

Never Give In-Laws Your House Key

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Summary: When Lucy gets an eyeful, Lois and Superman get an earful. A response to the one-hour and first-lines challenges.

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A response to both the one hour challenge and the first lines challenge on the Fanfic Mbs

(<http://www.lcficmbs.com/cgi-bin/boards/ultimatebb.cgi?>)

“Why are you kissing my sister?”

Lois and Clark both stiffened at the sudden voice, and broke their embrace, turning to face an irate Lucy Lane.

“Lucy!” Lois sputtered, her face tinged with red, although whether that was from anger, embarrassment, or a reaction to her earlier activity, none could be sure.

“Lu—er, Miss Lane.” Clark’s cape swished behind him as he turned. His face did a remarkable impression of a beet as he found himself on the receiving end of a Lane glare. Apparently, the ability to turn Kryptonians into quivering puddles of Jello was genetic.

“Why were you kissing my sister?!” Lucy repeated. “She’s married!”

“Um...” Clark frantically cast his thoughts about for a logical explanation. “I—was—just giving her oxygen...”

Lois palmed her face at this excuse. Lucy, naturally, looked rather unconvinced.

“You should be ashamed of yourself!” she continued. “I mean Lois, whatever beef you’ve got with Clark is your business, I guess...but Superman?! Come on! You of all people—!”

Lois gaped a little at the implication that Lucy would take adulterous behavior on her part in stride. Clark, on the other hand, was still floundering for a way out of this situation.

“Miss Lane,” he tried again, “It’s not what you think...”

Lucy barked a laugh. “Please. Some superhero you are, you lying fink! You’re a lying, cheating son of a—”

Clark turned redder as Lucy proceeded to list several offensive tidbits about his possible genealogy. “Miss Lane—” he tried again, when he could finally get a word in edgewise.

“—and all this time, you pretended you were so much better than us, you—”

“LUCY!” It took Lois’ shout to bring Lucy to silence. Lucy snapped her mouth shut, giving her sister a glare that told her that not *all* of her judgment was reserved for the Kryptonian.

“Lucy,” Lois began again, “I know this looks—um—pretty bad.” She cast a quick glance at Clark, who was still fidgeting. “But will you just give us a minute to explain—?”

Lucy folded her arms and quirked an eyebrow at them, silently daring them to talk their way out of this one.

“You see...” Lois and Clark glanced at each other again. “...I had something stuck in my teeth—” she began.

Lucy threw her hands up and started to turn away. “I can’t believe you two.”

“Lucy...”

“Just how long has this been going on, anyway?” Lucy demanded. “Since that tabloid scandal last year? Before then?” She gestured up, towards the staircase. “Maybe he’s Jon’s real father?! You know, I *thought* that kid had quite a grip...”

“Lucy...” Lois growled.

“Actually,” Clark said, his voice now strangely calm, “I am.”

Lois and Lucy both stared at him, dumbstruck.

“I’m Jon’s father,” Clark repeated. “Also, I hope to have more kids with Lois in the near future. I love Lois, and our son, with all of my heart.” He put a spandex-clad arm around his wife. “Ever since the day I met her, I’ve loved her, and that love has only grown stronger and deeper over time.” Clark took in a deep breath and let it out. “That’s why I married her.”

Lois sighed resignedly, and Clark spun out of his suit and into his regular clothes.

Lucy, for her part, did a remarkable impression of a fish. She stared at the two of them, opening and closing her mouth several times, then finally shook her head. “But—you—what?”

“Lucy,” Clark continued, adjusting his glasses. “I may be a liar—though I have my reasons, as I hope you’ll understand. But Lois and I are not cheats.”

“You—” Lucy said, gaping still. “—Clark?”

He nodded.

“Well.” Lucy sank onto the sofa. “This is...different.”

“If you like, Lucy, I can explain it to you another time,” Clark offered. “But right now, I have to go.”

“Another fire?” Lois asked, turning toward him.

He nodded, already changing into the suit again. He leaned forward and gave his wife a swift kiss on the lips before departing.

“My brother-in-law is Superman...” Lucy muttered.

LATER

Superman returned, tired and grimy, and found his wife on the sofa reading a paperback.

“How’d it go?” she asked.

“Fairly well. Everyone was okay this time,” he replied. “And Lucy—?”

“Promised not to explode. She’ll be over tomorrow, and we can talk to her then.” Lois dropped the book on the coffee table and reached for her husband. “Now—as for where we left off...”

Moments later, their activities were interrupted by a shrill voice. “Why are you kissing my daughter?!”

THE END