

# FOLC4EVERNADAY PRODUCTIONS



LIKE A WRECKING BALL

FOLC4EVERNADAY

**Description:** In the conclusion to “In Too Deep” Clark Kent finally summons up the courage to tell Lois Lane everything on their long awaited date.

**A/N:** Thanks to Endelda and MouseRocks for planting the seed for the ending. Gave my muse a little fun to chew on for this one. Hope everyone enjoys this little snippet.

## ***Like A Wrecking Ball***

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<<“I love you.”>>

The words were simple. Three words Clark Kent’s heart had been aching to hear from Lois Lane’s lips for nearly three years. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined the proclamation being accompanied by his friend being turned into an assassin or fielding questions from the DEA and police on how he and Lois had been attacked.

It had been two hours since everything had unfolded this morning and the three words escaped her lips. All he seemed to be able to focus on was the decision he’d come to. No more hiding. No more secrets. Lois deserved to know the truth. Even if it meant, possibly losing her forever—she deserved the truth. He couldn’t keep lying to her—hurting her the way he continued to with his disappearances.

“I think that’s all for now,” the sound of DEA Agent, Dan Scardino’s voice intruded on Clark’s internal thoughts, pulling him back to the present.

He looked back at Agent Scardino, nodding his recognition as he stood to his feet, preparing to head back to the bullpen where Lois was waiting on him. Even with his and Lois’ relationship feeling less uncertain he still felt a certain discontent toward the man. Time and time again Dan Scardino had gone out of his way to try and one-up him in front of Lois and take advantage of the fragmented state both he and Lois had been in after Mayson’s death.

Though he appreciated not having to go down to the local DEA Agent’s office to give his statement he knew all too well that gift had been more about Dan Scardino finding an excuse to be at the Daily Planet—near Lois.

“Great,” Clark said, heading for the door, ready to get out of Scardino’s presence as soon as possible.

“Just don’t leave town, Kent,” Scardino joked patting him on the shoulder rougher than necessary.

*Patience,* he reminded himself, squashing the urge to throw back a sarcastic retort. “I wasn’t planning on it.” He opened the door and did his best not to react when Scardino followed him to Lois’ desk.

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“Just don’t leave town, Kent,” Lois heard Agent Dan Scardino say as the door to the conference room opened.



She turned her chair toward the door and caught the annoyed expression on Clark's face. He seemed to be holding back before his face relaxed and he retorted with an even, "I wasn't planning on it."

The two men stared at one another uncomfortably for a moment before Clark pushed past Dan, heading toward her. She flashed him a smile, trying not to dwell too much on the encounter she'd witnessed. She needed to set Dan straight once and for all. Despite her telling him she was seeing Clark he still insisted on showing up everywhere and if she didn't know any better she could swear he was asking for assignments where he knew he'd have to interact with her.

<< "I love you," >>

The memory of Clark's confession this morning before Jimmy had so rudely interrupted them continued to play over and over in her mind.

<< "I'm trying to offer you an out." >>

"I don't want an out." >>

<< "I don't want to lose you." >>

<< "I guess we figure out how to..." >>

"Figure out what?" >>

"Hey," She stood up to greet Clark, feeling a flutter in her abdomen as the distance between them closed. He smiled back at her and ran a hand against her cheek. She felt a rush of emotions as she stared back at him.

The clearing of Dan Scardino's throat from behind them pulled her out of the trance she'd fallen under, staring into Clark Kent's eyes. She could lose herself in those eyes for all eternity. She had fallen hard.

"I guess that's all I need from you, Kent," Dan said, walking up to them with a smug expression on his face.

Lois pulled herself away from Clark's gaze to face Dan as he continued. "I was hoping I could get your statement over dinner? There's a new Italian place on sixth that's got a mean Stromboli."

She felt the tension in Clark's hand against her back the second the offer came out. Lois tightened her jaw staring back at the oblivious DEA Agent as she shook her head, "I have plans tonight," she glanced back at Clark with a smile. "We have plans."

"Oh," Dan's face fell. "Another time then?"



“No,” Lois said, reaching for Clark’s hand and tugging him with her as she gathered her things. “You ready?”

“Ready when you are,” Clark nodded, taking her hand as she led him up the steps to the elevator. She caught the frown on Dan’s face as they stepped into the awaiting elevator car. She leaned in to him, running a hand against his chest and capturing his mouth with hers in a soul-shattering kiss as the doors to the elevator closed.

<< “*I guess there are some things we need to talk about.*”

“*I guess there are,*”>>

They slowly separated and she smiled back at him, silently replaying the events from the morning. Things had certainly changed in the last twelve hours.

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Clark stared at the two filets on the plate in front of him, examining them for any imperfections. He pressed his index finger against the meat before reaching over to grab the salt and pepper to begin seasoning the meat. After a quick spritz on both sides he moved his attention to the skillet on the stove, lowering his glasses to get it just hot enough for a good sear.

He had already prepared the other sides, but he knew from experience just because he could cook a filet at super-speed didn’t mean he should. He wanted everything tonight to be perfect. He hoped that having Lois’ favorite meal, paired with her favorite wine would help take the edge off on her reaction to his revelation.

Just as he finished off the last filet in the skillet he heard the sharp knock on his door. Using his x-ray vision, he scanned the door and smiled, seeing Lois on the other side.

‘*Here goes nothing,*’ he thought to himself, heading up the stairs to greet Lois.

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Lois took a deep breath, taking in the delicious aroma of the freshly cooked steak coming from Clark’s apartment. “Hi,” he greeted her with a smile, opening the door for her.

“Hi,” she smiled back at him, entering his apartment with a determined expression on her face. Had it really only been three hours since she saw him earlier? It felt like longer.

<< “*Jimmy, you’ve been brainwashed,*”>>

Things seemed so different now.



“Smells great,” she complimented, uncertain what to say at this point. There was so much that needed to be said after this morning. No matter how many times she went over it in her mind she came back to the same answer.

She should be feeling so many emotions at this point but strangely she found herself unable to focus on anything other than the look of despair in Clark’s eyes this morning when he’d finally spoken up.

<< “I’m trying to offer you an out.”

“I don’t want an out.”>>

<< “I guess we figure out how to...”

“Figure out what?”>>

Looking back on everything she wondered how she didn’t see it before. It was right there in front of her face. How had she denied her feelings for so long?

The memory of his heartbroken expression after his confession in the park so many months ago crept up to the forefront of her mind.

‘No,’ she pushed the painful memory out of her mind. ‘Don’t go there,’ she told herself.

They had a lot of things to talk about. Where to start was another story all together.

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Clark watched Lois as she took a sip of wine from her glass. It had been excruciatingly quiet over dinner and he couldn’t figure out why. ‘What is she thinking?’

He glanced over at her, noting the slight pink hue that hinted across her cheeks. “You okay?” he asked, taking her hand in his.

“Yeah,” she smiled back at him. “I guess I’ve just got a lot on my mind.”

“Yeah,” Clark nodded his agreement, letting out a long breath. All he’d done since making plans for dinner was worry, but Lois seemed worried about something as well. What it was, he wasn’t sure. “It’s been an eventful day.”

“To say the least,” Lois agreed, taking a sip from her glass once more.

He caught her gaze before she looked down, noting the nervousness in her eyes. What was she nervous about?

“Lois?” He tilted his head, looking back at her and gently prodding her. “You okay?”



“Fine,” she said with a warm smile. “Just perfect.”

He wasn’t convinced but decided not to push the issue. He took a deep breath, mentally preparing himself for the task at hand, “You know, I’m actually glad you suggested a low-key dinner tonight. There’s something I’ve been meaning to tell you. I’ve wanted to tell you for a long time now but…”

She took a bite of her potatoes and made a grimace. “Oh, I guess I let it sit too long.” She pushed the plate toward him, “Would you mind giving this a quick warmup with your thingamajig?”

He blinked, uncertain what just happened, “What?”

“You know, your heat vision?” she prodded non-chalantly and shrugged her shoulders. “Just give it a quick zap.”

“Um…” he stared at the plate then at her, uncertain what just happened.

“Oh, don’t give me that look, Clark,” Lois gave him a knowing smile, “Did you really think I wouldn’t figure it out?”

*~The End*

