

# 2 Br 2 Bath

By Mary Potts <queenofthecapes@gmail.com>

Rated G

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Summary: Something about the homes they view are strangely familiar as Lois and Clark house-hunt. But what could it be?

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“...And here, we have the Master Bedroom, which has a walk-in closet.”

Clark looked around the room, his arm looped around his wife’s shoulders. It was indeed a beautiful room, quite spacious, with a very light hardwood floor. A neatly-made queen-sized bed dominated the space, but even with the nightstands and desk present, there would have been ample room to fit a king.

Most of the furniture in the house was still in place and in use, though it was clear that the young couple selling it had taken pains to clean every square inch before showing them around. Clark idly wondered how they managed to reach some of the obviously difficult nooks and crannies. “It looks very nice,” he told their host.

Lois left his side to examine the closet, letting out a low whistle as she disappeared into its depth. “Really nice!” she concurred.

“Thank you,” the man said.

Clark glanced around the room while waiting for Lois to finish exploring and come out of the closet. “How’s the neighborhood?” he asked.

The other man smiled knowingly. “It’s excellent,” he said. “We’re a block away from a church-run playground, and there’s a Baptist school within five miles of here. We’re also surrounded by six different churches and a synagogue, and this entire street was blessed by a rabbi.”

Clark raised an eyebrow at that. “Is there a particular reason you’re selling?” he asked.

The man shrugged. “Mary-Jane and I never really planned on staying,” he said. “The move was part of an attempt to save our marriage.” He sighed. “Now that the nightmare is over, we just want to go back to New York. My friend Stan thinks it might be too soon,” he shrugged, “but we’re both pretty homesick, and anyway, I got a great deal with Quesada Realties.”

“I see,” said Clark. “Well, good luck.”

“Thanks.”

Lois finally emerged from the depths of the closet. “It’s really impressive, but I’m still concerned about the size of the second bedroom.” She rested a hand on her expanding belly. “I’m not sure if it’ll be big enough for twins.”

Now it was their host’s turn to be impressed. “Congratulations,” he said.

“We still have some other houses to see today,” Clark reminded his wife, “but we’ll still think this one over.”

“Of course,” said their host. “There’s no rush. Go ahead and take one more day if you need to.”

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“Are you okay, Honey?” Clark whispered, rubbing his wife’s back as they toured through yet another house.

“I’m fine,” she whispered back, “but if that last kick was any indication, these kids are going to be just like their father.

Clark kissed the top of Lois’ head as the man showing them around opened yet another door, completely oblivious to the

couple’s conversation.

“...And here,” their host announced with a flourish, “we have the most important room of the house: the kitchen!” Lois and Clark looked around the large, clean area. There was something off that neither could quite put a finger on.

Like before, this house was still occupied while the owner tried to sell, although it was certainly more of a mess than the last place. Candy wrappers and empty chip bags littered every surface, and they’d had to step over a few takeout containers from The Laughing Dragon as they made their way through the hall.

The Laughing Dragon...they had some good chow mein, if Lois remembered correctly... The thought made her stomach growl, and she felt a little woozy.

Instantly, Clark was fussing over her like a concerned mother hen. “Are you all right, Honey?”

Lois clenched a fist and held it under her husband’s nose. “Yes, and Clark, if you ask me that *again* in the next five minutes, I’m going to hit you. I’m just a little hungry,” she clarified.

Clark checked his watch. “It’s half an hour past lunchtime,” he remarked with some surprise. He turned back to his wife. “Are you going to be—”

She gave him a warning glare.

“Uh, do you want to leave now?” Clark revised, “or do you feel okay enough to see the last couple rooms?”

“I’m fine,” said Lois. “We can stay.”

“Are you sure?” Clark pushed. “Maybe we shouldn’t risk it.” He turned to their host. “She’s pregnant with twins.”

“Congratulations,” the man said, offering Clark a hearty handshake. “If you need something to nibble on, though, just be my—” He turned to a cabinet and opened it, revealing bare shelves. “—guest. Aw, man, I have to go grocery shopping again.”

Clark’s eyebrows rose into his hair. The shelves were completely empty. He surreptitiously scanned the kitchen, and found there wasn’t a single crumb in the entire room.

“No need to panic,” the man said, “I should have a stash of chocolate bars upstairs.”

Lois waved a hand dismissively. “I told you, there’s no need to—did you say chocolate?”

The man laughed. “I’ll be right back.” He left the room.

“You know,” Clark said to her, “there’s something strange—”

“Back,” their host cheerfully intoned from right behind Clark. Clark nearly leaped out of his skin.

“Sorry about that,” the man apologized. “Here you go.” He extended the chocolate bar to Lois.

“Thanks,” said Lois, taking the proffered treat and proceeding to tear into it.

Clark opened his mouth to speak, but was promptly cut off.

“So as I was saying, this kitchen is completely modernized, and if you go through this door here...”

Clark sighed and followed his wife and their enthusiastic host through the rest of the house.

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“...and if Sir and Madam will kindly step this way, we have here the master’s study. The bust of Shakespeare does come with the house, mind you.”

Lois and Clark craned their necks to look at the immense room around them.

“Well,” said Clark, “It’s certainly...spacious.”

Lois nodded, still gaping. “Plenty of room for the twins here.”

“Way out of our price range, though.”

“Yeah.” Lois turned to her husband, bewildered. “How did we get here, anyway?”

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After a long day and a light meal, the Kents finally returned home. Lois flopped onto the sofa and toed off her shoes. “Be it ever so humble,” she muttered.

“Yeah,” said Clark. “You look pretty tired, Honey. Let me go make you some tea.”

“Thanks.” Lois sighed. “I hope we can find a decent place soon.”

“At least these were better than the last batch,” Clark called from the kitchen.

“No kidding.” She snorted. “Remember the dump that heroin addict was trying to palm off on us?”

“*Former* heroin addict,” Clark corrected her. He came back into the living room with a mug of something steaming and delicious. “Don’t worry, Honey. It’ll be over soon, I’m sure.”

“Hrm.” Lois took the mug from her husband and blew on it before taking a slow sip. “Don’t forget, Flyboy; after we find a good place, we’ll still have to sell *this* one.”

“Ah, right,” said Clark. He sat beside her quietly for a moment, and then suddenly Lois chuckled. “What’s so funny?” he asked her.

“I was just thinking,” Lois said, “whoever buys *this* house has no idea that they’ll be buying from a superhero.”

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