe me?" Lois challenged.

"I believe I'm going to regret this," Clark replied. But he grabbed his coat and followed her anyway.

"Lois, this is a bad idea," Clark hissed at his partner as she disappeared into the trees that marked the boundary between the Lanes and the Waynes. Under any other circumstances, Clark probably would have enjoyed walking with Lois along the lake front. The moon was just a sliver, but the stars were brilliant, and most of the houses and boats on the lake were decked out in Christmas finery.

"Lois," he tried again. "Do you know what time it is? It's Christmas Eve..."

“He’s a playboy,” Lois’s voice floated back to him. “He’s a night owl.”

“He’s a bat,” Clark muttered through gritted teeth.

“He’s a what?” Lois asked. At least she had stopped so he could catch up with her.

“He’ll go bats when he realizes what you’re up to,” Clark said, covering his slip.

“We’re just friendly neighbors coming to wish him a Merry Christmas.”

“Lo-is...”

She was moving ahead of him again, toward the front porch of the Wayne ‘cabin’.

Clark picked up a heartbeat close by.

“She’s quite a handful, isn’t she?” Bruce Wayne said quietly, coming out of the darkness of the trees.

“Tell me about it,” Clark groused. “She is *so* going to kill me when she realizes I know you.”

“You mean, you haven’t told her?”

“Not hardly.”

With that Bruce broke out in a loud laugh.

Lois was almost to the front porch when she heard the laugh. She turned to see Clark and another dark-haired man watching her, laughing. *Bruce Wayne?*

“Lois Lane, I presume?” Bruce said, still chortling. It looked like Clark was stifling a laugh as well.

“You know, the last time I saw you, I was six and you were about three,” Bruce continued, grinning broadly. “You and your baby sister were chasing me around the boat dock in your birthday suits.”

Lois felt a blush climbing up her cheeks. Clark’s shoulders were shaking with laughter.

“That was *you?*” she managed to squeak out, horrified.

He nodded.

“I’m not getting an interview out of you, am I?”

He chuckled. “I won’t give Clark one and I’ve known him for years, so I’m definitely not giving you one.”

“You’ve known Clark for...?” She turned her glare on Clark. “You *know* him?”

“We met while I was traveling,” Clark said sheepishly.

“And you didn’t tell me?” Her partner, the fink, hadn’t bothered to tell her he knew Bruce Wayne?

“Well, you haven’t told me everybody you know,” Clark pointed out.

“But that’s...”

Clark gave her one of his patented, wide-eyed, innocent, owl looks.

Lois reached down and grabbed a handful of snow, pressing it into a ball as she stood up. The ball splatted against Clark’s dark overcoat.

Within seconds, there was a full-blown snowball fight going on. Lois wasn’t sure if Clark and Bruce were working together, but they were both targets in her book. And they were both rats.

The fight ended when Alfred Pennyworth came to the door to see what the racket was. If he’d been surprised to see his employer in the middle of a snowball fight, he hid it well.

“Refreshments are ready,” the aging butler had announced, thus calling for the end of hostilities.

Lois was covered with snow and Clark helped brush her off, using short bursts of heat to warm her up.

“I haven’t been in a snowball fight since I can’t remember when,” Bruce said as he handed Clark a mug of hot buttered rum.

“So, where did you meet?” Lois asked, peering at them over her hot cider.

“I don’t give interviews,” Bruce warned.

Lois shrugged. “Let’s call it deep background.”

“We met in Bhutran,” Clark admitted. “At a monastery. Then we did some traveling together.”

“Fun times,” Bruce commented with a chuckle. “I actually miss those days.”

“What, gun runners hunting for us? Not knowing where we were going to get our next meal?” Clark asked.

“Like I said, fun times.”

Clark stared at him. “You’re nuts, you know that?”

“I’m not the one partnered with Mad Dog Lane,” Bruce countered. “So, when were you planning on telling her?”

“Telling her what?” Clark asked with a sinking feeling in his gut.

“About us and what you do in your free time?”

“Oh my God,” Lois said with a hitch in her voice. “I finally meet a decent guy, a couple of decent guys, and they turn out to be gay lovers...”

Epilogue:

“Lois, I swear to God that Bruce and I are not gay lovers,” Clark protested once again. They were driving back to Metropolis so Clark could get back to the Daily Planet for his Christmas shift.

“Well, not now,” Lois retorted. “Not with him living in Gotham and you in Metropolis. Were you ever planning on telling me?”

“Lois, I am not gay!”

“Then what was he talking about?” she demanded. “What about you and him and what do you do in your spare time?”

“Lois, I repeat, I am not gay,” Clark stated. “However, *I am* Superman.”

“Sure you are, Clark,” Lois retorted. “And Bruce Wayne is the Batman?”

“Uh...”

“Nice try, Farm Boy. So, how long have Superman and Batman been lovers?”

THE END

*written by: Meco Monardo/Donald Oriolo

Three things I want in my fic:

1. WaFF
 2. interesting revelation
 3. some kind of prank or childish behavior (ie snowball fight)
- Preferred season(s)/holiday [if applicable]:

Three things I do not want in my fic:

1. Luthor
2. Kryptonite
3. alternate interest (Cat, Mayson, Scardino, etc.)