

Memory

By bobbart — Bob Bartholomew <bobbart_99@yahoo.com>

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Summary: In this post-season-four story, Clark has been on New Krypton helping Zara and Ching stabilize their government. While he was there, he had the opportunity to develop his Kryptonian telepathic abilities. Now that he's strong enough to communicate with Lois all the way from New Krypton, what will happen when he returns home? A humorous look at the famous mind-wipe kiss from the movie *Superman II*.

Disclaimer: This is a fanfic based on the television show, *Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*. I have no claim on the pre-existing characters whatsoever, nor am I profiting by their use. The new story elements are mine. No infringement is intended by this work.

Lois, are you busy? Clark thought at his wife.
I'm parking the car, came her thought in reply. *Can you give me a minute?*

I just wanted to let you know that we're about to enter Earth orbit. I'll be home in a few minutes. We'll talk for real then.

I look forward to it. Lois thought back.

Clark turned to the captain of the transport ship. "I'm heading for the transfer room," he said. "Thank you for the ride back to Earth."

"It has been our honor, Lord El," the captain replied.

Clark left the bridge and started for the transfer room. He had to fight the temptation to send a thought to Lois and see if she was finished with the car and could talk. He was still adjusting to the fact that now he could reach Lois at any time, and finding it challenging not to engage her in continuous conversation. In any case, the ability to reach out to her at any time was going to come in so handy next time she was in trouble. And to think that when Zara had shown up on Earth with the request that he visit, he'd been against spending a month on New Krypton. Fortunately, Zara had been convincing enough so that even Lois had agreed that he needed to make the trip.

Zara had argued that his input as the last member of the house of El would prove crucial in support of the reforms that were underway. Ching and Zara were pushing for changes to restructure the New Krypton government into something based less on the old-Krypton aristocratic elite. And, while his presence did help move the process forward, for Clark the biggest surprise of the trip had come when he got the chance to learn the history of his family. During his turbulent first encounter with the New Kryptonians, no one had ever explained why the house of El had been the ruling house of old Krypton. Clark was stunned to find out that it was because his family — especially the men in the El line — were far-and-away the most powerful telepaths ever known on Krypton.

As soon as he arrived, Zara had insisted that he get trained in controlling and using his latent telepathic abilities. Before the second week of training was complete, his abilities had grown to the point where he could communicate mentally with anyone on the planet. Shortly thereafter he realized he was hearing Lois's thoughts. For much of his last week on New Krypton, he'd been able to have thought conversations with his wife. Clark had been giddy over being able to contact Lois, but both Zara and Ching

seemed to think it was a bad idea to exercise his telepathy with a non-Kryptonian. However, there was no way he wasn't going to use this gift.

By the time he arrived in the transfer room, the ship was in position and the transfer officer directed him to step into the transfer chamber. There was a brief flash and suddenly he was standing just outside his parent's house in Smallville. Since it was overcast in Metropolis, Clark had requested that the transport ship beam him down in Smallville. The bright and sunny skies in Kansas would allow him to recharge his powers in just a few minutes. If he'd gone straight to Metropolis, the filtered sun would have meant waiting until morning — or possibly even longer — to get his powers back.

He took full advantage of the Kansas sun — and of the spare Superman suit he kept in his old room in Smallville — and fifteen minutes later he was lifting off for Metropolis. Less than a minute after that, he was home in Metropolis and flying in his conveniently opened bedroom window.

He quickly spun into his Clark Kent clothes and called out "Lois, I'm home."

He heard a thump of something being dropped in the next room. Before he could react, Lois was throwing herself into his arms. "You're home!" she cried joyfully.

She felt so good in his arms. "I really missed you," he whispered in her ear.

"I know," she said, a hint of humor in her voice. "But I didn't miss you at all," she teased as she pulled him even tighter into her embrace. A moment later she pulled back and he could see her face. She seemed to be soaking up his presence. All he could think about was how much he loved her.

"Please stay on this planet for a while," she requested, a hint of a tear in her eye.

"I promise," he said.

That brought the smile he wanted to see to the face of this most beautiful woman who claimed him for her own. He pulled her close and finally felt those sweetest of all lips against his. This was the reason he could never even consider another life. He was Clark Kent and married to Lois Lane and that was the most important fact of his life.

Several minutes, and a few more of those incredible kisses later, they pulled apart for a moment. "It's good to be home," Clark said wistfully. "Did you drop something when I came in?"

"Oh, I completely forgot," Lois said. "I was working on some research when you arrived. I need to pick up those files."

Lois turned and headed back the way she'd come. Clark started to follow her when his super hearing picked up an explosion and a scream only a block away. "Lois," he called at her retreating form, "I hear something. I'll be right back." Clark spun into the Superman suit and shot out the window.

The explosion took no time at all. It had been a car gas tank but no one had been hurt. He didn't even show himself before heading back home. As he flew through the window he heard Lois looking for him. "Clark? Are you here?"

She must not have heard him leave. He came up behind her and pulled her close. "I'm here. I just had to step out for a minute."

She closed her eyes and leaned back into him as they shared another kiss. A moment later, the kiss ended and he saw Lois open her eyes. Then they went wide with shock and she pushed him away. "What are you doing here?" she shouted as she backed up until she reached the wall behind her.

"What? Lois..." he stuttered.

"Superman, how could you?" she asked, clearly distraught. "You know I'm married to Clark. How could you come into my house like this? I..." Then she looked around. "Clark!" She shouted. "Clark, I need you!" Then she looked at him hard. "Superman, I'll never forgive you for this. I love my husband.

Leave now and I'll... I'll try to pretend this never happened."

"But..."

"Get out!" she shouted.

Clark bolted, but went only to the top of the building. He watched Lois using his x-ray vision. She was in tears and she kept looking for him — as Clark. Somehow she seemed to have forgotten that he was both Clark and Superman. Then it hit him. He'd been told that physical contact would greatly enhance his Kryptonian telepathy but he'd completely forgotten that warning. When he'd kissed her a moment ago, he'd been thinking about how glad he was that he was Clark Kent and married to Lois. Somehow he seemed to have erased her memory of his dual identity. That must have been just the sort of thing that Zara and Ching had been worried about.

He glanced at Lois again. She was sitting on the floor sobbing. "Clark, where are you?" she said to the empty room.

He spun into his Clark clothes and super-spun to their front door. He hoped for the best as he opened the door and entered. "Lois?" he called.

"Clark!" she replied, still in tears. He hurried to her and pulled her to him. "It was terrible. Superman... He was here and he... He kissed me. Why would he do that? I thought he was... He knows how much I love you."

Clark was struggling for something to say. With Lois's memory the way it was, there was no point to telling her that it was all right. That would only confuse her. He decided that the only option was to try to fix his mistake. "It's ok," he said. "I promise that I'll make sure that nothing like that happens again."

Then he pulled Lois in close and kissed her. At first she seemed nervous but after only an instant Clark felt the magic that so often accompanied their kisses. As the kiss lingered, Clark concentrated on sending a thought to Lois. *It's okay to kiss Superman, you're married to him.* Finally the kiss ended and Lois sighed against him. Good, he thought. That's better.

Then he felt Lois go stiff. "Clark! What are you doing?" she yelled. Then she pushed him away and retreated to the far wall. "How did you get in here? Do you have any idea what Kal will do if he found you here kissing me?"

"What?" Clark sputtered.

"You know I'm married to Superman. What in the world possessed you to sneak into our home and kiss me like that? Lois suddenly charged him and pushed him toward the door. "Get out! And I'm telling Perry that you broke into my home and assaulted me. I'm not going to press charges, but I intend to do everything I can to get you fired. And you can forget ever getting an interview from Superman again! When Kal and I are done with you, you'll be lucky to find a job at the Tattler."

Well before the door slammed behind him, he realized what he'd done wrong. He'd focused on Superman, not on the fact that Clark and Superman were the same person. He glanced back at the house. At least this time Lois wasn't scared, she was angry. Well, he'd rather she be angry than scared.

This time he took an extra minute to compose his thoughts. He needed not only to focus on the fact that Superman was just Clark dressed up so he could help people, he needed to emphasize that Lois was married to Clark and that Superman was just his rescue job.

He took a few extra minutes to be sure of the thoughts he needed to send, then he went to a nearby alley, spun into the Superman suit and flew back in through the bedroom window. "Lois," he called.

"Hi, honey," she said as she entered the room. "You won't believe what happened. Now, don't hurt him, but would you believe that Clark Kent snuck in here and kissed me? I think you need to keep an eye on him."

Clark pulled her into an embrace. "I'm sorry. I should have been here."

"It's okay. I knew when I married the world's hero that you have your job to do. I was just so mad. I thought Kent was a better person than that."

Clark didn't see any reason to waste time, so he bent down to kiss Lois. As was the case a moment ago, at first she seemed hesitant, but she quickly committed herself to the kiss. After a few seconds, Clark almost lost focus. Kissing his wife was an extraordinarily pleasant experience. But he disciplined his thoughts and focused on sending the messages that he'd rehearsed outside.

When the kiss finally ended, he stilled himself for another explosion. "That was so weird," Lois commented.

"What was weird?" he asked nervously.

"The way I first forgot that you were Superman and then forgot that you were Clark," she explained as she pulled him close. "I didn't realize that telepathy was so dangerous."

Clark felt the relief wash over him. She was back and now her memories were intact. "Lois, I am so sorry. Zara and Ching warned me that it could be dangerous, but I didn't believe them."

"What can we do?" Lois asked. "I don't want to risk having my memory altered every time we have a passionate kiss."

"We have a few days before we need to go back to work," Clark said. "There are exercises we can do to build up your resistance to suggestion. And I promise I can be careful."

"Are you sure you can control your telepathy?"

"Yes. Now that I know what to do — or more specifically what not to do — I'm sure we'll be fine."

"Good. Because you've been gone for a month and I want to do a lot more than just kiss."

Clark looked around the Daily Planet bullpen. It was nice to be back. He and Lois had spent several days at home — practically in isolation — getting reacquainted as husband and wife. Fortunately, there hadn't been any more problems with lost or changed memories.

The first day back at work had been pleasantly uneventful. He'd basically spent the day getting back up to speed after being gone to help with a supposed family crisis in Smallville. He looked over at Lois. She seemed especially happy that he was back across from her. It probably helped that she had just gotten the only interview with Superman on his first rescue after returning from his trip to New Krypton.

As he was watching her, she pressed the send key on her keyboard and looked up at him. "Now that's something I've missed," she commented.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Sending a story to Perry and looking up to find the most handsome man on two worlds gazing at me. It's a nice feeling."

"Do you want to go out for lunch?" he asked.

"Sure," she said. "There's this place in Miami that I read about. They are supposed to have some of the best sandwiches in the country."

Clark's eyes got wide. He lowered his voice. "You want to go to Miami for lunch?"

"Sure," she answered confidently. "I've missed being able to take advantage of my husband. I just have a little making up to do. Don't worry, we aren't going to do this every day."

She made it all sound so reasonable. He loved her so much. "Sure, let's go," he said brightly.

They started for the elevator, but got only half-way there when Perry called for them. "Lois, Clark, could you please see me for a minute?"

They headed for Perry's office. "Please close the door," he said when they arrived.

"What's up, Chief?" Lois asked as Clark closed the door.

"It's this article on the Superman rescue."

"What's wrong?" Lois asked. "I'm sure it's good. I even ran

it through the spell checker.”

Perry offered a printout to Lois. “Read the section I circled.”

Lois took the paper and looked at it for a few seconds. “I don’t see anything wrong with this,” she argued.

“Why don’t you read it out loud to Clark and see if he thinks there’s a problem.”

“I don’t...” Lois started.

“Just read it,” Perry interrupted. “I’ll tell you what. If Clark thinks it’s okay as-is, then we’ll print it exactly as you wrote it.”

“Fine,” Lois said shortly, “But I’m going to hold you to that.”

She turned to Clark and held the printout in front of her.

“Without Superman’s intervention, the fire would have gutted the Seventh Street Orphanage. The fact this intervention was Superman’s first activity after his return to Metropolis is particularly ironic. This organization has been a favorite of our local hero since shortly after he arrived in Metropolis. Not only does he support this charity as Superman, he volunteers regularly in his everyday identity of Clark Kent.”

She finished and looked at Clark who was staring back dumbfounded with his mouth hanging open. “What?” she asked, confusion in her voice. “What am I missing?”

Clark looked over at Perry to find him smiling back. “So, Clark, should I run it?”

“No,” he burst out.

“Why not?” Lois asked.

“You... You said I’m Superman.”

She looked back and forth between her husband and her boss.

“So, what’s wrong with that?” she finally asked, looking at Perry.

“Everyone knows that Superman is just Clark dressed up so he can help people.”

THE END