

# May I Have This Dance, Mrs. Kent?

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Summary: Mornings are always a little chaotic for the Kents. But sometimes, they need to slow down and take a minute or two to just...dance.

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*Author's Note:* This is a response to KSaraSara's "May I Have This Dance" Challenge (<https://www.lcfcimbs.com/ubb/ubbthreads.php/topics/296569/may-i-have-this-dance-challenge-from-this-comic-panel>) and is a gift to KSaraSara. It's not *exactly* what's in the comic panel, but...I think that's okay! I hope y'all enjoy it! :)

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It's chaotic, like every morning. Chaotic, loud, and boisterous. And I feel rushed, as always. I pop a piece of bread into the toaster and glance at my watch. Maybe we're not too late. Maybe I'll somehow manage to wrangle them into the van on time to get Jon dropped off at the library, Ellie and Laura dropped off at school, and Jordan dropped off at daycare.

But I'll be late for work. Again.

I tap my foot on the floor impatiently as arguing starts up behind me.

"That was mine! Mom said — "

"No, it's mine! You had it yesterday, and today — "

"Mommmy! Ellie took my favorite pencil!"

"You have a favorite pencil?"

"Leave me alone, Jon! Mommmy!"

I close my eyes and take a deep breath, preparing myself to issue some magical words in a nice, calm voice...words that will get everyone to quiet down and finish their breakfast with only kind things to say to each other. And with lots of sharing and generosity.

I shake my head. Right. I'm not magical, and I won't have those words.

But it's okay, because Clark saves me, just in the nick of time — as always.

I hear a quiet whoosh from upstairs, and seconds later, he jogs into the kitchen, swooping in to work *his* magic. I turn around and watch him, a soft smile growing. Within a couple of minutes, he manages not only to convince Ellie to give Laura back her pencil and Jon to finish his

breakfast but also to get Jordan to clean up his dishes from the table.

And when everyone else is settled and happy, he turns to me and grins.

"Good morning, honey," he says. His arms wrap around me, pulling me into a hug, and he whispers in my ear, "I love you. Sorry I was late getting back."

I lean into him more, letting his solid warmth surround me, and his arms tighten around me again as he lets out a shuddering breath.

"Are you okay?" I ask quietly. "I missed you this morning."

"Mmm, yeah, I'm okay." He nods and straightens up with a small smile that holds just a hint of sadness. "But I missed you too."

His hands slide up and down my arms, sending more of that familiar warmth through me. He starts to lean in to kiss me, but he freezes as the ruckus starts up behind him again. At least this time, it's a good-natured discussion about some movie that just came out in the theater.

I set my hands on his chest, and he gazes at me, his eyes dark with desire, before brushing a light kiss on my cheek and pulling away to help the kids finish getting ready for their day. He convinces the girls to put their dishes in the sink and Jon to wipe the table clean, and I still can't help smiling as I watch him.

If anyone was meant to be a father, it's him. Endless patience — which I definitely do not have — and just...this way of talking to them that is kind but firm when needed, loving and confident, optimistic and genuine. And God, the kids just love him.

It's the best feeling in the world to me — to see this — and I can't help the tears that come to my eyes as he lifts Jordan up into his arms, spins him around once, and then sets him down.

"Go grab your stuff, buddy. It's almost time to go!"

"Okay, Daddy!"

The older three have settled back at the table with their coats on and their backpacks ready. Clark turns to me, and I reach one hand out toward him. He's at my side again in a second, his fingers intertwining with mine, and he brings my hand up to his mouth and kisses my knuckles softly.

As he lowers my hand and sets his other hand on my waist, his fingers pressing into me, his eyes become unfocused, and he tilts his head ever so slightly to the right.

My stomach drops; I know what that look means. But before I can ask how long he'll be gone this time, he grins — that bright, brilliant smile that still sends the butterflies fluttering in my chest, even after twelve years of marriage.

He glances up over the top of his glasses at the ceiling for a moment and then nods and disappears for less than a

second. When he returns, wrapping both arms around me this time, a small radio — one I can't even remember us ever having and I'm sure hasn't been used in at least a decade — is sitting on the counter behind me.

And it's playing our song.

The soft melody of "Fly Me To The Moon" fills the room, and still grinning, he steps back from me a couple feet, bows slightly, and reaches out with one hand.

"May I have this dance, Mrs. Kent?"

"Clark..." I glance around him, where the three older kids sit watching, all smiles and giggles. I bite my lip as I shift my gaze back to him. "We'll...be late."

He just smiles again and shakes his head. "Two minutes, Lois. I want...just two minutes with you."

"Jordan?"

"He's picking out today's stuffy and will be occupied for at least that long," Clark says quietly.

"Come on, Mommmmm!" Ellie squeals.

Laura quickly echoes her. "Just say yes, Mom!"

Even Jon joins in, adding how it would be pretty sad if Superman couldn't even convince his wife to dance with him.

Clark just laughs and steps close again, his eyes twinkling. "Please, love."

I bite my lip, glance again at the kids, who all nod vigorously, and then laugh while sliding my hands up Clark's chest and around to the back of his neck.

"Okay. But only if..."

He winks at me. "Always, Lois."

His arms tighten around me, and I close my eyes and rest my head against his chest with a blissful sigh as he floats us up into the air, just a few feet. He glides us around to the music, one hand rubbing my back with gentle circles while he hums — endearingly and ever-so-slightly off key.

It's the best feeling — like some sort of magic really. And it makes all the chaos and stress disappear, and it's just me and him and the music.

I hear an echo of his words from so long ago, and I repeat them wistfully. "I love this song."

"Me too," he agrees, and he presses a kiss to the top of my head as he slowly brings us back down to the floor.

My feet touch the ground, and he holds me just long enough to steady me before Ellie and Laura surround us, jumping up and down while tugging at his suit coat and yelling, "My turn! My turn!"

I can't help laughing as Clark groans and opens his mouth to reprimand them. Before he can, however, Jordan skips into the kitchen, holding up a stuffed stegosaurus.

"Daddy! Look! Rawrrrr! I got Steggy!"

Clark spins around and scoops Jordan up into his arms. "Oh, good morning, Steggy!"

With a final glance back over his shoulder, he winks at me, mouths "I love you," and shifts Jordan into one arm so he can grab his messenger bag. "Let's go, kiddos, or we'll be late. And you know what that means!"

With a big groan, Jon, Ellie, and Laura all grumble, in unison, "Ugh, Mom will have to drive!"

"Yep!"

"Hey, now, I'll have you know, I'm the safest driver in the house!" I argue with mock offense.

Clark shoots me another grin. "Sure, honey. Sure. If you don't count that little fender bender last month."

"And that speeding ticket in June!" Jon adds.

"And that time you borrowed Uncle Jimmy's car, but forgot to tell him, and he reported it stolen, and —"

"Okay, okay, kids," Clark says sternly. "Let's get going, or we *will* be late."

I love this. I love all of them, and all of this so much. More than anything else.

I grab my piece of toast from the toaster and then follow Clark and the kids out of the house. And it's still chaotic, loud, and boisterous as we all pile into the car and get going. Chaotic and loud and boisterous...and wonderful and fulfilling and joyful.

It's all part of this dance that he and I started years ago. It's all part of this amazing journey, this beautiful life we've built together.

And it may be messy and difficult sometimes...chaotic, loud, and boisterous.

But I wouldn't have it any other way.

THE END