

Never Give Anyone Your House Key

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Summary: For crying out loud, do none of Lois and Clark's acquaintances ever knock? A sequel to "Never Give In-Laws Your House Key."

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This is a sequel to "Never Give In-Laws Your House Key." You don't have to read that one first, though I think it would make this one better.

"What in the Sam Hill is wrong with you?"

Clark sighed and sat on the sofa, burying his face in his hands. Lois was torn between laughter and tears.

Perry, for his part, took little notice of the superhero's distress and launched into an Elvis-themed tirade on proper behavior, modern moral grays, and trust within a marriage. "And another thing," he continued. "If Elvis had come home and found Priscilla in the arms of another—"

"Perry!" Lois groaned. "Please! I'm telling you the truth; we weren't doing anything that would be unfaithful to Clark!"

Perry gave her a look. "Now, Lois, Darlin', I'm not the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper just because I can yodel. If you think that for a minute I buy that story about 'Kryptonian Dental Rituals'..."

Clark groaned. "It's just not my day."

Lois sighed and crossed to the sofa, plopping down next to him. "Should we tell him, too?"

"Tell me what?" Perry said, raising an eyebrow.

"We may as well," Clark replied wearily without looking at his boss. "It's not like we haven't discussed telling him, anyway."

"Telling me what?" Perry repeated.

Clark sighed again. "Chief, Lois wasn't cheating with Superman, because I'm Superman."

Perry lifted an eyebrow at him again. "Uh...son? I can see that. What I don't see is how that gives you license to run around with another man's wife..."

"Crap," Clark muttered, raking a hand through his hair. He really was too tired to have this conversation properly; the past few days had done a number on him. "What I mean is, I'm also Clark Kent. Lois' husband. A mild-mannered reporter who moonlights in tights and a cape. Please forgive me for not giving a proper demonstration, but I'm really too tired right now. Maybe Lois can take you upstairs and show you where we keep the suits..." He rubbed his eyes wearily.

Perry nodded. "It's about time," he said, his voice oddly calm.

Lois and Clark both snapped their heads up at this.

"What do you mean?" Lois asked.

"Like I said," Perry replied. "I'm not your editor-in-chief because I can yodel."

Lois and Clark exchanged glances.

"I'll admit," he continued, "I was a little uncertain at first, and part of me was hurt that you kept this from me, though I

understand you must've had your reasons..."

"You knew?" said Lois.

"Have I mentioned the yodeling part?" Perry said. "I'm pretty sure I mentioned the yodeling part."

They exchanged glances again. Lois and Clark shrugged at each other before turning back to Perry.

"So you understand how important it is to keep this a secret?" Lois said.

Perry looked almost offended. "Now what do you kids take me for? Of course I understand!" He made himself comfortable in their armchair. "The question is, do *you* understand."

"What?!" Lois and Clark both stared at him, jaws slack.

"Chief," protested Clark. "I've been living with this secret my whole life! Of course I understand..."

"You don't act like it," Perry gruffly observed. At their third exchanged glance, he continued, "Did you know your blinds are open? I could see you two makin' out like sophomores on prom night before I even made it up the driveway!"

The two 'sophomores' flushed red.

"I'm surprised your neighbors haven't called the papers," Perry continued.

"Well," said Lois. "Mrs. Liebkowitz went out of town for the week..."

"...and the Wieners are still at that International Bread Festival," Clark added.

"That just leaves the Cunninghams," noted Lois, "but they live all the way down the street."

"They should be in bed by now, too," said Clark.

Lois nodded.

Perry leaned back in the armchair. "If you're sure," he said. "But you two kids should know to be a heck of a lot more careful than this, especially now that you've got the little guy to deal with." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the upstairs rooms.

"We know," Clark said.

"And maybe that's it," Lois said. "We've both been so tired, we've been letting our guard down more than usual."

"Of course," said Clark, "there's still the fact that this is our house."

Perry held up his hands. "Hey. You give a friend a house key, this friend sees something untoward going on through the window, you can expect a sudden intrusion. Actually, you can expect worse. Be glad I'm on your side already in this case, or instead of hearing my lectures, you'd have been reading them in the next edition of the Planet."

Lois and Clark winced.

"That said," Perry continued, "I know tired people are more prone to making mistakes. If you ever need any help with the kid, or anything, just say the word. My door is always open, I hope you know."

Clark smiled. "Thanks, Perry."

They were interrupted by a soft knock at the door.

"That would be Lucy," Lois sighed.

Another, louder, more insistent knock followed.

"And Mom," Lois muttered. She excused herself, stood, and went to the door.

"They caught us, too, yesterday," Clark explained. He sighed. "I should probably get changed after all." At Perry's raised eyebrow, he continued, "Well, we told Lucy the truth and promised a full explanation today, but we're still not sure what to tell Ellen."

Perry closed his eyes and shook his head as the Lane women suddenly stormed into the room.

"You!" Ellen thundered. "What are YOU doing here?"

Lucy gave her mother a quizzical glance before turning to look at Clark.

"Mrs. Lane," Clark said wearily, rising to his feet, "if you and Lucy will just sit down and make yourselves comfortable, Lois

and I will try to explain everything—”

“All I want to know,” Ellen thundered, “is why you were groping a married woman, you—Super Sex Fiend!”

Clark blinked.

“Super Sex Fiend?” Jimmy echoed from the open doorway.

THE END