

# Seduction of the Other Sort

by JJ-the elusive

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Rating: T

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The Kryptonite-laced continent, another product of a plan hatched by notorious criminal Lex Luthor has been slowly orbiting the Earth since Superman bravely lifted the continent up and threw it into space. What the media has now dubbed as "New Krypton" has been gradually moving further away from our planet, but not without causing problems. Ocean tides around the world have increased in height, and tides are coming in much faster than before. Another problem we have experienced since then are what look to be like meteor showers, but are in fact chunks of Kryptonite-laced rock entering the atmosphere, which have damaged property, cars and have even cause some injuries. Interestingly enough, scientists have discovered that the rocks contain not only green Kryptonite which we know of, but of other colors as well. Scientists and engineers at STAR Labs have been working with samples, and are currently studying their effects on humans and possibly, Kryptonians. We only hope that the new varieties do not affect Superman as the green Kryptonite we know of."

Lois stirred on the couch at the mention of "Superman" and "Kryptonite", and slowly roused herself to an upright position. She rubbed her eyes with her palms and sighed loudly. Another dream. Another dream where she saw a familiar smile, a man's gorgeously toned body, his beautiful jewel blue eyes and then the coffee shop on 5th that he loved... She shook her head of the thought and stood up, knowing a nice big cup of strong coffee would help.

Why was she having these crazy dreams? Again?

It wasn't that she was desperate, or lonely. It wasn't the stress of the long hours and the feelings of inadequacy when it came to raising her son alone after relying for so long on Richard. It was the fact that her damn mind had gone against her again and planted the silly notion that her co-worker, her best friend, the man she secretly so desperately missed while he was gone could possibly be Superman. Never mind the fact that she was already slowly falling for the farm boy, but the same dreams she was having now had come before Jason was born. She'd dreamt of being in the hotel room in Niagara Falls, only instead of Clark being there with her, Superman was. Next they lay on a bed with silvery sheets tangled around them, and she could hear Clark's voice whispering to her that he loved her. It was more of the same as the months went on, and they stopped a little while after her son was born. Now they were back in full force, forcing her to take cold showers more often, and to avoid eye contact with Clark as much as possible at work which of course was nearly impossible seeing as how they were partners. She seriously had to do something about all this, but what? Rip open his shirt and say "AHA!" or push him off the top of the building? No. It did of course make her angry to know that if it all were true that she'd been relegated to finding out the truth through dreams, which

only gave her glimpses of it. He had some serious explaining and possibly groveling to do if it was all true!

"You love him, don't you?"

Lois could hear Richard's voice clearly, and twice since it was a call from overseas and yet she still pretended to have no idea what he'd asked.

"What?"

It was really weird to hear a long sigh twice, and she knew he wasn't buying it. She and Richard had split up almost a year ago, when it was just a couple of months after the New Krypton incident. Somewhere along the lines after that, they seemed to just forget that they were a couple and slid into a awkward yet calm coexistence until they realized that there wasn't a point to it all. He took a job at the offices in Paris, where in fact, Jason was visiting him at the moment courtesy of the 'Superman Express'.

"Who? Superman?"

She seriously hoped he would say no on that one. She tried to avoid the 'S' word as much as possible these days, since things were a bit awkward between them. Just how exactly could a man like him be a father to his son? And now her stupid brain kept thinking that Clark and he were the same, and it was leaving her more than slightly annoyed.

"No, Lois. The man you talk about all the time as if he's the next best thing since sliced bread."

"Perry's a good editor, Richard but he's definitely not-"

"Clark, Lois. Clark Kent."

Her mouth went dry and she sputtered a little. How did he-? Was it that obvious that she was so-? She could almost hear Richard's smile as he went on with a lighter tone in his voice.

"I know you're partners, Lois but I've heard the stories. I'm surprised the two of you didn't get together before he left all those years ago. It's almost as if he's the only one who can and has ever tamed the great Lois Lane. Hell, Jason is pretty smitten by the man, too! Calls him "Daddy Clark" for some reason, can't figure out why...but you know, you should really...hello? Lois?"

A moment before the phone had fallen to the floor with a clang as Lois repeated what Richard had said over and over again in her mind.

"Daddy Clark?"

Good God. Was her brain's ridiculous theory true? Did her son know who his father really was?

Lois shook her head. This was getting ridiculous!

"Sorry, what were you saying Richard?"

"You okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine. What were you about to say?"

"I was about to say that maybe you should date Clark. See how that goes? I mean he was gone for five years but it was still pretty obvious he had a crush on you when he came back."

"And since when has Richard White, world renowned journalist become the love advisor?" Lois laughed, trying to ignore the slight awkwardness of the fact that her ex-fiancé of five years was telling her to date someone.

"Since I began to live in Paris, I guess," he answered with slight, if not a little sad humor in his voice. "Jason loves it here, you know. We've already been the Eiffel Tower twice now, and he seems to have lost his fear of heights, wonder why."

Lois had told Richard about Jason's paternity not long after she found out, and he'd accepted it gracefully. He knew from the start of their relationship that he wasn't the father of her child, and hadn't pressed on knowing who was. Lois would have told him, that is if she could even remember who was the father.

"And where is he now? Asleep?"

"Out like a light, as usual. He's had a very exciting day, so I'm not surprised. I'm sure he'll be up at the crack of dawn like usual, though."

Lois couldn't help but chuckle. No doubt he'd inherited that trait from his father, drawing power and strength from the sun. She wondered if Clark did that at Jason's age, and then began to wonder how it had been for him to grow up on a farm with powers like those. Clark's face would always light up when he spoke about his childhood in Kansas, and Lois suspected it must have been so idyllic and yet exciting for a boy who could do such extraordinary things. Richard's tease brought her back to reality.

"You're thinking about him, aren't you?"

"Would you stop that!"

"So I'm right?" he asked incredulously. "You were thinking about Clark? Hey, remember what I said that night when he'd first come back? About him looking like Su-"

"Richard, I gotta go. Talk to you later, okay? I want Jason to call me tomorrow."

"Uh sure, Lois. Take care."

"Bye."

She hung up the phone and let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. Now even Richard was thinking about the theory! She plopped down on the living room sofa and stared at the ceiling aimlessly. What could she do to prove her theory? With a flick of the remote, the TV came to life and immediately began to spew commercials with red hearts and teddy bears, jewelry and chocolates which essentially jammed Valentine's Day down the viewer's throat. Lois had to think for a moment...when was Valentine's Day exactly? The 13th? No... oh right, the 14th. Needless to say, she wasn't exactly a big enthusiast of the "holiday". Today was the 13th, which meant that tomorrow was the big day. She wondered if Clark was doing anything...would he stay in and do nothing like Clark Kent would, or would he patrol the skies just like any other day like Superman? Or both? Or none! Frustrated, Lois sat up with an angry growl. This was so damn annoying! Why did she start having these dreams? If Clark really was Superman, that meant he really was Jason's father, and had somehow taken away from Lois' mind the fact that they had slept together. Was that even possible? If he was Superman, why didn't he tell her by now? He'd been back a year, she'd been single for quite a while, and oh, he had a son! Lois shook her head. He was so...Clarkish sometimes, meaning he never did anything but wait. Just as she thought, she'd have to pull all the moves when it came to the farm boy. Or was it fly boy? Did it matter? Besides, what the hell did she have to lose? Despite not being as much of a go-getter as her, he was a really good, kind, handsome guy despite being a little bit on the nerdy side. They'd been friends long enough, she respected him immensely, and he'd had a crush on her since the day they met so why couldn't they have a relationship? She did in fact seem to have a crush on him (after she finally admitted it to herself), and was open to the possibility of dating him even before the dreams started up again. On the other hand, if he really was Superman? She had her adorable, wonderful farm boy with a few extra awesome skills like being able to leap over tall buildings with a single bound! It was a win-win situation!

Lois bit her lip with a smile. Oh, she had a plan to make him reveal himself alright. If

things went her way, she'd seduce Clark Kent...and then of course make him fess up. Perfect!

He inwardly groaned at the sight of her, dressed in a short sexy dark red skirt and black blouse, her long shining chestnut hair down around her shoulders.. Why, why did the fates make him love her of all people? The one woman who with a single look could knock him down flat faster than Kryptonite? The woman who appreciated him for his intellect and his "hokey farm boy upbringing"? The one woman that gave him the most precious gift, a son who he couldn't claim to the world as his own?

"Oh H-hi Lois."

For some reason, she had that smile that was akin to the Cheshire Cat's, which meant she either had a really good scoop or knew something he didn't know, something he'd want to know.

"Hiya Smallville. Doing anything special today?"

"Uhm, what's so special about today?"

God, he hated Valentine's Day. Sure in the years that he'd known her, he'd come to her as Superman and bring her flowers or something sweet like that, but flowers from Clark? She rejected. Usually.

Her face fell and she rolled her eyes in amused annoyance.

"Look," she said as she pointed to all the bouquets of roses on the desks of coworkers, at the occasional heart shaped balloon and at the horrible red bowtie Jimmy was wearing. "See? It's Valentine's Day. You know, love, romance, all that good stuff?"

He shook his head a little. "And...?"

This time she really was annoyed, and he didn't hide the fact that it was amusing. Sure, Lois could be downright scary was she was infuriated, but this? It was adorable.

"Don't tell me you didn't do anything special for your high school sweetheart in Smallville, Clark. Come on, humor me here! Are you, or are you not?"

"No?"

"Good, then you're taking me out on a date tonight. Pick me up at eight! 'Kay, I have to go get an interview with the Mayor, see ya later!"

Never mind the fact that she'd just gotten into work not three minutes before, and the fact that the Mayor was on a well publicized trip to Antigua, she'd just asked someone out on a date, which was something she'd never done before, and required some time alone afterwards. It was unnerving and made her anxious and apprehensive, but she did it! Men on the other hand were still utterly inept when it came to them asking women out on dates, though.

Lois cursed herself on her cunning skills or lack of thereof. She'd told him to take her out on a date, and had not told him or bothered to ask him where they were going. Who knew what his idea of a perfect place for a date was? She was sure she'd love anything he picked out, but of course the irrational side of her secretly wished he'd fly them to Hawaii or the Bahamas but she quickly dismissed it. Her goal was to tell him how she felt, to seduce him, and to coerce him into telling or showing her depending on the situation, that he was indeed Superman and that she wasn't crazy.

In the end she chose a simple dark blue off the shoulder dress that hugged her curves and stopped just above her knees. So what if they didn't go anywhere fancy? She knew all that mattered was that if he liked it, which brought a smile to her face because she knew he would. Hell, she could be wearing a burlap sack and she knew he'd stare at her the same way he

always did, which never failed to give her goosebumps. She laughed at the irony of it all. There was no doubt that there was an attraction between the two (or three, depending on how you looked at it) and all that needed to happen now was for them to actually come forward and act on it. Clark was the last real gentleman (well okay, except for Richard of course) on Earth and Lois was lucky enough to get to come to love him, and lucky enough for him to love her. There was no way in hell she would let go of him now.

A dented yellow taxi cab slowly made its way down Randall Street, and came to a stop in front of the Englewood Estates apartments.

"Damn rattlin'..." the cabbie mumbled under his breath as his car shook and made a strange rattling noise as if something were under the hood. Pablo didn't even know what the heck did this to his car in the first place! He just woke up this morning and went to check on his car which he affectionately called "Clarissa" to find the front end of it banged up and dented as if something fell on it, but he found nothing. What he didn't know was that the source of the rattling noise were the various sized pieces of red Kryptonite that were stuck under his hood and in the grille of the car, having fallen this morning.

"That'll be \$15.50, man."

Clark didn't have to hear the rapid fire beating of his heart to know he was nervous. He had actually been planning on asking her out for tonight, but had not surprisingly, chickened out. The Man of Steel, afraid. It happened more common than most would think when the situation concerned a certain brunette reporter. God, where was he going to even take her? He realized he still hadn't thought of an answer in the entire 20 minutes it took to get here when the cab pulled up to her apartment building. It was great, actually...that meant they could just spend the entire night in her apartment!

"You, got a date there, man?" Pablo grinned at Clark in the rearview mirror as his fingers went over the bills he'd just been handed. "Lookin' good! Dressed to impress! She'll like that."

"Trust me, she will." Clark smiled widely back with a wink and quickly made his way up to the 6th floor. He was sure she would. ..

His mouth literally went dry when she opened the door, revealing her lovely figure draped in a color close to the one of his suit which he left at home tonight. Oh right, him. Lois had a fascination with Superman long before she even cared to give Clark the time. That would be history, Clark concluded as he handed her a bouquet of white roses and bent down to give her a kiss on the cheek.

"You look gorgeous, Lois."

Lois had the grace to blush and murmur a thank you while she tried to hide it by walking away to put the flowers in a vase of water. He watched her walk away, enjoying the graceful sway of her hips and other...things. God she was beautiful...especially with the way she put her hair up in a messy French twist with a few stray curls framing her face.

She stood at the sink as she filled a vase with water, going through a moment of panic. What if he really was just Clark? Would she be disappointed? She adored him, and was pretty sure after beating away the demons of doubt in her mind that she could and probably already did love him. So what was the problem? He looked so...un-Clarklike in his dark gray dress shirt, black tie and black slacks, all of which were actually in style and form fitting. It made him look even more like the good-looking guy next door and more like the mostly confident Clark she'd gotten to know.

The confident Clark who was now gently kissing the nape of her neck.

What was he-? Was he going to be straight with her and tell her the truth? Drop the facades? Lois shivered as she closed her eyes and set the vase down, knowing, hearing the water overflow in it and not caring one bit at the moment. Her breath hitched as she felt two impossibly warm hands slowly trace her waist, coming to rest on her hips. She shivered again, this time from the juxtaposition of the mostly cool air in front of her, and the warmer than usual heat emanating from Clark as he stood close behind her. His voice was in her ear, his breath hot against her skin and she shuddered a third time. Didn't the plan call for her seducing him and not the other way around?

"I'm sorry to say, Lois that I wasn't able to make any reservations for us anywhere. So let's just stay here, it'll be better. I can find things for us to do..."

Lois laughed nervously and tried to go over it with a cough, failing miserably. She turned off the faucet and turned around, freezing up when he pulled her towards him in an embrace. Lois turned her head to the side, trying to calm her frantic heartbeat but not succeeding. She felt the familiar warmth of Superman as he put his arms around her, but could smell the familiar scent of that cologne Clark would occasionally wear. The same cologne which interestingly enough he'd wear at work right after Lois would see Superman helping to put out a fire on TV. Coincidence? Absolutely not! Was he who she thought he was? Was he not?

"Uhm, well maybe we could. Or we could uh, you know order out, of course. Like always, you know...when we're working."

Now she was turning into a blabbering idiot akin to the times years ago when she'd first been around Superman. But she wasn't at the moment...she was with Clark Kent, who was smiling that crooked smile that she liked so much at her in amusement. The same man who was increasingly leaving her devoid of coherent thought, not to mention who was the reason of her constant cold showers.

"Lois?" he put a finger under her chin and gently made her face him. "Are you alright?"

Lois was pretty sure she looked really stupid at the moment, with her eyes wide and her mouth slightly gaping open. She couldn't help it, as she was marveling at the eyes that stared at her past thick lenses. If one really looked, they'd find that the glass did indeed cut the color but not so much, letting you see just how deeply colored his eyes were. Lois could feel her heart thudding almost painfully in her chest, and God! He could probably hear it! It seemed to stop (not literally, she hoped but for a few seconds she wasn't sure) as he bent down to press his lips to hers, one hand cradling the nape of her neck as the other pulled her even closer to him.

God...He hadn't kissed her in either guises even after he'd come back from his five year journey. It had been six, almost seven years since he'd kissed, truly kissed Lois Lane and he drank her in like a man parched. He honestly didn't know why he hadn't told her the truth earlier, especially since Richard was now out of the picture. He should have claimed her as soon as the man walked out the door! Of course things wouldn't have been easy with her after that, but who cared? They would be together like they were supposed to be and that was that.

Lois drew back and took a big gasp of air before yielding to his kiss again. What had gotten into him? Sure, Clark had his non-timid sides but not this much! She began to care less as she began to remember all the amazing kisses like these they'd shared before he left. Lois remembered from one dream kissing Clark in the bull pen, a long, deliciously ardent kiss like this, but tinged with sadness. That really happened, right? If her dreams were reality then he was Superman. Maybe. Damn it! She cursed her darn mind for causing all this confusion in the

first place! She needed a little bit more time to figure out what to do, or how to ask now that her idea of seducing him went out the window since he was doing more seducing for the both of them.

"Clark. We should uhm," she stopped as he nipped her bottom lip. "We should go somewhere. Come on, we have to! It's Valentine's Day."

To her surprise and entertainment he drew back up to his full height with a sigh and roll of the eyes. Something she would do.

"We don't have to, Lois. But if you insist. Just as long as we get to have time alone afterwards."

To what? Lois thought, to tell me your secret?

"Oh trust me," she mumbled as he pulled her towards the door, "I'll give you all the time in the world."

Pablo was eyeing them in the rearview mirror as he made his way through traffic, weaving and honking his horn excessively with ease. The guy in the backseat was the same one from earlier, and the woman on his arm! The one that was currently giggling like a schoolgirl but beautiful as she ducked her head and squirmed as he kissed her lips, face and shoulders. No wonder the man was dressed to impress! A woman like her... he shook his head. This guy was damned lucky, and Pablo knew he knew it. He sighed as he looked forward and at the traffic. He'd finally found out what the heck was wrong with his car, having pulled quite a few chunks of some weird red rock from under the hood. It was pretty, though how it sparkled in the light and seemed to have grown out of a regular rock. He took a big piece and put some string around it, hanging it from his rearview mirror where it swung with the car's movements.

The ride was actually almost a half an hour, but Lois felt like it'd gone by in five minutes with the way Clark was paying her attention. Why the hell didn't he do this before? Even if she didn't think he was Superman! It turned out, her Farmboy sure did know how to treat a lady!

"Alright lovebirds, that's \$40.17."

Pablo wondered who in the hell went to the Planetarium for a Valentine's date, but figured it didn't matter to the two of them. In fact, he wondered how long the two of them would be even in there until they came back out and headed home, presumably to continue doing what they'd been on the drive here. Regardless, the man was still very damn lucky!

"Good luck with her, pal!"

She smiled at him even though he couldn't see her in the dark (or could he?) and said she was. The show had just started and it was absolutely breathtaking as usual, and the music along with it was lovely. She didn't know why she'd all of the sudden suggested the Planetarium until a little later as they made their way over here when she realized that it showed the beauty of space, which he would probably appreciate more so than anyone else. If he was anyone else. They weren't the only couple here for a Valentine's date, either so that was good. That way he wouldn't think she was purposely...great. Now she was afraid that he'd think she thought she knew who he was. God, this was all such a mess.

Acting on impulse she leaned over and rested her head on his broad shoulder, feeling and hearing the slightly sharp intake of air from him. She was unnerving him? Good. A wicked thought came over her, and she knew she just had to do it. If he was going to try and seduce

her, she would do the same. It was her plan, anyway! Looking around and behind her to make sure she wouldn't bother anyone around them, she slowly slipped from her seat and slid onto Clark's lap. Of course, he immediately held her close but it felt like there were a few more inches between her toes and the floor than at first. Was he floating?

"I'm sorry Smallville, want me to get off?" she couldn't wipe the grin off her mouth as she asked. Her smile was gone as his mouth found hers in a feverish kiss that again left her breathless. She moved with him as he slid his body further down into the cushioned theater seat, not protesting as long as he kept kissing her as he moved her so that she sat facing forward. Lois stretched her body out a little, enjoying the half reclining position they were in, and enjoying the feel of him behind her even more. Her lips curved in a smile as she turned her head more to him. Had she ever had a sexier Valentine's date? Never. Her lips suddenly broke from his as she gasped a little at the feel of his hand having traveled from her hip down to her inner lower thigh. He continued to kiss the side of her neck and jaw line as she let out another breath as the hand moved slowly upward.

"Clark", he heard her whisper somewhat harshly, "we shouldn't."

He of course didn't care about what he shouldn't do, but only what he could do, which was something he'd always wanted to do actually...which in fact he'd done once or twice back in the Fortress. Lois's almost inaudible moan against his ear meant he had gotten somewhere, and he hastily pushed her panties aside to find her definitely willing despite her protests.

"Hey you two! None of that in here!" A sudden male voice boomed from beside them in the aisle. Lois squinted and turned her face at the bright light of the flashlight the usher shone at them. She didn't know whether to feel mortified or amused in the situation as she hurriedly made herself decent. They quickly stood and she took Clark's hand.

"We were just leaving. Sorry," Lois smiled and tugged at Clark's hand as she tried to go, but Clark wouldn't budge. "Come on. We can go back to your place, okay? It's closer."

She watched as Clark stared at the man, saying nothing. She took a breath. Uh oh, what was he going to do? Holy crap, what was he-? She stared at disbelief as Clark took hold of the man's flashlight and crumpled it in his hand, twisting the metal and making the batteries fall out with three muffled thuds. Quickly Lois looked around to see the other people in the room looking over at them, trying to get a better glimpse of what was happening in the mostly dark room.

"Come on!" she tugged hard on his arm, and of course it didn't budge. Now she was getting really pissed too. First off, there was no way in hell Clark could do that, and secondly, why the hell would he do this in the first place?

"Fine, we'll leave," he finally said. "On our own."

Lois rolled her eyes and pulled him along with her, practically marching in her high heels.

"What the hell was that? What the hell has gotten into you, Clark? If that's even your real damn name!"

Lois added that last bit with a harsh whisper. She'd pulled him out of a side exit so that they wouldn't be stopped at the main lobby, which they most likely would have. They now stood an alley away from the building, surrounded by filthy cats, surprisingly no bums and little light. She shook her head. Really? Her suspicions were solidified by a broken flashlight? Awesome.

Clark shook his head. She looked so hot when she was pissed like that. No. She was right, he was acting like an ass. Which actually was kind of peculiar, since he was doing it a lot



tonight. Sure, he could be a jerk as much as the next guy but this was pushing it. A little. Hold on a second! What she'd just said! Something about his real name?

"My real name?"

"That's what I said, Clark." She growled as she placed her hands on her hips in a defiant stance. "And if you are who I think you are, what's with the strange act? What, are you on something? Kryptonite steroids or somethi-...oh my God."

"What? I thought it was a pretty good joke, I would have laughed."

"No, you jerk! The Kryptonite!"

Clark shook his head at her like she was nuts. If there was Kryptonite around, he would have felt it and since he didn't feel deathly ill anytime recently it was safe to say Lois was wrong.

"I feel fine, Lois."

"No!" she shook her head vigorously. "The news, Smallville haven't you been listening to the news? New forms of Kryptonite are falling to Earth from New Krypton!"

"Yeah, don't call it that please."

"Whatever." She waved her hands as she rolled her eyes and continued. "If you weren't so busy playing 'Squeeze the Lois' with me in the taxi you would have noticed the giant red chunk of rock that idiot cabbie had dangling from his mirror!"

"There are lots of red rocks, Lois. Rubies...hey, I can get you one of those you know. It'd look good with that one dress you like to wear and-"

"Would you listen? You're worse than Jason! I know it was Kryptonite, because let's face it, I've seen that stuff as much as you have. So the question is, how do we counter act it?"

"Easy, we don't do a thing. It'll be fine!"

Lois shook her head and felt like slamming his head with a hammer or something, which would only break it. Funny how she went to being smitten with him and not knowing if he really was Superman to wanting to choke him and knowing for damn sure he was indeed Superman. Oh, her life. Was it ever normal at any point?

Lois sat nestled in Superman's arms as they flew high above STAR Labs, where Lois knew they'd been testing the new forms of Kryptonite.

"I can't believe we're doing this, Lois. Who knows if it's going to work? Who knows what will work?"

"They will, now shut up and get us in. I'm pretty sure Hamilton is there, or even Kitty."

"Fine...then can we have some time alone?"

"Clark! Just get us in!"

"Okay, okay..." he sighed as he quickly descended. He liked it when Lois was angry, but when she nagged he didn't want to be anywhere near her, and preferably on the other side of the world.

A frail looking old man with large spectacles and a great bush of grey beard met them in the hallway they'd flown down to.

"Kal-el? What are you doing here, my dear boy? Oh Hello there, Miss Lane! You look absolutely delightful!"

Lois nodded to him with an overly happy smile before turning to Clark with a glare.

"They know your real name and I don't?"

Clark shook his head and ignored her. "Emil, apparently we have a problem."

Clark groaned as he came to consciousness, blinking at the bright yellow light above him. Apparently the red K did have an affect on him when they did tests in exposing him to it, which he also remembered a bit fuzzily. He just remembered hitting on Lois and seeing her get angrier and angrier. The last thing he'd remembered was the red glow of a 'Kryptolamp' as Dr. Hamilton had called it. If he understood it correctly, it mimicked the effects of a red Sun like that of his homeworld on his body, which basically in turn rendered him powerless. He then remembered feeling a sharp stab of a needle on his arm and he squinted as he looked down at his right arm, finding the IV there still. He felt terrible. Not only physically, but emotionally. He really was a bit of a mess last night, and worse, he'd upset Lois. He doubted she would talk to him anytime soon, what with how she found out he was Superman (a flashlight? Seriously?) and how he'd treated her. Groaning some more, he sat up gingerly to find he was lying on a cot in the middle of a room with no furniture. All there was in the room was the extremely bright light above him...or was it the sunlight? He found a robe hanging on a wall nearby and quickly covered himself up, not wanting to cause a scene. But then again what could have been worse than last night?

"Well look who decided to join us for a lovely Saturday morning," a cheery voice edged with contempt sounded as he stepped out of the room. He looked over to see Lois sitting at a table, looking like a mess with rumpled hair, her dress wrinkled and a non-steaming cup of coffee in front of her.

Oh crap.