

The Trump Card

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Rated PG

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Summary: What if in that moment where Lois Lane confessed her love to Superman she had a trump card?

Notice: This is a fan-fiction, and plots and characters are simply borrowed to play with. They belong to WB and the creators of Lois and Clark TV show, etc. Lines are borrowed from Barbarians at the Planet written by Dan Levine and Deborah Joy Levine.

I've had a trump card for ages. One of the few things I learned from my father is that when you have a trump card you hold onto it until there's nothing left to play. Then you play it knowing you've just won the game. My trump card? I've known for ages that a certain Fly Boy loves me.

I can't figure out the exact moment I realized it, but it's been little things over the months. Typically how quickly he always rescues me. I first suspected it when I saw it in his eyes after rescuing me that time Trask pushed me out of a flying plane last fall.

He'd rescue me, and I'd gush every time. He trusted me with so much, even letting me name him. Of course, when I thought of any future seriously with him, I thought just what an extraordinary life we'd have. That of course, would be because Fly Boy would have me. Anyone can have ordinary, I shoot for the best.

I guess that's why I let Lex pursue me. Lex even proposed. Not that I said yes right away. I told him I'd have to think about it. Then when one thing after another got ripped away from me. I had to talk to Fly Boy before deciding my course. I couldn't take losing the Planet, my friends, a new job. Not without talking to him. I was even losing Clark, my partner. Because he couldn't, no make that wouldn't, follow me into TV news. But with the Planet gone, where else could we go?

So I'd gone for a walk in the park with Clark after he turned down my offer to join me at LNN. He then claimed he loved me, but I was in so much shock. Admire, yes, but love? I'd never thought he'd say that that day. He'd then asked me if I seriously was considering marrying Lex. I nodded, but then told him there was someone else I needed to speak to first. Someone else I needed to talk to before I gave Lex my answer. He asked who. I looked him in the eye and told him we both knew who. I simply asked Clark if he saw him to tell him I wanted to talk to him.

I regretted breaking Clark's heart but I had to.

That night, he showed up. Superman, the amazing man at my window. "Superman!" I cried, jumping up to let him in.

"I heard you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, please come in. Let me just fetch a robe." I felt my heart beat wildly. We were going to declare the truth of our hearts. I knew his heart so well, but to speak it. I felt goosebumps rise on my arms.

"Unless it's lead lined Lois, it's a waste of time."

I felt my face go red. Never once has my Fly Boy been anything less than the gentleman before. "I guess so... Anyways I was just trying to figure out... well, there's been a lot of changes going on in my life and I am trying to make the right decisions, but I can't until I know..." This is it, time to stop babbling and play my card. "How you feel."

I walk close to him, my heart thumping even missing a few beats trying to keep up. I try to place my hand on his chest before continuing my monologue. "Superman, is there any hope for us?" Come on, Fly Boy, just tell me the truth. "You and me? I'm so completely in love with you that I can't do anything without knowing..."

He steps back a step, shaking his head. "Lois," he says in his deep stern voice, "I do care for you. But... There are things about me that you don't know, that you'll never know."

I try not to roll my eyes. "It doesn't matter. I know you." I stress that 'you' to try to get the point across. Superman, over the past 6 months he's been here, has let me in and shown me the real hero. "And I don't mean you the celebrity, or you the 'super hero'." Ok, try one final card. "If you had no powers, if you were just an ordinary man leading an ordinary life, I'd love you just the same." Ok, maybe that wasn't the complete truth. Any man would have to be extraordinary to keep up with Lois Lane. "Can't you believe that?" Now all the cards were on the table. His turn to tell me the truth, and declare his love for me. Come on, Fly Boy.

He gives me this look like he's got heartburn or his innards were ripped right out of him. The worst news ever. "I wish I could, Lois. But under the circumstances, I don't see how I can."

Coward. I stare at him, tears in my eyes. My plan failed. I didn't win the game. I wiped a tear from my face as he quickly, but thankfully not at super speed walked towards the window to leave. I'd had enough of Coward the Fly Boy. I'd waited six long months for us to get the truth out in the open. Six long months of waiting, wondering if maybe I was wrong about him. It's at that moment that I draw out the trump card. He's opened the window, about to leave me, likely forever to sulk...

"So what part of today was a lie then?"

"Excuse me?"

I place both hands on my hips. "Yes. You're not leaving so easily, Fly Boy. I know exactly who I love, and thank goodness you're not ordinary. If you were the definition of ordinary," He's staring at me, even losing some of his poise he still had left. "I'd go crazy then. I can only handle one of you. What with your wearing tights fetish, leaving in the middle of a conversation to make rescues. Showing off, getting under my skin. Mr. Know it all. No one is more sensitive than you. No one knows me better than you, and no one knows you better than me. I know exactly who you are, even if you don't. So don't you dare leave now. I don't care if there's an emergency." He tried to leave, tried to cut in and make a comment about some unreal emergency. Of course I didn't let him. "I don't want to put you down but I'm upset. You're not ordinary. At least ordinary men don't keep secrets, and struggle with who they really are. At least I know exactly who you are even if you don't."

"Which is?"

"You're acting like a coward. You don't dare take a chance on me."

He cuts me off. "I'm leaving."

He's almost completely out the window when I throw my trump card. "No you don't, Clark Jerome Kent. I'm not finished." I'd used my trump card. I'd really hoped I'd never need to. Ever since Trask pushed me out of that plane, I could have sworn Clark Kent turned into Superman. Through all those months of guessing, I always wanted him to tell me.

He turns, shock on his face. "What did you call me?"

"Clark Jerome Kent. Who, thank goodness, is one of a kind. Now get in here and tell me. Why didn't you come clean with who you really are, Fly Boy?" My steam starts to slow down. "Why do you want me to only love half of you?"

I think my trump card finally hit home, won the jackpot.

"What?" He stares at me.

"Still not getting it, Fly Boy? You know this is the point

where you kiss me and admit Lois Lane is right. That not just my old partner loves me but the tights fetish superhero does too.”

“I don’t have a tights fetish.” I just laughed at his words until he joined me. He rushed towards me, swung me around joyfully. “You’re right, only a woman as extraordinary as you would know exactly who I am.”

“Yeah, my lunk head, but my finally getting it lunk head that I love.” Somehow I wasn’t the most complimentary, but my nerves were fried.

“I love you, Lois Lane.”

“See, told you: You were extraordinary.” I grinned at him. Then he did the first sensible thing all day and kissed me.

THE END