

Supercool

By Saori Tanaka [strawberrysayo@yahoo.co.jp]

Rated: PG-13

Submitted: May 2010

Summary: If you're a guy who doesn't have to wear glasses and your wife tells you you look cuter with them on, should you be offended?

KENT RESIDENCE, Hyperion Avenue

It was a quiet Thursday night, and the ace reporters of the Daily Planet were having a nice, quiet evening at home — just the way they liked it. Really, excitement and danger were overrated ... at least as far as they were concerned. As journalists, Lois and Clark Kent worked hard to make corrupt officials and criminals think twice about committing crimes. As Superman, Clark took care of saving people from natural disasters and worked with the authorities at bringing to justice those who still don't get understand that crime does not pay.

Tonight they sat opposite each other, each at their own iMacs when Lois stopped for a moment to watch her husband as he furiously typed away at Super speed on his computer, loving the way the light reflected off his glasses. It was just one of a million things she loved about the man she married. Just as her husband's keyboard started to smoke, Clark stopped, finally done with his work, and cooled off the poor machine with his breath.

"Icy cool," Lois joked.

Clark chuckled at that and closed his computer down. He would just e-mail it to Perry tomorrow. Lois rounded the table and sat upon Clark's knee. In turn, Clark put his arm around Lois' waist to make sure she didn't fall.

"I need to tell you something," Lois began, as she traced the rim of Clark's glasses with a perfectly manicured finger.

Clark merely grinned at her and held his wife closer. "We've been married for three years now. I think I've pretty much heard it all."

The woman known as "Mad Dog Lane" gave her husband a quick kiss on the lips. "I'm really sorry, but I feel I just really need to tell you. I can't bear to hide it from you any longer."

The mild-mannered man from Smallville looked away to hide his hurt. Was she going to ask for a divorce? She probably was. No amount of loving and caring would make up for feelings that weren't there. He knew it. After three years, she'd probably had enough. She'd only married him because she pitied him. Never mind that he was the Hero of Metropolis, the rightful King of New Krypton, and the Man of Steel. She probably didn't want any of that anymore. Probably wanted someone who would be able to give her babies to love and raise. Well, he would just have to take it like a man, whatever she was going to tell him. Hell, he'd take it like a super man.

Lois tipped his chin up so that they were face to face and kissed Clark's aquiline nose. "I've always thought you look cuter with the glasses than without them," she revealed before burying her face in the crook of his neck. "I've always thought it. You are so much more adorable when you're wearing glasses than when you're not. Not to say that Superman is not handsome, but Clark Kent is just SO. MUCH. CUTER. Now, I know you don't need glasses, so you-without-glasses probably is the real you, but I just HAD to tell you. Can you forgive me?" she breathed into his nape.

For an answer, Lois was swept up to their bedroom faster than a speeding bullet by a very relieved Clark and made love to

the Super way for a long, long, time.

Epilogue

Lois was not a morning person, but she instantly perked up whenever she got to see Clark get up and put on his clothes the normal way, even if it was just a pair of shorts and a shirt with its sleeves torn off. Lois just adored it when her husband dressed in clothes that showed off his form. It was kinda like reverse striptease. She was just weird like that, or maybe clothes just really hung great on Clark. This particular morning, though, she asked her husband to spin into the Suit.

As always, Clark complied, but he did feel compelled to ask her what she wanted him to do it for. "Do you want to go flying?" She shook her head.

"You want me to bring something for you?"

The brunette shook her head again. "Actually, I want you to bring me several somethings." Her hand strayed to her abdomen.

Clark tilted his head in bemusement before he urged her to continue. "Is there something wrong?"

Lois smiled and shook her head.

Okay, this is unusual, Clark thought. "Okay ... what would you like?"

Lois instantly brightened. "Well, for starters, I want dark chocolates."

"Okay."

"From Belgium."

Clark chuckled. "Okay ... ? Anything else?"

"Blueberries."

"Sure."

"From Salzburg, in Austria," Lois clarified.

"Okay ... ? That's it?"

"I want ripe Philippine mangoes. I mean the sweet yellow ones, not the sticky red ones. I hate those. The yellow ones that are a dollar each in Chinatown and that's just ridiculous ..."

"Sweetheart, you're babbling. Would that be all?" Clark asked gently.

Lois pouted, and Clark raised his hands in a gesture of surrender.

Appeased, Superman's wife continued. "Well, I'd also like a box of hotdogs from Gray's Papaya in New York City and lastly ..."

"Yes?"

"A Sausage-Stuffed-Crust Super Supreme Family Size Pizza from the Pizza Hut down the block."

"Why is that last?"

"So it'll be warm when you get here, of course," Lois huffed matter-of-factly.

"I could heat it up with my Heat Vision ..." Clark started to argue, but a sharp glare in his direction silenced him. Times like these, Clark was certain his spouse was more dangerous than a ton of Kryptonite. Still, he couldn't help but muse, "Wow, Lois ... that's a lot. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were pregnant."

Lois grinned at her husband and Clark felt like he'd won the jackpot. They were going to have a baby at last! He was gone the next second.

Knowing that Clark would hear her from anywhere, Lois cried after him, "I am! So make sure that you get everything or I'll make you go out and get a whole other set of items, Smallville!"

THE END