

Kiss Me

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Rating: PG

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Summary: A short revelation story in which Lois doesn't quite react as expected to Superman's confession.

Story Size: 1,346 words (7Kb as text)

*Author's note: Although this is far from the first fanfiction I've written, this is the first I am choosing to submit. Most of the stories I write tend to be long, drawn-out, not necessarily happy stories, and so, with this short revelation fic, I wanted to write something simple and not filled with angst. Comments are welcome, but please be kind!

*Fly me to the moon
Let me play among the stars
Let me see what spring is like
On Jupiter and Mars
In other words: hold my hand
In other words: baby, kiss me
Fill my heart with song
And let me sing for ever more
You are all I long for
All I worship and adore
In other words: please, be true
In other words, in other words: I love you*

He held her tightly as the words to the song ended. The cape remained snugly wrapped around her shoulders, and her head rested on his chest. A contented sigh escaped his lips. He couldn't imagine wanting to be anywhere else at the moment.

Brushing a gentle kiss on her cheek, he floated them back down to the ground. She lifted her eyes to meet his, and he lost himself within their dark brown depths. Her chin tilted back ever so slightly, exposing the pale soft skin of her neck, and her hands pressed into his back, bringing their hips closer.

This is dishonest of you. The voice echoed in his head, and he knew he couldn't ignore it if he were to allow himself these feelings and this moment with her. But he lowered his lips to her shoulder and fluttered kisses up her neck, making the executive decision to put off telling her his secret for just a little bit longer.

Her heart raced in her chest, and he smiled against her as his lips continued their exploration of her soft, pliable skin. Neck, jawline, chin, cheek, nose, and then, yes, their lips met blissfully, lovingly, longingly. She moaned into him, and he tightened his embrace as she shifted in his arms. Her mouth caressed his, and then he ran his tongue along her lips, requesting access. Eagerly, she opened up for him, and he tasted her thoroughly.

The cape slid down her shoulders, and she shivered,

forcing him back to reality.

This is dishonest of you, his mind told him again. Reluctantly, he pulled away, even as she groaned in protest. "Superman, I never knew..."

Her voice trailed off as she reached up again and kissed him. He almost allowed himself to get lost with her again, but after another moment, he pulled away again, shaking his head.

She will be more unhappy the longer you let it go. Tell her.

"Is something wrong, Superman?"

He nodded, but couldn't look at her or speak. He shifted away from her and then took her small hands in his much larger ones, his thumbs absently rubbing circles on the backs of her palms. His eyes closed momentarily, but then he exhaled with resolve and led her to the couch. He released her hands just long enough to motion for her to sit and to push the cape out from underneath him as he sat next to her. Then, his hands found hers again.

"Lois, I — I can't let us do this —"

"Superman, I know having a relationship with you would be hard, but I —"

"No, Lois, that's not... That's not what I meant." He swallowed hard, shaking his head. And then, he squeezed her hands. "I meant I can't let us do this before I tell you the truth."

"The truth?"

He finally raised his eyes to hers. He no longer deliberately lowered his voice or maintained a stoic, indifferent expression, as was characteristic of his superhero persona. Still, she hadn't yet seen him. He lifted a hand and cupped her cheek, as he had numerous times before.

"Yes, Lois, the truth." He paused and pulled her to him in another embrace, his arms wrapping around her shoulders. Then, he screwed his eyes shut. "Lois, the truth is, I have another name, another job, an apartment, friends, parents. I live most of my time not in this suit, not out saving lives. 'Superman' is only something I do to help; he is not all of who I am."

She became very still in his arms, and although she didn't push him away, he felt her begin to tremble slightly.

"Lois, the truth is that you already know me very well. And we work together every day. I know that you take your coffee black, and you know I take mine with whole milk and three sugars. I know that you love chocolate and prefer red wine to white, and you know that my favorite dessert is —"

"Your mom's apple pie... Oh my God."

Her hands pushed against his chest, and he released her from his embrace as she stood abruptly, her eyes wide and her mouth open. She turned away from him and took several steps toward the window, her hands wringing together. Then, she spun back around to face him.

He fully expected to see eyes filled with anger, betrayal, and pain. Instead, he saw only concern and love. He stood and moved toward her slowly, giving her the chance to back away if she wanted. However, she didn't move. She just stared at him.

Her deep brown eyes — eyes he could so easily lose

himself in, eyes he did so easily lose himself in — seemed to see down into his soul. He swallowed as he continued to carefully close the distance between them. Then he stopped, dropped his eyes to the ground, and made a decision. He was Clark, after all; as he'd said, Superman was just a disguise. And so, he raised his eyes to hers one more time, smiled weakly — hopefully, he thought — and started to spin. The bright red, yellow, and blue faded into gray and black, and when he stopped, the man standing before her, humbly offering her everything he had — his love, his loyalty, his friendship — was Clark Kent.

“Wow,” she breathed, and she stepped up toward him, reaching her hand out to touch his glasses. “It really is you. You really are him, or he really is you, or... Wow.”

“Are you... mad?” he asked quietly. He studied her as he awaited her answer, but she gave nothing away.

After a moment, she again reached out and touched his face, her fingers tracing gently down his jawline. Then, she stood on her tip toes, and their lips met in another deep kiss. He moaned into her, and his arms wrapped around her waist.

“Mmm, Lois, does this mean you're not mad?”

She broke the kiss abruptly and lowered her head to rest against his shoulder. A laugh bubbled up within her, and her hands gripped his shirt tightly to steady herself. She raised her chin up, and their eyes met.

“It means that the dreams I've had of making love with Clark and Superman at the same time are not as kinky as they seemed,” she teased, winking at him before she leaned in and kissed him again.

“Wh-what!?”

“You heard me, Flyboy. Now kiss me again before I realize I am mad... because you know, you did lie to me for over a year, mislead me into thinking you were two people, make me fall in love with both of you, and then — ”

He silenced her rambling with a kiss, his arms tightening around her waist. *That went well*, he reasoned. And then he smiled giddily as all coherent thought left his mind amid her murmur of “I love you, Clark Kent” into his ear.

That went well, indeed.

“I love you, Lois Lane.”

THE END

**Fly Me To The Moon*, written by Bart Howard (1954, originally titled *In Other Words*) and performed by Frank Sinatra (1964)