

Just a Peek

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Rated: PG

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Summary: A chance look offers Lois a peek into Clark's secrets in a vignette from the episode "The Rival."

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Lois banged on Clark's door, trying to stem her fury. She couldn't *believe* that he had had the gall to not only abandon the Planet in its time of need but to go and work for the *competition*?! She glared at the door before pounding on it again.

A moment later Clark opened the door. "Lois, what—"

Lois shoved past him. "Clark! You can run, but you can't hide. What's going on?" She crossed her arms and glared at him.

Clark's brows rose. "What do you mean, 'what's going on?'"

Lois stalked down into the apartment. "Don't give me that innocent act."

"Me?!"

Lois whirled and glared at him. "So, that's how you're going to play this, huh?" She scanned the room and her eyes narrowed on *two* cups of coffee. "Oh." She threw her briefcase into a chair. "Oh, I get it. She's *here*, isn't she?" She began to stalk around the room. "You can't talk because *she's here*!"

She rushed into the bedroom with Clark on her heels. "Is she under the bed?" She jumped onto his bed and stomped on it before jumping back off and bending over to look underneath it. Lois frowned and looked over her shoulder. "No..." she trailed off as she got a look at Clark's admiring gaze before he wiped his expression clean.

Clark fiddled with his glasses. "Now, Lois..."

Lois walked around the bed. "You know, Clark, I think I have a better idea of how to lure Linda out of her hiding place!"

Clark stared at her wide-eyed as she approached. "Lo-is?"

Lois smiled widely at him. "Let's see how she likes *this*!"

She pressed her lips to Clark's.

Clark quickly recovered from his shock and provided Lois with enough of a distraction that she lost herself in the kiss. When Lois finally drew back, she looked at Clark uncertainly. "Clark? Did that really just happen?"

Clark cleared his throat. "Yeah, it did."

Lois sighed and leaned her forehead onto his shoulder. Until now, she really had managed to compartmentalize the men in her life. Superman was her fantasy, Lex was her date, and Clark... Clark was her partner and best friend. Now, though, those barriers were shattered.

Clark brushed a hand through her hair. "Lois, I'm *undercover* at the Star," he murmured.

Lois' hand fisted in his shirt but she didn't pull away. "You're *what*?!" Then she frowned. "Clark? What in the world are you wearing under...?" She attacked the buttons of his shirt as Clark went rigid and began to pull away.

Lois stared at the red and gold embroidered shape she had uncovered. "Clark?" Her voice shook.

Clark sighed. "Lois, let's rescue Perry from my closet and I'll

explain *everything* once he's gone! The Star and—" He motioned to his shirt before buttoning it back up. "-this."

Lois started at him for a long moment. She hissed, "You can *bet* you're going to explain everything... Flyboy!"

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THE END