

# The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Supermen

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Rated G

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Summary: A Ficathon 2009 entry -- a birthday surprise for Lois gone wrong.

All characters are the property of Warner Bros, December 3rd Productions, ABC, and anyone else who may have a legal claim on them. The story, however, is mine.

A huge thank you to Carol, Michael, and Erin for beta reading this. They all added so much to this story, it would be hard for me to find the parts that were in the original version I sent them.

This is for LaraMoon. It is set in Season 2 and assumes the events of Season's Greedings happened except for Lois' plan to have everyone over for Christmas Eve.

Thank you also to Caroline K. for GEing this for me.

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~Clark~

It took a Superman-like effort. Literally. But after calling Lucy - thanks to a little bit of caped help in finding her in the first place - I had done it. And once I found out, it all fell into place.

I knew a few other people whose birthdays fell around Christmas, and none of them liked this time of year much either. It just reminded them of how their birthdays are forgotten every year. If they were lucky, they got a marginally nicer gift for Christmas than everyone else and were told it was for both occasions.

According to Lucy, this was made even worse by Ellen and Sam Lane who either routinely forgot Lois' birthday or, on a good year, told her Christmas dinner was her birthday party - although she was never allowed any friends over for the family event. And most years there wasn't much family anyway since most of the Lane family found holidays uncomfortable with the feuding Sam and Ellen.

Last year, I had only known Lois for a couple of months when the holidays rolled around, and it had never occurred to me that her birthday was on December twenty-sixth. This year, though, I was prepared. Mostly I was prepared to make her birthday something special.

I already had spoken to Perry, and he had agreed that Lois and I deserved more than just the standard Christmas Day off, particularly given that it was Sunday this year, so he had given us December 26th and 27th off as well. I wouldn't need the twenty-seventh for what I was planning but didn't see a need to say no to an extra day off.

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~Lois~

Bah-Humbug! I hate this time of year, and I don't particularly care if that makes everyone around here think I'm a Scrooge. If they had had Christmases like I had had growing up, they'd feel the same way.

And while life was better now, and I suppose I could orchestrate a better Christmas if I wanted to, some things never change. Even Perry didn't so much as say happy birthday. He had access to my personnel file; he could have looked. I know he didn't seem to make it a point to know anybody's birthday, but still...

I'm sure if Clark had known, he would have done something for my birthday. But he didn't. I intentionally didn't tell him. Clark worked hard and deserved the break in Smallville with his parents. I didn't

want him missing that so he could fly home to be with me on December 26th.

Still, it meant I wasn't looking forward to Christmas. Worse yet, for some reason, Perry got it into his head that Clark and I worked too hard this year, so had given us Monday and Tuesday off as well. It was the first time in years I'd be off for my birthday, since I always volunteered to work over the holidays. I did this year, too, but Perry wouldn't hear of it.

What was I going to do with four days to myself, since I had December 24th off, as well?

I thought back to December 23rd with a smile on my face.

I grimaced as I took my coat off. I got up early because I needed to for my job. Left to my own devices, I'd sleep in a little. Clark, though, was a morning person. It must have been from growing up on the farm - eight in the morning was probably late for him. So, when I walked in, there was a cup of coffee on my desk, courtesy of Clark Kent, I was sure.

"Thanks," I said without looking up, gratefully taking a sip of the hot liquid. It was prepared perfectly as always. Then I realized Clark wasn't in the newsroom. I looked up and saw him standing in Perry's office. I glanced at my desk calendar while I waited for him to come out.

Darn it! I was such a klutz in the morning. I'd managed to spill half the cup of coffee on the aforementioned desk calendar and onto the floor. With a sigh, I got up and walked to the closet to get a mop. It was almost always in my way when I went into the closet, but of course, on the day that I needed it, it was in the back.

"So what's on the roster for today?" Clark's voice came from right behind me. When I turned around, he was in the newsroom leaning against the doorjamb of the closet, amusement in his voice as he watched me moving things around.

"Aren't you going to ask what I'm doing in here?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "I saw your desk. It seems pretty obvious. Care for some help?"

"It's all right," I said, just as a box from the top shelf fell down. It was raining post-its.

Clark reached a hand in and caught one. "Are you sure?"

I grumbled, but moved out of the way, passing him in the doorway. There wasn't room for both of us in the closet, and if he wanted to clean up the post-it notes, he was free to do so.

"So," he said as he began picking things up from the floor. "After we clean up your desk, what's in store for today?"

I shrugged. "Nothing, really. With the Atomic Rats thing behind us, there are no ongoing investigations, and it hardly seems worth starting one now."

"So we have nothing going on today?" Clark asked, looking up at me with his eyes dancing. "Maybe we could play hooky and go Christmas shopping?"

I laughed. "Don't tell me you haven't bought all your gifts already." Clark shrugged. "Well, I have some done, like Perry and Jimmy, but not all."

Darn! Jimmy. I had completely forgotten to get him a present. And with the long weekend off, I really needed to give him something today.

"You're right. We should play hooky."

"What?" Clark looked confused. "Lois Lane is willingly knocking off work to go Christmas shopping?"

"I forgot to get Jimmy a gift," I said sotto voce in case he was nearby.

Clark chuckled as he finally picked up the last of the post-its.

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"So, what are you doing for Christmas?" he asked me from inside the fitting room. I had decided to get Jimmy a shirt, and while Clark and Jimmy were nowhere near the same size, I needed to see it on to decide if I liked it. So, Clark was playing model for me. I had to admit, it was a role he was good at. Actually, to be honest, with that chest, it

was a role he was born for.

"Tomorrow, you mean?" I asked. I had been trying to avoid this discussion with Clark for weeks now. I didn't want him to know that my plans for the holiday involved me, a tub of Ben and Jerry's chocolate chocolate-chunk ice cream, and a pile of video cassettes with old Ivory Tower episodes on them.

"Tomorrow night, I guess," he said. "And Sunday."

"Oh, you know." I hedged. "Typical stuff."

"Like?"

I grumbled slightly. It was too soft for Clark to hear. Although maybe louder than I thought, as I caught him giving me a strange look when he opened the dressing room door.

"Nope," I declared, "try the next one." He closed the door, and I could see his hand over the top of the door as he pulled the shirt off. "It's Christmas, Clark. You know how I feel about it. I'm not doing anything," I sighed.

"Why don't you come with me to Smallville?" he asked.

"Smallville? How am I going to get a flight to Kansas at this late date?" I asked him. Smallville did sound nice, but then I'd have to pretend to like Christmas.

"Maybe Superman could give you a ride?" Clark suggested.

"Don't you think Superman has more important things to do?" I asked him.

"Sure," Clark's voice came through the door. "But I still think he would take you if you asked."

He was right. My friendship with Superman had rebounded since that disastrous conversation before my non-wedding to Lex, much like my friendship to Clark. Still, I didn't feel comfortable asking Superman to do that sort of favor for me. Not given the fact that we were merely friends.

"I couldn't ask him," I said. "It would be too selfish."

"Would you go if he took you?" Clark asked.

"No," I told him. I didn't want Clark asking for me either. "I would rather stay home, Clark. Really. I just wouldn't be comfortable infringing on your family's Christmas."

"You wouldn't be infringing," Clark insisted, but I cut him off.

"Clark. No. I really don't want to go to Smallville."

When he opened the dressing room door a second later, I could tell that I'd hurt him, and I felt badly about it, but at least I got the point across. I was sure that I had killed any inclination Clark might have had to ask Superman to take me to Smallville.

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So, I had dodged that bullet. 'Why again?' I wondered as I took in the stack of video cassettes. Was I really that much of an Ivory Tower fan?

I shrugged. It wasn't so bad really. And this way I wouldn't be in Smallville on Monday. This way there would be no reminder that I hadn't been willing to chance things and tell Clark it was my birthday. Because if I didn't tell him, then he couldn't have forgotten.

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~Clark~

"Hi."

I smiled at the sound of her voice on the line. I wish I had been able to convince her to come with me. Or at least to sound open enough to the idea for me to have shown up at her window in the suit and taken her. But even though I suspected she would have come, she maybe even wanted to come, I hadn't been willing to chance it. She had sounded too firm.

"Merry Christmas," I said softly.

"Merry Christmas, Clark."

"All caught up on the Ivory Tower?" I asked her.

"I didn't... how did you..." Lois sputtered, and I smiled.

"Just a lucky guess," I told her.

Lois sighed, but she didn't sound annoyed. "Not yet," she admitted.

"It's not too late," I told her. "I'm sure Superman would..."

"Clark!" she cut me off, a warning in her voice.

I would normally have pushed further, but I didn't want to jeopardize things for tomorrow. I needed her speaking to me.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" I asked her, trying to sound innocent. I wanted it to be a surprise. I thought I could count on Lucy not to mention I had called, so I thought I stood a good chance of succeeding.

"More Ivory Tower," Lois said, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

"Really?" I asked, surprised.

"No. I thought I might go shopping. Make the most of the after-Christmas sales."

"Lois," I said. She hated shopping.

"I know. But I do need some things. I could use a new pair of shoes and a new suit - my black one was ruined last month when we went to the mud wrestling bar. And I need a few things for my kitchen. A new spatula, for one."

"You need a spatula?" I asked. Lois had a spatula? And what could she possibly have used it for that she would need to replace it?

"Yes, I do," she said haughtily.

"What happened to the old one?" I asked, suspicious.

"I...um... burned it... making... soup?" she answered lamely.

"You used a spatula to make soup?" I clarified.

She sighed. "Fine. I used it as a fly swatter. But I really did burn the old one. I left it on the stove accidentally."

"And you turned the stove on?" I asked her.

"I was making hot chocolate and the microwave was broken," she admitted.

I laughed, and I could hear her join me.

"So are you going to try to beat the crowds?" I asked. I hoped she wasn't planning on leaving too early. I would never be able to find her if she was out shopping.

"Crowds?" she asked. "Oh, you mean for returns? Not really. Hopefully it won't be too crowded."

"Isn't it standard to get Monday off after Christmas when Christmas falls on a Sunday?" I asked her.

"No idea," Lois said. "I've never had a job with standard holidays. But who's going to want to spend the last day of their holiday weekend at the mall anyway?"

"I guess you're right," I agreed. I kind of thought that lots of people actually liked to shop, so might be happy to spend the last day of their weekend doing so, but I didn't really have any idea how crowded it would be, and I needed to encourage her to stay home in the morning.

"What are you doing?" Lois asked me.

"I... um..." I hadn't planned on her asking me that. Why couldn't I think of anything? Anything at all? "I'm just visiting some friends from high school that are in town." There. That sounded plausible.

"Well, have fun."

"Thanks, Lois."

"See you on Wednesday?" she asked.

"Sure," I replied, suddenly wishing once again I was with her at that moment.

I hung up with a sigh before I caught sight of the clock and realized I needed to get moving. I wanted to finish my plans for tomorrow before Christmas dinner.

Spinning into the suit, I took off. I had a full day of events planned for Lois' birthday. It was a bit risky, as it involved a lot of traveling with Superman and then showing up as Clark, but if the day went well... Well, maybe... just maybe I wouldn't need to be duplicitous about it by the end of the day.

I landed on the shore of St. Maarten, the French side. My original idea had been to take Lois to Paris for lunch, but then I realized she'd prefer this. It would be warmer here, so we could eat outside. I stopped at a restaurant I'd been to before. It wasn't the best French food I'd ever had, but it compared favorably to the food I'd had in France. I made a reservation for a table by the lake, then made my way over to the little kayaking business on the Dutch side of the island. My plan was to fly

Lois to there, kayak to the French side where we'd have lunch, and then Superman would fly the kayak back.

From there, we would go on to our next stop. I had wanted to take her to Kyoto to visit some Japanese gardens, but given the time difference, that wasn't possible. So, instead I had decided on a visit to London. It would be evening there, but I checked and the Tower of London would still be open. I felt certain that the morbidity of the Tower would hold Lois' attention. And if I was wrong, we'd go visit Westminster Abbey or walk across the Tower Bridge.

My last stop was for our dinner location. I made reservations for a dinner show at St. Peter's Abbey in Salzburg. Salzburg was one of my favorite locations - framed as it was by the Austrian Alps and Salzach River, I was always amazed by how beautiful this small city looked when I landed. And it was rich in musical history with both Mozart and the Von Trapp family having lived here. I wasn't really sure Lois was a "Sound of Music" fan, but I was focusing on Mozart anyway. He had performed multiple times at St. Peter's Abbey when he was alive, and they held concerts of his music over dinner. It was a bit touristy, but it was so nice. I doubted Lois would mind.

Reservations in hand, I made my way back to the farm. "Did you get everything?" Mom asked as I came in the back door.

"Everything but Lois." I smiled. "She's going to be so surprised when I show up."

"She's going to be very touched," Mom told me as I moved to stand next to her and help her start preparing for dinner.

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~Lois~

"Happy Birthday to me, happy birthday to me," I sang over my Double Fudge Crunch bar. It was only midnight, but I didn't see a reason to wait to feel badly. There was no chance that anyone had remembered my birthday.

Just then the phone rang.

"Hello?" I asked into the receiver. Who would call me at midnight?

"Happy Birthday, Sis," came the reply.

"Lucy!" I said. I had forgotten about Lucy. She nearly always remembered my birthday, but for some reason I always forgot this.

"How are you?" she asked me.

"Okay," I told her. "You? How was Christmas with Andrew's family?"

"Eh," she replied. "It was okay, but I'm sort of over Andrew."

"Of course you are." I laughed. Lucy went through boyfriends the way most women went through tissues.

"So what are your plans for later today?" she asked me. "Like when the sun comes up."

"Nothing," I told her. "I thought I might go shopping."

"But you don't like to shop!" she said.

"I know," I told her, shrugging even though she couldn't see me.

"But what else am I going to do?"

"Why don't you do something to celebrate your birthday?"

"With whom?" I asked her.

"With anyone who knows," Lucy suggested rationally.

"No one knows. I don't tell anyone anymore," I admitted. "Then no one can forget."

"I'm sure *someone* knows," Lucy insisted.

"Nope. No one knows, Luce."

"Don't be so sure," she replied.

"What do you mean?" I asked her, starting to get suspicious.

"Nothing. It's just... isn't your birthday in your personnel file?"

"Yes. And it's been there since I started at the Planet years ago, and no one has mentioned it before now, so why would that have changed?"

"I guess it wouldn't," Lucy said, sounding unconvinced.

"Do you know something, Lucy?" I asked her.

"Something what?" she asked.

"I don't know," I admitted, although now I knew she was up to something. "But something."

Lucy laughed. "Stop being so suspicious, Lois. Not everything is a story."

"I don't think everything is a story!" I told her.

"Really?" she challenged me. "This is just a conversation with your sister, and you're turning it into an investigation."

"I'm not!" I insisted. "You're just acting suspicious," I told her, although I was lacking my earlier fire. I didn't want her to mistake my tone for still being 'investigative.'

"I just wanted to wish you a happy birthday," Lucy said, her tone more serious this time. "I love you. You know that, right?"

"I do," I told her. "I love you, too."

"I know," she said, her tone soft now, and more in keeping with a middle of the night phone call. "You're a really great big sister."

"Thanks," I said. "You're not half bad, either."

Lucy giggled. "You do have a way with words."

"I know," I said, giving a yawn.

"Oh, I keep forgetting it's so late for you," Lucy told me. Only Lucy would purposely call me after midnight for my birthday and manage to forget how late it was in the same conversation. "I won't keep you up anymore," she continued. "Have a great birthday!"

"Thanks, Lucy," I said, not bothering to remind her that my only plan for my birthday was to shop.

~Clark~

One in the morning. That was still plenty of time, I thought. I kept glancing at my watch surreptitiously and hoping no one would notice. I wasn't nearly as focused on my rescue efforts as I should have been. I was sincerely concerned for the people in danger. It's just... well, there weren't that many people in danger. They were just being difficult to save. And I needed to get back to Metropolis to pick Lois up in eight hours. Ten tops. If I got there past eleven, I could be almost certain that she wouldn't be home.

One thirty. I sighed. It was going to be a long night.

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~Lois~

The sunlight coming in my window woke me up. Well, sort of. I suppose if it had really woken me up, it would have done so before ten. I hadn't intended to sleep so late, but after my late night conversation with Lucy, I hadn't been able to sleep. Right after we got off the phone, I remembered that she had sounded like she was up to something, and I had stayed up trying to figure out what it could be.

I finally fell asleep at three, no closer to figuring it out than when I got off the phone.

I got up and walked to the living room, turning LNN on as I got ready to head back out to the mall. Maybe I'd go to a different one this time, I decided.

Nothing much seemed to be going on, according to the news. I stopped briefly to watch as they covered a Superman rescue in northern Norway. Apparently there was a blizzard going on up there. From what I could tell, this place was pretty used to snow, but apparently there were some scientists in a research station, and they were snowed in.

It wasn't immediately clear to me why Superman couldn't just fly in and save them and then leave, and when the screen flashed to an image of him as he landed with one of the scientists in Oslo, I got the impression that he was wondering the same thing.

I smiled at the thought as I turned off the television and got ready to head out.

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~Clark~

Eleven o'clock. It was eleven o'clock in Metropolis right now. If these geologists hadn't asked me to save their equipment - their very delicate equipment that could only be transported one piece at a time and apparently couldn't travel too fast - I would have been done hours ago. Apparently it was okay if I flew, as long as I didn't go any faster than a commercial jet (or so they told me). I should have just told them no - told them I had something else I needed to do. Then I would have finished with plenty of time to spare. I probably would have even had

time to head to Smallville and get some sleep.

This was all my fault. When they had asked me to move their equipment, I had agreed - it seemed like a simple enough task. It was only later, after I had dropped them all off, that they had mentioned the no super-flying thing. I had been too flabbergasted to say anything, and I hadn't realized how much equipment there was to move. Now I was too embarrassed to go back and tell them I couldn't do it. That seemed like something Clark would do, but not Superman.

Of course, missing Lois' birthday was not the sort of thing I wanted Clark or Superman to do. If I could get out of here in an hour, maybe I could find her. Given that it was still cold in Metropolis, I thought there was a good chance that Lois would end up doing her shopping at a suburban mall again. While she was a city girl through and through, even she had to admit that it was nicer to shop indoors this time of year, so we had headed to the suburbs on the 23rd. She might go to a different one than the one we went to a few days ago. Lois got bored easily. On the other hand, she wouldn't want to travel too far out of the city. So, there were only three or four malls she could be in. I'd have to go in as Clark Kent, I suppose. Superman couldn't fly into a mall without causing a bit of a stir.

There went my idea for surprising her on St. Maarten. I had been planning to pick her up as Superman and ask if she wanted to go for a flight. I knew she'd say yes. I wouldn't tell her I was taking her out for her birthday until after we landed and I "went back to get Clark."

I glanced at my watch again as I took in all the equipment still left to be transported. My watch was usually hidden with the rest of Clark's attire, but I'd taken it out hours ago so I could torture myself with the passage of Lois' birthday. If I could find a way to speed the process up, maybe I could get to Metropolis by one. If I could do that, we could still make our lunch reservations. We just wouldn't be able to go kayaking.

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~Lois~

The parking lot of the mall had been more crowded than I had expected, so I should have assumed that it would be crowded inside as well, but somehow I had still been surprised. I groaned. I hated shopping. I hated it more when there were crowds. Why had I decided that this was the way to spend my birthday?

I guess I could have gone home, but it wasn't like I had better plans. So I stayed.

I guess it wasn't so bad. Since it was my birthday, I decided fast food would be okay for lunch. I didn't typically eat fast food - I preferred to save all my bad eating habits for chocolate. But I did love fast food French fries. I even topped off my meal with a chocolate shake.

Still, there had to be better ways to spend the day.

My mind wandered to my conversation with Lucy yesterday. What could she have known? Only my parents would have possibly told Lucy plans they had for my birthday. But it couldn't be them. They never remembered my birthday. If they had, Lucy would have been so surprised, she wouldn't have been able to keep it a secret.

No, it couldn't have been my parents.

And if it was Perry... well, he wouldn't have told Lucy, but he was the only one who had the possibility of knowing. And I couldn't really imagine him doing more than calling me to wish me a good day, and he would have done that already. All in all, it seemed safe to assume it wasn't Perry.

Honestly, if I was actually willing to be honest - and I wasn't sure I was, even with myself - to have the best birthday possible, I should have told Clark. He would never have forgotten it, and he would have planned something special, something that I would love. I didn't even know what that would be, but I had no doubt that Clark would know. Maybe I should have told him.

No. It was better this way. Spending the day with Clark would make it too easy for me to pretend that his words that day in the park were real. Sometimes I thought they were; that it was his words in front of the Planet after the non-wedding that were the lie. But I wasn't

sure, and I wasn't really up to putting my heart on the line and asking.

Besides, what if I was wrong? What if I told Clark, and he forgot about my birthday? While it seemed unlikely with Clark, it wasn't impossible. It was Christmas weekend, after all. And if Clark had forgotten, it would have hurt. Everyone else, I expected to forget. Best not to have expectations set for someone remembering.

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~Clark~

I looked over the base station again. How was it that there was still so much here to be moved? It felt like I had barely moved half of it. It was three o'clock. Lois' birthday was half over, and I was still stuck in Norway.

I sighed as I looked around. What was it they say about the best laid plans of mice and men? Apparently even Superman isn't immune.

I took a deep breath trying to be more positive. It was clear that all plans for St. Maarten would have to be abandoned now. It was eight o'clock in London now, so it was also pretty unlikely we'd get to go to the Tower of London. And it was nine in Salzburg, so we had already missed the beginning of the dinner concert. But the concert went to midnight, so if I buckled down and got to work, it was still possible we'd make part of it.

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~Lois~

I took my frozen chicken dinner out of the microwave. I was depressed. I had hoped to at least talk to Clark on my birthday, but it was already nine o'clock at night, and he hadn't called. I had called Smallville, and Martha said he was still out for the evening.

Taking my dinner into the living room, I put a forkful of the brownie in my mouth before turning on LNN. It was my birthday. I could start with dessert, right?

Still no big news. Apparently Superman was just finishing up his job in Norway. It was weird. When they flashed to him landing with the equipment he looked almost... annoyed? Did he get annoyed?

Stupid question - I'd seen him get annoyed at me. He clearly did. But I'd never seen him look annoyed at a rescue before. I wondered what was going on. I wondered if I'd have the nerve to ask him next time I saw him.

I popped another tape with the Ivory Tower on it into the VCR as I made my way back into the kitchen to dump the remains of my dinner into the garbage. The phone rang on the way back, and I grabbed for it immediately, hoping it was Clark.

~Clark~

"Hi," I said, hoping she couldn't hear the disappointment in my voice.

"Hi," she replied, and she sounded genuinely happy to hear from me. I had considered going to see her after I had finished in Norway, but I didn't want to see her as Superman and I couldn't explain being there as Clark. I guess I could have told her Superman took me, but I hadn't considered that, and now it was too late.

"I've been hoping you'd call," she said, bringing me out of my thoughts.

"You were?" I asked, surprised. "Did you find a new article to work on?"

"No," she said, and then seemed to hesitate. "I guess... I just... well, I wanted to know how things went with your friends."

"Oh, it was okay, I guess," I told her, hating to lie.

"Is everything okay, Clark?" she asked me. "You sound sort of down."

"No, I'm fine," I told her, but then realized there was no reason to lie about this. "Well, that's not completely true. I am fine, but I'm sort of disappointed."

"Why?" She sounded sincerely interested.

I sighed. "I had a surprise planned today, and it didn't work out."

"A surprise?"

I groaned. I probably should have wished her a happy birthday first. "Um... happy birthday."

"What?"

"Happy birthday," I repeated. "I hope you had a good day, even if you spent it shopping."

"How did... who told you..."

I chuckled. It was good to have surprised her anyway. "I asked Lucy a while back. I wanted to know, and somehow doubted you'd tell me."

"I *knew* she was up to something!" Lois exclaimed. "Wait. I mean..."

"She gave it away?" I asked. Not that Lucy had known the details, but still...

"Well, not really. I was just suspicious," Lois said. "Did you have something planned? I mean, you're in Smallville and I'm here. Oh, did I ruin your plans by not accepting your offer to come to Smallville? I'm so sorry, Clark."

"No." I rushed to assure her. "You didn't ruin my plans at all. They were ruined by a blizzard in Norway."

"A blizzard in Norway?" Lois asked. "Did your plans involve Superman?"

I nodded, then remembered she couldn't see me. "We had a whole day planned. Well, I did. Superman was going to be our transportation," I told her, before explaining the plan for the day.

"I knew you would do that," she said when I finished.

"What?" I asked. Take her to Austria? St. Maarten? What part of that could she have possibly guessed?

"Plan the perfect day, even if I didn't know what that would be. It sounds wonderful, Clark."

"I'm glad," I told her. "I just wish we could have done it."

"Maybe some other day," Lois said, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

"Tomorrow?" I asked eager to see her. "I mean, I don't have reservations, but we could try. If Superman isn't busy, that is."

"Really?" Lois asked. "I would love to do that tomorrow."

"Great," I told her, feeling excited myself. "So, I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes," she replied, sounding equally pleased.

"Happy Birthday," I told her softly, wishing those words could convey how much I wished she was with me right then. How much I always wished she was with me.

~Lois~

"Thank you," I replied, equally softly, hoping his tone meant he wished he was with me, wanting my tone to convey how much I wished he was. How much I always wished he was.

It was okay, though. Even if he didn't hear it. Because maybe someday he would know. Maybe, if things went really well, I'd get over my fear and tell him tomorrow.

THE END

Three things I want in my fic:

1. A snow storm
2. A missed deadline
3. Words left unsaid

Preferred season(s)/holiday [if applicable]: S1 or S2

Three things I do not want in my fic:

1. Villains
2. Songs or song lyrics
3. Lois and Clark in the same room together. (They can talk on the phone, or chat, but they can't be in the same room, unless Clark shows up as Superman and Lois doesn't know they're one and the same.)