

# Christmas Spirit

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Rated: G

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Summary: Clark tries to infuse Lois with the Christmas Spirit.

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"Clark, what in the world are you wearing that thing for?" Lois glared at him.

"It's *Christmas*, Lois. It's a Santa hat. You're an investigative reporter. Surely you can figure it out." Clark sat in his chair, leaned back, laced his fingers behind his head and grinned at her.

She glared back. "It's November."

"It's the day after Thanksgiving. It is now *officially* the Christmas season."

He opened the shopping bag he'd brought in with him and took a couple of decorations out of it — a Coca Cola polar bear, complete with Santa hat; a penguin with a present in front of him; a box with a twelve inch, pre-decorated tree in it; and another box with a candy bowl in it. He took the bowl out of the box, pulled a bag of assorted Christmas candy out of his bottom drawer and filled it. He opened a box of candy canes and stuck them in the pencil holder of his new Desk Friend. The Christmas tree went to one side and he stuck the penguin on top of his computer monitor.

He held out the polar bear towards Lois. "You want it?"

She'd been watching him with one raised brow. "No. Thank you. No, not thank you. Just no."

"Lois, you need an infusion of the Christmas spirit." He set the polar bear on the other corner of his monitor.

She shrugged. "I like my Christmas spirit just fine."

"You *have* no Christmas spirit."

"And I like it just fine."

Clark flipped through his day planner — they were both scheduled off on Christmas Eve — but he'd already known that. "Do you have plans for Christmas Eve?"

Lois sighed. "No. I don't. I'm working Christmas Day but not Christmas Eve."

"Good. Then you're coming to Smallville with me."

She raised the eyebrow again. "How exactly do you figure that? I have to work the 23rd and Christmas Day."

Clark grinned as he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his desk. "I happen to know someone who can get you there and back pretty quickly and I bet I can get him to do it for me."

"You'd get Superman to fly me to Smallville just to 'infuse' me with Christmas spirit?" She smirked.

"Yep."

She sighed. "Fine. If it's important to you, I'll go. But isn't Christmas Eve a bit late if you really want me to have the Christmas spirit?"

He frowned. "You're right." He flipped back a few pages. "How about tomorrow night then?"

"That's bit early, isn't it?"

"You're really 'glass half empty' this time of year, aren't you?"

Lois shrugged. "It's just all the crass commercialism. Doesn't do much for me."

"It doesn't do much for me either, but the rest of Christmas..."

Helping others, finding the perfect gift, giving it to that person and seeing their face light up when they open it, spending time with family and friends — that doesn't appeal to you?"

"Clark, you grew up in a Norman Rockwell painting. Not all of us did."

"Maybe. And maybe you wouldn't want to live there, but it sure is nice to visit sometimes, right?"

She shrugged. "I guess."

"Then come with me for a visit?"

Lois sighed. "Sure. Why not?"

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The knock on the window didn't startle her. She would have left it open, but it was just too cold for that. "It's unlocked," she called.

It pushed open and the familiar red and blue clad superhero floated in. "Good morning, Lois. Are you ready?"

She nodded. "Ready for all the fun on the farm," she said sarcastically.

Superman just looked at her.

She sighed and rolled her eyes. "Yes, I'm ready to go."

"Good."

He scooped her up and floated out the window, stopping for her to turn and pull it shut behind her.

The trip was short and before Lois knew it they were landing in the snow-covered walk of Martha and Jonathan's house.

"Let me get you up on the porch so you don't slip."

A second later, he set her down on the cleared-off porch.

"Uh, Superman?"

"Yes, Lois?" he said, looking down at her.

She pointed up.

He looked up then smiled back down at her. "Up to you."

"Well, it is tradition and Clark is insisting that I need more Christmas spirit..." She shrugged.

Superman laughed — something very few people ever got to hear, and she was one of the privileged few. "Well, okay then."

He cupped the side of her face and leaned down slightly to brush her lips with his own. "Merry early Christmas."

Lois smiled and patted his 'S' lightly. "You too, Superman."

He lifted slowly up then zipped out of sight.

A second later, the door opened behind her.

"Good morning," Clark said with a smile.

"Good morning."

He pointed up. "You're under the mistletoe, I see."

She smiled at him. "That I am. Superman kissed me before he left, so you can't say I'm not in the holiday spirit."

He raised an eyebrow at her. "Being kissed by a superhero counts as holiday spirit?"

"It does in this case," she huffed.

"Do mere mortals stand a chance?"

She crossed her arms in front of her. "You have about two seconds before I go inside. I'm going to freeze if you wait any longer and I refuse to give you any more 'no Christmas spirit' ammunition."

He crossed the porch and stood in front of her, cradling her face in hand before lowering his lips to hers.

He kept the kiss gentle and undemanding, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her to him. When he moved back, he smiled at her. "Wouldn't want you getting cold now, would we?"

She smirked at him. "You wanted to get me under the mistletoe the minute we met, didn't you?"

He shrugged, but didn't move. "You warned me not to fall for you — you didn't have time for it, but it was too late by then."

"So is this some sort of plan to get me some Christmas spirit and impress me at the same time? A two birds with one stone thing?"

"Maybe. And you had fun the last time you were here," he pointed out.

Lois sighed. "I guess, but I'm still getting cold."  
Clark laughed and ushered her into the warmth of the farmhouse. "Mom! Dad! Lois is here."  
"Lois!" Martha came out of the kitchen and gave her a big hug.  
"Hi, Martha."  
"Merry early Christmas," Martha said, leaving an arm around her and steering her towards the kitchen. "We'll have you full of the Christmas spirit in no time."  
She sat Lois at the kitchen table and gave her a mug of hot chocolate. "Today we're going to take a bunch of baked goods to some of the Smallville folks. We'd hoped you'd join us."  
Lois took a long sip of the delectable drink. "Sure. I'd be happy to."  
Clark winked at his mom. "If that doesn't put you in the Christmas spirit..."  
Martha smiled back. "Nothing will."

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Lois arrived back at the Kent house feeling better about Christmas than she had when they left.  
Every place they'd gone, every person they'd seen, there had been smiles and thank yous and holiday cheer. A few years earlier it would have been enough to make her want to barf, but maybe Clark was rubbing off on her.  
Or maybe it was Smallville. Maybe it was the... genuineness of people here. People were *genuinely* happy to see you when you walked in the door and genuinely sad when you left.  
Clark walked up behind her, close but not touching. "Penny for your thoughts."  
"Jimmy says it should be a dollar. Inflation."  
He put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her back towards him, looping his arms loosely around her. "I'd pay anything you asked for your thoughts," he said quietly.  
"And I'll give them to you for nothing," she said in equally quiet tones.  
"So what are you thinking?"  
"How nice it is here. How different it is from growing up."  
"Good different?"  
"Very good."  
She turned in his arms and wrapped hers around his waist, resting her head on his chest. "Clark, why does it take a trip to Smallville to get me in the Christmas spirit? Every year?"  
"I don't know, sweetheart, but I'll bring you as often as you need."  
She smiled slightly. "And why do I feel the need to not know who you really are?"  
"Because it gives some of the magic back? Because Superman's not just an ordinary guy from Smallville and you can still believe he's perfect and there really is a Santa?"  
"Maybe. Even without the powers though, you're anything but ordinary, Clark." She held him a little closer. "It wasn't the powers that made me love you. It was you. You finding out who I really am and loving me anyway. You made me feel like I was worth loving for the first time in a long time and that had nothing to do with your superpowers."  
He kissed her hair. "You are worth loving. You always have been. Some people were too stupid to see it and as much as I hate that they hurt you, I'm kind of glad they were stupid. Because if they had seen how wonderful you really are, you would have been with someone else long before I showed up."  
"I don't know about that..." she said, her voice trailing off.  
He tipped her face towards his and told her the same things he always did.  
He told her the truth as he saw it. The things only he knew she needed to hear.  
Because every time the topic came up, it was the same. And he would tell her as many times as she needed to hear it. As many

times as it took to erase the other messages she'd been given over the years.  
'Other women are more important than my family.'  
'Alcohol is more important than my daughters.'  
'Ninety-eight means two points for improvement and really means that you'll never be good enough, you'll never *quite* measure up.'  
'I'd rather be off with a new boyfriend than spend time with my sister who practically raised me because she's a reminder of how dysfunctional my family is.'  
She'd been told those things for years and even though her parents were doing better these days and Lucy seemed to be settling down, it took time.  
And someday she wouldn't need a trip to Smallville to get into the Christmas spirit, but they'd probably come anyway.  
Because it was tradition.  
Because in Smallville, there had never been memories for her to forget.  
Because in Smallville, she'd started to realize what it meant to fall in love.  
Because in Smallville, she'd *always* felt loved.  
Unconditionally.  
Because she always had been and she always would be.  
Because he loved her.  
It would take time.  
Time and love.  
And he had more than enough of both.

THE END

Jessi/Cape Fetish wanted...  
Three things I want in my fic:  
1. Lois/Superman interaction (whether or not she knows the secret)  
2. Clark in a Santa hat  
3. Lots of nice L/C WAFF  
Preferred season(s)/holiday [if applicable]: No preference  
Three things I do not want in my fic:  
1. Next-gen  
2. A-plot  
3. Song fic