

Wonder Struck

By [Mouserocks <mouserocksnerd@gmail.com>](mailto:mouserocksnerd@gmail.com)

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Summary: When a new heroine comes to town, Clark finds himself at a loss for words. But just what does his wife have to say about it?

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Clark wiped his hands on his pants nervously—partly a way to remove some of the grease and grime, but mostly a way to stop his hands from sweating. He'd never had sweaty palms before. It was weird. How come hands sweat? It seemed like a weird thing to happen to a person, but he'd heard the expression so many times before that it had to be normal, or at least normal enough in high stress, awkward, or new situations.

This was definitely a new situation for Clark.

He smoothed a hand over his hair, cleared his throat. He took half a step forward, only to hover midstep and lean back. What was he thinking? He didn't even have a plan of attack here. What should he say? What could he say? He didn't want to look stupid. He was, after all, just a farmboy from the middle of nowhere. She'd see right through him if he tried to put on any airs. How did he approach someone he'd idolized, someone he'd been inspired by—

“Did you have a question?”

His face got hot at her question, and he stammered. He stood there so long, overthinking every possible word and action, and forgot one crucial thing.

Invisibility was not a power he'd been granted.

“No! I mean, yes. I don't have a question, I mean, but I just —” He didn't know what he was doing with his hands anymore, so he folded them across his chest tightly, hoping he didn't come off as too rude. “Hi.”

Her eyes had an amused spark to them when she smiled, and her words had the slight lilt of a beautiful, foreign accent when she spoke. He wondered briefly if it was some odd mix of Greek and French when she opened her mouth again. “Hello, Superman.”

She knew who he was! A spike of giddiness flashed through him. He laughed a little, and his hand drifted back up to his face before realizing he wasn't wearing glasses to adjust. He tamped down his nervous energy and crossed his arms again. Was this how Lois felt when she first met Superman? He should have cut her more slack. It was hard meeting an idol like this and not making a fool of himself, and he didn't have half the feelings she'd had for him. “Hi. Again. Uh... Wonder Woman?”

“If you'd like,” she demurred, eyes crinkling at the corners. “But you can just call me Diana.”

The impulse struck him to tell her his name in a moment of camaraderie, but he clamped down on that secret before he accidentally let it slip. Her name was Diana. It wasn't about her secret identity.

“Right. I knew that.” He got the sense that she was laughing at him, and he tried to adopt his austere Superman-mask with little success. It was hard when his inner eight-year-old was gleefully geeking out over meeting Wonder Woman in the flesh.

“Sure you did. Well, it was nice finally meeting you, Superman—”

“I'm sorry,” he confessed, his heart beating fast in his chest. “It's just... I grew up watching you—I mean, not you-you, I'm aware that Lynda Carter is an actress and you're the real deal, but

you're still Wonder Woman and Diana Prince—and I'm rambling, but I was obsessed with the show, and I just want you to know that—even though it wasn't you—you still inspired me to become the hero I am today. So thank you.”

Her smile softened and she looked on him like he was the same little boy he felt like right now. “I appreciate the compliment, Superman. That really is high praise coming from you. You're quite the hero yourself.”

He could feel himself blushing and blushing hard. This was ridiculous. He was a grown man, happily married, with two very important careers, and he couldn't stop thinking of how he'd spun around the house as a little kid pretending to change into a superhero, or flying around in an invisible jet. Life was so weird. “Thanks. Thank you.”

She smirked at him a little. “It was very nice to meet you, Superman. Perhaps we'll run into each other again soon.”

He laughed and waved goodbye a little self-consciously, and she lept away.

Wow. He couldn't believe it.

Lois' voice was full of quiet awe as she bounded up beside him. “Oh my God! Was that—”

“Yeah.”

“Wow. Wonder Woman is real.”

“Yep.” He couldn't really make out a full sentence. Thus far, he hadn't made it past a single syllable.

“I can't believe it.”

“Me neither,” he admitted.

“I always wanted to be Wonder Woman.” Lois swooned a little, smiling up at where Diana had been. Clark smiled softly.

“Yeah, me too.”

Lois cut her eyes to him questioningly, an amused grin pulling at her face. “You did, huh?” Clark cleared his throat, trying to brush away his admission, and she thankfully let it go. For now. Lois Lane never let anything go for too long. “I can't believe you actually talked to her! Did you ask any good questions?”

He glanced at his wife with a slightly self-deprecating smile. “Uh, not really.”

“Well what did you say? Did you ask about the invisible jet? Did she mention Themyscira? Did she say if any of it was real?”

He reddened a little. “Sorry. I'm just... feeling a little star-struck.”

She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. “That's right. I forgot you used to have a crush on her.”

He looked around with wide eyes, but everyone else around seemed to be focused on Wonder Woman's exit, some reporters on their phones calling in stories, bystanders murmuring to each other in awe. “I did not!” He spoke in a hushed tone.

“Is this going to be an issue?”

“Of course not! You know...” he trailed off as a couple of other reporters seemed to notice he was still there and headed their direction. “We'll talk later.”

Lois acknowledged his words with a slight nod, and a smirk toyed at her lips. Was she making fun of him? Over this? He had plenty of material on her acting far more shameless in the presence of Superman. And she was laughing at him for being a little thrown by meeting his childhood hero for the first time?

“Superman, do you know Wonder Woman? Did you know she was real?”

He turned to Mark from the *Metropolis Star* with a placid smile of his own. “No, I didn't. In fact, this is the first I've heard of her. Besides, you know.”

“What did she say to you?”

“We only talked briefly about the rescue, and made introductions.”

“Do you anticipate seeing more of her around?”

He shrugged, keeping his arms folded. “I couldn't say. Although I will say, it's always nice to have another set of hands making the load light.”

“Superman—”

A cry for help echoed in the distance, and he smiled at his small audience politely. “Excuse me, duty calls.” He slowly floated up through the trees and took off for another rescue.

By the time he was done patrolling, it was getting late, but he knew Lois wouldn’t be home. Not on a day like today. He headed back to the office and found his wife alone, hard at work, hunched over her keyboard and scanning her screen line by line with a pen in her mouth. He grinned. She was perfect. He strode over to her desk and wove his arms around her waist. “Hey, did I miss anything big?”

She scoffed and relaxed against the back of her chair, forcing him to let go of her. He came around to perch on the corner of her desk. “Let’s see,” she began slowly. “There was an accident on Fifth and Lexington, there was a cat stuck in a tree off Harbor Boulevard... Oh yeah, and you missed Superman making a complete fool out of himself in front of Wonder Woman.”

He cringed a little. “I wasn’t that bad, was I?”

Lois rolled her chair around and faced him, biting back her grin. “It was adorable.”

“But did anybody else notice?”

“How awkward you were being? Probably. I don’t think anyone caught your conversation, but body language says a lot.”

He huffed and crossed his arms, his wife’s quiet chuckles not lifting his mood. “Oh, lighten up, Clark. You just met your childhood idol. Not one person there wasn’t intimidated by her. It didn’t help that she’s gorgeous, and tall, and powerful, and—”

“And still nothing compared to you.”

It was Lois’ turn to blush. “Whatever.”

“I’m serious, and you know it. I’m married to the woman of my dreams. Who needs Wonder Woman when I’ve got Ultrawoman?”

She looked at him with her pupils blown wide, and before he realized it, she wrapped her hands around his tie and used his weight to roll her chair right up to him. Her lips crashed into his. He took over quickly, cupping her jaw in his hand and swirling his tongue through her mouth. She launched to her feet unexpectedly and wrapped her arms around his neck, and Clark was rapidly becoming aware of a growing problem. “Lois,” he murmured into her mouth, sharing her breath. “We should go... We can’t.” Her teeth grazed his bottom lip, and he shivered. “We can’t keep going here...”

“Oh, no, by all means.”

Clark sat up ramrod straight in surprise at the sound of Perry’s voice. Lois huffed irritably as Perry’s loud guffaw echoed throughout the space, and Clark tried to rein himself in. “Don’t you kids get a perfectly good brownstone where you can go play tonsil hockey?”

Clark blushed again—too many times to count today—and strategically positioned Lois in front of himself, wrapping his arms around her waist. She allowed it, but turned to their boss ready to fight back.

“Chief, didn’t you say you wanted the Wonder Woman story on your desk as fast as possible?”

“Not at the cost of my retinas. Go home, Lois. But get that article to me before we go to print in the morning, got it?”

“Yes, sir, Chief,” Clark bit out with a chastened smile.

Perry eyed him with amusement. “You get to see the latest hero in town, Kent?”

He adjusted his glasses. “No, I missed it, unfortunately. I did see Superman at the wreck down on Fifth, though.”

Perry chuffed slightly, something knowing in his eyes. “Never thought I’d see it. ‘Course, I thought the same of Superman. You really missed out on something special, Kent.”

Clark craned his neck to look at his wife’s face. “Nah. I really don’t think I did.”

“Aww,” Lois cooed, and turned to give him a soft peck on his lips.

“All right, all right. I’m heading out. You two behave yourselves.”

“Night, Perry,” Clark called after the man.

“I’m really almost done writing this up. Can you wait just a few more minutes before heading out?”

She slipped out of his arms and back into her chair, and Clark shook his head at her. “Will I get something out of it?”

She shot a heated glance at him and bit her lip seductively. “Oh, yeah. I’ll let you”—she dropped her voice demurely, flicking her eyes up and down over his form—“edit my copy.”

He laughed. “How about a byline?”

“Oh, sweetie.” She patted his knee condescendingly. “No.”

“What?” His eyes crinkled at the corners on another laugh. “I thought we were partners.”

“We are. We’re fabulous partners, in every possible way.”

There she went turning the heat back up in the room. Clark shook his head at her. “But Lois Lane gets the superhero introductions. It’s practically a rule.”

“It is not!” he protested vainly.

“It will be when I write this up.” She flashed her teeth at him, and he grumbled.

“Fine. I can be patient. But you owe me. I was there, too, you know.”

“Oh, I know. But it’d be better if everyone else didn’t.”

He rolled his eyes and went over to plop himself down in his own chair across from her.

“By the way, did you really want to be Wonder Woman?”

He shot her a playful smirk and rested his feet on the desk.

“What, those pictures of me as a kid with a blanket tied around my neck didn’t give it away?”

“Sure, you were a nerd, but I always assumed you just loved comic book heroes in general.”

“Truth, justice, all that stuff, plus she got to beat the bad guys and it was all so unexpected because she was a woman and no one thought to look twice...”

She froze with her hands above her keyboard, and turned to face him with wide eyes. “Oh my God,” she murmured, looking at him in a whole new light. “*That’s* why the glasses?! All this time, I thought you were just being smug, and then I figured it was because both your parents wore glasses... But it was because *Wonder Woman* wore glasses?!”

He grinned ear to ear. “Guilty.”

She threw her stapler at him, and he caught it with a laugh in his chest.

“You’re such a geek.”

“I’m your geek.”

“And don’t you forget it,” she bit back with a smile pulling at her lips.

Clark glanced around the office to make sure they were really alone this time and hovered over to buss her lips. “Never.”

She smiled broadly and turned back to her computer. Clark was satisfied just to watch her work. She was so sexy, all the time. The way her brow furrowed when she focused on the screen, when she was ironing out the details of a story. He loved the way her brain worked.

“Oh my God—you took her spin change too, didn’t you!”

THE END