

While I Slept

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Rated: G

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Summary: Clark learns the truth about what happened when Lois spent the night. Extended scene from the episode "The Prankster." Clark's POV.

Clark spun back into his shorts and t-shirt as he landed on his patio. He had already scanned into his apartment and saw that Lois was still asleep. He carefully opened the door to his apartment and floated just above the floor inside, so not to wake her. Quietly, he shut the door. Glancing at the clock, he saw that it was getting late.

He had overslept; with Lois asleep in his arms, he didn't really want to move off the sofa and return to his bed alone. Then there had been that call for help about an hour ago. He had covered Lois with a blanket before zipping out.

With one last gaze at Lois, Clark super sped into the kitchen to start the coffee maker and then raced into the shower. Two minutes later, he stepped out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. He was showered, his teeth were brushed, his face heat-vision smooth, his hair styled like Clark instead of Superman, and a pair of glasses sitting firmly in place. Another quick scan showed him that Lois was still asleep. He was about to spin into his suit, his tan suit with the beige and grey striped shirt, and the muted patchwork patterned tie, when he heard the first note of the ring of his phone. A fraction of a second later, his suit was on, and he was pulling the phone out of its cradle.

"Hello?" Clark whispered.

"Hey, Clark. Wow, the phone didn't even ring," Jimmy said. "I've got that information you wanted from Griffin's parole officer."

"What did he say?" Clark asked.

"The only address Griffin had given him was his father's toy store," Jimmy replied, giving Clark the address.

"Okay. Great!" Clark said. He saw Lois stretch from where she lay on the sofa. He lowered his voice again. "Tell the Chief we're on it. Thanks." He set down the phone.

"Who was that?" Lois asked, while yawning.

Clark realized that he hadn't buttoned his top button of his shirt while getting dressed and fastened it now as he walked into his kitchen to get Lois a cup of coffee. "That was Jimmy. Griffin's parole officer called this morning. The only address he has on him is Griffin's father's toy store."

"Toy store?" Lois echoed, as she sat up and started to put on her shoes. "I thought Griffin's father was a nuclear physicist. Didn't Griffin follow in his footsteps?"

"Apparently, he's retired and gone into the toy business," Clark explained, watching as Lois picked up a piece of cold pizza and stuck it into her mouth. "It's not far from here," he went on as he handed Lois a cup of coffee. "How'd you sleep?"

"I had really weird dreams," she said, taking a sip of her coffee.

Clark chuckled. "Maybe it's the pizza."

"I doubt it," she said, taking another bite of cold pizza. "I dreamed I was a cocktail waitress, and Griffin was a bartender, and all of the sudden, he was trying to shove me into the blender, and I'm screaming 'we don't serve blended drinks here'."

Clark picked up the box of pizza from the coffee table, and then removed the pizza slice from Lois's hand. "Let's hope it was the pizza."

"Hey! That's my breakfast," she complained.

"I'll buy you a donut on the way to the toy store," he said, setting the pizza box on the counter of his kitchen.

"What's the rush?" Lois said, taking another sip of her coffee. "Griffin's not there."

"What do you mean, 'Griffin's not there'?" Clark asked.

"Well," she said, standing up and moving to the other box of pizza still sitting on the dining room table, flipping it open, and taking another slice of cold pizza. "Griffin knows we're on to him. I told him that last night when I correctly guessed it was him on the phone."

Clark nodded. "So, of course, he wouldn't be at the one address his parole officer has."

"Exactly," Lois said, biting into the pizza. "Anyway, the blender wasn't the weird part of my dream."

"It wasn't?" he asked, leaning against the kitchen counter. "What was?"

She bit into the pizza and stared at him while she chewed. "You telling me that you were in love with me after you saved me from the blender, and flattening both it and Griffin with one punch."

Clark's jaw dropped. Where had that image come from? He cleared his throat and tried to think what to say to that. "That's some imagination you've got there."

"Then I dreamed I woke up, and you told me that you loved me and wanted to marry me," she went on as if he hadn't said anything.

"Oh, really?" he said, wishing his voice hadn't cracked.

Lois waved her pizza in the air. "Don't worry, I told you that I wouldn't marry you until after we dated," she said.

His heart was pounding so loudly in his chest now that he could only hear it and Lois's voice.

"You agreed that we should date for a while before we got married," she said, taking another bite of her pizza.

"Oh?" he said, glancing away. He was afraid if she looked into his eyes, she would read the truth there.

She set her pizza on the pizza box and walked up to him. "And here's where the dream really gets weird."

It wasn't weird yet?

"That's when I discovered that you weren't awake. You were actually talking in your sleep," Lois said.

"I was... *what?* I don't..." Clark said, shaking his head. *No, that would be really bad.* Worse than those times he had floated in his sleep. Okay, maybe not worse...

She set her hands on his chest. "And I told you that I loved you too."

"You loved me?" he repeated.

"I *love* you. Present tense, but since I am telling you what happened in my dream, it sounds like the past tense," Lois clarified, running his tie through her fingers.

"Right. Like a brother," he said, nodding and pointing a finger at her. "I've heard that one."

Lois was standing much too close. Her legs and hips now rested against his. He was unable to move, unable to get away, unable to think, and unable to breathe.

"I told you 'yes'."

"Yes?" Clark echoed. *Yes to what?*

"Yes, I would marry you after we dated a while," she said.

"Oh, you will? That's nice," he said, his voice cracking again. He cleared it. "Was that the weird part? Us getting engaged?"

Lois shook her head. "No."

"No?"

"The weird part was you announcing that you're Superman," she said, staring straight into his eyes.

He gulped. "I'm Superman? I said that? That's some dream," he said, scooting out from between her and the counter. "We should really get going and interview Griffin's dad."

Lois picked up her half-eaten piece of pizza, and took another bite. “*And* discovering that I wasn’t really asleep, and you really were talking in your sleep.”

Clark froze, wincing.

“So, Clark,” she said, circling back around so that she was in front of him. “If I told you that I really *do* love you, and not like a brother, would you tell me the truth?” she asked, taking another bite of pizza and looking at him directly in the eye.

“Pinch me first,” he murmured.

“Why? To see if it hurts?” Lois asked, cocking her head to the side.

“No, to see if *I’m* dreaming.”

THE END

Please check out the prequel “While You Sleep...” — which is Lois’s POV from the night before.

Gratitude: Many thanks to Mrs. Luthor and Iolanthe for their infinite patience while I freaked out about this (these) story (stories). The best Betas ever!

Disclaimer: I don’t own these characters. Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster created the characters in this story as they were portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. I borrow the characters from time to time from Warner Bros, DC Comics, and the heirs to Siegel and Shuster, when they invade my psyche and demand I write what they tell me. Much of the dialogue from this story came from “The Prankster” episode written by Grant Rosenberg, which I then blended up and let spray over my story.

This Story was inspired by the old Romantic’s song “Talking in Your Sleep” written by The Romantics. (1983).