

# Strange ReveLextions

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Rated PG

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Summary: This secret may be even more dangerous than Lois realizes...

I'll just say up front that this is the product of a few too many nights with too little sleep. It also hasn't been Beta'd. And for the purposes of this story, the conversation Lois and Clark had over dumplings in the Pilot occurred after Superman's debut.

Note: This is my very first fanfic. Any and all comments are greatly appreciated!!

Disclaimer: This is a fanfic based on the TV show Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman. I do not own these characters, and no copyright infringement is intended. I am simply borrowing them for a bit of fun, and for no profit.

Thanks to GooBoo for GEing this fic for the archives!

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“You are a strange one, Clark Kent.” Lois said, popping the last dumpling into her mouth.

“Am I?” Clark asked rhetorically, a smile hovering at the edges of his mouth.

“Yeah, but I think I've got you figured out,” Lois claimed, her mouth full.

The grin was back. “Really? Didn't take you very long.”

“Well, it's my job to look beyond the external.” Clark's secretive smile was full-blown now as Lois continued. “Which reminds me, Clark. I'm pretty sure Superman has a secret identity.”

Clark's smile disappeared without a trace. Lois considered sending a search party after it, but decided that there was a more pressing issue at hand. “What do you mean?” he asked cautiously.

“Well, I figured that Superman had to be some kind of alter-ego for someone who wants to live a normal life. I mean, there are blocks of hours or even days where there is no reported Superman rescue anywhere in the world. It's pretty clear he's not being Superman *all* the time. And when you think about it, he can't have only just arrived. How did he just appear having a perfect grasp of the English language, of American law? Other than his stand-offishness, which could just be a facade, there isn't anything to distinguish him from the average American that I've ever seen.

“Well, there's the flying,” Clark put in hopefully.

“True.” Lois allowed her mouth to curve into an embryonic smile. “Perhaps average was the wrong word to use. But the point is, I think he's been here a lot longer than he's been implying. You'll notice he's never actually *said* he only just arrived.

Clark was beginning to look really uncomfortable. “Well, you may be right. I don't really...”

Lois interrupted him. “Of course I'm right. Anyway, so I'm pretty sure that Superman has a secret identity. Someone altruistic, someone who wants to do a lot of good for our city selflessly for no concrete personal gain. That could match up with quite a few people of course...”

Clark was looking at anywhere except Lois, clearly trying to think of any excuse to leave. Unfortunately, his Cheese of the

Month shipment wasn't due until next week, so Clark came up with a blank. He settled his head down on his hand resignedly, though his apprehension was evident in the rivulets where he had dragged his fingers through his hair forcefully several times.

“...but I just realized that his costume is the key factor to figuring out who Superman really is.”

Clark gave her a look that said he clearly wasn't following, but he felt no need to follow, and could she *please* change the subject now? Lois ignored these latter two components of his glance, and continued ruthlessly.

“Yes, the costume. At first I thought it was just so that people would notice the costume rather than the man under it. But that lead me to realize: Superman *wants* to be noticed! I mean, the bright primary colors, the seriously skin-tight suit, the *cape*. It all screams vanity.”

Clark opened his mouth as if to protest, but Lois just overrode him. “So who do we know who does a lot of altruistic acts for our community but clearly wants his actions noticed?”

Clark just stared back at her, his eyes behind the glasses somewhat resembling a deer in the headlights. Lois sighed dramatically at his obtuseness.

“Well, isn't it obvious? What great philanthropist do we know who feels the need to insert his name into *every* project he's involved in? A man who has refused one-on-one interviews supposedly to prevent himself from being mis-represented, but actually just to increase his own mystique? You've got to admit, Superman's calculated conspicuousness just screams Lex L—”

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Outside the Daily Planet, Superman hovered. He hadn't intended to listen in on Lois's conversation with her new partner (Kemp, wasn't it?), but when he heard her mention his new name (which seemed to him more appropriate even than the one he had been born with), he hadn't been able to resist. As he had continued listening, he had been so initially flabbergasted that he had almost fallen out of the sky. But the shock and fear quickly turned into calculation.

Armed and ready to seize the high ground, Superman quickly flew to his penthouse and spun into his civvies. The Boss had a couple of hits to order.

A belated happy April Fools!

THE END