

Santa Surprise

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois and Clark have decided that a Christmas party would be the perfect time to tell Lois's family that she's pregnant. That may not be the only surprise of the evening. A 2008 holiday fanfic. Lois and Clark have decided that a Christmas party would be the perfect time to tell Lois's family that she's pregnant. That may not be the only surprise of the evening. A 2008 holiday fanfic.

Disclaimer: This is a fanfic based on the television show, Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman. I have no claim on the pre-existing characters whatsoever, nor am I profiting by their use. The new story elements are mine. No infringement is intended by this work.

Time frame: Post Season 4 Continuity note: This story shares some elements with this author's "Luck and Consequences" but those are incidental and no familiarity with LaC is necessary to understand this story.

As has often been the case, I have to thank Dandelio for the beta read and the ongoing writing 101 lessons.

This is for Classicalla.

As Clark fished the presents out of the car, Lois pondered the first all-Lane family gathering in years. They were meeting at Ellen's apartment for a big post-Thanksgiving pre-Christmas tree-trimming party. In years past, Lois's family had not dared to try anything like this since her parents had a bad habit of fighting on first sight. However, these days Ellen and Sam were getting along much better.

Despite all of the positives, as Lois approached the door to her mom's apartment she suddenly spun around and addressed her husband.

"Clark, I think we should go home!"

"Is something wrong? Is it something with the baby?"

"No. I just don't think this is a good idea. My family gatherings never go right. We can still leave. We haven't gone in the door yet!"

"Lois!"

"We can say that we got sick!"

Clark put on his most understanding look. "We've been over this several times. You know that things have changed. Honey, this will be fun."

Lois got a doubtful look on her face. "Well..."

"Besides, when will we find a better time to tell your family about the baby? If we duck out now, you know how hard it will be to bring this up later. And it won't be very long before your condition will be too obvious to ignore."

Lois looked up with a hurt puppy dog look and asked shyly, "You aren't going to let me duck out of this are you?"

"Nope!" Then Clark, arms full of presents, leaned over and kissed his wife on the forehead. "Now, turn around, put on a big smile, and knock on that door."

With a resigned look, Lois turned and knocked on the door. From inside she could hear the familiar voice of her sister yell, "I'll get it!"

As the door opened, she realized that she had come face to face with-an abomination! Lois stared openmouthed at the space above her sister's head.

Lucy laughed and said, "C'mon, Sis, it's not that bad."

"It" was a huge, broad brimmed green hat shaped like a Christmas tree. It must have been a foot tall and was covered with tiny ornaments, flashing lights and fake snow. On the brim of the hat was a Santa's sleigh complete with tiny reindeer and Santa himself. At the top of the tree was a crystal star. It was rotating slowly and every so often would twinkle with the refracted light from miniature lights on the tree.

Lois recovered from the shock of the hat just enough to say, "Yes, it is."

Lucy seemed more than ready for that reaction as she only giggled softly and said. "But wait, there's more." And she reached up and touched a spot on the brim of the hat.

Suddenly, a very tinny version of "Jingle Bells" started coming from the hat.

This passed Lois's limit and she simply started laughing. "Lucy, where in the world did you get that?"

Lucy reached up to the hat again and stopped the music before answering. Then, with a proud look on her face, she replied, "I made it. I'm taking an art class and I thought it would be perfect for a Christmas hat party."

From over her shoulder Lois heard Clark's voice. "Hi, Lucy. Nice hat. Can we come inside?"

"Hi, Clark. Sure, come on in." Lucy stepped back from the doorway so that they could enter while she continued to speak. "A bunch of my friends started doing hat parties. They're sort of like costume parties but everyone wears a hat. There's usually a door prize for the hat categories like best or most original."

Lois had to fight the temptation to ask if there was a prize for the ugliest. But Lucy was in such a good mood that she decided to keep her sarcasm to herself.

About this time Lucy leaned close and whispered in her ear. "Really, it's mostly just an excuse to get together, act silly, and drink too much."

Lucy was obviously in a good mood. Considering that she was staying here with Ellen, that was a very good sign.

Clark was already heading over to the tree to deposit his load of presents. Just as he reached the tree, Sam came in from the kitchen. He bellowed a cheery, "Hi Clark," and headed quickly over to Lois. He gathered her in a deep hug as he said, "Merry Christmas, Princess."

This was as joyous as she could remember her dad ever being. She greeted him with a sincere, "Merry Christmas, Daddy."

Before she could even catch her breath, Ellen was there with her own hug and greeting. "Merry Christmas, honey. I'm glad you could make it over tonight."

These greetings alone had already set the Lane family record for the most positive emotions that Lois had ever seen when everyone was under the same roof. While she was still trying to digest the reality of the strange "happy" Lane family, she heard Sam speak up. "C'mon everybody. Let's catch up a bit before dinner's ready."

Sam waved Clark to the loveseat right next to the festively lighted Christmas tree. There were also three chairs set up nearby in what was clearly planned to be the social center for the evening.

Clark was already seated in the spot next to the tree. As the rest of the family gathered and started to take their seats, Clark spoke up.

"Lucy, that's a great hat."

Lucy smiled, "Thanks, Clark."

When she reached the loveseat, Lois heard Clark mutter softly, "I really love that hat."

As she sat down, Clark pulled her into a quick embrace, and she felt what she would swear was a somewhat sloppy kiss on her temple. “Hi, Beautiful. I missed you!”

She pulled back just enough to see a big grin on her husband’s face.

“Clark, are you okay?”

“Sure, Honey. I just feel good tonight.”

Something about his reply didn’t sound just right, but before she could ask him any more questions, Ellen spoke up.

“So, what have you two been up to lately? We haven’t heard much since you two took that vacation a few months back.”

“Well, not too much has been happening-except that I’m pregnant.”

The next few minutes were filled with a flood of congratulations and hugs. When it settled down, everyone was back in their seats, but the sense of energy in the room was palpable.

It was Ellen who first asked the classic question. “When is the baby due?”

Lois answered, “The middle of June.”

Sam looked thoughtful for a moment and then spoke up.

“Wouldn’t that make the time of conception sometime when you two were on that vacation?”

Before Lois could answer, Clark spoke up. “Yeah. That was some vacation.” Then Clark leaned in and started nuzzling her neck.

She couldn’t help but look at her husband. His voice didn’t sound right and this show of affection certainly wasn’t normal.

Before Lois could decide what to do about Clark’s behavior, Lucy spoke up. “So, where *did* you two go on that trip? The one time we talked, you were a bit vague about where you went.”

She replied with a noncommittal, “We were several places.”

Then Clark, his voice still sounding strangely sloppy, added, “Yeah. Lots of places.”

She couldn’t help but think that he sounded drunk. But Clark wasn’t finished yet. He pulled back from her neck and said, “I really loved that little island.”

It was clear from the looks being directed at Clark from around the room that the rest of her family thought he’d been drinking. With an air of disapproval Ellen asked, “So you were on an island somewhere. Was it anywhere that we would know?”

Whatever was wrong with Clark, he seemed to be talkative. With a half-laugh he quickly replied, “No name for our island. Too small. No people.”

This seemed to catch Sam’s attention. “So, was it someone’s private island? It must have been difficult to get there.”

Clark now seemed happy to answer every question that came his way. “Nobody owns it. I found it flying and we just flew there.”

Now it was definitely past time to get her loopy husband alone. But before Lois could act on that thought, it was Ellen’s turn to throw Clark a comment. “I didn’t know you could fly a plane.”

Lois had to stop this. “Clark, we need to go to the other room for a minute!”

But Clark seemed to be listening to everyone but her. Still in a sloppy, slurred speech he said, “I can’t fly a plane. We just flew.”

Before she knew what happened, Clark had encircled her with both his arms and said in almost a shout, “Lois *loves* to fly.”

Lois felt herself lifting off of the loveseat. They were floating. So much for secrets!

The room had gotten very quiet. Lois was able to twist her head around to see the rest of her family sharing the same dumbstruck look on their collective faces.

It was time for some semblance of damage control. With as much anger in her voice as she could muster, Lois shouted,

“Clark! Back on the ground! Now!”

The dopey smile was replaced with one reminiscent of a child whose hand was just slapped for being in the cookie jar before dinner. He brought them back to the loveseat and, she had to admit, very gently, put her right back where she started. Then Clark sat very still with his hands in his lap apparently wanting to be careful not to get her mad again.

She needed to figure out what was wrong with Clark but first there was her family. She scanned their still-in-shock faces and took a deep breath. “As you’ve probably already figured out, Clark is...”

“Superman!” Lucy yelled. “I can’t believe it Sis, you actually married Superman! Way to go!”

Lois realized that while Lucy was animated, both of her parents had much more thoughtful looks on their faces. She watched as Sam turned to Ellen and said, “I told you so.”

This really caught Lois off guard. “Daddy, what are you talking about?”

Sam turned back to Lois. “Honey, remember two Christmases back when ‘Superman’ was so sick,” and he nodded at Clark. “It was hard not to notice the way you looked at him when we thought he might die. Then, when Clark ‘came back,’ your reaction to having him with you seemed, well odd. Since then, we’ve seen you and Clark together and it’s easy to tell how you two feel about each other. Lois, it wasn’t that much of a stretch to wonder about you and Clark and Superman. Your mom and I actually talked once about if Clark could be Superman, but we figured that if he was, you had your reasons for keeping it secret.”

Lois felt like crying, she had done to them the same thing that Clark had done to her. “Dad, Mom, Lucy, I’m sorry for keeping this secret. Superman has enemies and it’s a very dangerous thing to know. If you slip even once, your lives could be in danger.”

Suddenly she remembered her now quiet husband. She turned to him. “Clark, are you okay?”

He looked back at her shyly. “I just felt so good. Honey I’m sorry I made you mad. I won’t do it again.”

She reached over and held his hand. This wasn’t like Clark at all. Then it hit her, the only time she remembered Clark acting strangely in a way that even resembled this, was around red Kryptonite. But what would Kryptonite be doing here? She glanced around the room and very quickly her eyes locked on the tree with all those glowing lights.

“Mom, Dad, are there any ornaments on the tree that glow on their own?”

Ellen replied, “Why yes. I found this odd red one in a curio shop in Kansas City a few years ago.” Ellen got up and stepped over to the tree. She reached in among the branches and took out what was obviously a chunk of red Kryptonite carved into the shape of Santa.”

“Mom, would you please take it to the far end of the house.”

At Lois’s tone, Ellen quickly had the glowing ornament off of the tree and was out of the room heading for the back of the house.

Lois’s attention was on Clark. “Honey, are you all right?”

Clark had the look of someone recovering from a blow to the head. After a few seconds he looked around the room with a sort of ‘Where am I?’ look on his face. Another second or two later, he looked over to her and asked, “What happened?”

Lois responded, “What do you remember?”

He looked thoughtful for a moment. “Please tell me we didn’t float around the room.”

“We did. Do you remember the red Kryptonite on the tree?”

“There was Kryptonite on the tree?”

“Yes. Mom found a glowing red crystal ornament in Kansas City. It was on the tree.”

“Wow. I guess we should be thankful that it wasn’t a glowing

green ornament.”

At this point Ellen returned. “What about glowing green ornaments?”

It seemed to be time to fill in the family on some important Superman information. “Mom, please sit down and I’ll try to fill in some details.”

After Ellen had taken her seat Lois continued. “As for Clark being Superman, please think of Clark as being Clark. Try to think of Superman as part-time volunteer work that he does as a community service. Now, about the ornament, there are two things that can affect Clark. They are red and green Kryptonite. The red does funny things and can affect his mental state. I should have realized what was happening sooner. There’s another kind that looks the same but glows green. It causes Clark a lot of pain and can severely hurt him.”

At this she turned to her mom and asked, “Did the place where you bought the red ornament have any that were green?”

Ellen replied immediately. “No. I did ask about green ones, but the man in the shop told me that the artist had made them only in red.”

Finally, Clark seemed aware enough to participate. “Thank goodness for small favors. At least there don’t seem to be any green Kryptonite ornaments in circulation.”

Sam interjected, “Lois, your baby... Is it ... well, Clark’s?” This brought four angry stares from the rest of the room. Very quickly Sam tried to explain. “I’m sorry about how that sounds, but Son, you’re an alien, aren’t you?”

Lois answered stiffly. “Daddy, the baby is Clark’s. He’s a very human-compatible alien.” And at this she turned and gave her husband a quick kiss, and then continued. “And, based on what Dr. Klein tells us, this baby is probably going to have abilities like his dad.”

This brought a moment of silence from everyone but Lucy who simply said, “Wow.”

Sam still had more to say. “Lois, aren’t you worried about the baby and the Kryptonite? After all, look how it affected Clark.”

Lois smiled at this. “I would be, but when we found I was pregnant we asked Clark’s doctor about how Kryptonite would affect the baby. He said that green would be very bad but his tests said that red would be harmless. We’ll get tested but...” she turned to Clark, “Honey, would you take a look?”

Clark tipped his glasses for a moment and stared at Lois’s abdomen. “Look’s fine. Heart zipping away like normal.”

This casual display of abilities left Ellen and Sam speechless. However, Lucy responded with an energetic, “That is *so* cool!”

At this, Lois leaned in and collected a hug from her husband. “Good. We’ll still see Bernie on Monday just to be careful.”

Apparently, Sam still wasn’t done yet. “But what about...”

Clark cut him off. “This will probably go on for some time. Can we continue this over dinner? I just heard Lois’s stomach growl and she is eating for two.”

As they started to get up, Lucy stepped over to Clark. “Lois has always said that flying with Superman is fantastic. Will you take me flying sometime?”

Clark elevated his eyes slightly then answered. “I will on one condition. I want to borrow that hat to wear to the Planet’s office Christmas party this year. It’ll go perfectly with the tie that I plan to wear.”

THE END

Classicalla’s requests for fic:

1. A Clark / Superman revelation but an unusual one. 2. A pregnancy — preferably Lois’ pregnancy. 3. A hat that someone made. (Blame Elisabeth =))

Preferred season(s)/holiday : Christmas (or Thanksgiving)

Three things I do not want in my fic: 1. Lex 2. The baby’s birth. 3. Nutcrackers.