

# An Education in Sports and Secret Keeping

THE END

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Rated: G

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Summary: What happens when someone knows what Lois knows about Clark, but Lois doesn't know that they know that he knows that they know? And why the heck wouldn't Clark tell her? Needlessly complicated for a short little ficlet.

Story Size: 486 words (3Kb as text)

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Lois' eyes crinkled with her laugh, and she took a sip of her champagne. She normally didn't have such a good time at these functions, but this was a delight. The company was good, the food was good, and Clark's hand hadn't wavered from the small of her back all night. She grinned up at her husband. They were lucky tonight. The streets of Metropolis were quiet; Superman had the night off.

It couldn't be better.

A loud booming laugh drew her gaze, and scratch that. The night just got a whole lot better. She clutched at her husband's arm, tugging at his sleeve. "Clark! Do you know who that is?"

He craned his neck to see who she was looking at. "Where?"

"There. Over by the chocolate fountain—"

She felt him tense up next to her, but she couldn't place why. "Oh," was his only response.

"Oh? Is that all you have to say? That's Vincent Edward Jackson! All-star in both baseball and football, Heisman trophy winner—"

"Lois, I know Bo."

She rolled her eyes at his use of the slogan, abandoning his side to go after the man. "Mr. Jackson! Oh, Mr. Jackson! Lois Lane-Kent. It's an honor to meet you."

He grinned and nodded at her. "Honor is all mine, Miss Lane."

Clark caught up to her and wrapped his arm around her waist. "Mrs. Kent, actually," she demurred with a flattered bat of her lashes. "But you can call me Lois."

"That must make you..." A look of surprise crossed his face, followed by delight. "Mr. Kent?"

Clark squirmed uncomfortably, fidgeted with his glasses.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Jackson."

"Meet me? Please. Don't you remember me?"

Clark went stiff as a board, and Lois cut her eyes over to her husband with a playful glare. "Clark, you never told me, you met *the* Bo Jackson!"

He grimaced tightly, and his ears got red.

"Met me? This man beat me at basketball."

"Barely," he retorted, shaking his head back and forth, a sure sign he was lying about something. Lois squinted at her husband.

"I, uh, I was losing pretty badly."

"You weren't even trying."

Clark squirmed uncomfortably. "Well, don't sweat it. I won't let it get out that you lost to a nobody."

"Not a nobody."

Lois suddenly pulled together the pieces of the story they weren't saying. "Oh my God." She cut her eyes between the two of them. "You mean—"

Clark grinned a little sheepishly, and oh, he was never going to live this one down. "Bo knows, Lois."