

A Musical Revelation

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Rated: G

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Summary: Just how does a dream and an off-key tune add up to Clark Kent being Superman?

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Author's note: This was written in response to HappyGirl's first line/title challenge on the fanfic message boards. The first line she gave was 'Come fly with me'. So thanks goes to HappyGirl for the inspiration. This story is set in first season, between 'Pheromone, My Lovely' and 'Honeymoon in Metropolis'.

"Come fly with me."

Lois looked sceptically at Clark's proffered hand then back to his face, intending to make a biting remark to remind him that mild mannered reporters weren't known for their flying skills. But the brightly coloured weirdness of his tie was morphing and spreading, overwhelming the dark grey of his business suit with the bold primary colours of Superman's outfit. As she watched, his hair slicked back of its own accord—

The sudden raucous beeping of the alarm clock wrenched her out of the dream. She scowled. The same stupid dream again. Ever since that deranged chemist, Miranda, had saturated the newsroom with her evil smelling brew, she'd been having the same recurring dream. Oh, the circumstances would change but the result was the same—at some point, Clark Kent would morph into Superman. Something in her subconscious was definitely screwed up.

Scrubbing her teeth with more force than was required, she glared at herself in the mirror. The dratted dream made no sense. Clark Kent, Hack from Nowheresville, and Superman, God in a Cape, were not the same person. No way on Earth. Sure, Clark was tall, well built and at least moderately attractive—a fact she'd had to admit, thanks to Miranda—but he was definitely not in the same league as Superman. They were two different people.

"And don't you forget it," she told her reflection severely.

The dream had put her in a bad mood, Lois realised later that day. Even Clark was keeping a distance. Although it hadn't seemed to dampen his mood at all, she observed sourly. In fact, his cheerful off key whistling was starting to get on her nerves. It certainly didn't help that he was butchering the tune so badly that it was unrecognisable. Clark was a lot of things, but musically gifted was not one of them.

As he bent to deposit a fresh cup of coffee on her desk, a more than usually off key note emitted from his mouth. It was the last straw.

"Stop. Whistling!" she exclaimed exasperatedly. "You've been whistling the same thing all afternoon and it's driving me crazy! You're not even in tune! What is it supposed to be, anyway?"

Clark stared at Lois, taken aback by her sudden outburst. He hadn't even realised he had been whistling until she had said something. He'd heard half a song on the radio before leaving for work this morning and now he couldn't get it out of his head.

She was looking contrite. "Sorry, Clark, I—"

"Come Fly With Me."

"What?" Now she was looking at him like he'd grown a second head and all the colour was draining out of her face.

"The tune. Come Fly With Me. You know, by Frank Sinatra."

She made a strange, vague gesture with one hand. "It can't be..."

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that he was sure it was definitely by Sinatra, but then he realised how ghostly pale she'd become. "Lois, are you okay?" he asked, alarmed.

"It can't be true- you can't be..." she repeated.

"Lois, you're not making any sense." Glancing around, he made a quick decision. Gently tugging her to her feet, he led her to the nearest vacant conference room and steered her into a chair. Pouring a glass of water from the carafe on the table, he solicitously pushed it into her hand. When she couldn't grasp it in her seemingly nerveless fingers, he knelt in front of her, wrapped her hands around it and helped her take a few small sips.

The colour was starting to come back to her face now, he noted. Once he was sure she wasn't going to drop the glass, he sat back on his heels and considered. Lois looked and acted like she'd had a nasty shock, but how? Their conversation had been innocuous at best.

She released a shuddering sigh and placed the glass back on the table, refusing to meet his eyes.

"I'm not dreaming, am I?"

Puzzled, he shook his head. "No."

Not dreaming. This wasn't a dream.

Lois resisted the urge to drop her head in her hands and groan. If this wasn't a dream, that meant her subconscious was right. Her ridiculous recurring dream... wasn't actually so ridiculous.

Clark Kent really was Superman.

The pose he'd frozen in before, his hand still slightly outstretched from putting down the coffee cup, the way he had said 'Come fly with me'... they were all so similar to her dream from last night. So similar that she'd had to accept it.

Clark Kent was Superman.

Drunk-on-love Lois had seen so much more clearly than stone-cold-sober Lois.

Oh god... the pheromone. The dance of the seven veils. A week ago she'd tried to seduce Superman. This time she did drop her head into her hands and groan.

"Lois?" Clark—Superman—sounded worried. "What's wrong?"

She raised her head and looked him dead in the eyes. Those deep brown eyes, caring and currently worried. How had she not realised they had the same eyes?

"You're him, aren't you?" she asked abruptly.

Now those eyes looked wary. "Him who? You're not making sense, Lois."

"Superman."

She saw him swallow convulsively. She was right even before his usual olive skin tone faded to a dirty parchment shade. He tried to brazen it out but Clark Kent was not a good liar.

"You are him. I knew it!"

"How did you figure it out?" His voice was a hoarse whisper. For a moment she felt bad for springing this on him. Then she reminded herself that she'd had it sprung on *her*; Turnabout was fair play.

"I had this dream—" she saw his eyebrows shoot up. "Not that sort of dream, Clark!" she told him sharply. "You kept turning into Superman and asking me to fly with you." It sounded so flimsy when she said it out loud, but she shook the thought off as irrelevant. There were so many more important things. She had so many questions...

Lois rose to her feet, forcing him to stand and move out of the

way. She paced as question after question occurred to her, flinging them at him without giving him a chance to answer.

“Who are you really: Clark Kent or Superman? Are the Kents like you? When did you actually get to Earth? Why did you come to Earth?”

He tried to break into her flow of questions but she overrode him. Finally, he raised his voice, drowning her out. “Lois, stop! Just, just stop. I will answer your questions, but not here.”

She turned to face him, her hands on her hips. “Then where?”
“Just...come on.”

He opened the door and gestured for her to precede him, closing it behind them and guiding her towards the elevators. Once they reached the street level, Clark took charge and started walking in the general direction of Centennial Park, Lois keeping pace beside him. Drawing level with one of the many alleyways that punctuated the city, he tilted his head expressively in its direction. Warily, she followed him until the gloom of the alley made their discovery by random passers-by unlikely. She blinked as he took a step away and threw himself into a spin, moving so quickly that he blurred. The grey of his business suit was replaced with the primary colours of Superman’s outfit. He held out a hand. This time, she took it with a feeling of unreality.

“Come. Fly with me.”

Her gasp was whipped away by the wind as he launched them into the air.

THE END