

Cheese!

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois is really tired of Clark's ridiculous excuses, but this time she is in for a surprise.

Story Size: 1,146 words (6Kb as text)

~This is for Sarah A. (Mishmishat). ~

Since I did the beta on Sarah's very first story, I thought it somehow fitting that my assignment for the 2008 Christmas ficathon was a story for her. Since she has a knack for humor, I thought I'd try a comedy. I'm glad you liked it, Sarah!

I'd like to thank my biggest fan and ever faithful beta, Lara Joelle Kent, for looking over this and catching my typo 'kids of cheese' when it was supposed to be 'kinds of cheese'. We both got a good laugh out of that. I'd also like to thank my GE, Tricia.

Disclaimer — all the usual stuff. I'm broke, I'm not making any money on this, and none of these characters should be mistaken for anyone living or dead.

After listening to the mayor drone on for more than an hour, Lois and Clark were pleased to be heading back to the Daily Planet. The 'important' news conference about how the city might run out of salt before winter was over was just... idiotically stupid. Lois mentioned to Clark that she was relatively sure that Superman could take care of any ice on the roads. And Clark *knew* he could take care of any problems.

They walked through the doors of the huge building and headed towards the elevator. As Clark's arm snaked around Lois' waist, she leaned her head on his chest. This all felt so right. She felt safe and loved by Clark. But, oh, he could make her *mad* sometimes.

Clark's back suddenly stiffened. He asked anxiously, "Lois, what is today's date?"

"Uh... umm... It's the twentieth. Why? Is it someone's birthday?"

Pulling away from Lois, Clark said anxiously, "You can finish the story by yourself, can't you? I gotta go." And with that, he was on his way.

Lois called to him. "Where are you going?!"

"Cheese!" he yelled on his way out the door. "I've got to pick up my cheese of the month shipment!"

Lois could not *believe* he was using that excuse — again! She was so angry, she couldn't even scream. And if looks could kill, she was sure hers would. The man getting off the elevator as she got on started to smile at her but then he couldn't get away fast enough.

Both fists were balled in anger as Lois exited the elevator. "Clark Kent makes me so *angry!*"

The entire news room got quiet. That just made Lois madder. "What? *What!*?" She motioned with her hands for everyone to get back to work. She plopped down in her chair and mocked Clark, "You can finish the story by yourself, can't you?" She wanted to pummel him. "Oh, of course, I can, Clark. You just run off on your merry way." She looked up as she noticed someone standing in front of her desk.

"Ah... Lois, honey, you seem to be a might bit upset," Perry drawled.

Lois crossed her arms over her chest. A slight frown was on her face. She muttered, "Oh, Perry, I think I'm in love with Clark." Perry nodded encouragingly as she continued but in an angrier vein. "But he makes me so *mad!*" Then she looked down at her desk as if she had somehow failed as she softly said, "Cheese of the month, indeed." Why couldn't he just tell her the truth?

Perry looked excited. "Cheese? Of the month? I need to check my mail!! Gotta go."

Lois watched him depart and she seemed very confused. She was even more befuddled as she watched him pull out a package from his bin of mail. He winked at her as he shook the package.

She rested her face in her hands. Had the whole world gone crazy? Was Perry in on Clark's ridiculous excuse? She shook her head. But then, hearing a soft whoosh, she looked up and saw Superman flying past the huge Daily Planet windows. Three or four other people were also agog. It was always a thrill for anyone to see Superman. Hmm... What was that he'd had in his hands?

Lois jumped as Clark put his hand on her shoulder and kissed her cheek. Then he sat down at his desk and plunked down two packages. She looked towards Perry's office and thought about the package Perry had held up. The packages on Clark's desk looked like Perry's package. Then she narrowed her eyes. She'd only caught a glimpse of what Superman carried... No. It couldn't have been the same kind of package, could it? Anger forgotten, she turned her attention back to Clark. A giggling little idea ticked in her brain. "How'd you get back here so fast, Clark?" she asked suspiciously.

Clark caught sight of the clock on the wall and realized just how quickly he had returned. He tried to cover. "I've been gone long enough to go to the post office." He fidgeted. "Umm... I, well, you know, couldn't let something so important be delivered to my apartment, and I..."

"Uh-huh," she demurely interrupted. "Sure you didn't fly?"

Surprised, one of Clark's eyebrows raised. He grimaced at her like she had lost her mind. And he quickly changed the subject as he tore open the packages. "Cheese?" He offered her a piece of gjetost. As she took the proffered bit of yumminess and licked her lips, Clark spoke falteringly, "Um... Sometimes you can... get an extra package if you want. With... uh... lots of different kinds of cheese..." He swallowed hard. "I like the cheese curd. Left over bits of..."

Lois helped herself to some camembert. "Clark Kent!! Are you telling me that there really is such a thing as a cheese of the month club?!" And wasn't there something else she wanted to ask him? She shook her head slightly. It would come back to her eventually. She took some more camembert and moaned in delight. "This is sooo good."

Clark shrugged and looked surprised that Lois would have even questioned the cheese of the month club. "Well, yeah, Lois, of course, there is!"

Lois was indignant "And you have a video to return, too. Right?" she smirked.

Clark pursed his lips in thought. "Yep. Thanks for reminding me." Then he yanked a video tape out of his drawer and held it up. He stood up and smiled. "I gotta go!"

THE END

These are the requests Sara had for her fic.

Three things I want in my fic:

1. Cheese
2. Almost revelation
3. Early relationship

Preferred season(s)/holiday: Any season

Three things I do not want in my fic:

1. Amnesia
2. Lana
3. Lex Luthor